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.