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.