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.

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