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.