榴莲的第一口

爸爸下班带回一个榴莲，放在饭桌上，一本正经地宣布这是水果之王。我凑过去闻了一下，立刻捏住鼻子退开三步。什么水果之王，闻起来像被雨淋了三天的袜子。妈妈从厨房出来，闻了闻，眉头拧成一团，说这么臭的东西怎么往家里带。妹妹把脸埋进沙发垫，喊着说家里来了怪物。

爸爸不管不顾，坐在桌边跟榴莲谈判，抠着壳上的缝拧。缝裂开一条口，里头的味道全劲十足地涌出来。我已经退到阳台边上，却忍不住偷看。爸爸挖出一块金黄的果肉，举得高高的，故意深吸一口气，一脸陶醉。我看得直想笑：看着像奶油布丁的东西，能臭到哪里去？

爸爸把一块递到我面前，说咬一口，就给我买那本我想要的漫画书。我盯着那块金黄，它软软地亮着，实在不像坏东西。我把心一横，闭上眼睛张嘴咬下去。舌头一碰，滑滑的、糯糯的，像放得太久的浓奶油，一股又甜又浓的味道在嘴里散开。我睁开眼，愣愣地看着爸爸。他得意地笑，问我怎么样。我什么也没说，伸手拿第二块。爸爸早就算准了这一招，转头跟妈妈邀功，说你看你看，我就说他会喜欢。我嘴里塞着果肉，含含糊糊地顶了一句，谁喜欢了，我就是尝尝。嘴上这么说，盘子见底的时候，我那块壳里我吃了三瓣。

打那天起，我家的水果座次全排乱了。喊得最凶要把榴莲扔出去的妈妈，晚上没忍住，偷偷把冰箱里最后两块榴莲吃了，第二天被抓个正着，她清清嗓子，说是不想浪费。妹妹看了我两天，也偷偷抿了一小口，从此路过水果摊都要问当天有没有榴莲。现在我路过水果摊，闻到那股冲鼻的味道，脚步会不由自主地加快，像爸爸当年那样挑一个回来。我算是明白了：有些东西不能光凭鼻子下结论，就像有些人不能光看外表。

The First Bite of Durian

Dad brought a durian home after work, set it on the dining table, and announced with great seriousness that this was the king of fruits. I leaned in for one sniff, then covered my nose and backed away. What kind of king of fruits smells like wet socks left in the rain for three days? Mom came out of the kitchen, caught the smell, and frowned, asking why he had brought such a stinky thing into our house. My little sister buried her face in the sofa cushion and cried that a monster had come home.

Dad did not care. He sat down and began negotiating with the durian, twisting at the crack in its shell. A gap opened, and the smell rushed out with all its strength. I had retreated to the balcony, yet I kept stealing glances. Dad scooped out a piece of golden flesh, raised it high, and inhaled deeply with exaggerated delight. I almost laughed out loud. Something that looks like custard cannot possibly stink, I told myself.

Dad held a piece in front of me and promised me the comic book I wanted if I took just one bite. I stared at the golden lump, soft and shining. I closed my eyes,

opened my mouth, and bit down. The moment it touched my tongue, it was smooth and rich, like thick cream, and a sweet, deep flavor filled my whole mouth. I opened my eyes and looked at Dad in surprise. He wore a proud smile and asked how it was. I said nothing and reached for a second piece. Dad had planned this move from the start, and turned to brag to Mom, saying see, I told him he would like it. With my mouth full, I mumbled back that I did not like it, I was just tasting. Even so, when my plate was empty, I had eaten three segments from my own shell.

From that day on, the ranking of fruits in our family was rewritten. Mom, who had shouted the loudest about throwing the durian away, secretly ate the last two pieces from the fridge at night. When caught the next day, she cleared her throat and claimed she did not want good fruit to go to waste. My sister watched me eat for two days, then stole one tiny bite herself, and after that she asked at every fruit stall whether there was durian that day. Now when I pass a fruit stall and catch that strong smell, I walk faster, just like Dad, and go choose one for myself. Some things cannot be judged by smell alone, just as some people cannot be judged by their appearance.

冰箱里的最后一块榴莲

冰箱里只剩最后一块榴莲，我用保鲜膜包好，写上我的名字，放进冷藏室最里面。上个星期六，这块榴莲还是我们兄妹俩争夺的战场。妹妹趁我写作业，偷咬了一口，被我逮个正着。她抹抹嘴，说本来就是她先发现的。我气得要没收她的冰棍，她立刻去告状，妈妈一句话平息了战争：一人一半。搁在两年前，这样的争夺根本不可能发生，因为那时候我连榴莲的门都不许它进我家。

两年前的那个傍晚，我第一次陪爸爸去水果摊。摊主是个大嗓门的叔叔，见我们走近，当场撬开一个榴莲，喊一声现开的，金枕，甜得很。一股味道轰地散开，我当场捂住口鼻往后跳，差点撞上身后的电动车。爸爸却凑上去，弯着腰闻，闻得认真，像挑宝贝。我站在三米开外喊，这么臭还买。爸爸头也不回，说闻着臭，吃着香，你懂什么。我捂着鼻子挑了一个最小的壳，心里打定主意：买回来我也不碰。

回到家，榴莲往客厅一角一放，全家炸了锅。奶奶从房间出来直摇头，说这味道像下水道翻了个儿。姐姐捏着鼻子躲进屋里，隔着门喊爸爸把怪物弄走。爸爸乐呵呵地撬开壳，挖出几瓣金黄的果肉，先给奶奶，奶奶摆手；再给姐姐，姐姐不接；最后递给我，说尝一口，不好吃以后再也不买。我看爸爸那样子，心想他都吃了，总不会害我，就用指尖捏起那块果肉，像捏着一件危险物品，伸着脖子飞快咬了一小口。然后我停住了。舌头上的感觉又绵又甜，像冰淇淋化到一半，还有一股说不上来的奶香。我扭头又咬了第二口，第三口。

奶奶看我吃得香，将信将疑地尝了一小条，嘴上说着一般般，手却把盘子里剩下的推到自己面前。姐姐从屋里出来，装作不经意地拿了一块，回房间把门留了一条缝。那个晚上，我们家每

个人都在假装嫌弃，每个人都在吃。

如今我路过水果摊，先找的就是榴莲。妹妹咬了最后一块，我盯着冰箱最里面那块写了名字的果肉，忽然想起两年前捂着鼻子站在三米开外的自己，忍不住笑出声。人长大了，有些味道是会变的，先别急着拒绝，尝过那一口再说。

The Last Piece of Durian in the Fridge

Only one piece of durian is left in the fridge. I wrapped it in plastic film, wrote my name on it, and pushed it to the back of the cold compartment. Last Saturday, that durian was still a battlefield between my sister and me. She sneaked a bite while I was doing homework, and I caught her red-handed. She wiped her mouth and said she had found it first. I was so angry I threatened to take away her popsicle, and she ran to complain to Mom. One sentence from Mom ended the war: half and half. Two years ago, such a fight would have been impossible, because back then I would not even let durian through our front door.

One evening two years ago, I went to the fruit stall with Dad for the first time. The stall owner was a loud-voiced man. Seeing us approach, he pried open a durian on the spot and shouted that it was freshly opened, sweet as anything. The smell burst out all at once. I covered my nose and mouth and jumped back, nearly bumping into an electric scooter behind me. Dad leaned in and sniffed, serious and careful, as if choosing a treasure. I stood three meters away and shouted that something so stinky was still worth buying. Dad did not even turn his head. He said it smells bad but tastes good, and what would I know. I picked up the smallest shell I could find, deciding in my heart that even if we bought it, I would not touch it.

When we got home, the durian was set in a corner of the living room, and the whole family erupted. Grandma came out of her room shaking her head, saying the smell was like an upturned sewer. My older sister pinched her nose and fled inside, shouting through the door for Dad to get the monster out. Dad cheerfully cracked the shell open and scooped out several segments of golden flesh. He offered one to Grandma; she waved it away. He offered one to my sister; she refused. The last one came to me, with Dad saying try one bite, and if it is bad he will never buy it again. Watching Dad eat, I figured he would not poison me. I pinched that piece of flesh with my fingertips like a dangerous object, stretched my neck out, and took one quick tiny bite. Then I froze. On my tongue it was soft and sweet, like ice cream halfway melted, with a milky fragrance I could not name. I turned and took a second bite, then a third.

Seeing me eat so happily, Grandma tasted one small strip with a doubtful face,

muttering that it was just so-so, while her hand pushed the rest of the plate toward herself. My sister came out of her room, pretended to be casual, took one piece, and went back leaving her door slightly open. That evening, every person in our family was pretending to dislike it, and every person was eating it.

Now when I pass a fruit stall, durian is the first thing I look for. My sister took a bite of the last one, and I stared at the piece with my name on it in the back of the fridge, suddenly thinking of myself two years ago, holding my nose three meters away. I laughed out loud. As people grow up, some tastes change. Do not rush to refuse. Try that one bite first.

同桌的榴莲便当

林小东的书包一打开，教室后排就炸开了。那是星期三的午休，他像往常一样掏出饭盒，盖子刚掀开一条缝，一股冲鼻的味道就漫了出来。前排的陈晨第一个反应过来，夸张地捂住鼻子喊，谁把臭豆腐打翻了。几个同学呼啦一下站起来，椅子在地上刮出刺耳的响声，连过道那侧的人都伸头来看。林小东的脸腾地红了，手忙脚乱地去压饭盒盖，压到一半又停住，小声说不是臭豆腐，是榴莲。

榴莲是什么味道，班里一半人没吃过，另一半吃过的人立刻分成两派。吃过又喜欢的李冉挤过来，眼睛发亮，说让我尝一口。怕臭的那几桌则把窗户开得更大，还有人把课本扇成一面小风墙。林小东低着头，把饭盒往桌肚里塞，耳朵尖红红的。他奶奶每天早上给他装两块榴莲当点心，他本来觉得这是家里的好东西，没想到在班里成了公敌。

李冉尝了一口，咂咂嘴，把饭盒往林小东桌上一放，说真甜，你奶奶手艺好。林小东愣了愣，说了声谢谢。坐在林小东旁边的我，其实心里痒了一上午。那股味道闻着冲，可李冉咂嘴的样子太馋人了。我憋到下午第二节课下课，终于小声开口，问能不能也尝一小块。林小东看了我一眼，眼神里有防备，但还是从书包里摸出一个保鲜盒，打开，用牙签插了一块递过来。那块果肉黄澄澄的，我屏住呼吸，飞快咬了一小口，然后整个人定住了。又绵又甜，凉丝丝的，像含了一勺化开的奶油。我抬起头看林小东，他正紧张地盯着我的脸。我说了句真好吃，他脸上的紧绷一下子松了，笑出来的时候露出两颗虎牙。

第二天，林小东的饭盒还是那个饭盒，味道还是那个味道，可围上去的人变成了四个。怕臭的人依然怕臭，只是不再喊怪物了，改成捂着鼻子说离我远点吃。林小东也不恼，大大方方地坐在原位吃，吃完把盒子收好，再去窗边透透气。班主任路过闻见了，也停下来尝了一小块，皱着眉想了半天，说味道怪，但不难吃，全班笑成一团。

后来班里开过一次分享会，有人带橘子，有人带山楂，林小东带了一小盒榴莲，摆在桌子正中间。标签是他自己写的：闻着臭，吃着香，欢迎挑战。第一个伸手的是当初喊臭豆腐的陈晨。林小东站在旁边看着，腰挺得直直的，像守护一件了不得的宝贝。有些东西就是这样，大家一开始都躲，直到有人先尝一口，躲的人群就松动了一角。

My Deskmate's Durian Lunch Box

The moment Lin Xiaodong opened his schoolbag, the back rows of the classroom erupted. It was Wednesday lunch break. He took out his lunch box as usual, and when the lid cracked open just a little, a strong smell spread out. Chen Chen in the front row reacted first, covering his nose with exaggerated horror and shouting that someone had knocked over a plate of stinky tofu. Half a dozen classmates jumped up, chairs scraping loudly across the floor, and even students on the other side of the aisle craned their necks to look. Lin Xiaodong's face turned bright red. He fumbled to press the lid shut, stopped halfway, and said quietly that it was not stinky tofu, it was durian.

Half the class had never tasted durian, and the other half immediately split into two camps. Li Ran, who loved it, pushed her way over with shining eyes and asked for a bite. The desks that feared the smell threw their windows wide open, and someone waved a textbook like a small wind wall. Lin Xiaodong lowered his head and shoved the lunch box into his desk, the tips of his ears glowing red. His grandmother packed two pieces of durian for his snack every morning. He had always thought it was a treasure of home. He never imagined it could make him a public enemy in class.

Li Ran took a bite, smacked her lips, and set the box back on Lin Xiaodong's desk, saying it was truly sweet and his grandmother did a great job. Lin Xiaodong froze for a second and managed a thank you. I sit right next to him, and honestly my heart had been itching all morning. The smell was fierce, but the way Li Ran smacked her lips was tempting. I held out until the break after the second afternoon class, then finally asked in a small voice whether I could try a small piece too. Lin Xiaodong glanced at me with a guarded look, but still fished a plastic container from his bag, opened it, and offered a piece on a toothpick. The flesh was bright yellow. I held my breath and took one quick tiny bite, then froze completely. Soft and sweet and cool, like holding a spoonful of melted cream. I looked up at Lin Xiaodong. He was watching my face with visible tension. When I said it was delicious, the tightness in his face melted at once, and his smile showed two pointed teeth.

The next day, his lunch box was still that lunch box, the smell still that smell, but now four people gathered around him. The smell-afraid ones were still smell-afraid, only they no longer shouted monster. They covered their noses and asked him to eat farther away. Lin Xiaodong did not mind. He sat in his seat and ate openly, packed the box away when finished, then went to the window for some fresh air. The homeroom teacher passed by, caught the smell, stopped, and tried one small piece too. She frowned and thought for a long while, then said it was strange but not bad, and the whole class burst into laughter.

Later the class held a sharing party. Someone brought tangerines, someone brought

hawthorn, and Lin Xiaodong brought a small box of durian, placed right in the middle of the table. The label was written by him: smells strong, tastes sweet, challengers welcome. The first hand to reach in belonged to Chen Chen, the very one who had shouted stinky tofu. Lin Xiaodong stood beside the table watching, his back straight, like a guard protecting a precious treasure. Some things are like that. Everyone dodges at first, until one person takes a bite, and the crowd of dodgers loosens just a little.