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.