

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：一鸣则已，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.