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.