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.