黑板上的那行字没人肯擦

黑板上的字是早上到的时候看见的：六一快乐，后面另起一行，毕业快乐。写字的人把毕业快乐四个字描了三层，粉笔灰在槽里积了一小堆。我站在讲台上看了好一会儿，手痒想去擦，手伸到一半又收回来。这是我们在小学过的最后一个六一，谁都知道，谁都没说破。

联欢会第二节课开始，桌椅围成一圈，中间空出舞台。教室后墙的黑板被彩带围了一圈，气球用透明胶粘在窗玻璃上，风一吹，气球轻轻撞玻璃，发出闷闷的咚咚声。班长报幕，第一个节目是四人合唱，伴奏的钢琴是音乐老师借来的电子琴，插电的时候插头松了，台下哄笑，弹琴的男生面不改色把插头按回去，接着弹。我演的是小品里负责摔倒的那一个，道具西瓜是纸糊的，摔下去的时候膝盖磕在地板上，有点疼，可观众笑得最大声，我爬起来鞠躬，膝盖的疼就变成了得意。

节目演完是互赠礼物。教室里一下子安静不下来，书包拉链声、包装纸的沙沙声、惊呼声，全搅在一起。同桌送我一个笔记本，扉页上写着你欠我的三块橡皮，初中记得还。我送她的是昨晚做到十一点的纸星星，十二颗，装在一个洗干净的玻璃瓶里，每一颗里面塞了一张小纸条，写着只有我们俩看得懂的事。她拧开瓶子倒出来数，数到第七颗停住了，把那颗攥在手心，没说话。前后桌的男生们交换的是球星卡，一张卡吵得脸红脖子粗，最后勾着肩膀和好了。后排胆小的女生给每人发了一颗糖，发到我这里多塞了一颗，冲我眨眨眼。

快放学，班主任走进来，手里没有拿书。她站在讲台中间，看了我们一圈，说这是陪你们的最后一个六一，六年级了，马上要各奔东西，她不求我们考多好的学校，只记得三件事：好好吃饭，交到敢吵架也敢和好的朋友，难过的时候别憋着。说到第三件，她的声音哑了一下，转过身去，在黑板上毕业快乐后面画了一个小小的太阳。我们鼓掌，掌声持续得比任何一次都久，有人一边鼓掌一边吸鼻子，声音在安静的教室里格外清楚。

放学铃响，大家背起书包往门口走，走到门口又都回头看黑板。那行字在夕阳里，粉笔的白在墨绿的黑板上亮着。值日生拿着黑板擦在讲台边转了两圈，最后把黑板擦放回了槽里，说，明天再说吧。没有人反驳。那行字在黑板上留了一整天，像我们谁也不肯先说出口的那句话。

Nobody Would Erase the Words on the Blackboard

The words on the blackboard were there when I arrived in the morning: Happy Children's Day, and on a separate line after it, Happy Graduation. Whoever wrote them traced the graduation words over three times, and a small pile of chalk dust collected in the tray. I stood at the podium looking for a while, my hand itching to erase, and pulled it back halfway. This was our last Children's Day in elementary school. Everyone knew it; nobody said it out loud.

The party began in the second period. Desks and chairs formed a circle with the stage left open in the middle. The back blackboard was framed with streamers, and

balloons were taped to the window glass with clear tape; in the breeze they knocked softly on the glass, thump thump. The class host announced the first act, a quartet. The piano was an electronic keyboard borrowed from the music teacher, and when they plugged it in the plug came loose, drawing roars of laughter from the audience; the boy playing did not bat an eye, pressed the plug back in, and kept playing. My part in the skit was falling down. The prop watermelon was paper-mache; when I fell, my knee hit the floor and hurt a little, but the audience laughed the loudest at that moment, so when I got up to bow, the pain turned into pride.

After the acts came the gift exchange. The classroom suddenly could not hold its quiet: backpack zippers, the rustle of wrapping paper, and exclamations all mixed together. My deskmate gave me a notebook; on the first page she wrote: you still owe me three erasers, remember to pay up in middle school. What I gave her was the paper stars I stayed up until eleven making last night, twelve of them in a washed glass jar, each hiding a tiny slip of paper with something only the two of us could understand. She unscrewed the jar and poured them out to count, stopped at the seventh, closed her fist around it, and said nothing. The boys front and back traded soccer cards, arguing red-faced over one card, and ended up arm in arm making up. The shy girl in the back row handed everyone a candy, slipped me an extra one, and winked.

Just before dismissal, our homeroom teacher walked in without a book in her hand. She stood in the middle of the podium, looked around at all of us, and said this was the last Children's Day she would spend with us; we were sixth graders about to scatter, and she did not ask for great exam results, only three things: eat well, keep friends brave enough to quarrel and to make up, and do not swallow your sadness. On the third one her voice cracked for a moment; she turned around and drew a small sun after Happy Graduation on the blackboard. We applauded, longer than any time before, and someone sniffled while clapping, the sound unusually clear in the quiet room.

The dismissal bell rang. Everyone shouldered backpacks and walked to the door, then turned back at the doorway to look at the blackboard. The words glowed in the setting sun, chalk-white shining on the dark green board. The class on duty paced twice at the podium with the eraser, and finally put it back in the tray, saying: tomorrow we'll talk. Nobody argued. The words stayed on the blackboard all day, like the sentence none of us was willing to say first.

礼物袋里的那张合影

毕业典礼结束那天，我收拾书桌，从笔袋夹层里抽出一张照片。照片是六年级最后一个六一拍的，那天我们全班在黑板前挤成一团，班长举着自拍杆，镜头晃，人脸都糊，只有后排探进来的半个脑袋特别清楚，是转学走的赵一凡。我把照片放回笔袋最里面。就是这张照片，在那个下午差点送不出去。

那天中午前，教室已经改头换面。联欢会是我们自己张罗的，黑板上画了彩带和烟花，气球从灯管上垂下来，低得我一伸手就能碰到。节目单贴在门后，一共十一个节目，一半是临时加上去的，字迹忽大忽小。班里最调皮的男生何志远报了个单口，往中间一站，开口就说：今天允许我们过六一，明天就催我们交毕业照的钱。台下先静了一秒，笑炸了。他越讲越顺，讲到食堂的包子皮比馅厚，我笑得直拍桌子。轮到全班合唱班歌，音乐委员起头起高了，女声部一开始就够不着，全体降了半个调，反而唱得整整齐齐，副歌的时候前排女生自发排成一排晃着胳膊，像一片麦浪。

合唱完发礼物。规则是抽签互换，我抽到的是赵一凡的名字，可他已经转学两个月，座位空着。班长把我的礼物放到那个空桌上，是一盒十二色的新铅笔，我在纸条上写：铅笔给你留着，照片也给你留着。我的礼物是同桌的，一个用旧校服改的笔袋，针脚歪歪扭扭，她不好意思地说手艺不行，我当场把笔袋挂到书包带上，线头还翘着，可我觉得比文具店里任何一个都好看。何志远收到的是全班签名的一件白T恤，他举起来就往身上套，签名被撑得变了形，他也不管，在教室里转了一圈展示。

下午最后一节，班主任进来了。她没拿教案，手里捏着一张对折的信纸。她说这是她带过的最后一届，六年，从一年级的拼音到六年级的辩论赛，她念信，念到你们是我教过最吵的一届，也是最舍不得的一届，停住了。她背过身去扶了扶眼镜，全班没人出声，静得能听见窗外别的班在排练节目。她缓过来，转过身，把信纸展开举起来，喊了一句：毕业快乐。我们齐声喊回去。那一声大概是我小学喊得最响的一次。

照片在笔袋里躺了两个月，边角磨软了。那天下午我们谁也没想到，一场联欢会、一盒铅笔、一封没念完的信，够人记这么多年。

The Class Photo in the Gift Bag

The day the graduation ceremony ended, I was clearing out my desk when I pulled a photo from a hidden pocket of my pencil case. The photo was taken on our last Children's Day in sixth grade: the whole class crammed together in front of the blackboard, the class monitor holding a selfie stick, the shot shaky, every face blurred, only half a head poking in from the back row perfectly clear - it was Zhao Yifan, who had transferred away. I put the photo back at the very bottom of the case. This is the photo that almost never got given away that afternoon.

By noon the classroom had changed its face. We organized the party ourselves: streamers and fireworks drawn on the blackboard, balloons hanging from the light tubes so low I could touch them with a stretch. The program was taped behind the door, eleven acts, half of them added last minute in handwriting of wildly different sizes. He Zhiyuan, the mischief-maker of the class, signed up for a solo stand-up. He walked to the center and opened: Today they let us celebrate Children's Day, and tomorrow they'll be chasing us for graduation photo money. The room went silent for one second, then exploded. He got smoother as he went, joking that the cafeteria buns have thicker skin than filling, and I slapped the desk laughing. When it came time for the class song, the music monitor started the pitch too high, the girls could not reach it from the first line, so everyone dropped half a key, and somehow it came out perfectly even. On the chorus the front-row girls swayed their arms in an unspoken line, like a field of wheat.

After the song came the gifts. The rule was a lottery swap. I drew Zhao Yifan's name - but he had transferred away two months ago, and his desk sat empty. The class monitor placed my gift on that empty desk: a box of twelve new colored pencils. On the note I wrote: the pencils are saved for you, and so is the photo. My gift, from my deskmate, was a pencil pouch sewn from an old school uniform, its stitches crooked. She apologized for her clumsy hands; I clipped it onto my backpack strap on the spot. The loose threads still stuck out, but I thought it looked better than anything in a stationery store. He Zhiyuan received a white T-shirt signed by the whole class. He pulled it over his head right there, the signatures stretched out of shape, and he paraded around the classroom showing it off anyway.

In the last period of the afternoon, our homeroom teacher came in. No lesson plan in her hand, just a letter folded in half. She said we were the last class she would ever teach - six years, from first-grade pinyin to sixth-grade debates. She read the letter aloud, and when she reached the line you are the noisiest class I ever taught, and the one I am least willing to let go of, she stopped. She turned away and adjusted her glasses. Not a sound in the room; through the window we could hear another class rehearsing. She pulled herself together, turned back, unfolded the letter and held it up, and shouted: Happy Graduation. We shouted it back in unison. That was probably the loudest I ever shouted in elementary school.

The photo has lain in my pencil case for two months, its corners worn soft. That afternoon, none of us imagined that one party, one box of pencils, and one unfinished letter could last this many years in the memory.

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讲台上的最后一回六一

前一天晚上，我在办公室写到九点半。给六（2）班的寄语，我写了三稿。第一稿太像讲话，划了；第二稿列了六年的事，从他们把毛毛虫捉进铅笔盒开始数，写着写着变成了流水账，又划了。第三稿只剩一页纸，开头是：你们是我教过最吵的一届。写完这句我停了很久，把笔搁下，去水房接了半杯热水，回来接着写最舍不得的一届。写完我把信纸对折，夹进教案里，又抽出来，换进外套内兜。

六一当天我到教室时是七点五十，门后贴着节目单，字迹忽大忽小，我一眼认出哪几行是何志远补上去的。黑板上画着彩带和烟花，画烟花的那个女生去年连圆都画不圆。气球垂得低，我伸手碰了碰，没扶正，由它去。我坐到教室最后一排靠墙的位置，从那里看出去，整个教室像一锅正在烧开的水。四人合唱的电子琴插头松了，弹琴的男生按回去接着弹，台下笑成一片，我在后排跟着笑，手里捏着没喝的保温杯。何志远的单口讲到食堂包子皮比馅厚，全班拍桌子，我承认那句话说得比我好。全班合唱班歌起高了，全体降半个调，副歌时前排女生晃起胳膊，我数了数，四十二个人，一个都没缺席，包括上周请假住院的那个，他妈妈昨天在群里说他今天返校，我盯着他空座位的方向看了两遍才放心。

发礼物环节我站在门边看着。抽到转学生名字的那个孩子把一盒铅笔放在空桌上，纸条写得歪歪扭扭：铅笔给你留着。我别过头去看窗户。同桌俩交换一个针脚歪斜的笔袋，一个说手艺不行，一个当场挂上书包。何志远套上全班签名的白T恤，签名撑得变了形，他举着胳膊在教室里转，经过我面前时喊了句老师你看。我说看见了，声音比我预想的平静。

最后一节我进教室，外套内兜里那张信纸贴着心口，有点烫。我本来准备了一整套话：珍惜时间，认真择校，常回母校。站在讲台中间，看着四十二张脸，那些话一句都想不起来，只好掏出信纸念自己那一稿。念到最吵的一届，全班哄笑；念到最舍不得的一届，声音不争气地哑了。我转过身，在黑板上画了一个小小的太阳，画得比信里那句还轻。掌声起来的时候我扶了扶眼镜，心想幸好背对着他们。

散场后人走了，彩带还挂着，有个气球在窗玻璃上一下一下地撞。我在黑板前站了一会儿，把粉笔槽里的灰拢了拢，没擦那行字。六一快乐，毕业快乐。我关灯锁门，在楼道里听见隔壁班还在唱班歌，跑调跑得理直气壮。我放慢脚步，让他们多唱了一会儿。

One Last Children's Day from the Podium

The night before, I was writing in the office until nine thirty. The message for Class 6-2 took me three drafts. The first read too much like a speech - crossed out. The second listed six years of events, starting from the day they smuggled a caterpillar into a pencil box, and turned into a running account - crossed out again. The third was one page, opening with: you are the noisiest class I ever taught. After that line I stopped for a long time, put down the pen, went to the water room for half a cup of hot water, came back, and wrote: and the one I am least willing to let

go of. When I finished, I folded the letter, slipped it into my lesson plan, then took it out again and moved it to my coat's inner pocket.

On Children's Day I reached the classroom at 7:50. The program was taped behind the door in handwriting of wildly different sizes, and I recognized at a glance which lines He Zhiyuan had added. The blackboard wore painted streamers and fireworks; the girl who drew the fireworks could not draw a round circle last year. The balloons hung low; I touched one, did not straighten it, and let it be. I sat at the back row against the wall. From there the whole room looked like a pot of water coming to a boil. The electronic keyboard's plug came loose during the quartet, the boy playing pressed it back in and kept going, the audience roared, and I laughed in the back row holding an unopened thermos. When He Zhiyuan's stand-up reached the joke about cafeteria buns with thicker skin than filling, the class banged the desks, and I admitted the line landed better than anything I could say. The class song started too high and everyone dropped half a key; on the chorus the front-row girls swayed their arms. I counted: forty-two students, not one missing, including the boy hospitalized last week - his mother had written in the group chat that he was returning today, and I checked the direction of his seat twice before I relaxed.

During the gift exchange I stood by the door watching. The child who drew the transferred boy's name placed a box of pencils on the empty desk, the note crooked: pencils saved for you. I turned my head toward the window. Two deskmates traded a pencil pouch with crooked stitches - one apologizing for her hands, the other clipping it to her backpack on the spot. He Zhiyuan pulled on the white T-shirt signed by the whole class, signatures stretched out of shape, arms wide as he paraded past me, shouting Teacher, look. I said I saw it, my voice calmer than I expected.

In the last period I walked in, that folded letter against my chest through the coat pocket, almost hot. I had prepared a whole set of speeches: cherish time, choose schools carefully, visit the old school often. Standing at the podium facing forty-two faces, I could not recall a single line, so I took out my own draft and read it. At the noisiest class line the room laughed; at the least willing to let go line my voice betrayed me. I turned around and drew a small sun on the blackboard, lighter than the sentence in the letter. When the applause rose, I adjusted my glasses and was grateful to be facing away.

After dismissal the room emptied, streamers still hanging, one balloon tapping the window glass now and then. I stood before the blackboard for a while, gathered the chalk dust into the tray, and did not erase the words: Happy Children's Day, Happy Graduation. I turned off the lights and locked the door, and in the corridor I heard the next class still singing their class song, off-key with full confidence. I slowed my steps and let them sing a while longer.