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.