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.