

课间十分钟，我和王小虎的跳绳比赛

下课铃响了，数学老师刚说出下课两个字，我的心思早就飞到了操场上。上个星期，我和王小虎拉了钩：这周课间来一场跳绳比赛，输的人要把自己最喜欢的漫画借给对方看一个星期。

跑到操场的时候，好多同学已经围在那里了。班长李乐自告奋勇当裁判，从文具盒里掏出小秒表，喊了一声：预备！王小虎握着绳柄先甩了两圈，绳子在空中发出呼呼的响声。我把我的绳柄攥得紧紧的，两只脚踩在地上，膝盖微微弯着。

开始！李乐一按秒表，我们俩的绳子同时抽打起地面。啪、啪、啪，绳头一下一下打着操场，风从我的耳朵边上刮过去。我盯着自己脚尖前面的那块地，跳起来，落地，再跳起来，再落地，辫子在脑后一上一下地甩。一、二、三，我在心里数数。数到八十个的时候，两条腿开始发沉，每一下都要比刚才跳得更高一点。围着的同学喊起了加油，声音大得差点盖过绳子抽地的声音。

突然，绳子挂到了我的鞋带上，我一个趔趄，差点摔个屁股墩。我抬头瞟了一眼李乐手里的秒表，已经五十三秒了。我赶紧重新甩起绳子，拼命快跳。秒表一响，李乐大声宣布：一百二十三个！王小虎那边是一百三十一个。第一轮我输了八个。

第二轮，三分钟连续跳！李乐宣布了新规定。这一次我不抢快了，稳稳地按自己的节奏跳，绳子发出有规律的啪啪声。小曼站在我旁边替我数数，她的声音越数越高：二百零一、二百零二我的衬衫后背全湿透了，汗珠顺着指尖甩到地上。

刚跳到第二百五十个，上课铃响了。铃声又急又响，把加油声都压了下去。谁也不想走。李乐把秒表往文具盒里一塞：今天先到这儿，明天课间接着比！王小虎一边往教学楼走，一边冲我挥绳子：明天你还是输！我甩着酸溜溜的小腿往教室跑，嘴角却怎么也合不上。

回到座位上，我翻开课本，满耳朵还是绳子的啪啪声和同学们的加油声。课间十分钟只有这么长，可这十分钟，是我这一个星期里最快乐的十分钟。

The Rope Jumping Match at Recess

The end-of-class bell rang. The math teacher had barely said the two words class is over, but my mind had already flown to the playground. Last week, Wang Xiaohu and I made a promise with our fingers hooked together: during recess this week, we would have a rope jumping match, and the loser had to lend a favorite comic book to the other one for a whole week.

When I reached the playground, many classmates were already gathered there. Monitor Li Le volunteered to be the referee. He took a small stopwatch out of his pencil case and shouted: Get ready! Wang Xiaohu held his rope handles and swung it twice first. The rope made a whooshing sound in the air. I gripped my own handles tightly, planted both feet on the ground, and bent my knees a little.

Go! The moment Li Le pressed the stopwatch, both ropes began to slap the ground at the same time. Smack, smack, smack. The tip of the rope hit the playground one beat after another, and wind brushed past my ears. I stared at the patch of ground in front of my toes. Jump up, land, jump up, land again. My ponytail swung up and down behind me. One, two, three. I counted in my heart. When I reached eighty, my legs began to feel heavy, and every jump had to be a little higher than the one before. The classmates around us started cheering. Their voices were so loud that they almost covered the sound of the rope.

Suddenly, the rope caught on my shoe lace. I stumbled and almost fell on my bottom. I looked up and saw that the stopwatch in the hand of Li Le already showed fifty-three seconds. I started the rope again as fast as I could. When the stopwatch beeped, Li Le announced loudly: One hundred and twenty-three! On the side of Wang Xiaohu it was one hundred and thirty-one. I lost the first round by eight.

Second round, three minutes of continuous jumping! Li Le announced the new rule. This time I did not rush. I kept my own steady pace, and the rope made a regular smacking sound. Xiao Man stood next to me and counted for me. Her voice climbed higher and higher: two hundred and one, two hundred and two. The back of my shirt was completely wet, and drops of sweat flew off my fingertips onto the ground.

Just when I reached two hundred and fifty, the start-of-class bell rang. The bell was sharp and loud, and it pushed the cheering down. Nobody wanted to leave. Li Le stuffed the stopwatch into his pencil case and said: We stop here for today, and we continue tomorrow at recess! Wang Xiaohu walked toward the teaching building and waved his rope at me: Tomorrow you will still lose! I ran back to class with my calves sour and aching, but I could not stop smiling.

Back at my seat, I opened the textbook, and my ears were still full of the smacking of the rope and the cheering of our classmates. Recess is only ten minutes long, but these ten minutes were the happiest ten minutes of my whole week.

跳绳比赛上，安静的赵一鸣成了冠军

下课铃响了，教室里一下子闹起来。我们三年级二班的课间保留节目是跳绳。体育委员周阳把绳子往腰上一别，扯着嗓子喊：今天比谁跳得最多！几个男生呼啦一下围上去，女生们三三两两往操场走。

队伍里有一个安静的男孩叫赵一鸣。他是这个学期刚转来的，平时话很少，下课就坐在座位上看书。今天不知为什么，他也拿着绳子跟在我们后面，绳子是那种最普通的蓝色塑料绳，绳柄都磨白了。

操场上，比赛开始了。先是男生挑战，周阳跳了一百八十个，跳完叉着腰喘气，得意地环顾四周，没有人接招。这时赵一鸣举了一下手，声音小小的：我来试试。有人噗地笑出声，周阳也愣了一下，但还是把场地让给了他。

李乐喊开始。赵一鸣的绳子甩得又快又轻，绳影在他身前身后连成一圈透明的弧。他的脚几乎看不见抬起来，只是在地面上轻轻地点，点，点，像蜻蜓点水。一百个，两百个，围观的同学从嘻嘻哈哈变成了安安静静。跳到两百五十个的时候，他的脸涨得通红，绳子开始打腿，啪的一声抽在小腿上，他也不停，换个姿势接着跳。三百！三百一十！女生们开始尖叫着数数。就在数到三百二十七的时候，上课铃响了。

赵一鸣停住，弯着腰大口喘气，蓝色塑料绳还在他脚边晃。操场上安静了两秒钟，然后爆发出比刚才大十倍的欢呼。周阳跑过去，一把搂住他的肩膀：看不出来啊你！赵一鸣挠挠头，笑了，露出一颗豁了的门牙。那是我们第一次看见他笑。

回教室的路上，同学们七嘴八舌，围着他问东问西：你练了多久？你跳过比赛吗？明天还比吗？赵一鸣话还是不多，但每句都答，还说明天教小曼跳双摇。上课铃后的这节课是语文课，可我坐在座位上，心还在操场上，耳朵里全是那串啪啪啪的轻响。

课间十分钟，我们赢了一场绳，还捡回一个朋友。赵一鸣的名字原来就是这个意思：不鸣则已，一鸣惊人。我在日记本上写下这句话的时候，还忍不住笑出了声。

The Quiet Boy Became the Jump Rope Champion

The end-of-class bell rang, and the classroom suddenly became noisy. The standing show of our class during recess was rope jumping. P. E. monitor Zhou Yang tucked his rope into his waist and shouted at the top of his voice: Today we see who jumps the most! Several boys swarmed over at once, and the girls walked toward the playground in twos and threes.

In the line there was a quiet boy named Zhao Yiming. He had just transferred to our class this term. Normally he said very little, and at recess he sat at his desk reading books. For some reason, today he also followed us with a rope in hand. It was the most ordinary blue plastic rope, and its handles were worn white.

On the playground, the contest began. The boys went first. Zhou Yang jumped one hundred and eighty times, then stood with his hands on his hips, out of breath, looking around proudly. Nobody accepted his challenge. Then Zhao Yiming raised his hand, his voice small: Let me try. Someone snorted with laughter. Zhou Yang froze for a second too, but he still gave the ground to him.

Li Le shouted start. The rope of Zhao Yiming swung fast and light. The shadow of the rope formed a transparent circle around his body. His feet barely seemed to lift; they just tapped the ground softly, tap, tap, tap, like a dragonfly touching water.

One hundred, two hundred. The watching classmates changed from giggling to complete silence. When he reached two hundred and fifty, his face turned bright red. The rope began to hit his legs. It slapped his calf with a crack, but he did not stop. He changed his posture and kept jumping. Three hundred! Three hundred and ten! The girls started counting while screaming. Right when we counted to three hundred and twenty-seven, the start-of-class bell rang.

Zhao Yiming stopped and bent over, breathing hard. The blue plastic rope was still swinging at his feet. The playground was quiet for two seconds, then burst into cheers ten times louder than before. Zhou Yang ran over and put his arm around his shoulder: Who would have guessed! Zhao Yiming scratched his head and smiled, showing a chipped front tooth. It was the first time we had ever seen him smile.

On the way back to the classroom, classmates surrounded him, asking this and that: How long did you practice? Did you ever join a contest? Will we compete again tomorrow? Zhao Yiming still did not talk much, but he answered every question, and he even said he would teach Xiao Man double unders tomorrow. The class after the bell was Chinese class, but sitting at my desk, my heart was still on the playground, and my ears were full of that light pattern of smacks.

In ten minutes of recess, we won a rope match and gained a friend. The name Zhao Yiming actually means this: silent for a long time, then astonishing everyone with one cry. When I wrote that sentence down in my diary, I could not help laughing out loud.

跳长绳的十分钟，全班都疯了

下课铃一响，班主任点了点头，全班像开了闸的水一样涌出教室。今天不一样，今天是我们三年级二班集体跳长绳的日子。绳子是体育室那根又粗又长的麻绳，两个同学一人一头甩起来，绳子在空中抡出一个大大的半圆，啪地砸在地上，声音脆得半个操场都听得见。

第一个进去的是周阳。他站在绳前数了两拍，猛地钻进去，绳子从他头顶擦过，脚下轻轻一跳，又从另一边跑出来。好！有人喊。接着是小曼，她有点怕，闭着眼睛往里冲，结果绳子扫到了她的裙角，她自己也摔了个坐墩儿。大家没有笑她，反而一起喊：没关系，再来！小曼爬起来拍拍手，第二次稳稳跳了过去。

绳子越甩越快。我们排成一队，一个接一个地进。跳进去，跳一下，跑出来，接下一个。中间不能断，断了就得从头开始。跳到第二十几个的时候，轮到我了。我前面是胖墩墩的马小跳，他身子笨，进去的时候绳子挂住了他的书包带，他干脆把书包一摘，扔到场外，大喊：接着甩！绳子重新抡起来，他光着膀子似的背着空胳膊，照样跳了过去。全场大笑，笑声比绳子的啪啪声还响。

最紧张的是最后冲刺。李乐站在中间数数，声音都劈了：四十、四十一、四十二绳子啪啪地抽地，我们的心跟着那个声音一下一下地跳。轮到最矮的朵朵，她个子刚够到绳子的最低点，大家都替她捏一把汗。她深吸一口气，看准绳子砸地的瞬间往里一蹿，跳起来了！她的马尾辫从绳圈下面钻过去，像一条小鱼钻过桥洞。

四十五、四十六上课铃响了。可是没有人停。甩绳的周阳和马小跳互相看了一眼，反而把绳子甩得更高，我们一个接一个继续往里跳，谁也不肯让这根绳子先停下来。直到班主任在远处喊：回来！我们才呼啦啦收住，绳子啪嗒落在地上，每个人的脸都红扑扑的，像刚出锅的馒头。

回教室的路上，我们还在数刚才到底跳了多少个，数出来的数一个比一个大，谁也不服谁。我胳膊酸得抬不起来，可心里甜滋滋的。原来快乐是会传染的：一个人跳是好玩，全班一起跳，是疯了似的快乐。

那十分钟，麻绳抡圆了砸在地上，也把我们的班级砸得更紧了。上课铃响过之后，教室里安静下来，可我总觉得耳边还响着那一声脆响，啪，像我们全班一起心跳的声音。

Ten Crazy Minutes of Long Rope Jumping

The end-of-class bell rang, and our teacher nodded. The whole class poured out of the classroom like water released from a gate. Today was different. Today was the day our class jumped the long rope together. The rope was the thick, heavy hemp rope from the gym room. Two classmates held one end each and swung it. The rope drew a huge semicircle in the air and smacked the ground with a crisp sound that half the playground could hear.

The first one in was Zhou Yang. He stood before the rope, counted two beats, darted in, let the rope skim over his head, bounced lightly on his feet, and ran out the other side. Nice! Someone shouted. Next was Xiao Man. She was a little scared and rushed in with her eyes shut. The rope swept the corner of her skirt, and she fell down on her bottom. Nobody laughed at her. Instead we all shouted: It is fine, try again! Xiao Man got up, dusted her hands, and on the second try she jumped through steadily.

The rope swung faster and faster. We lined up and went in one after another. Jump in, jump once, run out, and the next one follows. The chain could not break. If it broke, we started over. When we reached the twenties, it was my turn. In front of me was Ma Xiaotiao, the chubby boy. His body was clumsy, and the rope caught the strap of his schoolbag as he entered. He simply took the bag off and threw it outside the circle, shouting: Keep swinging! The rope swung around again. With his arms empty and his back bare, he jumped through just the same. Everybody roared with laughter, louder than the smacking of the rope.

The most tense part was the final sprint. Li Le stood in the middle counting, his voice already cracking: forty, forty-one, forty-two. The rope slapped the ground again and again, and our hearts beat along with each smack. Then it was the turn of Duoduo, the shortest girl in class. Her height barely reached the lowest point of the rope, and everyone held their breath for her. She took a deep breath, waited for the exact moment the rope hit the ground, and shot in. She jumped! Her ponytail slipped under the loop of the rope like a little fish swimming through a bridge hole.

Forty-five, forty-six the start-of-class bell rang. But nobody stopped. Zhou Yang and Ma Xiaotiao, the two swinging the rope, looked at each other and swung it even higher. We kept jumping in one after another. Nobody wanted that rope to be the first thing to stop. Finally our teacher called from far away: Come back! Only then did we wrap up. The rope fell to the ground with a clatter. Every face was flushed red, like steamed buns just out of the pot.

On the way back to the classroom, we were still arguing about how many jumps we had really made, and each number we counted was bigger than the last, with nobody convinced by another. My arms ached so much I could hardly lift them, yet my heart was sweet. It turns out happiness is contagious: jumping alone is fun, but the whole class jumping together is a crazy kind of joy.

In those ten minutes, the hemp rope swung round and struck the ground, and it also struck our class tighter together. After the bell, the classroom fell quiet, but I still felt that crisp sound ringing in my ears. Smack. It sounded like the heartbeat of our whole class.