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.

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