教室变成剧场的那一天

六一那天早上，我们走进教室，发现课桌全被挪到了墙边，中间空出一大块地方，黑板上写着五个彩色大字：童心飞扬。讲台上摆着一圈椅子，椅背上贴着每个人的名字。黑板旁边拉了一根麻绳，绳上夹着一摞空白卡片和一盒图钉。

班会是班长主持的，老师坐在最后一排，反手把椅子转过去，面朝墙，说今天她只当观众。班长宣布第一个游戏叫传话。规则很简单：第一人把一句悄悄话传给第二人，一个传一个，最后一人站起来大声说，跟原话差多少，全组就表演一个节目。传到我前面那个人时，他凑在我耳边说了一句什么，我听见了前半句是动物园，后半句怎么也想不起来，只好按自己猜的往下传。最后一人站起来公布答案：动物园的老虎骑着自行车上学去了。原话其实是动物园的老虎张开大嘴打哈欠。全班笑趴在椅子上，我们一组六个人站起来，每人学了一声猫叫，只有学老虎的那个男生学得最像，因为他嗓子天生哑。

挪开的课桌中间那块空地，后来变成了节目单。会跳舞的女生跳了一段，裙角扫过椅子腿；两个男生合作变魔术，道具是一枚硬币和班长借出去的手帕，硬币在手帕底下消失了，找了半天，其实一直卡在男生袖口的褶子里，他自己先忘了，全班替他找，找到的时候他比谁都惊讶。后排平时最调皮的男生表演了吹口琴，一首小星星，吹到一半断了，他愣了两秒，从头再来，没有一个人起哄，断掉的地方大家轻轻跟着哼，他就在哼声里把曲子接上了。

最后一项是心愿卡。每人领一张卡片，写完用图钉钉在麻绳上。我写的是希望换座位时还和同桌一组。旁边有人写希望数学老师请假一次，有人写希望奶奶的腿快点好。最后一张是老师写的，她不知道什么时候也领了一张，钉在最中间，上面写：希望六年级二班的每个人，都记得今天。散会的时候，麻绳上挂满了卡片，风从窗户进来，卡片一张一张轻轻晃，像一小片彩色叶子。

放学时没有人急着走。我们把课桌一张一张挪回原位，黑板上的字没有擦。那天回家的路上我想，六一的礼物可以是任何东西，但最好的一件，是教室变成剧场的那一天，而我们每个人都在台上待过。

The Day Our Classroom Turned into a Theater

On the morning of Children's Day, we walked into our classroom and found all the desks pushed against the walls, leaving a big open space in the middle. Five big colorful characters were written on the blackboard: Hearts Taking Flight. A circle of chairs stood on the platform, each chair back labeled with a name. Beside the blackboard someone had strung up a rope, on which hung a stack of blank cards and a box of thumbtacks.

The class monitor hosted the party. Our teacher sat in the last row, turned her chair backwards to face the wall, and said that today she would only be an audience member. The monitor announced the first game: telephone. The rule was simple. The

first person whispered a sentence to the second, and it passed from one to the last, who stood up and said it out loud. However wrong it was from the original, the whole group performed one act. When it reached the person before me, he whispered something in my ear. I caught the first half about a zoo, but the second half would not come back to me, so I passed on what I had guessed. The last person stood up and announced the answer: the tiger at the zoo rode a bicycle to school. The original sentence had been: the tiger at the zoo opened its big mouth and yawned. The whole class collapsed laughing over their chairs. Our group of six stood up, and each of us meowed once. The boy playing the tiger sounded the most convincing, because his voice is naturally hoarse.

The open floor where the desks had been became a stage. A girl who can dance performed a short piece, her skirt brushing the chair legs. Two boys did a magic trick together with a coin and a handkerchief borrowed from the monitor. The coin vanished under the handkerchief. They searched for ages. It had been stuck in the fold of the boy's cuff the whole time. He forgot first, and the whole class helped him look. When it was found, he was more surprised than anyone. The naughtiest boy in the back row played the harmonica, a little star melody. Halfway through, it broke off. He froze for two seconds, then started over. Nobody heckled. Where the tune broke, everyone hummed softly along, and he picked the melody back up inside the humming.

The last item was the wish cards. Each person took a card, wrote on it, and pinned it to the rope. I wrote that I hoped to stay in the same group as my deskmate when seats change. Someone next to me wrote hoping the math teacher would take a day off. Someone wrote hoping grandmother's leg would heal soon. The last card was our teacher's. Sometime without our noticing, she had taken a card too and pinned it in the middle: I hope everyone in Class 6-2 remembers today. When the party ended, the rope was full of cards. Wind came in through the window, and the cards swayed one by one, like a little grove of colored leaves.

Nobody hurried home after school. We pushed the desks back one by one. The words on the blackboard were left unwiped. On the way home I thought: a Children's Day gift can be anything, but the best one is the day the classroom turned into a theater, and every one of us had stood on the stage.

最后一排的观众

六一那天，我在教室最后一排把椅子转了个方向，背对黑板，面朝学生。我跟他们说：今天我不主持，不打分，不提醒谁坐好，我只当观众。这是真话，也是我这学期说过最冒险的一句话。

班会由班长主持。开场游戏是传话，一句悄悄话从第一排传到最后一排。我坐在边上，听见原话是动物园的老虎张开大嘴打哈欠。传到我耳朵里时已经变成了动物园的老虎骑着自行车上学去了。六个孩子站起来学猫叫，那个嗓子哑的男生学老虎，我差点笑出声，忍住了。忍住的瞬间我想，原来孩子们的笑点这么低，这么干净。

挪开课桌的空地上，节目一个一个上来。会跳舞的女生裙角扫过椅子腿，两个男生的硬币魔术当场穿帮，硬币卡在袖口褶子里，全班替他们找。我手放在膝盖上，一次也没有举手想说应该怎样怎样。后排那个平时最让我头疼的男生吹口琴，小星星吹到一半断了。我看着他愣住的那两秒，心里跟着紧了一下。然后全班轻轻哼起来，他在哼声里把曲子接上。那一刻我在最后一排，庆幸自己转过了椅子，庆幸自己没有上前去救场。

心愿卡环节，我趁他们写卡片的时候也领了一张。我写得很慢，写了擦，擦了写，最后只写了一句：希望六年级二班的每个人，都记得今天。我把它钉在麻绳最中间。有个男生路过看见了，大声念出来，念完回头看我，我假装在看别处。

散会以后，孩子们把课桌一张一张挪回原位。黑板上那五个彩色大字没人舍得擦。我站在讲台上等教室空下来，绳上的卡片被风吹得轻轻晃。我教了十几年书，班会课组织过很多回，环节一个不少，流程一次不乱，可没有哪一回像今天这样，主持人不是我，节目单不是我定的，连穿帮都没人管。就是这样的六一，才像六一。

办公室的同事问我今天怎么样。我说，我当了一下午观众。她说，那你轻松。我想了想，摇头。当观众比当主持人难，要忍住不插手，比什么都难。可为了孩子们记得今天，这个忍住，值。

The Audience Member in the Last Row

On Children's Day, I turned my chair in the last row to face away from the blackboard and toward the students. I told them: today I will not host, not grade, not tell anyone to sit up straight. I am only an audience member. That was the truth, and also the most daring sentence I have said all term.

The class monitor hosted. The opening game was telephone, a whispered sentence passing from the first row to the last. Sitting at the side, I heard the original sentence: the tiger at the zoo opened its big mouth and yawned. By the time it reached my ears it had become: the tiger at the zoo rode a bicycle to school. Six children stood up and meowed. The hoarse-voiced boy did the tiger, and I nearly laughed out loud. I held it in. In that held-in moment I thought: so this is where children find things funny, so low and so clean.

On the cleared floor, act after act came up. The dancing girl's skirt brushed the chair legs. The two boys' coin trick failed on the spot, the coin stuck in a cuff fold, and the whole class helped them search. My hands stayed on my knees. Not once did I raise my hand to say how things ought to be done. The boy in the back row, the

one who gives me the most trouble, played the harmonica. The little star melody broke halfway. I watched the two seconds he froze, and my heart tightened with him. Then the whole class began to hum softly, and he picked the tune back up inside the humming. In that moment, in the last row, I was glad I had turned my chair, glad I had not gone up to rescue the show.

During the wish-card session, while they wrote, I took a card too. I wrote slowly, wrote and erased, erased and wrote, and in the end wrote only one line: I hope everyone in Class 6-2 remembers today. I pinned it in the middle of the rope. A boy walking past saw it and read it out loud, then turned to look at me, and I pretended to be looking elsewhere.

After the party, the children pushed the desks back one by one. Nobody had the heart to erase the five big colored characters on the blackboard. I stood on the platform waiting for the room to empty, the cards on the rope swaying lightly in the wind. I have taught for more than ten years and organized many class meetings, every segment in place, every step in order. But never once like today, when the host was not me, the program was not mine, and even the failed magic trick went unmanaged. A Children's Day like this is the one that feels like Children's Day.

A colleague in the office asked how the day went. I said I spent the whole afternoon as an audience member. She said, that must have been easy. I thought about it and shook my head. Being an audience member is harder than hosting. Holding back from stepping in is harder than anything. But so that the children remember today, that holding back was worth it.

麻绳上的最后一张卡片

散会前，我做了一件谁也没注意的事：把麻绳最中间那张卡片取下来，对折，夹进了语文课本。卡片上写：希望六年级二班的每个人，都记得今天。是老师的字迹。她大概自己也忘了数过卡片。

那天下午的事，我是从这张卡片倒着想回去的。

先想口琴。后排的男生吹小星星，吹到一半断了。他愣住的那两秒，教室安静得能听见风扇转。然后不知道谁先哼起来的，一个，两个，一片，曲子就在哼声里接上了。他吹完鞠躬，比任何节目鞠躬都深。

再想硬币。两个男生的魔术，硬币在手帕底下找不到，全班趴在地上找，最后从他袖口褶子里掉出来。他脸红，大家笑，没有人说穿帮两个字。班长把手帕收回去的时候说了句，下次借我个不漏的。又是一片笑。

再往前，是传话游戏。动物园的老虎张开大嘴打哈欠，传到我这里变成骑着自行车上学。我负责把错话往下传，传的时候一本正经，越正经越好笑。最后全组罚学猫叫，我学得不像，因为我不肯学，被按着肩膀学了，所以更像。

课桌挪回原位的时候，黑板上的童心飞扬五个字还亮着。班长说别擦，于是没人擦。第二天值日生也没擦，那五个字在黑板上留了整整一周，直到新的板报把它盖住。盖住之前，我把它画进了周记里。

现在那张卡片还夹在语文课本里，对折的那一面已经起了毛边。卡片上的愿望其实已经实现了：我们确实记得今天。记得的方式各不相同，有人记得老虎骑自行车，有人记得袖口里的硬币，有人记得断掉的口琴。而我最先记得的，是散会时风吹过来，一整绳的卡片轻轻晃，像一小片彩色叶子在鼓掌。

再过两个月我们就要散了。散之前我想把这张卡片再给老师看一眼。她大概会问，你怎么还留着。我会说，因为这是那天最灵的愿望。

The Last Card on the Rope

Before the party broke up, I did something nobody noticed: I took the card pinned in the middle of the rope, folded it, and slipped it into my Chinese textbook. On the card it said: I hope everyone in Class 6-2 remembers today. It was our teacher's handwriting. She probably had not counted the cards herself.

I think back on that afternoon starting from this card, working backward.

First the harmonica. The boy in the back row played the little star melody, and it broke halfway. In the two seconds he froze, the room was quiet enough to hear the ceiling fan turning. Then someone started humming, one person, two, a whole field of voices, and the tune reconnected inside the humming. When he finished he bowed deeper than anyone had bowed all day.

Then the coin. The two boys' magic trick, the coin lost under the handkerchief, the whole class on the floor searching, and finally it fell out of the fold of his cuff. His face went red, everyone laughed, and nobody said the words failed trick. The monitor took her handkerchief back and said: next time lend me one that does not leak. More laughter.

Further back, the telephone game. The tiger at the zoo opened its big mouth and yawned, and by the time it reached me it was riding a bicycle to school. My job was to pass the wrong sentence on, and I did it with a straight face, which made it funnier. Our whole group was punished with meowing. I refused to meow at first, so they held my shoulders and I meowed, which made me sound more convincing.

When the desks went back to their places, the five bright characters on the blackboard still glowed. The monitor said do not erase them, so nobody did. The class on duty the next day did not erase them either. The words stayed on the blackboard a whole week, until the new bulletin covered them. Before they were covered, I had drawn them into my weekly journal.

The card is still in my Chinese textbook, the folded edge now fuzzy. The wish on it has actually come true: we do remember that day. We remember it in different ways. Some remember the tiger on a bicycle, some the coin in a cuff, some the broken harmonica. What I remember first is the wind at the end of the party, a whole rope of cards swaying lightly, like a small grove of colored leaves applauding.

In two months we will scatter. Before we do, I want to show this card to our teacher one more time. She will probably ask why I kept it. I will say: because it was the truest wish of that day.