奖券换来的那本贴画

放学回家的路上，我一直翻着那本贴画，翻到最后一页，里面夹着一张小纸条，是同桌林小满的字：下次我们一起去套大熊。我盯着那行字笑了，脚步轻得像要飞起来。这本贴画是用三张奖券换的，算不上顶好的奖品，可它是那个下午留给我的最好的东西。要想知道它怎么来的，得从早上说起。

那天早上我们全班提前到校布置教室。我的任务是给黑板上的彩虹描边，粉笔太细，我描得小心翼翼，生怕把黄色描到蓝色上头去。周涛踩在讲台上往天花板系气球，绳子打了三个结，我们在下面仰着头看，他手一滑，一个红气球挣脱绳子飞起来，贴着日光灯转了个弯，从窗户缝钻出去了。全班仰着头一路目送它飞上天，好半天没人说话，还是班长打破沉默：算了算了，它去看别的学校了。教室里哄地笑成一片。

九点游园开始，走廊上每个班门口都摆一个游戏摊。我一开始顺风顺水：夹弹珠一次成功，拍皮球拍了十五下，运乒乓球用嘴吹着球过了关，手里一下子攒了三张奖券。套圈摊前我飘了，觉得套圈简单得很，举起来就扔。第一个圈飞得太高，砸在瓶子顶上弹开；第二个圈落地太早，在离瓶子老远的地方打了个滚。摊主提醒我只剩最后一次，我手心全是汗，扔出去的圈歪歪扭扭，谁也没套中。我站在原地不肯走，盯着那些亮晶晶的瓶子。

林小满从后面赶上来，把她手里仅剩的一张奖券塞给我，说她刚才在猜谜语摊换过贴纸了，让我再玩一轮。我推回去，她眼睛一瞪：拿着，回来请我吃糖。我攥着那张奖券又排了一次队，这回学乖了，蹲低一点，手腕慢慢送，圈晃晃悠悠落在一个黄瓶子头上，套中了。摊主递给我一张奖券，加上之前三张，一共四张。我本来想换那个奥特曼橡皮，林小满替我拿了那本贴画，说集齐一整本才厉害。

现在回想起来，那个下午最亮的不是气球，也不是贴画，是林小满把奖券塞过来时手心的温度。我把贴画和纸条一起放进抽屉最上层，等着明年六一。三张奖券换一本贴画，一次让奖换一句下次一起去，这笔账怎么算都是我赚了。

The Sticker Book Won with Tickets

On the way home from school, I kept flipping through that sticker book, and on the last page I found a small note tucked inside, in my deskmate Lin Xiaoman's handwriting: next time let's go for the big bear together. I stared at that line and smiled, my steps light as if I could fly. This sticker book cost three prize tickets. It was hardly the grandest prize, but it was the best thing that afternoon left me. To know how I got it, we have to start from that morning.

Our whole class came in early to decorate the classroom. My job was tracing the outline of the rainbow on the blackboard. The chalk was thin, and I traced it carefully, afraid of dragging yellow into blue. Zhou Tao stood on the podium tying balloons to the ceiling, knotting the string three times while we watched from below with our heads tilted up. His hand slipped, a red balloon broke free, rose along the

fluorescent light, curved around, and squeezed out through the crack of the window. The whole class watched it off with their heads raised for a long while, nobody speaking, until our class monitor broke the silence: forget it, it went to admire another school. The classroom erupted in laughter.

The games began at nine, each classroom door hosting one game stand. I started off lucky: I picked up a marble on my first try, bounced the ball fifteen times, and blew a ping-pong ball across the course with my mouth, collecting three tickets in no time. At the ring toss I got cocky, thinking it was easy, and threw right away. My first ring flew too high and bounced off the top of a bottle; the second landed too early and rolled to a stop far from the bottles. The stand keeper warned me I had one throw left. My palms were sweaty, and the ring I sent out wobbled crookedly and missed everything. I stood there unwilling to leave, staring at those glittering bottles.

Lin Xiaoman caught up from behind and pressed her last ticket into my hand, saying she had already traded hers for stickers at the riddle stand, so I should play one more round. I tried to push it back. She glared at me: take it, and buy me candy later. I clutched that ticket and queued up again. This time I got smart: I crouched lower and eased my wrist slowly. The ring wobbled onto the head of a yellow bottle and landed. The stand keeper handed me a ticket, making four in total. I had wanted the Ultraman eraser, but Lin Xiaoman grabbed the sticker book for me instead, saying only a full collection counts as impressive.

Looking back now, the brightest things that afternoon were not the balloons or the stickers, but the warmth in Lin Xiaoman's palm when she pushed the ticket into my hand. I put the sticker book and the note together on the top shelf of my drawer, waiting for next year's Children's Day. Three tickets for one sticker book, one act of generosity for a promise to go again together - by any math, I came out ahead.