爷爷口袋里的水果糖

六一前夜，爷爷从口袋里摸出一颗水果糖，把我叫到身边坐下，说他小时候过六一的事。

爷爷生在五十年代。他说，早先孩子没有一个属于自己的日子，一九四九年十二月，新中国刚成立，政府就宣布每年六月一日为儿童节。转过年来那个六一，是爷爷过的第一个儿童节。

爷爷说，那天全校走路去镇上的广场，老师一人发一颗糖、一个剥了壳的鸡蛋。他把糖揣在兜里，一整天没舍得吃，晚上回家，糖化透了，粘在口袋内衬上，他抠了一晚上。

我问爷爷，全世界为什么偏偏挑六月一日。爷爷说，这个日子是为了记住战争里的孩子定下来的。第二次世界大战时，许多孩子没了爹娘，没了家。一九四九年十一月，各国代表在莫斯科开会，通过决议，把六月一日定为国际儿童节，让全世界的孩子都被好好护着。

我的六一比爷爷的热闹。学校演节目，我在台上朗诵，早上入队戴上红领巾，下午爸妈带我去游乐园。摩天轮的队伍绕着湖排，我们的影子也排在里面。爷爷听得入神，问我台上紧不紧张。我说手心全是汗，可是音乐一响就忘了。爷爷点头，说他头一回上台更慌，台下黑压压全是人头，老师站在侧幕朝他竖大拇指，他才把歌唱完。

爷爷连别国的节日也知道。他说日本过儿童节在五月五日，家家门前竖起鲤鱼旗；土耳其的儿童节在四月二十三日，孩子走进议会，坐上议员的位子，扮一天总统；印度的儿童节在十一月十四日，是尼赫鲁总理的生日。

我问爷爷，怎么知道得这么细。爷爷拍拍脑门，说报纸上看来的，如今不出门也能知天下事。他又说，这些日子虽然不是一天，意思却是一天：大人把孩子当回事。

爷爷说，日子不一样，可哪国的孩子，都在这一天金贵。

说完，爷爷让我把水果糖剥开，一人一半。糖小，甜。

The Fruit Candy in Grandpas Pocket

On the eve of June 1st, Grandpa took a fruit candy out of his pocket, called me to sit beside him, and began telling me about the June 1sts of his childhood.

Grandpa was born in the 1950s. He said that long ago children had no day of their own; in December 1949, just after the People's Republic was founded, the government declared that June 1 would be Children's Day every year. The following June 1st was the first Children's Day of Grandpa's life.

Grandpa says the whole school walked to the town square that day, and each teacher handed out a candy and a peeled egg. He kept his candy in his pocket and could not bear to eat it all day; by evening it had melted and stuck to the lining of his pocket, and he picked at it all night.

I asked Grandpa why the whole world chose June 1. Grandpa said the date was set

to remember the children of the war. During World War II, many children lost their parents and their homes. In November 1949, delegates from many countries met in Moscow and adopted a resolution making June 1 International Children's Day, so that children everywhere would be well protected.

My June 1st is livelier than Grandpa's. The school puts on shows, and I recite poems on stage; in the morning I join the Young Pioneers and put on the red scarf, and in the afternoon Mom and Dad take me to the amusement park. The line for the Ferris wheel wraps around the lake, and our shadows stand in that line too. Grandpa listens, rapt, and asks if I was nervous on stage. I say my palms were all sweat, but the moment the music started I forgot. Grandpa nods and says he was more frightened the first time he went on stage: the audience below was a dark sea of heads, and he only finished the song after his teacher gave him a thumbs-up from the wings.

Grandpa even knows the holidays of other countries. He says Japan keeps Children's Day on May 5, when every home raises carp streamers at its gate; Turkey keeps it on April 23, when children walk into parliament, sit in the deputies' seats, and play president for a day; India keeps it on November 14, the birthday of Prime Minister Nehru.

I ask Grandpa how he knows all these details. Grandpa taps his forehead and says he read them in the newspaper - these days you can know the world without leaving home. He adds that although these days fall on different dates, they all mean the same thing: grown-ups take children seriously.

Grandpa said: the dates differ, but in every country children are the precious ones on this day.

When he finished, Grandpa had me unwrap the fruit candy, one half each. The candy was small, and sweet.