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.