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.