橙子里的周末

周末睡到自然醒，冰箱空了，女儿提议去水果店。她穿上鞋还不忘往书包里塞一个本子，说要记账。我说好，今天的账归你管。

水果店刚卸货，门口一筐筐码着橙子。女儿踮起脚挑，先拿起来看，再放到鼻子底下闻，最后掂在两只手之间比轻重。她挑得慢，卖货的阿姨也不催。她举起一个递给我看，说这个皮薄，闻着就甜。我接过来，果皮的清香沾了一鼻子，确实浓。她最后选了六个，每个都擦得亮，摆进袋子里像列队。

回家的路上她抱着袋子不撒手，说怕颠坏了。走到小区门口她忽然停下，从袋子里摸出一个，说要现在闻一个。我说好。她指甲在果皮上掐出一个小圈，细小的汁雾喷出来，她眯起眼睛闻，说整个周末都是这个味。旁边遛狗的老太太笑了，说这丫头会过日子。

到家她踩着凳子够榨汁机，把橙子切成两半，一半一半按下去，汁水顺着机器流进壶里，泡沫浮在顶上。她尝一口，皱眉说酸，又加了一勺蜂蜜，再尝，点头。那壶汁在冰箱里镇了一下午，晚饭时倒出来，一人一杯。她举起杯子宣布，这是她自己挑的橙子。我们碰杯，杯子里全是那个下午的阳光味。

晚上她记账，六个橙子多少钱，写得工整，末尾画了一个橙子当图案。我瞥见她在金额旁边写了个小字：值。水果店还是那个水果店，橙子还是那个橙子，可同一个周末，经她的手挑过、闻过、榨过，就不一样了。

周一她书包里揣了两个橙子，说要分给同桌。出门前她在门口举着本子晃，说这周的账本第一页是橙子，下周还要去。我点头。门关上以后，桌上还剩半壶汁，我给自己倒了一杯，酸里带甜，确实是那个周末的味道。

A Weekend Inside the Oranges

On the weekend we slept until we woke naturally. The fridge was empty, and my daughter suggested going to the fruit shop. Putting on her shoes, she still stuffed a notebook into her schoolbag, saying she would keep the accounts. I said fine, the accounts today are yours.

The fruit shop had just received its delivery, crates of oranges stacked at the door. My daughter stood on tiptoe to choose. She picked one up to look, brought it under her nose to smell, then weighed it between her two hands. She chose slowly, and the saleswoman did not hurry her. She held one up for me to see and said this one has thin skin and smells sweet. I took it, and the clean fragrance of the peel filled my nose; it really was strong. In the end she picked six, each one polished bright, laid into the bag like a little formation.

On the way home she hugged the bag and would not let go, afraid of bruising the fruit. At the gate of our compound she suddenly stopped, fished one out of the bag,

and said she wanted to smell one right now. I said fine. Her fingernail pressed a small ring into the peel, a fine mist of juice sprayed out, and she smelled with her eyes closed, saying the whole weekend smells like this. An old lady walking her dog laughed and said this girl knows how to live.

At home she climbed on a stool to reach the juicer, cut the oranges in half, pressed them down one half at a time, juice running into the pitcher with foam floating on top. She tasted a sip, frowned and said sour, added a spoon of honey, tasted again, and nodded. The pitcher chilled in the fridge all afternoon, and at dinner we poured it out, one cup each. She raised her cup and announced these were oranges she picked herself. We clinked glasses, and the cups were full of the taste of the sunlight of that afternoon.

At night she wrote the accounts, how much the six oranges cost, neatly, and drew an orange as a decoration at the end. I glimpsed a small word beside the amount: worth it. Same fruit shop, same oranges, but once a weekend has passed through her hands, chosen, smelled, and juiced, it is no longer the same.