六一游园会日记：集章卡上的十二个圆

六月一号 晴

早上八点，体育馆门口排起了长队，每人发一张集章卡。我的卡是淡黄色的，顶上印着游园会三个字，底下整整齐齐十二个空圈，像十二张等着被填满的嘴。发卡片的老师提醒我们，集满八个章就能换奖品，集满十二个有大奖。我把卡塞进上衣口袋，又用手按了按，确认它还在。

第一个项目是套圈。地上摆着矿泉水瓶、小盆栽、文具盒，两米外画了一条白线。我前面那个男生连扔五个圈，一个没套中，急得脖子都红了。轮到我，第一个圈飞出去，砸在瓶子上弹开了。第二个我蹲低一点，瞄着瓶口扔，圈不偏不倚落下去，套中了。旁边负责盖章的姐姐啪地给卡上盖了个笑脸章。第一个章，比想象中容易，也比想象中爽。

夹弹珠是我的滑铁卢。筷子夹玻璃珠，三十秒夹进碗里五颗算过关。第一把我只夹进三颗，珠子在筷子尖上打滑，像抹了油。围观的同学起哄说再来一把，我又交了一次排队。第二把我把筷子在衣服上擦了擦，捏着珠子的下半部分往碗边靠，一颗、两颗、五颗，时间刚好到。盖章的姐姐说，这把我看得手心都出汗了。

盲人敲鼓最好笑。眼罩一戴，世界黑了，原地转三圈，拿着鼓槌摸过去。我明明听见鼓在左边，走过去却撞上了旁边的桌子，全场的哄笑跟着我的鼓槌一起敲。最后我蒙着眼把鼓敲响了，章也拿到了，就是耳根有点烫。

一上午我跑了九个项目的九个章，中午又补了三个，卡在手里啪啪响。差的那个是跳绳挑战，我跳了三十秒就绊住了，没过关。

下午兑换处排队。十一个章，换什么？队伍前面的女生用十二个章换走了一盏台灯，眼馋死人了。轮到我，我把卡递过去，柜台里的老师问，差一个不补吗？我想了想，说不补了，换一个笔筒。笔筒是蓝色的，印着一条鲸鱼。那张差一个章的集章卡，我夹进了日记本。十二个圈空着一个，看着看着就觉得，那是留给明年六一的。

Children's Day Field Trip Diary: Twelve Circles on the Stamp Card

June 1st. Sunny.

At eight in the morning a long line snaked up to the gym door, and everyone got a stamp card. Mine is pale yellow, with Field Trip printed across the top and twelve neat empty circles below, like twelve mouths waiting to be filled. The teacher handing out cards reminded us: eight stamps redeems a prize, twelve wins the grand prize. I tucked the card into my shirt pocket and pressed it with my palm to make sure it was still there.

The first event was ring toss. Water bottles, little potted plants, and pencil cases sat on the ground behind a white line two meters away. The boy ahead of me threw five rings and hit nothing, his neck reddening with each miss. My turn: the first ring flew out, bounced off a bottle. For the second I crouched lower and aimed at the bottle's mouth; the ring dropped dead center. The girl in charge of stamping went slap — a smiley stamp on my card. First stamp: easier than I imagined, and more satisfying too.

Marble carry was my Waterloo. Pick up glass marbles with chopsticks, five into the bowl within thirty seconds to pass. First round I got only three; the marbles slipped on the chopstick tips as if oiled. Onlookers chanted for another round, so I queued up again. Second round I wiped my chopsticks on my sleeve, gripped the marbles low and eased them to the bowl's edge — one, two, five, right on time. The stamping girl said her palms were sweating just watching.

Blind drum was the funniest. Mask on, world dark, spin three times, then grope toward the drum with the mallet. I clearly heard the drum on my left, walked that way, and walked straight into a side table; the whole crowd's laughter banged along with my mallet. I did finally hit the drum blind and got the stamp, though my ears burned a little.

By noon I had run nine events for nine stamps, then picked up three more after lunch, and my card clapped crisply in my hand. The one I missed was jump rope — I tripped after thirty seconds and failed.

In the afternoon we lined up at the redemption counter. Eleven stamps — what to take? The girl ahead of me traded twelve for a desk lamp, enough to make anyone green with envy. When my turn came, I handed over the card, and the teacher behind the counter asked whether I wanted to fill the missing one. I thought a moment and said no, I'll take a pen holder. It is blue, with a whale printed on it. That card with one circle left empty, I pressed into my diary. Twelve circles, one still open — looking at it long enough, it feels like a space saved for next year's Children's Day.

六一游园会日记：双人运球那一关

六月一号 晴转大风

今天游园会，我和同桌孙小跳约好结伴闯关，一人一张集章卡，谁也别想甩掉谁。领卡的地方在主席台旁边，卡片是粉红色的，背面印着十二个格子，格子里是空的，等着盖章。工作人员说，同一个项目每人只能盖一次章，想集满就得把十二个项目全跑一遍。孙小跳当场倒吸一口气，

说这是体力活。我说，所以才要两个人比着跑。

我们采取先易后难的路线。吹乒乓球、投沙包、踢毽子，三个项目一路绿灯，章盖得啪啪响。孙小跳踢毽子一次踢了十九个，围观的人给他鼓掌，他尾巴翘起来，走路都带跳。

卡壳卡在双人运球。规则是两个人用球拍托乒乓球，从起点走到终点再走回来，球落地重来。我和孙小跳第一趟走到一半，他的球先掉，滚到人群脚边，一个一年级小朋友替我们捡回来。第二趟我们喊着一二一二走，走到折返点，我的球掉了。第三趟最险，球在拍子上弹了两下，孙小跳伸手想扶，被规则禁止，只能眼睁睁看它滚走。排队的女生提醒我们，拍子放平，胳膊夹紧，别用手腕调。第四趟我们把球拍压得平平的，胳膊夹得像企鹅，一步一步挪，二十米，折返，二十米，球稳稳待在拍子上。盖章的哥哥说，这一趟全场最稳。

剩下的项目越跑越快。踩气球我一对踩了六个，两人三足我们摔了半跤还是跑完了。最后一个项目是猜灯谜，我和孙小跳对着一条谜面瞪了五分钟眼，谜底是字典，我们仨字几乎同时喊出来。

十二个章集满，卡正面盖得满满当当，边角都盖歪了。兑换处的大奖区摆着台灯、地球仪和字典。孙小跳说他猜灯谜赢了，奖品归他，他要了那本蓝色封面的字典。我换了一包书签，书签上印着十二个圆。

回教室路上风很大，孙小跳的字典抱在怀里，像抱一块奖牌。我们约好，明年游园会还结伴，还走先易后难的路线，还从双人运球那儿翻车——翻一次，赢一次，这才算过完了整个六一。

Children's Day Field Trip Diary: The Two-Person Ball Carry

June 1st. Sunny turning windy.

Today is the field trip, and my deskmate Sun Xiaotiao and I agreed to run the events as a pair, one stamp card each, neither allowed to ditch the other. The card station was beside the rostrum; the cards are pink, with twelve empty squares printed on the back waiting for stamps. The staff said each event stamps only once per person, so a full card means running all twelve events. Sun Xiaotiao gasped on the spot and called it manual labor. I said, that is exactly why two of us should race side by side.

We took the easy-first route. Blow the ping-pong ball, beanbag toss, shuttlecock kick — three events green-lit in a row, stamps going slap slap slap. Sun Xiaotiao kicked nineteen shuttlecocks in one round and the onlookers applauded; his tail went up and he walked bouncing.

We stalled at the two-person ball carry. The rule: two players carry ping-pong

balls on rackets, walk from start to turn-around and back; drop the ball and start over. On our first run, halfway there, his ball fell and rolled to the feet of the crowd; a first-grader fetched it back for us. Second run we chanted one-two, one-two, and at the turn-around my ball dropped. The third was the closest: the ball bounced twice on the racket, Sun Xiaotiao reached out to steady it — forbidden by the rules — and could only watch it roll away. A girl in line told us: keep the racket flat, clamp the arm tight, stop steering with the wrist. On the fourth run we pressed the rackets dead level, arms clamped like penguins, shuffling step by step — twenty meters, turn, twenty meters back, the ball sitting obediently on the racket. The stamping guy said that was the steadiest run of the whole field.

The remaining events went faster and faster. In balloon stomp I popped six in one pair; in three-legged race we half-fell and still finished. The last event was lantern riddles: Sun Xiaotiao and I stared at one riddle for five full minutes, and the answer was dictionary — we shouted the three characters almost in unison.

Twelve stamps, the card's front packed solid, corners stamped crooked and all. The grand-prize shelf at the counter held a desk lamp, a globe, and dictionaries. Sun Xiaotiao claimed he won the riddle duel, so the prize was his, and he took the blue-covered dictionary. I redeemed a pack of bookmarks, each printed with twelve circles.

On the way back to class the wind was strong, and Sun Xiaotiao hugged his dictionary like a medal. We made a pact: next year's field trip, still a pair, still the easy-first route, still crashing at the two-person ball carry — crash once, win once. Only then has Children's Day been truly spent.

六一游园会日记：柜台上的最后一枚章

六月一号 晴

兑换柜台前，工作人员捏着最后一枚章，悬在我集章卡的第十三个格子上方——不对，是第十二个。我盯着那枚章，心里数到三，它啪地落下来。十二个格子的章集满了。就在章落下的这一秒，这一上午像倒放一样涌回来。

最先回来的是领卡。七点半我在领卡队伍里踮脚往前看，轮到我了，卡片是薄荷绿的，正面十二个格子，背面印着一行小字：每个项目只能盖一次。工作人员问我想要大奖还是小奖，我说想都想。她把卡递给我，说那就用脚投票，十二个项目自己跑。

然后回来的是飞叠杯那次的狼狈。六个杯子，从大到小叠成塔，再收回原样，十秒内完成算过关。我第一把叠到第四个杯子，塔歪了，杯子哗啦散一桌。第二把手指打结，超时。排在我后面的男生小声提醒，先把手掌拱起来，用指尖抓杯子的腰。第三把，我拱着手，指尖捏着杯腰，

塔叠起来了，拆回去了，八秒四。盖章的姐姐喊过关的时候，我手心全是汗，叠杯子的桌上留了两个手印。

再往回，是同学让章的事。两人三足那一关，我和王小满绑着腿跑到一半，带子松了，我们俩摔在垫子上，膝盖蹭破了皮。裁判说这组不算过关。王小满爬起来拍拍土，跑去跟裁判磨，说再试一次，裁判摇头。回兑换处的路上王小满一直蔫。后来他在踩气球那儿连踩了八个，拿了两个章，硬塞给我一个，说他章够了。我不要，他塞完就跑，集章卡在他手里晃成一团模糊。

最后是中午，我攥着十一枚章的卡站在兑换柜台前，差一个。柜台里的老师看了看表，说游园会两点结束，跳绳挑战还开着一个名额。我跑去跳绳，绳子甩得呼呼响，一分钟一百四十个，过关。跑回来，就是现在这一幕——最后一枚章落下来，第十二格满了。

我换走了大奖区的地球仪。地球仪比我想的重，转一圈，蓝色的海慢慢转过来。那枚补上的章盖歪了，半个印子叠在格子线上，可它是十二个章里最好看的一个。回教室的路上我想，明年领到薄荷绿的卡，我还从飞叠杯开始。

Children's Day Field Trip Diary: The Last Stamp at the Counter

June 1st. Sunny.

At the redemption counter, the staff member held the last stamp hovering above the thirteenth square of my card — no, the twelfth. I stared at that stamp and counted to three in my head; it came down with a slap. All twelve squares stamped. In the very second it landed, the whole morning came flooding back in reverse.

What returns first is getting the card. At seven thirty I was tiptoeing in the line, craning forward. My turn: the card is mint green, twelve squares on the front, a line of small print on the back — each event stamps only once. The staff asked whether I wanted the grand prize or a small one. I said I wanted both. She handed me the card and said then vote with your feet and run all twelve events yourself.

Next back is the humiliation at cup stacking. Six cups, stacked into a tower from big to small, then taken back to the original layout, within ten seconds to pass. First round I reached the fourth cup and the tower listed, cups clattering across the table. Second round my fingers knotted and I went over time. The boy behind me whispered: arch your palms, grab the cups by the waist with your fingertips. Third round, arched hands, fingertips on the cup waists — the tower rose, came apart on cue, eight point four seconds. When the stamping girl called pass, my palms were drenched, and two handprints stayed on the stacking table.

Further back is the classmate who gave me his stamp. At the three-legged race,

Wang Xiaoman and I were bound leg-to-leg when the strap loosened and we both went down on the mat, knees scraped raw. The judge said this pair did not pass. Wang Xiaoman got up, dusted off, and bargained with the judge for one more try; the judge shook his head. On the way back he wilted completely. Later at balloon stomp he popped eight in a row, earned two stamps, and forced one on me, saying he had enough. I refused; he shoved it into my hand and ran off, his stamp card a blur in his fist.

And last is noon: I stood at the redemption counter clutching a card with eleven stamps, one short. The teacher behind the counter checked her watch and said the field trip ends at two, and the jump rope challenge still has one slot. I ran to jump rope, the rope whistling, one hundred and forty in a minute, pass. Running back brings us to this moment — the last stamp falls, the twelfth square fills.

I redeemed the globe from the grand-prize shelf. It is heavier than I expected; give it a spin and the blue seas turn slowly into view. That last stamp landed crooked, half its print overlapping the square's line, yet it is the finest of all twelve. On the way back to class I decided: next year, when I get a mint green card, I will start with cup stacking again.

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