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.