班会课上，我抢着说了三句话

六一早上，教室后面的桌子拼成了大马蹄形，气球是昨天放学留下的，挂在窗户框上，被风吹得轻轻碰玻璃。班主任一进教室就说，今天的班会主题是六个字：我的节日我做主。班会全部由我们自己开，谁想讲就上台讲，讲感谢、讲快乐、讲什么都行。教室里安静了两秒钟，然后炸了。我同桌的胳膊肘在我胳膊上撞了三下，意思是推我上去。我自己也不知道哪来的勇气，手举得比谁都高。

老师点了我。我走上讲台，马蹄形的桌子围着我，三十七张脸看着我。我在心里背了一晚上的三句话，从第一句开始。第一句：谢谢老师。我说的是数学老师，上学期我口算总出错，她每天放学留我五分钟，只练五道，练了一个学期，我现在的口算能在四十秒里做完一页。我说老师你从来不说你真笨，你只说再来一遍。数学老师坐在最后一排，用手背按了一下眼睛。

第二句：把快乐分给大家。我讲了我们小组上周干的坏事——不对，是好笑的事。科学课要求种豆子，我们组把八颗豆子全埋在一个杯子里，想让它长出八棵，结果一颗也没出。科学老师说没关系，挖出来看看。挖出来一看，八颗豆子全烂成一团泥，我们组六个人围着那团泥笑了半节课。我讲完，全班都在笑，笑声从马蹄形的一头滚到另一头。

第三句最短，是我妈提醒我必须讲的：安全。我说今天放学早，校门口人多，我们约好两件事，第一，出了校门不在马路上追跑，上周二年级有个男生追皮球冲过马路，差点被电动车碰到；第二，谁约我们去河边玩水，直接回一句不行，大人不去就不去。我说完竖了两根手指，全班跟着竖了两根手指，三十九根手指头在马蹄形里举成一片小树林。

下台的时候我的腿有点抖，但是心里烧着一团小火。班长的发言排在我后面，他讲了他爸爸的六一没有我们的好。散会前班主任说，今天的班会她只干了一件事，就是举手同意。我把那三句话写在作文本第一页，标题写的是：我的节日，我做主了三分钟。

At the Class Meeting, I Volunteered Three Things

On the morning of June First, the desks at the back of the classroom were pushed into a big horseshoe. The balloons left over from yesterday hung on the window frames, tapping the glass softly in the breeze. Our homeroom teacher walked in and announced the theme in six words: my holiday, run by me. The whole class meeting would be ours — anyone who wanted to speak could step up and talk about gratitude, joy, anything. The room went silent for two seconds, then exploded. My deskmate elbowed me three times, meaning get up there. I don't know where the courage came from, but my hand shot higher than anyone's.

The teacher picked me. I walked to the front, the horseshoe of desks around me, thirty-seven faces watching. The three sentences I had recited in my head all night began with the first. One: thank you, teachers. I talked about our math teacher. Last term my mental arithmetic kept failing, and she kept me five minutes after school every day — only five problems, for one whole term. Now I finish a page of mental

math in forty seconds. I said: you never once said I'm stupid, you only said try again. Our math teacher sat in the last row and pressed the back of her hand to her eyes.

Two: share the joy. I told the story of the naughty — no, funny — thing our group did last week. The science class asked us to plant beans; our group buried all eight in one cup, hoping for eight sprouts, and got none. Our science teacher said it's fine, dig them up and see. We dug and found all eight beans rotted into one lump of mud, and the six of us laughed around that mud for half the class. When I finished, the whole class was laughing, the laughter rolling from one end of the horseshoe to the other.

Three was the shortest, and my mom made sure I kept it in: safety. School lets out early today and the gate will be crowded, I said, so we make two promises. First, no chasing across the road outside the gate — last week a second-grader chasing a ball dashed into the street and nearly got hit by a scooter. Second, if anyone asks us to play by the river, answer straight: no. If no grown-up goes, we don't go. I held up two fingers, and the whole class held up two fingers — thirty-nine fingers rising like a little forest around the horseshoe.

My legs shook a little going back to my seat, but a small fire was burning inside me. The class monitor spoke after me and said his dad's Children's Day was not as good as ours. Before we adjourned, our homeroom teacher said she had done exactly one thing today: raising her hand to agree. I wrote my three sentences on the first page of my composition book, under the title: my holiday — I ran it for three minutes.