我的儿童节在巴学园过了一天

五月最后一天晚上，我把《窗边的小豆豆》读完了。第二天就是六一儿童节，早上我坐电车去学校，车窗外面一闪而过一辆绿色的电车，我一下子想起了巴学园，那一整天，小豆豆都待在我脑子里。

巴学园的教室是一辆真正的电车。六个座位就是原来的长条椅，车顶还挂着一个时钟。开学第一天，老师只提了一个要求：想先学哪一门，就先学哪一门。于是有的孩子在算数，有的在读故事，还有一个趴在窗台上，看外面的电车。我们的儿童节是在教室里看表演、吃零食，我觉得巴学园的孩子那天大概也会留在电车教室里，研究电车为什么不能开到海上去。

书里最好玩的是运动会。巴学园的运动会安排在儿童节后一周，校长让个头最小的孩子站第一排。小豆豆个子最矮，却赢了每一项比赛。最有趣的是跳高，横杆升到别的孩子都过不去的高度，才轮到小豆豆，他踮起脚、弯下腰，脑袋一钻就过去了。奖品是萝卜、茄子这样的蔬菜，小豆豆乐坏了，他从没见过运动会发菜。

六一儿童节那天我演课本剧，演一棵树，台词只有一句：春天来了。排练的时候我有点委屈，树为什么要说话。可是演出那天，妈妈在台下使劲鼓掌。我当时不明白她为什么给一棵树鼓掌，现在想起巴学园，我有点明白了：在那所学校里，校长总说每个人都一样重要，演树的孩子和演王子的孩子，得到的掌声是一样的。

还有校长。小豆豆每次闯了祸，校长只让她把想说的话全部说完。有一次她讲了四个小时，校长一次也没有打断，听完只说了一句：你真可爱。我数过，这样的话校长对小豆豆说过很多次。每次读到这里，我都会停下来想一想：要是我们校长也这样听我讲完一次话，我能讲的东西可太多了，从早上忘带的铅笔盒，一直讲到楼下新开的文具店。

合上书的时候，窗外正好有一队车按着喇叭经过。我忽然觉得，要是我们的六一儿童节也能像巴学园那样就好了：不用彩排，不用比谁表现好，每个人都能像小豆豆那样，先选一样自己最喜欢的东西，然后认认真真地玩一整天。

The Children's Day I Spent Inside Totto-Chan

On the last night of May, I finished reading Totto-Chan: The Little Girl at the Window. The next morning was Children's Day. As I rode the tram to school, a green tram flashed past the window, and at once I thought of Tomoe School. All day long, Totto-Chan stayed in my mind.

The classrooms at Tomoe were real trams. Six seats were the old bench seats, and a clock hung from the roof. On the first day, the teacher made only one request: start with whichever subject you like best. So some children did math, some read stories, and one leaned on the window sill watching the trams outside. Our Children's Day meant watching shows in the classroom and eating snacks. I think the children at

Tomoe would have stayed in their tram classroom that day too, studying why trams cannot run to the sea.

The sports meet was the most fun part of the book. It was held a week after Children's Day, and the headmaster let the smallest child stand in the front row. Totto-Chan was the shortest girl, yet she won every event. The high jump was the funniest: the bar went up until no other child could clear it, and only then did it be Totto-Chan's turn. He rose on tiptoe, bent low, ducked his head, and slipped under. The prizes were vegetables such as daikon and eggplant. Totto-Chan was overjoyed. She had never seen a sports meet give away vegetables.

On Children's Day I acted in a classroom play as a tree, with only one line: Spring has come. During rehearsals I felt a little wronged. Why should a tree speak? But on the day of the show, my mother clapped hard from the audience. I did not understand then why she clapped for a tree. Now, thinking of Tomoe, I begin to understand: at that school, the headmaster always said everyone mattered the same, and the child playing a tree and the child playing the prince received the same applause.

Then there was the headmaster. Every time Totto-Chan got into trouble, he only asked her to say everything she wanted to say. Once she talked for four hours, and he never interrupted once. When she finished, he said only: You are a lovely girl. I counted, and he said this to Totto-Chan many times. Every time I read this part, I stop and think: if our headmaster listened to me all the way through once, I would have so much to say, from the pencil case I forgot that morning to the new stationery shop downstairs.

When I closed the book, a line of cars outside honked as they passed. It suddenly struck me: if only our Children's Day could be like the day at Tomoe. No rehearsals, no contests over who behaves best. Everyone could do what Totto-Chan did: first choose one thing they love most, then spend the whole day playing at it in earnest.

萝卜和茄子当奖品的运动会

小豆豆在巴学园的运动会上一路拿第一，最后抱回家的奖品是一堆蔬菜：萝卜、茄子、莴笋。读到这里我笑了很久，也想了好久。

我们的六一儿童节，礼物一般是买来的：玩具、新衣服，或者游乐场的门票，妈妈还会额外奖励一个红包。小豆豆的奖品不一样，每一样都是她在运动会上自己挣来的，既能带回家吃，又是她赢来的，两件好事叠在了一起。

巴学园运动会的项目也很特别。有游泳，孩子们裸着身子比谁游得快；有两人一组跳袋鼠；还有接力跑。校长说，每个人都一样重要，所以输的孩子也没有人笑话。这样的运动会，发萝卜茄子反而顺理成章，因为奖品不是商店里最贵的东西，而是地里长出来的、大家都能分着吃的东西。

书里还写那天晚饭，巴学园的孩子吃自己挣来的菜。小豆豆家晚饭正好也有萝卜和茄子，她吃得特别香，说从来没有这么香过。

我读到这里，想起去年儿童节。我用攒了一学期的零花钱，给妈妈买了一条围巾。妈妈没有马上戴，而是挂在厨房的挂钩上，每天做饭时都能看见。她对邻居说，这是孩子自己攒钱买的。她说这句话的语气，和小豆豆抱着茄子回家时差不多。

花钱买来的礼物，和靠自己挣来的东西，不一样。后者让人觉得自己有本事。小豆豆抱着那堆蔬菜走过校门的时候，一定觉得自己是个了不起的人。

今年儿童节，我打算也挣一样东西。帮爸爸修好那个坏了一年的打气筒，或者把阳台的空花盆种上蒜苗，等它长高，炒肉的时候让妈妈剪一把。它们不值钱，可是和小豆豆那堆萝卜茄子是一个道理：自己挣来的，抱着才沉，抱着才高兴。

A Sports Meet Where Daikon and Eggplant Were the Prizes

Totto-Chan kept winning at the Tomoe sports meet, and the prizes she carried home were armloads of vegetables: daikon, eggplant, lettuce. I laughed for a long time at this part, and then I thought about it for a long time.

Our Children's Day gifts are usually bought: toys, new clothes, or tickets to an amusement park, and my mother adds a red envelope on top. Totto-Chan's prizes were different. Every one of them she had earned at the sports meet herself. They could be eaten at home, and they were also proof that she had won. Two good things stacked into one.

The events at Tomoe were unusual too. There was swimming, where the children raced through the water with nothing on. There was kangaroo jumping in pairs, and there was a relay. The headmaster said every child mattered the same, so nobody teased the ones who lost. A meet like this could naturally give away daikon and eggplant, because the prize was not the most expensive thing in a shop but something grown from the ground that everyone could share.

The book says that for dinner that day, the Tomoe children ate the vegetables they had earned. Totto-Chan's family happened to have daikon and eggplant for supper too, and she ate better than ever, saying the food had never been this delicious.

Reading that, I remembered last year's Children's Day. With pocket money I had

saved all term, I bought my mother a scarf. She did not wear it right away. She hung it on the hook in the kitchen, where she could see it every time she cooked. She told the neighbors that her child had saved up and bought it. The way she said it sounded much the way Totto-Chan must have felt carrying eggplants home.

A bought gift and an earned thing are not the same. The second one makes a person feel capable. When Totto-Chan walked through the school gate with her armload of vegetables, she must have felt like someone remarkable.

This Children's Day, I plan to earn something too. I will fix the air pump that has been broken for a year and belongs to my father, or plant garlic sprouts in the empty flowerpots on the balcony, so that when they grow tall, my mother can snip a handful for stir-fry. They are worth little, but they follow the same rule as Totto-Chan's daikon and eggplant: what you earn yourself feels heavy in your arms, and that is why it feels joyful.

听你说完四个小时的人

小豆豆被原来的学校退学了。妈妈没有骂她，只说：去一所新学校吧。在校长室，校长让她坐下，说：把你想说的话全部说出来，说什么都可以。小豆豆讲了四个小时。她讲窗边的桌子，讲落在学校屋檐上的燕子，讲刚才坐来的电车，讲电车应该开到哪里去。校长一直听着，身子稍微向前倾，一次也没有打断。她讲完了，校长只说了一句：你真可爱。

读到这里，我把书放下了。我想起了我的同桌。有一回他给我讲他看过的动画片，眼睛亮亮的，讲到大半，我看了两次表，还打断了他两次，问他作业是哪一页。后来他就再也不给我讲故事了。我一直以为是他不想讲了，读了《窗边的小豆豆》我才知道，我就像那些没有耐心听小豆豆说话的大人。

书里说，校长后来常常对小豆豆说“你真可爱”。我数过，这样的句子在书里出现了一次又一次。一个人被这样听过、这样夸过，长大以后才会去听别人。小豆豆后来成了一个能认真听别人说话的人，因为她小时候被人认真听过。

今年六一儿童节，我给自己安排了一个任务：把同桌那个没讲完的动画片听完，中间不看表，不打断；然后给他讲我暑假打算看的书，让他也听我说完。我觉得儿童节不只是收礼物，也可以送人一样东西。我想送的那一样，叫“听你说完”。

我们班还有一个同学，说话慢，轮到他发言，经常有人催。今年儿童节我想做一件事：他发言的时候，我第一个举手，请大家安静。这件事比演节目难，但我愿意试试。

巴学园没有大礼堂，没有彩排，没有领导讲话。它的儿童节不在日历上，藏在每天下午，藏在校长听孩子们把话说完的那段时间里。我想，我们学校的儿童节，也可以藏一点这样的时间进去。

The Man Who Let Her Talk for Four Hours

Totto-Chan was asked to leave her first school. Her mother did not scold her. She only said: let us find you a new school. In the headmaster's office, the headmaster asked her to sit down and said: say everything you want to say; anything is fine. Totto-Chan talked for four hours. She talked about the desk by her window, the swallows on the school eaves, the tram she had just ridden, and where trams ought to go. The headmaster kept listening, leaning slightly forward, and never interrupted once. When she finished, he said only: you are a lovely girl.

I put the book down at that page. I thought of my deskmate. Once he was telling me about a cartoon he had watched, his eyes shining. Halfway through, I checked my watch twice and interrupted him twice to ask which page the homework was on. After that he never told me stories again. I always thought he simply stopped wanting to. Reading Totto-Chan taught me that I had been like the grown-ups who had no patience to listen to her.

The book says the headmaster went on telling Totto-Chan she was lovely, again and again. I counted, and the sentence appears over and over. A child who is listened to like that, praised like that, will grow up able to listen to others. Totto-Chan became someone who listened carefully to people, because as a small girl she had been listened to carefully.

This Children's Day I have set myself a task: listen to the end of the cartoon story my deskmate never finished, without checking my watch or cutting in; then tell him about the books I plan to read over summer vacation, and let him listen to all of me. A Children's Day is not only for receiving gifts. You can also give someone one thing. The thing I want to give is called: I will listen until you are done.

There is another boy in our class who speaks slowly. When it is his turn to speak, people hurry him. This Children's Day I want to do one thing: when he stands up to speak, I will raise my hand first and ask everyone to be quiet. That is harder than performing in a show, but I am willing to try.

Tomoe had no auditorium, no rehearsals, no speeches from leaders. Its Children's Day was not on the calendar. It hid in the afternoons, in the time when the headmaster let children finish what they wanted to say. I think our school's Children's Day could hide a little of that time inside it as well.