主持人卡在我手心里出汗

班会前十分钟，我站在讲台边上，手里捏着主持人卡。卡是我昨天用彩色笔写的，一共三行：第一行，谢谢的人；第二行，好笑的事；第三行，我们的约定。每行后面画了一个小箭头，箭头后面是空白——空白是留给上台的同学的，谁讲完，我就在箭头后面画一个正字的一笔。这个计分法是我发明的，不为比赛，就为看看今天有多少勇气举起了手。

第一个上台的是平时最不爱说话的林小满。她讲谢谢的人，谢谢食堂的张阿姨。她说有次她馒头没吃完就走了，张阿姨追到楼梯口把馒头掰开看了看，说还热着呢，明天给你蒸个甜的。林小满讲得很快，像怕自己改主意。她下去以后，我在第一行的箭头后面画了第一笔。接下来举手的一个接一个，有谢谢门卫爷爷的，有谢谢同桌借他橡皮刀的，还有谢谢他们家那只猫不咬新沙发的——全班笑，班主任也笑。

第二行好笑的事，是全班抢着讲的环节。有个男生讲他爸放风筝，风筝挂到电线杆上，他爸拽着线在杆子底下转了三圈，像跟电线杆跳舞。有个女生讲她家煮粽子，粽子没绑紧，煮完一锅米粥里漂着粽叶，她管那锅叫粽子粥。我们班的快乐原来有这么多，平时藏在课间十分钟里，今天全被班会倒出来了，倒得教室屋顶都快装不下。

第三行我们的约定，是班长带着全班一起讲的。他站在中间，念一条，全班跟一条：不在马路上追跑；没有大人不去水边；放学结伴出校门；玩闹不推不搡，楼梯靠右。跟到第三条，声音开始不齐，跟到第四条，又齐了，因为第四条是班长自己加的：谁心情不好，我们陪他走一圈操场。这一条没人喊口号，全班是安安静静跟完的。我在第三行的箭头后面画完最后一笔，数了数，今天一共十九笔，也就是十九个人举过手。

散会的时候，主持人卡背面已经写满了正字。我把它夹进字典，跟字典里那张旧书签放一起。放学我在楼梯口看见林小满，她冲我喊了一句：明天张阿姨真的给我蒸了甜的。她跑下楼梯，马尾一甩一甩。我站在原地想，这张主持人卡最了不起的地方，不是我主持了班会，是它今天几乎没起作用——节日自己开了起来，我们只是站在旁边，看着它开。

Sweat in My Palm from the Host Card

Ten minutes before the class meeting, I stood at the edge of the podium clutching my host card. I had written it yesterday in colored markers, three lines in all: line one, the people we thank; line two, the funny things; line three, our promises. After each line I drew a small arrow, and after each arrow lay blank space — space left for whoever came up. When a speaker finished, I added one stroke of the tally character beside the arrow. I invented this counting method not for a contest but to see how much courage raised its hand today.

The first to stand was Lin Xiaoman, usually the quietest girl in class. Her thank-you went to Auntie Zhang from the canteen. Once she left a steamed bun half-eaten and walked off, and Auntie Zhang chased her to the stairwell, broke the bun open, looked inside, and said it's still warm — I'll steam you a sweet one tomorrow.

Xiaoman spoke fast, as if afraid she'd change her mind. When she sat down, I drew the first stroke beside line one's arrow. Then hands went up one after another: someone thanked the gate guard, someone thanked their deskmate for a pencil-sharpener, one even thanked the family cat for not shredding the new sofa — the class laughed, and so did our homeroom teacher.

Line two, the funny things, was the segment everyone fought for. One boy told how his father flew a kite that snagged on a utility pole, and his father tugging the string spun three times around the pole, like he was dancing with it. One girl told how her family boiled zongzi without tying them tight, so by the end a pot of rice porridge had bamboo leaves floating in it — she called it zongzi porridge. Turns out our class held this much joy, usually hiding in the ten-minute breaks; today the class meeting poured it all out, nearly overflowing the roof.

Line three, our promises, the class monitor led the whole class in saying. He stood in the middle, reciting one line, the class echoing after each: no chasing on the road; no water edges without grown-ups; leave the school gate in pairs; no shoving in play, keep right on stairs. By the third line the voices went ragged; by the fourth they synced again, because the fourth was the monitor's own addition: if someone feels low, we walk one lap of the playground with them. Nobody shouted that one. The class echoed it quietly to the end. I finished the last stroke beside line three's arrow and counted: nineteen strokes today, meaning nineteen hands had gone up.

When we adjourned, the back of my host card was full of tally marks. I tucked it into my dictionary, next to the old bookmark already inside. At the stairwell after school I saw Lin Xiaoman, and she called out to me: Auntie Zhang really did steam me a sweet one. She ran down the stairs, her ponytail swinging. Standing there I thought: the greatest thing about this host card is that it barely did anything today — the holiday opened itself up, and we just stood beside it, watching it bloom.

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