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.