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.

www.vv99.net