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.