走廊里的六个摊位

六一前一天的下午，我们班的教室和走廊被改造成了一整个游园会场。六个游戏摊位沿走廊排开：夹弹珠、投纸团、套圈、盲人敲鼓、叠杯子，还有班长坚持加的猜谜语。教室后墙贴着节目单，下午两点到四点，每个整点演两个节目。教室门口贴着一张大白纸，是安全提醒：不奔跑，不拥挤，楼梯口靠右走，摊位前排队。纸的右下角画了一个歪歪扭扭的喇叭，是宣传委员画的。

我守夹弹珠摊。规则是一分钟里用筷子从水里夹出弹珠，夹出八颗得一个章。桌子是四张课桌拼的，脸盆里的水接了半盆，弹珠是自然课实验室借来的，一共四十颗，上课前班长一颗一颗数过。游园开始十分钟，走廊就满了。低年级的孩子涌进来，排队从我的摊位一直排到楼梯口。有个一年级的小个子踮着脚才够到桌沿，夹了三颗就撒三颗，急得快哭了。我旁边摊位的同学把他拉到前面，教他筷子要横着捏。他后来夹出了七颗，差一颗，我们俩一人凑了半个章，拼成一个整章盖在他卡上。他举着卡跑走的时候，拖鞋在走廊上啪嗒啪嗒响。

两点整的节目在教室中间演。节目单上原本排的是合唱加朗诵，结果朗诵的男生上台忘了词，站在原地三秒钟，台下没人起哄，坐在第一排的音乐老师轻轻起了个头，他把第一段接上了，接得比原词还顺。套圈摊位那边出了今天唯一一次小事故：一个三年级男生跑得太快，撞到了叠杯子摊的桌角，杯子塔哗啦倒了，他膝盖蹭破一点皮。守在楼梯口的安全员立刻过去，领他到教室里的医药箱前贴了创可贴，他休息了十分钟，又回去排队了，这回没跑。

四点散场，我们六个摊主留下来收拾。四十颗弹珠数回来三十九颗，少的那颗晚上在讲台缝里找到了。节目单上有人给朗诵的男生那一行贴了一颗小星星。安全提醒纸上，画喇叭的位置旁边多了一行铅笔字：今天大家都很棒。我锁教室门的时候，走廊恢复了平时的安静，可我觉得那六个位置还留着当天的热气。

Six Stalls in the Corridor

On the afternoon before Children's Day, our classroom and the corridor outside it were turned into a whole fairground. Six game stalls lined the corridor: picking marbles with chopsticks, throwing paper balls, ring toss, blindfolded drum hitting, cup stacking, and a riddle stand our class monitor insisted on adding. The program schedule was pasted on the back wall: two shows on every hour from two to four in the afternoon. A big white sheet hung at the classroom door with safety reminders: no running, no pushing, keep right at the stairs, queue at the stalls. In its bottom right corner someone had drawn a crooked little loudspeaker, the handiwork of our publicity member.

I kept the marble stall. The rule was to fish marbles out of water with chopsticks in one minute; eight marbles earned one stamp. The table was four desks pushed together, the basin half filled with water, and the marbles were borrowed from the science lab, forty in all, counted one by one by the monitor before class. Ten

minutes after the fair opened, the corridor was packed. Younger kids poured in, and the line from my stall stretched all the way to the stairwell. A first-grader so small he had to stand on tiptoe to reach the table edge picked up three marbles and dropped three, nearly in tears. A classmate from the next stall pulled him forward and showed him to hold the chopsticks sideways. He finally got seven, one short, so the two of us each gave half a stamp to make a whole one on his card. When he ran off holding it up, his slippers went slap-slap down the corridor.

The two o'clock shows were performed in the middle of the classroom. The schedule listed chorus and recitation, but the boy reciting forgot his words on stage and stood still for three seconds. Nobody in the audience jeered. The music teacher, sitting in the front row, quietly gave him the opening line, and he picked up the first stanza, smoother than the original. The only little accident of the day happened by the ring toss: a third-grade boy ran too fast and crashed into the corner of the cup-stacking table, and the tower of cups came crashing down, scraping his knee. The safety monitor posted at the stairs went over at once, took him to the first-aid box in the classroom for a bandage, and ten minutes later he was back in line, walking this time.

At four the fair ended, and we six stall keepers stayed to clean up. Of the forty marbles we counted back thirty-nine; the missing one turned up that evening in the crack of the podium. Someone stuck a little star sticker on the schedule beside the reciter's name. On the safety sheet, next to the drawn loudspeaker, a line in pencil had appeared: everyone was great today. When I locked the classroom door, the corridor had returned to its usual quiet, but I felt the warmth of the day still lingering at those six spots.

游园会前夜的黑板

六一游园会前夜，我最后离开教室。黑板上还留着下午班会课的痕迹：左边是节目单，右边是安全预案，中间画了一个大大的太阳，太阳里写着六一直乐。节目单是学生自己排的，两点合唱加朗诵，两点半课本剧《狐假虎威》，三点乐器小合奏，三点半猜谜擂台，四点合唱收尾，每个节目后面都标了负责人。安全预案也是他们自己写的，一共五条：走廊不奔跑、楼梯靠右行、摊位排队不拥挤、医药箱在讲台左侧、集合点在操场旗杆下。第五条后面补了一句，字迹和前面不同：如果找不到班主任，就找戴红袖章的人。红袖章是我们安排的两名楼梯口安全员。

说实话，这个方案我插手过。两周前班会课宣布六一由班级自办游园会时，我提过一句要不要老师来排节目。班长摇头，说去年高年级办的游园会就是老师排的，低年级的孩子插不进队。他们自己分了工：六个摊位各有一个摊主加一个替补，节目单上每个节目一个负责人，安全预案由体育委员牵头写。我唯一坚持的是预案要过一遍学校安全老师的眼睛。安全老师改了两处，把

医药箱的位置从教室门口挪到讲台左侧，又加了一条：盲人敲鼓摊要在地上贴一条起点线，蒙眼转圈后不许超过两米。

前夜我站在黑板前，把第五条那句话看了很久。第二天下午我几乎没有管事。两点合唱时朗诵的男生忘了词，我攥了一下手，坐在第一排的音乐老师先起了头，事情就自己解决了。三点过一点，三年级的男生撞到叠杯子摊的桌角，膝盖破了皮，戴红袖章的安全员领他去贴创可贴，全程我没被叫过去。我做的只有一件事：四点差十分，去走廊尽头看了一眼楼梯口，两个安全员还站在那儿，靠右行的箭头贴纸被踩得起了毛边，但楼梯是顺的。

散场后我在黑板的太阳旁边写了一行小字：明年还是你们自己来。擦黑板的轮值同学看见了，说不用擦，留着拍照。那张照片后来贴在班级相册第一页，标题是他们写的：我们的下午。

The Blackboard on the Eve of the Fair

On the eve of the Children's Day fair, I was the last to leave the classroom. The blackboard still carried traces of the afternoon's class meeting: the program schedule on the left, the safety plan on the right, and a big sun drawn in the middle with the words Happy June First inside it. The schedule had been arranged by the students themselves: chorus and recitation at two, a textbook play called The Fox Borrowed the Tiger's Might at half past two, a small instrumental ensemble at three, a riddle contest at half past three, and a closing chorus at four, each item marked with a student in charge. The safety plan was theirs too, five rules in all: no running in the corridor, keep right on the stairs, queue without crowding at the stalls, the first-aid box sits on the left of the podium, and the meeting point is under the flagpole on the playground. After the fifth rule, in different handwriting, someone added: if you cannot find our teacher, find a person wearing a red armband. The red armbands belonged to the two safety monitors we posted at the stairs.

To be honest, I had tried to intervene. Two weeks earlier, when the class meeting announced that the fair would be run by the class itself, I asked whether the teachers should arrange the shows. The class monitor shook her head and said last year's fair, run by the upper grades' teachers, left the younger kids unable to squeeze into any line. They divided the work themselves: six stalls each with a keeper and a substitute, one student in charge of each program item, and the PE committeer leading the safety plan. The only thing I insisted on was showing the plan to the school's safety teacher. She changed two things: moved the first-aid box from the classroom door to the left of the podium, and added a rule that the blind drum stall must tape a starting line on the floor, with no more than two meters of walking after the blindfolded spin.

That eve I stood before the blackboard and lingered over that added sentence. The

next afternoon I barely did anything. When the reciting boy forgot his words during the two o'clock chorus, my hands tightened for a moment, but the music teacher in the front row gave him the cue and it solved itself. A little past three, a third-grade boy bumped his knee on the cup-stacking table, and the monitor with the red armband took him to get a bandage; I was never called over. The only thing I did was walk to the far end of the corridor ten minutes before four to check the stairwell. Both safety monitors were still at their posts, the keep-right arrow stickers frayed from being stepped on, but the stairs flowed.

After the fair I wrote a small line beside the sun on the blackboard: next year, still yours. The student on blackboard-cleaning duty saw it and said don't erase it, let's take a photo. That photo later went on the first page of the class album, titled by them: Our Afternoon.

盖章卡背面的名字

前几天整理旧书，从一本字典里滑出来一张卡片。淡蓝色的，边缘磨圆了，正面盖着六个圆章：夹弹珠、投纸团、套圈、盲人敲鼓、叠杯子、猜谜语。背面用不同颜色的笔写着一排名字，最下面一行是我的，写完还描了两遍。卡片背面右下角有个浅浅的圆印，是弹珠滚过去压出来的。我坐在地板上想，那个下午可以倒着过一遍。

倒到四点差一刻，散场前的最后二十分钟。集章换奖品的桌子前排着长队，六个章换一包硬糖，八个章换一个笔记本。我的六个章换了糖，把糖分给守摊的同学。猜谜语摊的谜底是一张字条，被拿到操场那边才想起来还压在盒底。叠杯子摊的杯子少了一个，找了一晚上，第二天在花盆底下发现。

再倒到下午三点多。我卡在盲人敲鼓摊前，蒙着眼罩转了三圈，手里攥着鼓槌，听见四面八方都是声音。守摊的同学喊往左一点，另一个喊过了过了，我站在原地不敢动。后来是班长牵着我的手腕把我领到鼓前面，我敲下去第一下就中了，鼓声闷闷的，周围全在拍手。地上贴着一条白线，起点线，工作人员说不能超过两米，我好像差一点就超了。

再倒到两点，节目单上的第一个节目。合唱队站在讲台前，朗诵的男生在舞台中间忘词，安静了三秒，音乐老师起了个头，他接上了。我当时在套圈摊排队，手里攥着三个竹圈，圈上的红漆磨掉了一块。队伍前面有个一年级的小个子，一直踮脚往前看。

最后倒到前一天下午。我们搬课桌、接水、数弹珠，四十颗数了三遍。宣传委员踩在椅子上画门口那张安全提醒，画喇叭画歪了，没人笑话他。黑板上贴着节目单，有人往上面贴了一颗小星星。那天放学我最后一个走，值日班长在门框上贴了一张小纸条，写着明天见。字典里的卡片在灯下翻了个面，背面那些名字有的多年没联系了，可笔迹都还在，描了两遍的那行也还在。

Names on the Back of the Stamp Card

The other day, tidying old books, a card slid out of a dictionary. Pale blue, its corners worn round, with six round stamps on the front: marbles, paper balls, ring toss, blind drum, cup stacking, riddles. On the back a row of names in different colored pens, the bottom line mine, traced over twice. Near the card's bottom right corner there is a faint round dent, pressed in by a rolling marble. I sat on the floor and thought: that afternoon could be lived backwards.

Back to a quarter to four, the last twenty minutes before closing. A long queue formed at the prize table: six stamps for a pack of hard candy, eight for a notebook. My six stamps became candy, and I handed some out to the stall keepers. The answer to the riddle stand's last riddle was a slip of paper that only turned up the next day, pressed under the bottom of a box across the playground. One cup was missing from the cup-stacking stall; we searched all evening and found it under a flowerpot the next morning.

Further back, past three. I was at the blind drum stall, blindfolded, spinning three times, gripping the drumstick, hearing voices from every direction. One keeper shouted a little to the left, another shouted you've gone past, and I stood frozen. The class monitor finally took my wrist and led me to the drum. My first strike hit, the sound dull and round, everyone clapping. There was a white line taped on the floor, the starting line; the keeper said no more than two meters, and I think I nearly crossed it.

Further back still, two o'clock, the first item on the schedule. The chorus stood before the podium, and the reciting boy forgot his words in the middle of the stage, silence for three seconds, then the music teacher gave him the cue and he carried on. I was queuing at the ring toss then, clutching three bamboo rings, one chip of red lacquer worn off. Ahead of me in line was a tiny first-grader forever on tiptoe, craning forward.

All the way back to the previous afternoon. We carried desks, filled basins, counted marbles, forty counted three times over. The publicity member stood on a chair to draw the safety notice for the door, the loudspeaker came out crooked, and nobody laughed. The schedule was posted on the blackboard, and someone stuck a little star on it. I left last that day, and the duty monitor had taped a small note on the doorframe: see you tomorrow. Under the lamp the card in the dictionary lies face down; some of those names on the back I haven't spoken to in years, yet every hand is still there, and so is the line traced twice.