六一义卖日记：柠檬水摊上的讨价还价

六月一号 晴转多云

早上六点半，我们小组四个人在操场东角碰头。我们的摊位是一排旧课桌拼起来的，先擦桌子，再铺报纸，最后挂招牌。招牌是我昨晚画的，一张红纸，上面写着爱心义卖小铺，旁边画了一只歪歪的存钱罐。张雨桐把她家做的柠檬水搬来三桶，我用绳子把三个气球拴在桌腿上，风一吹，气球就撞桌子，砰砰响。

七点整开卖。我们的柠檬水五角一杯，纸杯是一毛钱一个的批发货。第一杯卖给了隔壁摊的王朵朵，她连喝两杯，第二杯非要给一块，说不用找。一上午光柠檬水就卖出去四十六杯。

讨价还价最凶的是那个五年级的男生。他拿起张雨桐的旧玩具车，问价。张雨桐说八块。他把车翻过来看了看轮子，说这个轮子都磨扁了，三块。张雨桐急了，说磨扁了也跑得动，六块，不能再少。男生从钱包里抽出一张五块的，说五块，成交。两个人你一句我一句，最后五块成交，男生还顺手买了两杯柠檬水。张雨桐事后说她本来想开价十块，开口的时候不知怎么就说成了八块。

下午一点收摊。纸杯叠起来有一摞，钱盒子里塞满了。我们把钱倒在桌上数：一块的五张，五毛的十一张，还有一堆硬币，一共五十三块四。数硬币的时候叮叮当当，隔壁班的同学都伸头看。

捐款箱在食堂门口，比我们的桌子还高。五十三块四，我们分四次塞进去。纸币顺，硬币卡在缝口，张雨桐把最后一把硬币一枚一枚按进去，按到一半手抖了，掉了几枚在地上。我们蹲下去捡，捡起来再按。箱子响了一阵，像有人在里面摇了一把小铃。

回来的路上我一直在想那辆轮子磨扁了的玩具车。它现在应该在那个五年级男生的手里，跑得也许还是不快。可那五块钱已经在箱子里了。这是我第一次知道，钱是可以一边心疼一边给的。

Children's Day Bazaar Diary: Haggling at the Lemonade Booth

June 1st. Sunny then cloudy.

At six thirty in the morning our group of four met at the east corner of the field. Our booth was a row of old school desks pushed together: first wipe the desks, then spread newspapers, then hang the sign. I painted the sign last night — a red sheet with Charity Bazaar Shop written on it, and a lopsided piggy bank drawn beside. Zhang Yutong carried over three buckets of her family's lemonade, and I tied three balloons to the table legs with string; whenever the wind blew, the balloons bumped the table, thump thump.

Sharp at seven we started selling. Our lemonade was five jiao a cup, the paper cups bought wholesale at one jiao each. The first cup went to Wang Duoduo at the next

booth; she drank two in a row and insisted on paying a whole yuan for the second, telling me not to give change. By noon we had sold forty-six cups of lemonade alone.

The fiercest haggler was a fifth-grade boy. He picked up Zhang Yutong's old toy car and asked the price. She said eight yuan. He turned the car over, looked at the wheels, and said these wheels are worn flat, three yuan. Zhang Yutong panicked and said flat or not it still runs, six yuan, no lower. The boy pulled a five-yuan note from his wallet and said five, deal. Back and forth they went, and it closed at five yuan; the boy also bought two cups of lemonade on the side. Zhang Yutong admitted later she had meant to open at ten yuan, and somehow it came out as eight.

We closed at one in the afternoon. The paper cups stacked into a pile, and the money box was stuffed. We poured everything on the table and counted: five one-yuan notes, eleven five-jiao notes, and a heap of coins — fifty-three yuan four in all. Counting the coins went jingle jingle, and kids from the next class craned their necks to watch.

The donation box stood by the canteen door, taller than our table. Our fifty-three yuan four went in four rounds. The notes slid through fine, but the coins jammed at the slot. Zhang Yutong pressed the last handful in one by one, and halfway her hand shook, dropping a few on the ground. We squatted to pick them up and pressed them in again. The box rattled for a while, as if someone inside were shaking a little bell.

On the way back I kept thinking about that toy car with the flat wheels. It should be in that fifth-grade boy's hands now, probably still not running fast. But its five yuan is already inside the box. For the first time I learned that money can be given while it still aches a little.