记分员的一天

我是五（3）班的体育委员。平地上课，整队、报数、喊一二一，都是我的活儿。今天下雪，李老师说操场开课，他多看了我一眼：今天你领队热身，顺便帮我盯着各组。

两圈热身跑，我跑在最前面压速度。不敢快，雪地上快了要出人命——我们班的刘大壮去年就在冰上摔过，尾椎骨疼了一个月。我故意把步子踩得又碎又稳，身后四十个人照着踩，咯吱声连成一片，像一列长长的雪橇队。

跑完，李老师宣布堆雪人比赛，四人一组自由组合。我掏出铅笔和积分册，站在操场中间喊：组好队的到我这儿登记！一会儿工夫，我本子上多了十个组名，什么复仇者队、汤圆队、胖虎队，写得我手都僵了。李老师把秒表交给我：下课前十分钟我喊停，你记各组的完成时间。

于是这一节课我满操场跑腿。三组问胡萝卜去哪儿借，我领他们去找食堂张师傅；七组的底座塌了，我帮着扶正；九组非要在雪人胸口写班训，我提醒他们先投票再写。我自己那一组呢？我组员全在等我，组长赵小磊喊：记分员回来堆雪人了！我喊回去：你们先滚雪球，我记完就来！

下课前十分钟，李老师喊停。我举着秒表一组一组看过去，报完成时间，顺手给每个雪人打分：眼睛歪不歪，底座牢不牢。走到我们组跟前，我的雪人只堆了两层，脑袋还没安上，可它的眼睛用的是十粒瓜子仁，排成一圈，全场独一份。我给我自己组打了八分，手有一点点抖。

投票、颁奖，汤圆队第一，胖虎队第二，我们组第三。合影的时候，李老师招呼全班到获奖的雪人前面。我站在边上整理队伍，李老师说：记分员，过来，也拍。我摆手说不用，赵小磊一把拽住我，咔嚓，我半张脸进了照片，帽子上顶着一坨雪。

回教室清点人数，四十个，一个不少。我坐在座位上脱鞋，袜子湿得能拧出水，鞋印在地板上踩出一串小地图。同桌凑过来看我的积分册，说你这节课比谁都忙。我想了想，是啊，我两圈都跑完了，十个组都帮过了，还给自己组的雪人安了瓜子眼睛。

放学路上雪又下了。我边走边想下雪天体育课的记分员手册——其实没有手册，就是嗓子喊哑一点，手冻红一点，鞋湿透一双。可下次还下雪的话，我还领队，还记分。谁让我是体育委员呢。

A Day as the Scorekeeper

I am the P.E. monitor of Class 3, Grade 5. On ordinary days, lining up the class, reporting numbers, and shouting the cadence are my jobs. Today it snowed, and Mr. Li announced class on the playground. He gave me an extra look: today you lead the warm-up, and keep an eye on the groups for me.

Two laps of warm-up running, and I led at the front, holding the pace down. I did not dare go fast. On snow, going fast can hurt somebody. Liu Dazhuang from our class fell on ice last year, and his tailbone ached for a month. I deliberately took short, steady steps, and the forty people behind me stepped the same way, the crunching

running together into one long sound, like a long line of sleds.

After the run, Mr. Li announced the snowman contest, teams of four, free to form. I took out my pencil and scorebook and stood in the middle of the playground shouting: groups that have formed, come register with me! In no time my book held ten team names: Avengers, Tangyuan, Fatty Tiger, and more, and my hand went stiff from writing. Mr. Li handed me the stopwatch: I will call time ten minutes before the bell, and you record each group's finishing time.

So for the whole class I ran all over the playground. Group 3 asked where to borrow a carrot, and I led them to find Chef Zhang at the cafeteria. Group 7's base collapsed, and I helped prop it straight. Group 9 insisted on writing the class motto on their snowman's chest, and I told them to vote first, then write. And my own group? All my teammates were waiting for me. Our team leader Zhao Xiaolei shouted: scorekeeper, come back and build! I shouted back: roll the snowballs first, I am coming as soon as the times are recorded!

Ten minutes before the bell, Mr. Li called time. I held up the stopwatch and went group by group, calling out finishing times, scoring each snowman on the way: are the eyes straight, is the base firm. When I reached my own group's snowman, it had only two tiers, its head not yet attached, but its eyes were made of ten sunflower seeds arranged in a ring, the only such eyes in the whole contest. I gave my own group eight points, and my hand trembled just a little.

Voting, awards: Team Tangyuan first, Team Fatty Tiger second, our group third. For the group photo, Mr. Li gathered the class in front of the winning snowmen. I stood at the side getting the line in order, and Mr. Li said: scorekeeper, come over, you are in the photo too. I waved him off, but Zhao Xiaolei grabbed me. Click. Half my face made it into the picture, a lump of snow riding on my hat.

Back in the classroom I counted heads: forty, not one missing. I sat down and took off my shoes, and my socks could be wrung out; my wet footprints left a little map across the floor. My deskmate peered at my scorebook and said I had been busier than anyone in that class. I thought about it: yes, I ran both laps, helped all ten groups, and even attached the sunflower-seed eyes to my own group's snowman.

On the way home it snowed again. I walked and thought about writing a scorekeeper's handbook for snowy P.E. classes. Really there is no handbook: just a slightly hoarse voice, slightly red hands, and one pair of soaked shoes. But if it snows again, I will still lead the line and still keep score. After all, I am the P.E. monitor.