六一排练日记：谢幕之后想起的那一周

六月一日 星期四 晴

刚刚谢完幕。我坐在后台的台阶上，腿还是酸的，演出服的水钻硌着下巴。礼堂的灯一盏盏灭下去，我脑子里全是这一周的画面，像倒着放电影。

最先想起来的是昨天彩排那一下。舞台监督喊五、四、三，我们八个人在侧幕候场，马小跳转圈的时候踩到了自己的鞋带，整个人歪在道具花丛上，塑料花倒了一片。他趴在地上喊我没事，声音都变了。舞蹈老师蹲下去看他的脚踝，没肿。回教室的路上，马小跳说他不上场了，换人。全班没人接话。班长说，离演出还有一天，换人来不及，我们把他的转圈改成两个并步，他点头，眼泪在眼眶里打转。

再往前想，是这一周每天课间的排练。地点在水房旁边，那里有块水泥空地。我们对着手机里的音乐练，前奏八拍进舞步。压腿的时候水房的龙头滴答滴答伴奏，路过的低年级同学围观，被我们轰走了三次。周三练队形，八个人走成菱形总是挤成一团，舞蹈老师把地上贴了八个圆点，让我们闭着眼走，走到第八遍，睁眼，菱形自己出来了。

最早的画面是周一。舞蹈老师放音乐，我们跟着跳，跳完她只说了一句话：像八个各跳各的人。那天我们全班留在教室，把整支舞拆成八拍一节，一节一节数着过，数到放学。

然后是今天。音乐响，前奏八拍，我们八个从侧幕并进舞台，一步不差。马小跳的两个并步稳稳当当，比原来的转圈还齐。最后一个造型定住，台下亮成一片白。谢幕时我们排成一排，心里数着一、二，一起鞠躬，数到三再起，台下又笑又鼓掌。

现在后台安静了，马小跳的鞋带重新系了两个死结。他说明年六一他还跳。我把演出服上的水钻一颗一颗数了一遍，一共六十八颗，正好是我们这一周排练的总次数。原来坚持是有数可数的。

Children's Day Rehearsal Diary: The Week I Recall After the Curtain Call

June 1st. Thursday. Sunny.

We just took our curtain call. I am sitting on the backstage steps, legs still sore, the rhinestones on the costume pressing into my chin. The auditorium lights are going off one by one, and my head is full of this past week's scenes, playing backward like a film.

What comes back first is yesterday's dress rehearsal. The stage manager called five, four, three, and the eight of us waited at the side curtain when Ma Xiaotiao stepped on his own shoelace mid-spin and toppled into the prop flowers, knocking a whole row of plastic blossoms flat. He lay there shouting I'm fine, his voice already changed. The dance teacher crouched to check his ankle — no swelling. On the way

back to class, Ma Xiaotiao said he would not perform, someone should replace him. Nobody answered. The class monitor said there is one day left, a replacement is impossible, so let us change his spin into two step-togethers. He nodded, tears rolling in his eyes.

Further back is every break time this week at the rehearsal spot by the water room, where there is a patch of concrete. We practiced to the music on a phone, entering on the eight-beat intro. While stretching our legs, the dripping faucet kept time, and the little kids who stopped to watch were chased away by us three times. On Wednesday we drilled the formation; the eight of us always squeezed into a blob trying to form a diamond, so the teacher stuck eight dots on the ground and had us walk with our eyes shut. On the eighth round we opened our eyes, and the diamond was there by itself.

The earliest scene is Monday. The teacher played the music, we danced, and when it ended she said one sentence: you look like eight people dancing alone. That day the whole class stayed behind and broke the entire dance into eight-beat sections, counting through one section after another until dismissal.

And then today. Music on, eight beats of intro, the eight of us slid from the side curtain onto the stage without a wrong step. Ma Xiaotiao's two step-togethers were solid, even neater than the old spin. The final pose froze, and the audience lit up in white. At the curtain call we lined up, counted one, two in our heads, bowed together, and rose on three — the audience laughed and clapped at once.

Now the backstage is quiet, and Ma Xiaotiao's shoelaces are tied in two double knots again. He said he will dance again at next year's show. I counted the rhinestones on my costume one by one: sixty-eight in all — exactly the number of times we rehearsed this week. So persistence can actually be counted.

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