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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