# 彩带垂下来的那道弧

这是我在这间教室过的最后一个六一。明年六月他们毕业，我接新的班，这间教室换别人布置。所以我吹气球吹得格外慢，像要把每一个都记熟。

气球还是那两包，红的黄的蓝的。我坐在最后一排的桌上吹，不坐讲台边了。讲台边那把椅子我坐了五年，椅腿有一条腿短，垫过三次纸片，纸片是我自己叠的，叠成三角，塞进去，刚好。现在我不坐它了，坐学生的桌子，桌子矮，膝盖顶着下巴，吹起来更费劲，倒正合我意——费劲的东西记得牢。

挂彩带的时候我手抖。不是累的，是挂到后墙那条时，想起五年前这间教室刚分给我们，墙是毛坯的，白灰一摸一手。我们头一年布置，彩带贴不住，全用图钉，后墙被钉出密密麻麻的小眼。这些年那面墙刷过两回漆，小眼还在，凸出来，摸上去像盲文。今年我把彩带正好挂在那片小眼上，横着拉过去，像给那面墙拉了一条围巾。

黑板上方的横幅我写了两个字又停住。本来要写欢度六一，我写了欢度，笔停在半空，改成了最后一个六一。写完自己看，觉得矫情，擦了。擦到一半又留着欢度两个字，后头空着。空着就空着，他们看得懂。

第二天早上我站在门后，像所有老师那样等。门推开，他们进来。往常这个点是欢呼，今年不一样——前排的孩子先看见黑板上空着的那截，脚步一顿，全班跟着静了两秒。那两秒里我站在门后，手指抠着门框上的漆皮。然后不知道谁先喊了一声，欢呼炸开，比往年都响，响得有点用力。有个平时最闹的男生进门不跑，走到自己座位，把椅子轻轻放下来，放之前拿袖子擦了一遍椅面。

节目照排，游戏照玩，彩带底下照旧转圈。有个女孩往我手里塞了颗糖，儿童节发的，牛皮纸袋里挑出来的，糖纸皱了，看得出在兜里揣了很久。我剥开吃了，甜的，甜得我心里发紧。

散场，收桌椅，扫纸屑。我在墙角捡到一根没吹起来的气球皮，黄的，口上打了结，不知道是谁吹了一半放弃了。我把它揣进兜里，和今天那颗糖的糖纸放在一起。

锁门的时候我回头看了一眼。彩带还垂着那道弧，天花板上的气球还在晃。明年这里会有新的彩带、新的气球、新的欢呼，坐最后一排吹气球的换一个人。我拧了锁，把钥匙交出去，交之前用袖子把钥匙上的灰擦掉了——擦它做什么，我也说不上来。

# The Arc the Streamer Sags Into

This is my last June First in this classroom. Next June they graduate, I take a new class, and someone else will decorate this room. So I blew up the balloons extra slowly, as if to memorize each one.

Still the same two packs - red, yellow, blue. I sat on the last row of desks to blow them, not by the podium anymore. I had sat on that podium chair for five years; one of its legs was short, shimmed three times with folded paper triangles I made

myself, and it fit just right. Now I sat at a student desk instead. The desk was low, my knees against my chin, and blowing was harder - which suited me. Harder things stick in the memory.

My hand shook as I hung the streamers. Not from fatigue. When I reached the strip on the back wall, I remembered five years ago, when this room was first assigned to us: bare walls, whitewash that came off on your fingers. Our first year's decorations wouldn't stick; we used thumbtacks for everything, and the back wall got pricked full of tiny holes. The wall has been repainted twice since, but the bumps remain - you can read them by touch like Braille. This year I hung the streamer right across those bumps, pulled straight across, like putting a scarf on that wall.

I wrote two characters on the banner above the blackboard and stopped. It was supposed to read Celebrate June First. I wrote Celebrate, pen hovering, then changed it to Our Last June First. Reading it afterward I found it sentimental, and erased it. Halfway through erasing, I kept Celebrate and left the rest blank. Blank is fine - they'll understand.

The next morning I stood behind the door, waiting like teachers always do. The door opened; they came in. Usually this is the moment of cheering. This year it was different - the children in front spotted the blank stretch on the blackboard first, their steps faltered, and the whole class went quiet for two seconds. In those two seconds I stood behind the door picking at the paint on the frame. Then someone shouted first, and the cheering exploded, louder than any year, loud in a way that tried too hard. The rowdiest boy in class walked in without running, went to his seat, and set his chair down gently - after wiping the seat with his sleeve first.

The program ran as planned, the games as usual, circles still spinning under the streamers. A girl pressed a candy into my hand - a June First candy, picked out of her kraft paper bag, its wrapper wrinkled from long carrying in a pocket. I unwrapped and ate it. Sweet. Sweet enough to make my chest tighten.

After the crowd cleared, we stacked desks and swept up paper. In the corner I found an uninflated balloon skin, yellow, its neck knotted - someone had blown it halfway and given up. I put it in my pocket, alongside today's candy wrapper.

Locking up, I looked back. The streamer still sagged into its arc; the balloon on the ceiling still swayed. Next year there will be new streamers here, new balloons, new cheering, and someone else sitting in the last row blowing them up. I turned the lock and handed over the key - wiping its dust off with my sleeve first. Why I did that, I couldn't say.