今天我把爆米花忘在了座位上

十月十八日，星期六，天气晴。

今天妈妈带我去电影院看动画片，我高兴得早上六点就醒了，在床上翻来翻去，把被子都踢到了地上。电影院在商场四楼，门口比我家客厅还大，卖票的机器会吐出一张长长的票，我抢着帮妈妈取，结果票太长，拖到了地上，像一条白尾巴。

我们坐在第七排，座位软软的，灯一暗，银幕亮起来，比我家电视大一百倍还不止。电影讲的是一只不会飞的大鹰。别的鹰生下来就会飞，它却总是从悬崖上掉下来，挂在树枝上，卡在石头缝里。可是它每天都爬回悬崖顶上，第二天再跳一次。最好笑的是它有个朋友，一只话很多的小田鼠，总是在旁边喊：加油啊你，哎哎哎，又掉下去了。我笑得肚子都疼了。后来大鹰真的飞起来了，不是因为它变厉害了，是因为它跳的次数太多，风都认识它了，一伸手就接住了它。看到这里我使劲鼓掌，把手心都拍红了。

最糟糕的事是我太入迷，爆米花忘了吃，可乐也忘了喝。散场的时候爆米花还剩大半桶，妈妈笑着说，看电影的人比爆米花还忙。

回家路上我可忙了。我学着大鹰的样子，张开两条胳膊在马路上飞，妈妈让我走在人行道里面，怕我飞到车上去。路过卖烤红薯的摊子，我停下来，非要把电影讲给卖红薯的爷爷听。我讲大鹰掉下来，讲小田鼠喊加油，讲到风认识大鹰那一段，爷爷笑得手一抖，红薯差点从夹子里掉出来。他说这电影好，他明天也让他孙子带他来看。

晚上睡觉前我把今天的事写进日记本，写了三行，手都写酸了。我把最后半桶爆米花放在日记本旁边，打算明天继续吃，明天继续想那只大鹰。要是哪天我也从悬崖上掉下来，我就再爬上去一次，反正风迟早会认识我的。

Today I Left My Popcorn on the Seat

October eighteenth, Saturday, sunny.

Today my mother took me to the cinema to see an animated film, and I was so happy I woke up at six in the morning and rolled around in bed until my quilt fell on the floor. The cinema is on the fourth floor of the shopping center, and its entrance is bigger than our living room. The ticket machine spits out one long ticket. I rushed to help my mother take it, but the ticket was so long it dragged on the ground like a white tail.

We sat in Row Seven. The seats were soft, and when the lights went down the screen lit up, more than a hundred times bigger than our TV. The film is about a big eagle who cannot fly. All the other eagles can fly from birth, but this one keeps falling off the cliff, hanging in tree branches, stuck between rocks. Still, he climbs back to the top of the cliff every day and jumps again the next morning. The funniest part is his friend, a talkative little vole, who keeps shouting beside him:

come on, you can do it, oh no, down you go again. I laughed until my stomach hurt. At last the eagle really flies, not because he became strong, but because he jumped so many times that the wind got to know him, and reached out to catch him. When that happened I clapped hard and my palms turned red.

The worst thing is I was so absorbed that I forgot to eat my popcorn and forgot to drink my cola. When the film ended, more than half the popcorn box was still full. My mother laughed and said the watcher was busier than the popcorn.

On the way home I was very busy. I copied the eagle, arms spread wide, flying along the street. My mother made me walk on the inner side of the sidewalk, afraid I would fly onto the road. We passed a roasted sweet potato stand, and I stopped and insisted on telling the film to the grandpa who sells them. I told him about the falling eagle and the shouting vole, and when I reached the part about the wind learning to know the eagle, he laughed so hard his tongs shook and a potato almost fell out. He said it is a good film, and tomorrow he will let his grandson bring him to see it too.

Before bed I wrote today into my diary, three lines, and my hand grew sore. I put the last half box of popcorn beside the diary, planning to eat it tomorrow and keep thinking about the eagle tomorrow. If one day I also fall off a cliff, I will climb back up one more time. Sooner or later, the wind will learn to know me.