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.