乒乓球浮起来的那一天

游园会的方案是班主任放权给班委的，班委又把游戏摊位分到了小组。我们组四个人分摊位，剩下的吹乒乓球过水杯归我，因为我说我家有乒乓球，我组里其他人家里没有。说完我就后悔了，球是有了，玩法还没有。

玩法是我晚上在家定的。方案是现成的：一排纸杯装水，球放第一个杯子里，用嘴吹着让球跳到下一个杯子，全过算通关。我妈说这游戏简单，我说简单就没人玩了。我在桌上摆了八个杯子，倒水，把球搁上去，深吸一口气吹——水没吹走，球没走，八个杯子的水晃成一排小浪，最边上一杯直接溢出来，流到卷子上，我妈从厨房冲出来，我拿着乒乓球站在桌边，罚站一样。

第二天我改了方案。水只装半杯，杯子间距拉大，第一个杯子前立两支铅笔当起吹线，吹之前必须在线后。晚上再试，球从第一个杯跳到第二个，水溅出来一点，能接受。跳到第五个杯子我卡住了，球卡在杯沿上，怎么吹都在原地转圈。我拿尺子把第五个杯子往下压了压，让两个杯口的边搭在一起，球一吹就滚过去了。我对着那排杯子又试了三遍，三遍全过，才敢写进策划表。策划表上我在玩法那一栏写：半杯水，八杯，线后起吹，全过兑一等奖。我妈扫了一眼说，你这写得跟说明书似的。我说，就是要说明书，不然当天说不清。

活动那天中午，教室后排的课桌拼成我的摊位。八个杯子排成一列，水装到杯身那道花纹的下沿，起吹线的铅笔用胶带粘在桌上，胶带是我早上剪的，剪得歪歪扭扭但粘得牢。排队的人比我想的多。来的大部分是三年级以上，也有低年级的，个子矮，够不着桌子，我就把桌子这头的杯子往下挪了挪，挪到他能趴着吹的高度。

有个一年级的小男孩，排到我前面的时候我注意到他，他手里攥着游园券，攥出了褶子。他趴在线后，第一口气吹得太猛，球直接飞出去落在桌上，我捡回来放回第一个杯子，跟他说再来，规则里没写不能重来，我就自己定一条：飞出去算停，放回原位接着吹。他第二口气轻了，球跳过第二个杯，第三个，第四个，越跳越快，到第五个杯——我压过边的那个——球顺顺当当滚过去。第七个杯他停了一下，球在杯沿上转圈，围观的人开始喊，往左吹往左吹，他往左吹了，球进了。第八个杯，球落进去，水花溅起来一点，全班呼一声炸开，那小孩跳起来，他旁边的姐姐比他叫得还响。

兑奖的时候他抽了一等奖，是一盒十二色水彩笔。他举着水彩笔跑走，游园券还攥在手里，褶子更皱了。我守在自己设计的摊后面，手心的汗在桌沿上蹭了两道。下午收摊，八个杯子的水剩下一半，铅笔上的胶带卷了边。我把策划表从摊位上揭下来，玩法那一栏的墨被水洇了一点，半杯水三个字还清楚。

The Day the Ping-Pong Ball Floated Up

The party plan was handed by our homeroom teacher to the class committee, and the committee assigned game stalls to each group. Our group of four split the stalls, and the ping-pong-ball-over-cups game landed on me because I said I had a ping-pong ball

at home and the others didn't. The moment I said it I regretted it - the ball was sorted, but the rules weren't.

I worked out the rules at home that evening. The plan was standard: a row of paper cups filled with water, the ball in the first cup, blow it from cup to cup, clear them all to win. My mom said it was a simple game. I said if it's simple nobody will play it. I set eight cups on the table, poured water, placed the ball, took a deep breath and blew - the water stayed, the ball stayed, and the water in all eight cups sloshed into a row of little waves; the end cup overflowed straight onto my workbook. My mom came rushing out of the kitchen while I stood by the table holding the ping-pong ball like a kid in time-out.

The next day I revised the plan. Cups only half full, wider gaps between them, two pencils standing before the first cup as a blow-from-here line - you must blow from behind it. Testing that night, the ball hopped from cup one to cup two with a small splash, acceptable. I got stuck at the fifth cup: the ball jammed on the rim, spinning in place no matter how I blew. I used a ruler to press the fifth cup down a bit so the two rims touched, and the ball rolled across with one puff. I ran the whole row three more times, cleared all three, and only then wrote it into the plan sheet. In the rules column I wrote: half a cup of water, eight cups, blow from behind the line, clear all for first prize. My mom glanced at it and said you wrote it like an instruction manual. I said that's exactly what it needs to be, or we can't explain it on the day.

At noon on activity day, back-row desks were pushed together into my stall. Eight cups in a line, water filled just below the pattern band on each cup, the line pencils taped to the desk with tape I cut that morning - crooked, but it stuck. The queue was longer than I expected. Most players were third grade and up, with some little ones who couldn't reach the desk, so I slid the near cups down to a height where they could lean over and blow.

I noticed a first-grade boy when he joined my line - he was clutching his game ticket so hard it wrinkled. He leaned behind the line; his first puff was too fierce and the ball flew out onto the desk. I put it back in the first cup and told him to go again - the rules said nothing about retries, so I made one up: if it flies out you stop, put it back, and keep blowing. His second puff was gentle. The ball cleared cup two, three, four, faster and faster, then the fifth cup - the one I had pressed down - and it rolled across smoothly. At cup seven he paused, the ball circling the rim, and the crowd started shouting: blow left, blow left! He blew left; it dropped in. Cup eight: the ball fell in with a small splash, and the classroom erupted. The boy jumped; the sister beside him shouted louder than he did.

At the prize exchange he drew first prize - a box of twelve watercolor pens. He

ran off holding them up, game ticket still in his fist, wrinkles deeper now. I stood behind my own stall, wiping two wet streaks off the desk edge with my palms. When we closed up in the afternoon, half the water remained in the eight cups, and the tape on the pencils had curled. I peeled the plan sheet off the stall; the ink in the rules column had bled a little from the splashes, but the three words for half a cup of water were still clear.

奖品袋里多出来的那三份

游园会的奖品是我管的，因为我是班里的生活委员，管班费。班主任把钥匙给我，说钱你定，单子你开，出了事你负责。我负责就我负责。我拿计算器按了半节课：班费游园专项一百二十块，一等奖六块一份买五份，二等奖三块一份买十份，三等奖一块五买三十份，参与奖五毛买四十五份，加起来一百一十七块，剩三块我买了两卷胶带和一包硬卡纸，做游园券用。

游园券是我画的。硬卡纸裁成一样大的长条，左边写编号，右边沿虚线剪下来当存根，一人两张，玩一个摊位撕一张。我裁纸裁到晚上九点，裁了六十张，裁得食指边上贴了一小块创可贴。我妈说你这班委当得比她单位加班还狠。我说这是我自己揽的，揽了就得干完。

活动当天上午十点开始，十一点半我蹲在奖品桌后面就开始不对劲。参与奖发得太快，五毛的糖包人人有，撕一张券给一包，我数存根盒里的条，盒里四十一条，我发出去四十四包。多了三包。我怀疑自己数错了，把存根倒出来重新数，还是四十一。我让同桌去每个摊位收存根，收回来对编号，对到中午，三个编号空着：十七号、三十一号、四十六号。这三张券发出去了，没撕下来。

我拿着三个空编号回教室找人。十七号是二年级转来的那个女生，坐最后一排，平时课间也不出去。我走到她桌前，把一包五毛的糖放在她桌上，说你的参与奖，你没来撕券。她抬头看了我一眼，说了声谢谢，声音很小，糖她收下了，脸先红了。三十一号是胖墩刘壮，他其实玩了，就是挤不进来兑奖，在奖品桌外围转了两圈没敢挤。我把糖给他时他拍了一下脑门，说我还以为不用兑。四十六号我找得最久，他不在教室，后来在楼梯间找到，他蹲在窗台边看楼下，他说他不敢排队，人太多。我把糖递给他，他接过去说了两遍谢谢，第二遍比第一遍响。

回奖品桌，我把那三包糖的账记在小本上，参与奖四十八份，发完，对上了。剩的三份不是多买的，是我按六十张券备的，券发出去六十一张——多那张是同桌自己掏零花钱买的，他说他想多玩一次夹玻璃球，没人知道他什么时候买的，他自己撕的存根，编号都没写对。

收摊后我盘点：一等奖五份全发，二等奖十份全发，三等奖发了二十八份，剩两份我封进抽屉，留着下学期班会用。胶带用掉一卷半，硬卡纸剩三张，创可贴从我食指上揭下来扔了。班主任查完账说一分不差，问我累不累。我说不累，就是那三个空编号让我惦记。她说那你惦记对了。

后来那个二年级女生在期末换了座位，坐到我斜前方，下课开始跟前后桌说话了。我不知道是不是那包糖的事，也可能不是。我只记得游园会那天，六十张券里有三张安安稳稳躺在三个人

的口袋里，没撕。胆小的孩子不是不想玩，是缺一个把糖放到他桌上的人。

Three Extra Prize Bags

I handled the prizes for the party because I'm the class life-committeeman and keep the class fund. Our homeroom teacher handed me the key: you set the budget, you write the receipts, you take the blame. Fine, I'll take the blame. I punched the calculator for half a period: 120 yuan earmarked for the party; first prize at 6 yuan times five, second at 3 yuan times ten, third at 1.5 yuan times thirty, participation prizes at 0.5 yuan times forty-five - 117 yuan total, and with the last 3 yuan I bought two rolls of tape and a pack of stiff card for the game tickets.

I drew the tickets myself. I cut the card into identical strips: serial number on the left, a perforated stub on the right you snip off at each stall, two per student, one torn per game. I cut paper until nine at night, sixty strips, with a bandage on my index finger by the end. My mom said being a class officer was harder than the overtime at her office. I said I volunteered; a volunteer finishes the job.

The party started at ten; by half past eleven I was crouched behind the prize table feeling something was wrong. Participation prizes went too fast - every torn ticket earned a candy pack. I counted the stubs in the box: forty-one. I had handed out forty-four packs. Three too many. Sure I had miscounted, I dumped the stubs out and counted again: still forty-one. I sent my deskmate to collect stubs from every stall, matched serial numbers until noon, and three numbers sat empty: 17, 31, 46. Those three tickets had been issued but never torn.

I went back to the classroom hunting the three empty numbers. Number 17 was the girl who transferred from second grade, sits in the last row, never comes out at break. I set a candy pack on her desk: your participation prize - you never came to tear your ticket. She looked up, said thank you very quietly, kept the candy, and blushed first. Number 31 was Chubby Liu Zhuang - he had actually played, just couldn't squeeze into the prize table; he'd circled it twice and never pushed in. When I handed him the candy he slapped his forehead: I thought no exchange was needed. Number 46 took longest; he wasn't in the classroom - I found him in the stairwell, squatting by the windowsill watching downstairs. He said he didn't dare stand in line; too many people. I passed him the candy; he said thank you twice, the second time louder than the first.

Back at the prize table I logged the three packs in my little notebook: forty-eight participation prizes, all issued, books balanced. The three extras weren't overbuying - I had stocked for sixty tickets, and sixty-one had gone out. The extra

one was my deskmate's own purchase with pocket money: he wanted one more round of the marble-tweezing game, bought it on the sly, and tore his own stub with the wrong serial number.

After closing up I took stock: all five first prizes gone, all ten second prizes gone, twenty-eight third prizes issued, two left which I sealed in the drawer for next term's class meeting. One and a half rolls of tape used, three card sheets left, the bandage peeled off my finger and tossed. Our homeroom teacher checked the books, said not a cent off, and asked if I was tired. I said no - only those three empty numbers stuck with me. She said: good thing they stuck with you.

Later, at the end-of-term seat change, that second-grade girl moved to sit diagonally in front of me, and at breaks she started talking to the desks around her. I don't know if the candy had anything to do with it; maybe it didn't. I only remember that on party day, three of the sixty tickets lay safe in three pockets, never torn. Timid kids don't not want to play - they're just missing the one person who puts the candy on their desk.

总调度何小雨的游园会

策划会开在游园会前两周的班会课上，班主任坐到最后排，说今天班长主持。何小雨站在讲台上，手里捏着一张写满名字的纸条，那是全班报上来的游戏点子，三十多个。她一条条念，念到夹玻璃球、蒙眼敲锣、吹乒乓球、投纸飞机，她念完抬头问：四个摊位，哪四个。教室里吵起来，四十多个人同时说话，她听不见，就把纸条贴在黑板上，转身背对教室，数到二十再回头，黑板底下已经站了六个同学举手表决，她干脆让举手表决一个一个来，投纸飞机以三票优势挤掉了套圈。

定完游戏定分工。何小雨把四十多个人拆成四组，每组管一个摊位，每组一个组长，组长对她，她对班主任。分组表她排了三个晚上，把爱说话的放门口吆喝，把细心的放桌后管规则，把坐不住的放外围维持队伍。她妈半夜起来喝水，看见客厅桌上那张表，上面每个名字后面都标了一个字母，A是嗓门大，B是手稳，C是跑得快。她妈说你这比排兵布阵还细。何小雨说，排兵布阵就一个人，我这四十多个，总得放对地方。

采购在游园会前一周。奖品、纸杯、玻璃球、眼罩、胶带，单子是何小雨列的，钱是生活委员出的，她跟着去小商品市场，一家一家问价。玻璃球两毛一颗，第二家卖一毛八，她站在两家店中间算了十秒，回第二家买了六十颗。眼罩贵，她买了黑布让学校裁缝室缝，缝出来八只，有一只是红黑拼的，她说这只留给老师，老师们也得玩。

活动当天，何小雨在校服口袋上别了一张工作证，硬卡纸做的，写着总调度三个字，是她自己剪的。她从十点开始就没停过。夹玻璃球摊位的夹子第一小时就断了两把，她跑去借了四把筷子顶上。投纸飞机摊位排的队伍拐到了走廊，后面三年级的班级要过不去了，她站在队伍和走廊

中间指挥，像指挥一个路口，喊往这边绕往这边绕，嗓子十分钟就哑了。低年级的孩子够不着蒙眼敲锣的桌子，她蹲下来比了比高度，让组长把锣架往下调了两格。

中午十二点二十，她绕回每个摊位收情况。四个组长报上来的都顺，只有吹乒乓球摊位的组长说有个一年级小孩飞出去三次球，那小孩快哭了。何小雨跟过去，站在旁边看那小孩又吹飞一次，她没说话，等第四次球跳过第三个杯子的时候，她鼓了掌，她一鼓掌，围观的全鼓掌，那小孩后面的杯子全过了。兑奖的时候小孩挑了二等奖，一个笔记本，他抱着笔记本去敲锣，锣敲得震天响。

十二点半散场，各摊位收桌，何小雨站在讲台上等全班坐好。她拿粉笔在黑板上写：今天最棒的三个人。她写了三个名字，不是四个组长，是三个她中午绕场时看见的人：一个把掉地上的玻璃球一颗颗捡回盆里的男生，一个一直帮低年级孩子举游园券的男生，一个收摊时把八个杯子摞得整整齐齐的女生。写完了她问：有没有不服的。教室里安静两秒，然后掌声，没人不服。

工作证在她口袋上歪了一天，别针把校服别出一个小洞。她把那张分组表从文件夹里抽出来，在背面写了一行：下次把筷子多备两把。然后夹回文件夹，夹在策划表后面。游园会结束了，文件夹还在，这就是总调度的全部家当。

He Xiaoyu's Garden Party

The planning meeting was held during the class meeting two weeks before the party; our homeroom teacher sat in the back row and said the class president is running today. He Xiaoyu stood at the podium clutching a sheet crammed with names - the whole class's game ideas, over thirty of them. She read them out one by one: marble tweezing, blindfold gong-hitting, ping-pong blowing, paper-plane throwing. Then she looked up and asked: four stalls - which four? The room erupted, forty-odd voices at once, impossible to hear. So she taped her sheet to the blackboard, turned her back to the class, counted to twenty, and turned around to find six students already standing to vote. She simply ran the show of hands one motion at a time, and paper-plane throwing squeezed out ring-toss by three votes.

With the games set, she set the jobs. He Xiaoyu split the forty-odd students into four groups, one per stall, each with a group leader; the leaders reported to her, she reported to the homeroom teacher. Her duty roster took three evenings to arrange: loud-talkers posted at the entrance to call customers, careful hands behind the tables to run the rules, restless legs on the perimeter to hold the lines. Her mother got up for water at midnight and found the roster on the living-room table, every name tagged with a letter - A for big lungs, B for steady hands, C for fast feet. Her mother said this is finer work than deploying troops. He Xiaoyu said: deploying troops is one person; I have forty-odd, and each has to go in the right place.

Shopping happened the week before. Prizes, paper cups, marbles, blindfolds, tape

- she listed it, the life-committeeman paid, and she went with him to the small-commodities market, haggling stall by stall. Marbles were two jiao apiece at one shop, one-eight at the next; she stood between the two shops and calculated for ten seconds, then walked back to the second and bought sixty. Blindfolds were pricey, so she bought black cloth and had the school tailor's room sew them - eight came out, one patchworked red and black, which she said was reserved for the teachers. Teachers get to play too.

On activity day she pinned a work badge to her uniform pocket - stiff card, three characters reading Chief Coordinator, cut by her own hand. From ten o'clock she never stopped. The tweezing stall broke two pairs of tongs in the first hour; she ran off and borrowed four pairs of chopsticks to cover. The paper-plane queue snaked into the corridor and blocked the third-grade classes from passing; she stood between the line and the corridor directing traffic, hoarse within ten minutes, shouting round this way, round this way. Little kids couldn't reach the gong table; she crouched, sighted the height, and had the group leader drop the gong stand two notches.

At twelve twenty she looped back to each stall for reports. All four leaders said smooth, except the ping-pong stall: a first-grader had blown the ball off three times and was near tears. She went over and stood by as he fluffed it a fourth time. She said nothing; when the fifth attempt cleared the third cup, she started clapping, and at her clap the whole crowd clapped, and he cleared every cup after that. At the exchange he chose second prize - a notebook - then went and hit the gong holding it, loud enough to shake the building.

The party broke up at half past twelve; stalls struck their tables. He Xiaoyu stood at the podium waiting for everyone seated, then wrote on the blackboard in chalk: the three best people today. She wrote three names - not the four group leaders, but three people she had spotted on her midday loop: a boy picking dropped marbles back into the basin one by one, a boy holding up game tickets for little kids all morning, a girl stacking eight cups neatly at teardown. When she finished she asked: anyone object? The room went quiet two seconds, then applauded. Nobody objected.

The badge hung crooked in her pocket all day, its pin leaving a tiny hole in the uniform. She pulled the duty roster from her folder and wrote one line on the back: next time, two more pairs of chopsticks. Then she clipped it back behind the plan sheet. The party was over; the folder remained - that was the Chief Coordinator's entire estate.

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