寻宝图上的七个红圈

六一那天，游园活动改成了校园寻宝。每人发一张寻宝图，图上是手画的校园，七个红圈，每个圈里写半句谜面。班主任说，找齐七个红圈到终点兑奖，谜底贴在相应的位置，撕下来贴在图背面。我和王多多、陈一飞、李小满自动凑成一组，四张图拼在桌上研究，像四个小侦探。

第一个红圈的谜面是：我有一根手指，从不停下。王多多第一个反应过来，跑去篮球架底下，果然摸到一张纸条，上面画着第二个谜面。我们越跑越快，鞋带开了都顾不上系。花坛边、乒乓球台腿后面、图书馆门背后的挂钩上，红圈一个一个被我们贴到图背面，贴满一排，像四枚勋章。

卡在第五个红圈。谜面写着：三加四等于几，答案在答案的后面。我们在黑板教室转了三圈。陈一飞把黑板上值日表的名字数了一遍，不对。我盯着黑板角落那道没擦的算术题，三加四等于七，答案的后面——值日表第七格。我踮脚摸到挂钩上的纸条，手心全是汗。

第六个红圈在音乐教室的钢琴凳下，李小满趴在地上伸手进去够，够出来一张被灰糊住的纸条，她吹了一口气，灰飞起来呛得我们四个咳成一团，走廊里别的组回头看我们，我们毫不在意。

第七个红圈谁也没找到。我们把四张图翻来覆去看了十遍，谜面是：我在你最不想来的地方。最不想来的地方，我们轮流猜，体育器材室、办公室、厕所，全找过，没有。最后是终点兑奖的老师提示：最后一处，在领奖处。我们四个面面相觑，笑到蹲在地上。原来谜底一直等在终点。

兑奖处排着长队，我们交上贴满六张纸条的图，老师照样给我们兑了奖——一条金鱼，装在小塑料袋里，橘红色，尾巴比身子还大。王多多提议轮流拎，一人一段路，塑料袋换了三只手，谁的手都没抖。

金鱼现在养在我家窗台上，叫小七，因为我们是差一个红圈换来的它。有时候我看它绕着玻璃转圈，就想起那天四个人的影子在校园里跑成一串。六一的奖品会旧，金鱼会长大，那张贴满纸条的寻宝图，我压在书桌玻璃板底下，四个人的名字还挤在右下角。

Seven Red Circles on the Treasure Map

That Children's Day, the garden party was changed into a campus treasure hunt. Each of us got a treasure map, the school drawn on it by hand, with seven red circles, each holding half a riddle. The homeroom teacher said: find all seven circles and trade in at the finish line; the answers are stuck at the matching spots - tear them off and paste them on the back of your map. Wang Duoduo, Chen Yifei, Li Xiaoman and I naturally formed a team of four, spreading our maps on a desk to study like four little detectives.

The first riddle read: I have one finger and never stop. Wang Duoduo figured it out first, ran under the basketball hoop, and indeed fished out a slip with the second riddle on it. We ran faster and faster, too busy to retie undone shoelaces. By the flowerbed, behind the ping-pong table legs, on the hook behind the library door - one by one the red circles got pasted onto the backs of our maps, a whole row of

them, like four medals.

We got stuck on the fifth circle. The riddle read: three plus four equals what; the answer hides behind the answer. We circled the blackboard classroom three times. Chen Yifei counted every name on the duty roster - wrong. I stared at the arithmetic problem left unwiped in the corner of the blackboard: three plus four equals seven, behind the answer - the seventh slot of the duty roster. Standing on tiptoe, I felt for the slip on the hook, my palm drenched in sweat.

The sixth circle sat under the piano bench in the music room. Li Xiaoman lay on her stomach and reached in, pulling out a slip caked with dust. She blew on it, the dust flew up, and the four of us coughed in a heap. Teams from the corridor turned to stare; we didn't care one bit.

Nobody could find the seventh circle. We turned our four maps over and over ten times. Its riddle read: I am in the place you least want to go. The place we least wanted to go - we took turns guessing: the equipment room, the staff office, the washroom. All searched, nothing. Finally the teacher at the prize desk dropped the hint: the last one is at the prize desk. The four of us looked at each other and laughed until we squatted on the ground. The answer had been waiting at the finish line all along.

A long line waited at the prize desk. We handed in maps with six slips pasted on, and the teacher still traded us a prize - a goldfish in a small plastic bag, orange-red, its tail bigger than its body. Wang Duoduo proposed taking turns carrying it, one stretch of road each. The bag changed hands three times, and not one hand trembled.

The goldfish now lives on my windowsill, named Little Seven, because we got it for seven minus one circles. Sometimes I watch it circling the glass, and I remember four shadows running through the campus that day, strung together. Prizes from Children's Day grow old, the goldfish will grow up, and that map covered with slips sits pressed under my desk's glass plate, our four names still crowded in the bottom corner.