展开一架旧纸飞机

周末整理储物间，我从一只旧纸箱的底层摸出一架纸飞机。纸黄了，边角起了毛，折痕却还清楚。我把它放在膝上，一点点展开。折痕已经发脆，不敢用力，像揭一层薄冰。纸是旧作业本，格子已经淡了，内侧有一行铅笔字：李小满的飞机，不许偷飞。我盯着这个名字看了很久，才想起来那是我，三年级时签的字。

这架飞机是那个夏天折的。同桌从家里带来半本用旧的作业本，我们趴在课桌上折，指甲顺着边压过去，压一道，吹一下灰，机头在桌角上磕两下，说这样飞得稳。折好的飞机藏在书包夹层，攒到儿童节才舍得放。老教学楼有三层，二楼和三楼之间有一段外廊，栏杆是铁皮的，漆掉得斑斑驳驳。我们排队趴在栏杆上，轮流往下扔。轮到我，我哈一口气，松手，飞机斜着冲下去，掠过楼下那一排梧桐的树冠，有一瞬间挂在半空，我们趴在栏杆上欢呼，叶子哗啦啦地响。第二天，校长在梧桐枝头挂了彩旗，我们仰着头数颜色，红的一串，黄的一串。那是为六一儿童节挂的。

节日那天，每人领一个牛皮纸袋，袋口用订书机钉着，要沿着边慢慢撕开。里面几颗水果糖、一块奶糖、一小包冲汽水的粉。我把纸袋攒起来，叠成小方包，压在铅笔盒底下。最后一颗水果糖一直舍不得吃，放到糖纸都皱了，糖在兜里化得变了形，才一口吃掉，那点甜味记了很多年。

女儿不知什么时候探头进来，问我折什么。我抽出一张纸，当场折了一架。手指生了，翅膀一边高一边低，递给她。她站到沙发上往下扔，飞机一头栽进靠垫，她咯咯笑，回头问我：这个就叫纸飞机吗？我说叫。她说：它飞得一点都不远。我说，它小时候不算矮，曾经有一架，飞过一整排梧桐树。她不懂，把新飞机摆到书桌上，和铅笔盒并排放好。

旧的那架，我顺着原来的折痕重新折好，夹进一本厚书，立在书架上，就在她的铅笔盒旁边。窗外正好有风，梧桐的叶子响了一下，很轻，像谁在很远的地方翻了一页纸。

Unfolding an Old Paper Airplane

While tidying the storeroom one weekend, I fished a paper airplane out of the bottom of an old cardboard box. The paper had yellowed, the corners frayed, but the creases were still sharp. I laid it on my knee and unfolded it bit by bit. The folds had gone brittle; I dared not press hard, as if peeling thin ice. It was folded from an old exercise book, its grid lines faded, and inside was a pencil line: Li Xiaoman's plane, no stealing flights. I stared at the name a long time before remembering it was me, signed in third grade.

The plane was folded that summer. My deskmate brought half a used exercise book from home, and we folded it flat on the desk, pressing our nails along each edge, blowing off the dust, tapping the nose twice against the desk corner because that made it fly steadier. The finished planes went into the hidden pocket of our

schoolbags, saved until Children's Day before we dared let them fly. The old teaching building had three floors, with an open corridor between the second and third, its iron railing peeling in patches. We lined up leaning on the railing, taking turns throwing down. When my turn came, I breathed on it, let go, and the plane dove sideways, skimming the crowns of the plane trees below, hanging in midair for a moment while we cheered from the railing and the leaves rustled. The next day the headmaster hung colored flags in the plane trees, and we tilted our heads back counting the colors, a string of red, a string of yellow. That was for Children's Day.

On the holiday each of us got a kraft paper bag, its mouth stapled shut, to be torn open slowly along the edge. Inside were a few fruit candies, a milk candy, and a small packet of powder for making soda. I kept the bags, folded into little squares, pressed under my pencil case. The last fruit candy I could not bear to eat; I kept it until the wrapper wrinkled and the candy melted misshapen in my pocket, then ate it in one bite. That sweetness I remembered for years.

At some point my daughter poked her head in and asked what I was folding. I pulled out a sheet of paper and folded one on the spot. My fingers had gone clumsy, the wings uneven, and I handed it over. She stood on the sofa and threw it down; the plane nosedived into a cushion. She giggled and asked, Is this really called a paper airplane? I said yes. She said, It doesn't fly far at all. I said, When it was young it flew quite high - once there was one that sailed over a whole row of plane trees. She did not understand. She set the new plane on her desk, neatly beside her pencil case.

The old one I refolded along its original creases, slipped it into a thick book, and stood it on the shelf right next to her pencil case. Outside the window the wind rose, and the plane tree leaves rustled once, softly, like someone far away turning a page.

梧桐叶响的时候

窗外的风一起来，梧桐叶哗地响成一片，像很多张纸同时被翻动。我停下笔，那声音一下子把我带回二十多年前的校园。

老校园里有几排梧桐，树干灰白，树皮一块一块剥落，露出底下浅绿的新皮。我们管剥下来的皮叫梧桐纸，卷成筒，比谁的筒长。夏天午后，阳光从叶缝里漏下来，在水泥地上碎成晃动的光斑，我们在那片光斑里跳皮筋、拍洋画、追影子。日头把影子拉得很长，梧桐的影子落在我们身上，一块一块地晃，谁也不躲。

那年我读四年级，六一儿童节的节目在梧桐树下排练。蝉在头顶叫，一声压着一声，白衬衫的后背全湿透了，贴在椅背上，起来的时候带起一小片凉。排练完不觉得累，都惦记着发糖果。节日那天每人一个纸袋，几颗水果糖、一块奶糖，还有一小包冲汽水的粉。我们蹲在水龙头底下，把汽水粉倒进玻璃瓶，咕嘟咕嘟冒泡，举着碰杯，故意碰得很响，洒了也不心疼。糖的甜味、汽水的辣味和梧桐叶的气味混在同一个夏天里，二十年没散。

再往后，是折纸飞机的季节。写废的作业本攒在桌肚里，放学路上折成飞机，从河堤上往树的方向扔。梧桐站在操场边上，像一排举着手的人。风大的日子，飞机能一直飞到树底下，我们追着跑，踩得落叶咔嚓响。有一架挂在了树杈上，我们围着树摇，摇不动，拿石子扔，也扔不下来。第二天它自己落下来了，落在教室窗台上，翅膀翘着，像专门飞回来找我们。

后来老校园拆了，听说那排梧桐没保住。我回去过一次，站在新铺的水泥地上找光斑的位置，什么也找不到，只在砖缝里捡到一小卷翘起的旧树皮，攥在手心里，扎得有点疼。

前几天路过一所小学门口，正赶放学，人流里一个男孩举着纸飞机跑过，机翼在风里抖。我站在原地看了一会儿，没有追上去。

风还在窗外响。我推开窗，让声音进来，坐下来继续写。写到一半抬头，那排梧桐正在风里弯腰，像很多年前我们排着队走过树荫的样子。

When the Plane Tree Leaves Rustle

When the wind rises outside the window, the plane tree leaves roar into one great rustle, like many pages turned at once. I set down my pen, and the sound carries me straight back to the campus of more than twenty years ago.

The old campus had several rows of plane trees, their trunks gray-white, bark peeling off in sheets to reveal pale green new skin underneath. We called the peeled bark plane-tree paper, rolled it into tubes, and competed over whose tube was longest. On summer afternoons, sunlight leaked through the gaps in the leaves and shattered into trembling patches of light on the concrete ground. We jumped rubber bands, slapped picture cards, and chased shadows inside those patches of light. The sun stretched our shadows long; the shadows of the plane trees fell across us, swaying patch by patch, and no one dodged.

That year I was in fourth grade, and our Children's Day program rehearsed under the plane trees. Cicadas screamed overhead, one cry pressing down on the next. The backs of our white shirts were soaked through, stuck to the chair backs, lifting a sliver of cool air when we stood up. We did not feel tired after rehearsal, because we were all thinking about the candy. On the holiday each child got a paper bag: a few fruit candies, a milk candy, and a small packet of soda powder. We crouched under the water tap, poured the powder into glass bottles, watched it bubble and gurgle,

raised our bottles for a toast, clinking them loudly on purpose, not minding the spills. The sweetness of candy, the sting of soda, and the smell of plane tree leaves all mixed into the same summer, and twenty years have not scattered them.

Later still came the season of paper airplanes. We saved ruined exercise books in our desk cubbies, folded them into planes on the way home from school, and threw them from the river embankment toward the trees. The plane trees stood at the edge of the playground like a row of people with raised hands. On windy days the planes could sail all the way to the trunks, and we chased after them, crunching the fallen leaves. One plane snagged in a fork of branches. We shook the tree, could not shake it loose, threw pebbles, could not knock it down. The next day it fell by itself, landing on the classroom windowsill, wings cocked, as if it had flown back to find us.

The old campus was later demolished, and I heard that row of plane trees did not survive. I went back once, stood on the newly paved concrete trying to locate where the patches of light used to fall, and found nothing - only a small curled strip of old bark in a brick seam, which I clenched in my palm, pricking a little.

A few days ago I passed a primary school gate at dismissal time, and through the crowd a boy ran past holding up a paper airplane, its wings trembling in the wind. I stood there watching for a while, and did not run after him.

The wind is still rustling outside. I push the window open, let the sound in, sit down, and keep writing. Halfway through I look up: that row of plane trees is bending in the wind, just like us all those years ago, walking in line through the shade.

王满子的飞机飞得最远

全班折纸飞机最好的是王满子。这个说法没人不服，因为每次比飞，最后停在最远处的总是他的。他的飞机翅膀压得死紧，机头在鞋底蹭几下再哈一口气，扔出去不歪，直直地滑，能一直滑到操场边梧桐树底下。我们站在外廊栏杆上看，他的飞机从三楼斜着下去，掠过树冠，叶子被带起一小片响。我们趴在栏杆上喊，他站在楼下回头挥手，风把他额前的头发吹得一颤一颤。

他折飞机有讲究。纸要用旧作业本，太新的纸硬，压不服帖；机翼要对称，差一点就偏。他教我：捏住机翼根部，对着风扔，别顺着风。我照着做，飞机还是栽，他捡回来，把机头往后折一小道，再递给我。这一回，它居然平平地滑出去十几米。他蹲在草地上看那架飞机落地，说，行，你出师了。说这话时他十一岁，一脸的老成，逗得我们全笑。

儿童节那天发糖果，牛皮纸袋，几颗水果糖一块奶糖。王满子当着我的面把奶糖抠出来，塞进文具盒，说这颗不带吃，要带回家给他妈。他妈在菜市场卖豆腐，早上四点起。我说奶糖放兜

里该化了。他想了想，从书包里摸出一架折好的小飞机，把机翼后缘掀开一条缝，糖塞进去，再压上。他说这样化不了，纸吸着。我蹲在梧桐树下看他操作，看得入迷，回去也照做，结果我的糖把机翼洇出一块湿印，飞两下就歪了。他的那架稳稳当当飞回了家方向，至少他是这么说的。

五年级下学期，王满子家搬去了别的城市。走之前一天，他塞给我一架飞机，翅膀压得死紧，机头蹭得发亮。他说：对着风扔。我点头。他背着书包走了，走到梧桐树底下回了一次头，抬手挥了一下，很小的一下。第二天那个位置空了，我把他的飞机收进书包夹层，一直没舍得飞。

很多年过去，老校园拆了，梧桐树的事我是不敢细想的。前年同学聚会，有人记得他，说他妈的豆腐摊早不摆了，他在南方开了个小印刷厂。没人记得那架塞着奶糖的飞机，除了我。

我抽屉里那架还留着，纸脆了，边角起了毛，没敢飞。每年六一前后，我把它拿出来看一眼，再放回去。风从窗缝里进来的时候，纸会轻轻动一下，像谁在很远的地方，替它对着风，扔了一次又一次。

Wang Manzi's Plane Flew the Farthest

The best paper-airplane folder in our class was Wang Manzi. No one disputed it, because in every flying contest, the plane that landed farthest was always his. His wings were pressed razor-tight, the nose scuffed a few times on his shoe sole, and after a breath of air it flew straight, gliding all the way to the plane trees at the edge of the playground. We watched from the open corridor as his plane dove from the third floor, skimmed the treetops, and set off a small rustle of leaves. We shouted from the railing; downstairs he turned and waved, the wind trembling the hair on his forehead.

He was particular about folding. The paper had to be from an old exercise book - new paper is stiff and won't press flat; the wings had to be symmetrical, off by a hair and it veers. He taught me: pinch the wing roots, throw against the wind, never with it. I did as told and my plane still nosedived. He picked it up, bent a small notch back at the nose, and handed it to me again. This time it glided out level for ten-odd meters. He crouched on the grass watching it land and said, Good, you've graduated. He was eleven saying it, with a face full of grave maturity, and we all roared.

On Children's Day they handed out candy - kraft paper bags with fruit candies and a milk candy. Wang Manzi dug the milk candy out in front of me, tucked it into his pencil case, and said this one wasn't for eating; he'd take it home to his mother. His mother sold tofu at the market and got up at four in the morning. I said a milk candy would melt in a pocket. He thought a moment, pulled a small folded plane from his schoolbag, lifted a slit along the wing's trailing edge, slid the candy in, and pressed it shut. This way it won't melt, he said, the paper absorbs it. I crouched

under a plane tree watching him work, fascinated, and copied him at home - only my candy soaked a damp blot through the wing, and the plane veered after two flights. His flew home steady and true, at least that's what he claimed.

In the second half of fifth grade, Wang Manzi's family moved to another city. The day before he left, he pressed a plane into my hands, wings pressed tight, nose scuffed shiny. Throw against the wind, he said. I nodded. He walked off with his schoolbag, turned once under the plane tree, and gave one small wave. The next day his seat was empty. I put his plane in the hidden pocket of my schoolbag and never had the heart to fly it.

Years passed. The old campus was demolished, and I don't dare think too closely about the plane trees. At a class reunion the year before last, someone remembered him: his mother's tofu stall closed long ago, and he runs a small printing shop down south. No one remembered the plane with the milk candy inside, except me.

Mine is still in my drawer, the paper brittle, the corners frayed, never flown. Around each Children's Day I take it out, look once, and put it back. When wind slips through the window crack, the paper stirs faintly, as if someone far away were, on its behalf, throwing it against the wind, again and again.