# 妈妈买回菠萝的那天

10月5日 星期一 晴

今天妈妈买回一个菠萝，头顶长着一圈绿冠，像戴了一顶扎手的王冠。它往桌上一放，整个厨房都是香的，香得有点霸道，把酱油味都挤到一边去了。

爸爸负责削。他把菠萝按在案板上，刀顺着往下走，皮一片一片卷起来，露出黄澄澄的肉。可是肉上有一个一个黑褐色的小眼，斜着排成行，像菠萝身上藏了一排小秘密。爸爸说这些眼必须挖掉，不然扎嘴。他刀尖斜着插下去，一挑，一个眼就出来了，沿着斜线一路挖过去，挖完在菠萝身上留下一条一条的沟，像给菠萝梳了辫子头。

妈妈把切好的块装进盆，舀了三大勺盐，倒进凉开水。她说菠萝脾气倔，得用盐水劝一劝，泡二十分钟，酸的地方就会服软。我蹲在盆边看，一块块菠萝泡在水里，气泡从果肉里冒出来，啵的一声浮上来破掉。盐水慢慢变得有点浑，菠萝块的尖角看上去也比刚切下来时软了些。我问盐水在干什么，妈妈说在帮菠萝把心里的酸放出来一点。

二十分钟还没到，我就伸手去捞。妈妈拍我的手：时间没到，酸还没跑完。我数着秒针熬到点，捞起一块塞进嘴里。第一口，舌头一下子缩起来，酸得我左眼眯了一下——盐水根本没把它劝住嘛！我又不服气地咬了第二口，等舌头站稳了再尝，咦，甜味从酸后面钻出来了，凉凉的，甜甜的，跟第一口不是同一块菠萝似的。

我在日记本上写：菠萝跟橡皮筋一样，得先泡一泡、拉一拉，甜味才肯出来。妈妈看了我的日记，笑说这个比喻她服气。那个菠萝我们吃了两顿，剩下的冠我舍不得扔，插在水杯里，摆在窗台最亮的位置，盼它明年结一个小小的菠萝给我。奶奶说冠还能炒肉，我说这个不行，这个是留着结果子的。

# The Day Mom Brought Home a Pineapple

October 5th, Monday, sunny.

Today Mom brought home a pineapple with a green crown on its head, like a spiky tiara. The moment it landed on the table, the whole kitchen smelled of it, a bossy smell that pushed the soy sauce aside.

Dad took charge of peeling. He pressed the pineapple on the cutting board and the knife traveled downward, skin curling off in ribbons to reveal golden flesh. But the flesh was dotted with little brown eyes, set in slanting rows, as if the pineapple hid a line of secrets under its skin. Dad said every eye must be dug out or it would prick the mouth. He angled the knife tip, flicked, and one eye popped out. Working along the diagonal lines, he left grooves all over the pineapple, like a head of hair combed into braids.

Mom put the cut pieces into a bowl, added three big spoonfuls of salt, and poured

in cooled boiled water. She said pineapple is stubborn and must be persuaded with salt water: soak it twenty minutes and the sour parts will soften. I squatted by the bowl watching bubbles rise from the flesh and pop. I asked what the salt water was doing. Mom said it was helping the pineapple let a little of its sourness out.

Before the twenty minutes were up, I reached in to fish out a piece. Mom swatted my hand: time not up, the sourness has not finished leaving. I counted the second hand until the bell and popped a piece into my mouth. First bite: my tongue flinched and my left eye squeezed shut. The salt water had not persuaded it at all! Too stubborn to admit defeat, I took a second bite, waited for my tongue to stand its ground, and lo, sweetness crept out from behind the sourness, cool and sweet, as if it were a different pineapple from the first bite.

I wrote in my diary: a pineapple is like a rubber band. Soak it and stretch it first, and only then will the sweetness agree to come out. Mom read the diary and said she admired the comparison. We finished the pineapple in two sittings. I could not bear to throw the crown away, so I stood it in a glass of water, hoping it will grow me a tiny pineapple next year.