# 厨房窗边看他们爷俩打仗

我在厨房炖着骨头，儿子在客厅刷手机，孙子扒着窗户喊了一声：下雪了。喊完就去拽他爸的羽绒服。我隔着窗骂了一句，雪地里疯什么，没人听。这家里谁听过我的话，我早就知道。

我擦擦手，也站到窗边。楼下的花园白得晃眼。他们爷俩堆雪人，小的那个滚个雪球滚三次散三次，急得原地跺脚，像极了三十年前他爸。他爸那时候在雪地里也是这副样子，雪球捏不紧，急得嗷嗷叫，邻居老张站在楼道口笑他。后来老张的孙子下雪天也嗷嗷叫，我在楼道口看见过，没跟任何人说。

雪仗是孙子先动的手。我隔着玻璃看不见声音，只看见儿子往后一仰，捂着腿，然后两个人都笑。当爹的还手，雪球故意往孩子脚边落。这种让法我一眼就看穿了，我儿子小时候跟人打架输了，回来也说他让着我。孩子是不肯白让的，果然，他们蹲在地上商量了一阵，重新排了队形，一个躲一个站。孙子扔得眯起一只眼，那认真劲儿，玻璃上哈出的白雾我都想擦一擦，好看得清楚些。

打到最后，手套湿了，手指头通红，小的那个赖着不走，一颗接一颗。当爹的连拖带拽上了楼。我在窗边看着，窗户上全是我的白雾。

姜茶是提前烧上的。我切姜切得厚，辣一些好，冻过的人要辣一些。门一响，两个人带着一身冷气进来，头发上都有雪。我骂你们爷俩疯了，碗都盛好了。孙子端起碗灌一大口，辣得龇牙，哈出一团白气。我看着他这个表情，忽然对上了——三十年前，我儿子灌我熬的姜汤，也是这个表情，眉毛一样拧着，脚一样不肯安分。原来辣是一样的辣，碗是一样的碗，一碗姜汤，我传了三十年。

骨头还炖着，他们爷俩一个喝茶一个找毛巾。我回到窗边，楼下那个歪脖子雪人围着条红围巾，在白色里显眼。雪又开始下了。我心想，明天他们还会下去的。这锅骨头炖得久一些也好，他们回来正好喝。

# Watching the Father and Son from the Kitchen Window

I was simmering bones in the kitchen, my son was scrolling on his phone in the living room, and my grandson shouted at the window: it is snowing. No sooner had he shouted than he was dragging out his father's down jacket. I scolded through the window, what is the fun of being wild in the snow. Nobody listened. Who in this family ever listens to me, I have known that for years.

I wiped my hands and stood at the window too. The garden downstairs was dazzling white. The two of them built a snowman. The little one rolled a snowball and it fell apart three times, and he stamped on the spot in frustration, exactly like his father thirty years ago. Back then his father was the same in the snow, unable to pack a snowball, howling with impatience while our old neighbor Mr. Zhang laughed at him from the stairway entrance. Later Mr. Zhang's own grandson howled on snowy days too,

and I saw it from the stairway, and told no one.

The snowball fight began when the grandson threw first. Through the glass I could not hear the sound, I only saw my father of the two lean back and clutch his leg, and then both of them laughing. The father threw back, letting the ball land by the child's feet on purpose. I saw through this at a glance. When my son lost fights as a boy, he came home saying the other boy had let him win. Children will not accept being given a win for free, and sure enough the two crouched down and talked it over and rearranged the rules, one dodging, one standing still. The grandson threw with one eye squinted, so serious that I wanted to wipe the fog off the glass to see better.

By the end the gloves were wet and the fingers bright red, and the little one refused to leave, one ball after another. The father half dragged him upstairs. I stood at the window, the glass fogged white with my breath.

The ginger tea had been put on early. I cut the ginger thick; it should be strong, for people who have been out in the cold. The door banged and two figures came in trailing cold air, snow in their hair. I scolded them both for being mad, and the bowls were already filled. The grandson gulped a big mouthful and grimaced at the heat, breathing out a cloud of white vapor. Watching that face, something suddenly lined up - thirty years ago, my son gulping the ginger soup I made wore exactly that face, brows screwed up the same way, feet just as restless. So the heat is the same heat, the bowl is the same bowl. One bowl of ginger soup, and I have been passing it down for thirty years.

The bones are still simmering; the father and son are drinking tea and hunting for towels. I went back to the window. Downstairs the crooked snowman wore a red scarf, standing out against all the white. It had started snowing again. Tomorrow, I thought, they will go back down. This pot of bones can simmer a little longer - they will come in thirsty.