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.