六一义卖日记：捐款箱前的最后一枚硬币

六月一号 多云

下午两点，我站在食堂门口的红色捐款箱前面，手里捏着我们组最后一枚硬币。硬币被我攥热了。箱子上的金字被太阳照得反光。我把硬币对准缝口，没有马上松手。就在这一秒，我想起今天早上的一切。

早上我们组搬了六张课桌到操场边。课桌从三楼一层层抬下来，我在最前面，桌角磕在楼梯扶手上，咚的一声，全楼道都听见了。摆好桌子，我们铺上蓝格子布，把货一件件摆上去：旧书、毛绒熊、我那只缺了耳朵的恐龙。陈佳把价签一张张贴在东西上，贴歪了又撕下来重贴。最沉的是我家那盏旧台灯，我把它摆在桌子正中间，像摆一个主角。

九点半，一个戴眼镜的胖叔叔停在摊前，拿起台灯左看右看，问多少。我说是十五块，这是护眼灯。叔叔把灯罩转了一圈，说十二块，我正好缺盏台灯。我说十三，他说不加了，十二。我说那您再买一只恐龙，十二块五，恐龙算我送您的半个朋友。叔叔大笑，掏出二十块递给我，说不用找了。我找了他七块五，恐龙塞进他手里的塑料袋，他拎着台灯和恐龙走了，走路都比来的时候轻快。

还有一直没断过的讨价还价声。毛绒熊从九块讲到七块，卖给了一个扎羊角辫的女孩；一箱旧杂志五块打包，被两个三年级男生抬走了。每一笔我都记在陈佳的本子上，到收摊时本子写满了两页。

数钱是在教室里数的。全班凑在一起，我们组的钱夹在中间：六十一块二。班主任问打算怎么捐，我们组五个人对视了一眼，异口同声说全捐。班主任没说话，朝我们竖了一下大拇指。

所以就有了现在这一幕。六十一块二，前面都塞进去了，只剩这一枚硬币。缝口窄，我把它立起来，侧着往里按，按了两下才进去。箱子在肚子里哗啦响了一声，像是把我们的六十一块二全数了一遍。

回教室，陈佳在本子最后一页写：收入六十一块二，支出六十一块二，结余零。她写完抬头问我，我们不是白忙一天吗。我看着本子，看了半天，说，是啊，一分钱没落着。说完我们俩都笑了。可我知道，这一天我们谁都没有白过。

Children's Day Bazaar Diary: The Last Coin Before the Donation Box

June 1st. Cloudy.

At two in the afternoon I stood in front of the red donation box by the canteen door, our group's last coin pinched between my fingers. My hand had warmed it through. The golden character on the box glinted in the sun. I lined the coin up with the slot but did not let go right away. In that one second, all of this morning came back to me.

In the morning our group hauled six desks to the edge of the field. We carried them down flight by flight from the third floor; I was in front, and a table corner knocked the stair railing with a boom the whole corridor heard. Once the desks were set, we spread a blue checkered cloth and laid out the goods one by one: old books, a plush bear, my dinosaur with one ear missing. Chen Jia stuck price tags on everything, peeled them off and restuck them when crooked. Heaviest was the old desk lamp from my house; I placed it dead center of the table, like casting it as the lead.

At nine thirty, a stout bespectacled uncle stopped at our booth, picked up the lamp, looked it over left and right, and asked the price. I said fifteen, it's an eye-care lamp. He rotated the shade and said twelve, I happen to need a lamp. I said thirteen; he said no more, twelve. I said then buy a dinosaur too — twelve yuan five, and the dinosaur counts as half a friend I throw in. The uncle roared with laughter, handed me a twenty, and told me to keep the change. I gave him back seven yuan five anyway, stuffed the dinosaur into his plastic bag, and he left carrying the lamp and the dinosaur, walking lighter than when he came.

The haggling never stopped. The plush bear went from nine yuan down to seven, sold to a girl with ox-horn pigtails; a box of old magazines went as a five-yuan bundle, lugged off by two third-graders. I recorded every sale in Chen Jia's notebook, and by closing time two pages were full.

We counted the money in the classroom. The whole class gathered around, our group's takings in the middle: sixty-one yuan two. The homeroom teacher asked what we planned to donate. The five of us exchanged one glance and said in one voice: all of it. The teacher said nothing and gave us a thumbs-up.

Which brings us to this moment. Sixty-one yuan two — the rest already went in, only this one coin left. The slot is narrow. I stood the coin on edge, pushed it in sideways, and it took two tries. The box rustled inside, as if it were counting our sixty-one yuan two all over again.

Back in the classroom, Chen Jia wrote on the notebook's last page: income sixty-one yuan two, expenses sixty-one yuan two, balance zero. She looked up and asked me whether we had wasted the whole day. I stared at the notebook for a long moment and said, yeah, not a cent left for us. Then we both laughed. But I know none of us wasted this day.

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