六月一号的日记：我当上了小主持人

六月一号 星期六 晴

今天我做了一件了不起的大事：我当上了六一儿童节汇演的主持人。

其实昨天放学前班主任问我谁想当主持人，我的手举得比头还高，举完就开始后悔。教室里哄地笑了一声，班主任点了我的名，我坐在座位上，手心一下子就出汗了。

今天早上妈妈给我扎辫子，扎了三个。第一个她嫌歪，拆了；第二个我嫌紧，拽松了；第三个她说像模像样了。我穿着白裙子到礼堂后台，报幕的卡片捏在手里，卡片边角被我攥得软软的，全是手印。

第一个节目快开始的时候，主持人老师把我推到台口。幕布一开，灯光照过来，台下黑压压的全是人头。我走到话筒前面，腿有点抖，卡片举到下巴那么高。我开口：亲爱的老师们，同学们。声音从喇叭里传出来，大得我自己都吓一跳。可是就是这一声，把我心里的慌吓跑了一半。

我接着报：下一个节目，三年级二班的舞蹈《采蘑菇的小姑娘》。说完这句，我退到台边，心口咚咚跳，可是我在跳的同时居然笑出来了，嘴角根本压不住。

一整场我报了六个节目，中间只念错了一个词，把「舞蹈」念成了「跳舞」，台下没人听出来，我自己听出来了，耳朵烫了一下，接着往下报，没停。

汇演结束，队伍往教室走。班主任在礼堂门口等我，当着好多同学的面摸了摸我的头，说：主持得真好，声音又清楚又稳。我低着头笑，鞋尖在地上蹭来蹭去。

晚上我把那张报幕卡片压在写字台的玻璃板底下。卡片上全是汗印，边角也软了，可我看着它就觉得，今天这一天，是我过得最神气的一天。

June 1st Diary: I Became a Little Host

June 1st, Saturday, Sunny.

Today I did something tremendous: I became the host of the Children's Day show.

Actually, before school yesterday our homeroom teacher asked who wanted to host, and my hand went up higher than my head - and I started regretting it the moment it was up. The classroom burst in laughter, the teacher called my name, and sitting at my desk my palms went sweaty all at once.

This morning Mom did my hair three times. The first time she said it was crooked and took it down; the second time I said it was too tight and loosened it; the third time she said it looked the part. I wore my white dress to the auditorium backstage, hosting cards in my hand, their corners gone soft from my grip, covered in

fingerprints of sweat.

Just before the first act, the teacher in charge pushed me to the edge of the stage. The curtain opened, lights came on, and downstairs it was a dark mass of heads. I walked to the microphone, my legs a little shaky, holding the card up to my chin. I began: Dear teachers, dear students. My voice boomed out of the speakers and startled even me. But that very sound scared away half of my panic.

I went on: Next up, Class 3-2 with the dance Little Mushroom Picker. After that line I stepped back to the side of the stage, heart pounding - and while it pounded, I actually burst into a smile I could not press down.

I announced six acts in total. I misspoke only one word, saying dancing instead of dance, and nobody downstairs noticed, but I did; my ears went hot for a moment, and I kept announcing without stopping.

When the show ended, the lines walked back to the classrooms. Our homeroom teacher waited for me at the auditorium door and, in front of many classmates, patted my head and said: You hosted beautifully - clear and steady voice. I hung my head and smiled, rubbing my shoe tip on the ground.

In the evening I put the hosting card under the glass plate on my desk. It was covered in sweat marks, its corners soft, but looking at it I felt that today was the proudest day I have ever had.

五月三十一日的日记：卡片背面的名字

五月三十一日 星期五 阴转晴

明天就是六一儿童节了。我睡不着，趴在床上写这篇日记，因为明天我要当主持人，我心里像揣了一只兔子，躺下就蹦。

今天下午彩排，礼堂里空空的，一个观众也没有，只有椅子一排一排黑着。我和搭档王小河站在台中央，他比我高半个头，卡片在他手里，他报前半句，我报后半句。我报「下一个节目，四年级的合唱」的时候，抬头看见第一排空椅子，忽然慌了，声音越来越小，小得像在跟椅子说话。王小河在旁边小声提醒：大声，后面听不见。我重报了一遍，这一遍声音撞在空礼堂的墙上，嗡嗡的回声都出来了，我自己听见了，反而不慌了——原来我的声音有这么大。

彩排结束，班主任走过来，蹲下来跟我们俩说：明天就这么报，别怕，声音出来了，人就出来了。她伸手把王小河歪了的领结正了正，又把我的刘海别到耳朵后面。我鼻子有点酸，用力点了点头。

回到教室发正式卡片，卡片是硬纸的，蓝底白字。翻到背面，上面用铅笔写着我和王小河的名字，字是班主任写的，她的「小」字最后一钩总是勾得特别长。我把卡片放进文具盒最里面一层，压在一把尺子底下，怕把它折了。

妈妈进来催我睡觉，看见我趴在桌上，问写什么呢。我说：写明天。妈妈笑：明天有什么好写的。我说：明天我报幕，全校都听。

笔停了，兔子还在蹦。可我想，蹦就蹦吧，明天它蹦它的，我报我的。卡片背面那两个名字挨在一起，我的在左边，他的在右边，像两个人已经站好了位置，就等明天幕布拉开。

睡觉。明天见。

May 31st Diary: The Name on the Back of the Card

May 31st, Friday, Cloudy turning clear.

Tomorrow is Children's Day. I cannot sleep, lying on my stomach writing this diary, because tomorrow I am going to be the host. My heart feels like it is holding a rabbit; the moment I lie down it starts bouncing.

We rehearsed this afternoon. The auditorium was empty, not one audience member, just rows of dark chairs. My partner Wang Xiahe and I stood at the center of the stage. He is half a head taller than me. The card was in his hand; he announced the first half of each line, I the second half. When I got to Next up, the fourth-grade choir, I looked up and saw the empty front row, and suddenly panicked. My voice got smaller and smaller, small as if I were talking to the chairs. Wang Xiahe whispered beside me: Louder - the back rows cannot hear. I announced it again, and this time my voice hit the wall of the empty auditorium and came back buzzing with echo. I heard it myself - and stopped being nervous. So my voice is actually that big.

After rehearsal, our homeroom teacher walked over, squatted down to our level, and said: Announce exactly like this tomorrow. Do not be afraid. Once the voice comes out, the person comes out. She straightened Wang Xiahe's crooked bow tie, then tucked my bangs behind my ear. My nose stung a little, and I nodded hard.

Back in the classroom they handed out the official cards - stiff cardboard, white letters on blue. On the back, our two names were written in pencil, in our teacher's handwriting. Her character for small always has a final hook that curls extra long. I put the card in the innermost layer of my pencil case, under a ruler, afraid of creasing it.

Mom came in to hurry me to bed, saw me sprawled on the desk, and asked what I was writing. I said: Tomorrow. Mom laughed: What is there to write about tomorrow? I

said: Tomorrow I announce the program, and the whole school listens.

The pen has stopped, but the rabbit is still bouncing. Fine, let it bounce. Tomorrow it bounces and I announce. The two names on the back of the card sit next to each other - mine on the left, his on the right - like two people already in position, just waiting for the curtain to open tomorrow.

Bed. See you tomorrow.

六月二日的日记：话筒的余温

六月二日 星期日 晴

六一过完了，可我心里那件事还没过完。昨天我当主持人报幕的事，到今天还在发烫，像摸过一下刚关掉的话筒，手心留着一点温。

今天上午妈妈带我去少年宫，路过我们学校的礼堂，门开着，讲解的阿姨正在里面收拾椅子。她认出我，隔着台阶喊：昨天那个小主持人！声音真稳，一点没露怯。我站在台阶下面，脸热起来，说了声阿姨好，脚步却走慢了，恨不得把这句话再听一遍。

课间更热闹。王小河学我的样子，站在讲台前面，把扫帚当话筒，捏着嗓子报：下一个节目，二年级的合唱。后面一排人笑得趴在桌上。我追着他绕了两圈桌子，他边跑边喊：主持人的声音又清楚又稳！这是班主任昨天夸我的原话，他居然学得一模一样。我抓住他的时候，自己先笑了，手一松放了他。

中午吃饭，奶奶问我儿童节过得怎么样。我把腿上的裙子抖开给她看——就是昨天那条白裙子，今天领口还别着演出时那个蝴蝶结，没舍得摘。我说：我报了一整场，六个节目，一个都没报砸。奶奶问：紧张不？我想了想，说：上台前手心全是汗，卡片都攥软了。可一开口，喇叭里那个声音特别大，我自己都吓了一跳，后来就顾不上紧张了。

下午写作业，写「我的节日」四个字，笔停了半天。别人写游园会，写礼物，写表演。我写的是话筒。我写：它立在台中央，比我还高一点，我对着它说话，全校都听见了。它站在台上听我，全校坐在台下听我。

写完这篇日记，我把昨天那张报幕卡片从文具盒里拿出来，夹进日记本这一页。卡片背面班主任写的两个名字，铅笔的钩还是那么长。明天要上学了，进校门的时候我特意从礼堂门口绕过去，玻璃门上映出我的影子，我冲它点了一下头。

June 2nd Diary: The Warmth Left on the Microphone

June 2nd, Sunday, Sunny.

Children's Day is over, but the thing inside my heart is not over yet. Yesterday me hosting the show still feels warm today, like touching a microphone just switched off - a little warmth left in the palm.

This morning Mom took me to the youth palace, passing our school's auditorium. The door was open and the lady who shows people in was stacking chairs inside. She recognized me and called across the steps: The little host from yesterday! Your voice was so steady - not a crack in it. I stood below the steps, my face heating up, said good morning, auntie, but my feet slowed down, wishing I could hear that sentence one more time.

Recess was livelier. Wang Xiahe imitated me, standing at the front of the classroom with a broom as the microphone, squeezing his voice thin: Next up, the second-grade choir. A whole row of kids collapsed on their desks laughing. I chased him around two rows of desks, and running he shouted: Clear and steady voice! That was our homeroom teacher's exact praise from yesterday, and he had copied it perfectly. When I caught him, I laughed first and let him go.

At lunch, Grandma asked how my Children's Day went. I shook out my skirt to show her - the same white dress from yesterday, its collar still holding the bow from the performance, too dear to take off. I said: I hosted the whole show, six acts, not one of them botched. Grandma asked: Were you nervous? I thought and said: My palms were all sweat before I went on, the card went soft in my grip. But the moment I opened my mouth, that voice in the speaker was so loud it startled me, and after that I had no time to be nervous.

In the afternoon I did homework, the title My Holiday, and my pen paused for a long while. Others wrote about fairs, gifts, performances. I wrote about the microphone. I wrote: It stood at the center of the stage, a little taller than me. I spoke into it, and the whole school heard. It stood on stage listening to me, and the whole school sat downstairs listening to me.

After writing this diary, I took yesterday's hosting card out of my pencil case and slipped it into this page. On its back, the two names in our teacher's pencil, that hook still curling long. School starts tomorrow, and when I enter the gate I deliberately detoured past the auditorium door. My reflection appeared in the glass door, and I gave it a nod.