红领巾的故事

每年六一儿童节，小学一二年级的孩子会迎来一件大事：加入中国少年先锋队，戴上红领巾。要弄明白这条红领巾，得先知道它从哪里来。

红领巾是少先队员的标志。它是一面红旗的一角，红色是革命先辈用奋斗染成的。老一辈常说，红领巾代表革命的荣誉，戴上它，就要像先辈那样勇敢、诚实，爱祖国，爱别人。这句话听着大，落在小事上很清楚：升国旗站得直，同学摔倒了伸手扶，说了的话要算数。

少先队有自己的样子。队旗是红旗加一颗五角星，队徽是五角星加火炬和写着少先队的绶带，队礼是右手五指并拢高举头上，意思是人民的利益高于一切。敬礼的时候手要举过头顶，胳膊伸直，这是孩子最神气的姿势。

入队仪式一般挑在六一儿童节前后，操场上列队，队旗走在最前头。大队辅导员宣布新队员名单，一个名字念出来，队伍里应一声到。老队员走上前，把红领巾叠成合适的样子，绕过新队员的衣领，打一个结。这个结有讲究：左尖压右尖，右尖绕一圈，圈里抽出尖，平整又服帖。

最要紧的是宣誓。领誓人一句一句念，新队员握紧右拳，跟着大声答。右手握拳举在耳侧，声音从操场这头滚到那头。宣誓完，老队员讲话，这就是寄语。高年级的哥哥姐姐讲自己入队那天的紧张，讲戴了几年红领巾后明白的事：红领巾不是装饰，是提醒，提醒孩子说话算话，做事认真，跌倒了不哭鼻子。

仪式散了，孩子们低头看胸前的红。有的回家路上就一直没让它歪过。妈妈拍照，喊一声小队员，孩子把腰又挺了挺。

六一儿童节因此多了一层意思：对低年级的孩子来说，这一天不只是看演出，而是从今天起，胸前多了一角红旗，心里多了一份自己的名字——少先队员。

The Story of the Red Scarf

Every year on June 1st, first and second graders face a big event: joining the Chinese Young Pioneers and receiving the red scarf. To understand this scarf, we first need to know where it comes from.

The red scarf is the symbol of a Young Pioneer. It is one corner of a red flag, and its red color was dyed by the struggle of the revolutionary elders. The older generation often says the red scarf stands for the honor of the revolution: wear it, and be brave and honest like the elders, love the country, and care about others. The words sound big, but they land on small things clearly: stand straight when the flag rises, lend a hand when a classmate falls, and keep the promises you make.

The Pioneers have their own emblems. The team flag is a red flag with a five-pointed star; the team badge shows a star, a torch, and a ribbon bearing the team's

name; the team salute raises the right hand, five fingers together, above the head, meaning the people's interests come above all. When saluting, the hand must go above the head with the arm straight - the proudest pose a child can strike.

The admission ceremony is usually held around June 1st. Classes line up on the playground, the team flag marching at the front. The instructor reads out the names of new members, and each name is answered with a Here from the ranks. Older members step forward, fold the red scarf neatly, pass it around the new member's collar, and tie the knot. The knot has its rules: left tip over right tip, right tip around once, and the tip pulled through the loop - flat and tidy.

The most important part is the oath. The lead recites line by line, and the new members clench their right fists and answer aloud, fist raised beside the ear, voices rolling across the playground. After the oath, an older member speaks - that is the message of good wishes. A senior talks about how nervous they were on their own admission day, and what they learned after wearing the scarf for years: the red scarf is not a decoration but a reminder - to keep your word, do things earnestly, and get up without crying when you fall.

When the ceremony breaks up, children look down at the red on their chests. Some never let it tilt the whole way home. Moms take photos, calling out little pioneer, and the child straightens up even more.

So June 1st gains another layer of meaning: for the younger children, the day is not only about watching shows. Starting today, a corner of the red flag rests on their chest, and a new name rests in their heart - Young Pioneer.

今天我是少先队员

六一这天早上，妈妈把我校服领子翻了两遍，说今天领口要干干净净的，红领巾要来。

操场列队，队旗走在前头。队旗是红的，上面一颗五角星。老师说过，队徽上是五角星加火炬，五角星代表中国共产党的领导，火炬象征光明。我盯着队旗看，脖子都仰酸了。

大队辅导员念新队员名单。我的名字在中间，念到时我喊了一声到，声音比我预想的大，旁边同学笑我，我也笑。心口跳得像有鼓槌。

一个六年级的姐姐走过来，手里拿着红领巾。她先把它叠平，绕过我的衣领，左尖压右尖，右尖绕一圈，再从圈里抽出尖，一拉，一个结端端正正。她小声说：别弄歪了。我点头，手都不敢碰胸口。

姐姐系红领巾的时候说过一句话：红领巾是红旗的一角，红色是革命先辈的奋斗染成的。当

时没全懂。宣誓的时候好像懂了一点——领誓人念一句，我们跟一句，右手握拳举在耳朵旁边，拳头手心都是汗。念到为共产主义事业而奋斗，我嗓门最大，因为后面几个字我练了一晚上。

宣誓完，那个姐姐回到台前，代表老队员讲话。她说她一年级入队时也紧张，红领巾戴反了三天才发现；她说红领巾不是好看，是提醒，提醒我们说话要算数，值日要认真，同学有困难要帮。她说：我们戴的是一样的红，你们从今天起也是护着它的人。

仪式结束回教室，同桌凑过来看我的结，说系得真平。我说是姐姐系的，她系了好几年了。

放学回家，我把红领巾解下来，摊平放在桌上，看了好几遍。妈妈要给我拍照，我把领子又抻了抻。照片里那个人腰挺得笔直，胸前的红平平展展。

晚上睡觉前我想，从今天起，我喊到的那一声、举起来的那只拳头、胸前这一角红，都是我自己的事了。

Today I Am a Young Pioneer

On the morning of June 1st, Mom turned up my school uniform collar twice, saying the collar must be spotless today, because the red scarf is coming.

Classes lined up on the playground, the team flag at the front. The flag is red with a five-pointed star. Our teacher once said the team badge bears a star and a torch: the star stands for the leadership of the Communist Party of China, the torch for light. I stared at the flag until my neck grew sore.

The instructor read the list of new members. My name was in the middle; when it was called I shouted Here, louder than I expected. The classmate beside me laughed, and I laughed too. My heart beat like a drumstick was at work.

A girl from sixth grade walked over with a red scarf in her hands. She first folded it flat, passed it around my collar, laid the left tip over the right, wound the right tip around once, pulled the tip through the loop, and tugged - the knot sat perfectly straight. She whispered: don't let it tilt. I nodded and did not dare touch my chest.

While tying it, the girl said one thing: the red scarf is one corner of the red flag, and its red was dyed by the struggle of the revolutionary elders. I did not fully understand then. During the oath I think I understood a little - the lead recited a line, we repeated it, right fist clenched beside the ear, palm all sweat. When we reached fight for the cause of communism, my voice was the loudest, because I had practiced those last words all evening.

After the oath, the same girl returned to the stage to speak for the older members. She said she had been nervous at her own admission too, and had worn her

scarf backwards for three days before noticing; she said the red scarf is not about looking good - it is a reminder: keep your word, take duty duty seriously, help classmates in trouble. She said: we wear the same red, and from today you are its guardians too.

Back in the classroom after the ceremony, my deskmate leaned in to examine my knot and said it was perfectly flat. I said the sister from sixth grade had tied it - she has been tying knots for years.

After school I went home, untied the scarf, spread it flat on the desk and looked at it over and over. Mom wanted to take my photo, so I straightened my collar once more. In the photo that person sits ramrod straight, and the red on the chest lies perfectly smooth.

Before bed I thought: from today, the shout I gave, the fist I raised, this corner of red on my chest - all of them are my own business now.

我们在台下看孩子入队

六一的操场边，站着一排举手机的家长。孩子读一二年级，今天入队，我们请了半天假来看。

仪式还没开始，家长们先低声交流经验：红领巾到底是什么？有家长说，自己小时候也戴过，红领巾是红旗的一角，红色是革命先辈的奋斗染成的。这话从上一代嘴里传到这一代嘴里，说法几乎没变。队旗是红旗加五角星，队徽是五角星加火炬，火炬象征光明，五角星代表中国共产党的领导。这些知识平时用不上，仪式那天人人都能说上两句。

大队辅导员念名单，老队员给新队员系红领巾。左尖压右尖，右尖绕一圈，圈里抽出尖——台上六年级的孩子动作熟练，台下的我们想起自己当年手忙脚乱的样子。那个结系得平不平，家长比孩子还紧张，恨不得上去帮忙。

宣誓环节，全场安静下来。领誓人念一句，新队员握着右拳跟一句。拳头举在耳侧，手心出汗也不放下来。我们这排大人站在太阳底下，看几十只小拳头举起来，声音从操场这头滚到那头。念到为共产主义事业而奋斗，有家长跟着念，声音哑了也不自知。

老队员寄语由高年级学生讲。现在的孩子讲话大方，说红领巾不是装饰是提醒，说话要算数，同学有困难要帮。台下我们听着，各自心里过一遍：这些话，大人也该听。

散场前有个细节：孩子们自发低头检查胸前的结，谁的歪了，旁边的伸手帮着重新系。没人指挥，也没人催。老队员教新队员的那套手法，就这样在孩子之间传开了。

仪式结束，孩子跑过来，胸前一角红，平平展展。手机里存了几十张照片，张张都是同一个姿势：腰挺得笔直。有家长蹲下来给孩子整了整结，叮嘱别弄歪了——这句话，跟当年自己妈妈

说的一个字不差。

六一儿童节的入队仪式，对孩子是一生的纪念，对我们大人是一场接力。红领巾从上一代的胸口来到这一代的胸口，来历没变，宣誓没变，寄语也没变。变的是孩子长高了，站直了，从此胸前多了一角红旗，心里多了一个名字：少先队员。

Watching Our Children Join the Pioneers from Below the Stage

Along the playground on June 1st stood a row of parents holding up their phones. Our children are in first or second grade, joining the Pioneers today, and we took half a day off work to watch.

Before the ceremony began, parents quietly compared notes: what exactly is the red scarf? One parent said they had worn one as a child too - the red scarf is one corner of the red flag, and its red was dyed by the struggle of the revolutionary elders. The sentence passed from our parents' mouths into ours with almost no change. The team flag is a red flag with a five-pointed star; the team badge bears a star and a torch - the torch stands for light, the star for the leadership of the Communist Party of China. Such knowledge goes unused on ordinary days, yet on ceremony day everyone can recite a line or two.

The instructor read the list while older members tied scarves on the new ones. Left tip over right tip, right tip around once, tip pulled through the loop - the sixth graders on stage worked with practiced ease, while down here we remembered our own clumsy hands at their age. Whether the knot sat flat mattered more to us parents than to the children; we itched to go up and help.

At the oath the whole ground fell quiet. The lead recited a line, and the new members repeated it with their right fists clenched. The fists stayed raised beside their ears, palms sweating, none lowering. We adults stood in the sun and watched dozens of small fists go up, the voices rolling from one end of the playground to the other. When it reached fight for the cause of communism, some parents mouthed along, hoarse-voiced without noticing.

The message from the older members was delivered by a senior student. Today's children speak with ease: the red scarf is not a decoration but a reminder - keep your word, help classmates in trouble. We listened from below the stage, each running the words through our own minds: these lines, adults should hear too.

One detail before the crowd dispersed: the children bent their heads on their own to check the knots on their chests, and whoever's knot tilted, the child next to it

reached over and retied it. No one directed, no one hurried. The knot-tying hands the older members passed down spread among the children just like that.

When it ended, the children ran to us, a corner of red flat on their chests. Our phones filled with dozens of photos, every one the same pose: backs ramrod straight. One parent crouched to straighten her child's knot and said don't let it tilt - not one word different from what our own mothers once told us.

The admission ceremony on June 1st is a lifelong memory for the children and a relay race for us adults. The red scarf travels from the chest of one generation to the chest of the next: the story unchanged, the oath unchanged, the message unchanged. What has changed is that the children have grown taller, stand straighter, and from today carry a corner of the red flag on their chests and a new name in their hearts: Young Pioneer.