那个圈终于套中了

六一那天早上，我还没走到教室门口，就看见门框上挂满了彩色纸条，风一吹，纸条轻轻晃。教室里更热闹：桌椅被挪到墙边，中间空出一大块地方，天花板上垂下一串气球，黑板上画了一道大大的彩虹，彩虹底下写着五个彩色粉笔字：欢庆六一。陈玲玲站在凳子上贴海报，我在下面帮她扶着凳子，海报贴歪了一点，她让我再往左挪一指宽。每人桌上还放了一顶尖尖的彩纸帽子，我把它戴了一整天，额头上压出一道浅浅的红印子也不肯摘。

游园活动九点开始。我先去教室后排玩夹弹珠，筷子一夹，弹珠骨碌碌滚走，我追了两步才捡回来，围观的同学笑得前仰后合。拍皮球那里人太多，我排了一会儿队，拍了十二下，领到一张奖券，捏在手里，硬硬的角刮着掌心。可我心里真正惦记的是走廊上的套圈。

走廊上摆着十几个灌了彩色水的瓶子，红一块蓝一块，在太阳底下亮晶晶的。六年级的志愿者当摊主，把竹圈递给我。我举起来就扔，圈贴着地面飞出去，啪，落在瓶子外面，离瓶口差一步。我又扔了一次，圈倒是碰到了瓶子，却斜着搭在瓶沿上，一晃，滚开了。排队的同学小声笑，我的耳朵有点发烫，蹲下去数瓶子：红黄蓝绿，一个挨一个，站得整整齐齐，我刚才要是再抬高一点就好了。

轮到最后一次，我把圈举到眼前，眯起一只眼，瞄准最远那个蓝瓶子，屏住呼吸，手腕轻轻一送。圈在空中划了一道弧线，落下去，晃了两下，正好套进瓶口。我忍住没喊出来，只是攥紧拳头，手心里全是热的，连指尖都跟着发烫。

换奖品的长桌前排着长队，桌后坐着两个三年级女生，面前摆着铅笔盒、橡皮和贴画。我捏着四张奖券，在桌子前纠结了半天：一个印着奥特曼的橡皮，还是紫色铅笔盒？最后我选了铅笔盒，盖子上印着一只闭眼睛睡觉的小猫。女生在我的卡上盖了章，又打了一个小孔，说下次活动还能用。我一路捧着铅笔盒回教室，走到楼梯口又回头看，走廊上的彩带和气球在太阳底下特别好看。这个六一真好玩，我在心里悄悄许愿：明年可快点到啊。

The Ring Finally Landed

On the morning of Children's Day, I had not even reached the classroom door when I saw colorful paper streamers hanging all over the door frame, swaying softly in the wind. Inside was even livelier: the desks and chairs had been pushed to the walls, leaving a big open space in the middle, balloons hung down from the ceiling in strings, and a huge rainbow was painted on the blackboard with five chalk letters in bright colors under it, reading Happy June First. Chen Lingling stood on a chair putting up a poster while I held the chair steady for her. It stuck on a little crooked, and she told me to move it one finger-width to the left. On every desk sat a pointy paper party hat. I wore mine the whole day, even though it pressed a faint red line across my forehead.

The garden games started at nine. First I went to the back of the classroom to play marble-picking. The moment my chopsticks grabbed one, the marble rolled away, and I had to chase two steps to pick it up, while the classmates watching laughed hard. There were too many people at the ball-bouncing station, so I waited in line for a while, bounced the ball twelve times, and got one ticket. I held it in my hand, its stiff corner scratching my palm. But what I really kept thinking about was the ring toss out in the corridor.

More than ten bottles filled with colored water stood in the corridor, red here and blue there, glittering in the sun. A sixth-grade volunteer ran the stand and handed me the bamboo ring. I raised it and threw right away. The ring skimmed along the ground and landed outside the bottles, a single step from the mouth of one. I threw again. This time the ring touched a bottle, leaned crooked on its rim, wobbled, and rolled off. The kids in line giggled, and my ears turned hot. I squatted down and counted the bottles: red, yellow, blue, green, standing neatly in a row. If only I had lifted my throw a little higher just now.

For my last throw, I raised the ring to eye level, squinted one eye, aimed at the blue bottle farthest away, held my breath, and gently sent my wrist forward. The ring drew an arc in the air, dropped, wobbled twice, and slid right over the mouth of the bottle. I held back from shouting, and just clenched my fists. My palms were all warm, and even my fingertips felt hot.

A long line waited at the prize table, where two third-grade girls sat behind pencil cases, erasers, and sticker sheets. I held my four tickets and hesitated in front of the table for a long while: an Ultraman eraser, or the purple pencil case? I chose the pencil case in the end, with a sleeping kitten printed on the lid. The girl stamped my card and punched a small hole in it, saying it could be used again at the next activity. I carried the pencil case all the way back to class, and at the stairway I turned to look once more. The streamers and balloons in the corridor looked especially beautiful under the sun. What a fun Children's Day, I thought to myself: please let next year come soon.

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.

守摊那一天

方小禾被选成游园会的志愿者，负责看套圈摊。消息是上周五放学的路上知道的，班主任拍了拍她的肩膀，说信任她。她当时愣在原地，书包带子攥出了褶子，回家一路都在练习怎么递圈：双手捧着，递出去，说请拿好。为了对得起这份信任，六一前一天放学她留到最后，帮教室里挂彩带、挪桌椅，把黑板上那行欢庆六一的粉笔字描了一遍又一遍，描到笔画又黑又亮才满意。彩带是她扶着梯子让男生挂的，最高的那串气球挂得有点歪，她仰着脖子看了半天，记在心里。

六一当天九点，她站到走廊的桌子后面，十几个灌了彩色水的瓶子在地上摆成三排，太阳照过来，红一块蓝一块，亮得晃眼。她的工作是发圈、收圈、给套中的同学发奖券。排队的同学比她高半头，她得踮着一点脚递圈。有人一圈就中，她喊一声好，声音比谁都大；有人三个圈全扔飞了，蹲在地上不肯起来，她跑过去把圈捡回来，说再来一次，我帮你数着。一个一年级的小娃娃够不着投掷线，她搬来一个小凳子让他站上去，小娃娃的圈歪歪斜斜落在蓝瓶子头上，全场欢呼，小娃娃蹦得比她高，她自己也跟着蹦，两个人撞了一下膝盖都不觉得疼。只有那个瓶子她一直没好意思动：它摆得有点歪，她趁没人注意把它往正了推了推，又心虚地回头看了一圈。

一上午她递出去一百多个圈，嗓子喊哑了，水都没顾上喝一口，自己一次都没玩。夹弹珠的摊在隔壁教室飘出彩纸的味道，拍皮球的哨子一声一声，她都听见了，脚也痒过，可桌子后面离不开人。中午散场，奖品桌收摊前，她帮桌后的同学盖章盖到手酸，同桌用胳膊肘捅捅她：你也去挑一样。她捏着中午补发给她的两张奖券，在铅笔盒和书签之间选了书签，书签是树叶形的，压着一小枝真正的桂花。

回家路上，她把书签别在书包带上，风一吹，书签轻轻点头。走廊上那串歪气球后来被风吹得更歪了，可方小禾觉得那是全校最顺眼的一串。她跟书签说，明年她还守摊，不过要提前给自己留两个圈。

The Day I Ran the Game Stand

Fang Xiaohe was picked as a volunteer for the garden games, in charge of the ring toss stand. She learned it on the way home from school last Friday, when her homeroom teacher patted her shoulder and said she was trusted. She froze on the spot, her backpack strap wrinkled in her grip, and the whole walk home she practiced how to hand out the ring: hold it with both hands, offer it, say here you are. To live up to that trust, she stayed late after school the day before, helping hang streamers and move desks in the classroom, tracing the chalk line Happy June First on the blackboard again and again until the strokes were black and bright enough to satisfy her. She held the ladder while a boy hung the streamers, and the highest string of balloons went up a little crooked; she craned her neck looking at it for a long time and filed it away in her heart.

At nine on Children's Day morning she took her place behind the table in the corridor. More than a dozen bottles filled with colored water stood on the ground in three rows, and when the sun came over, red here and blue there, they glittered so bright it hurt the eyes. Her job was handing out rings, collecting them, and giving tickets to anyone who scored. The kids in line were half a head taller than her, so she had to rise on her toes to pass the ring. When someone scored on the first throw, she shouted yes, louder than anyone; when someone flung all three rings away and squatted on the ground refusing to get up, she ran over, picked the rings up, and said try again, I'll count for you. A first grader could not reach the throwing line, so she carried over a little stool for him to stand on. His ring landed crooked but true on the head of the blue bottle, the whole corridor cheered, and the little boy jumped higher than she did. She jumped too, and their knees knocked without either feeling the pain. Only that bottle she kept meaning to fix: it stood a little crooked, and when nobody was looking she nudged it straight, then guiltily glanced around.

All morning she handed out more than a hundred rings, her voice went hoarse from

shouting, she never got a drink of water, and she never played a single round herself. The marble-picking stand next door drifted over the smell of colored paper, and the whistle at the ball-bouncing station went tweet tweet, and she heard it all, and her feet itched too, but the table could not be left. At noon the games ended, and before the prize table packed up she helped the kids behind it stamp cards until her wrist ached. Her deskmate nudged her with an elbow: go pick something for yourself too. Holding the two tickets handed to her at midday as her due, she chose a bookmark between a pencil case and a bookmark - a leaf-shaped one with a real sprig of osmanthus pressed inside.

On the way home she pinned the bookmark to her backpack strap, and in the wind it nodded gently. That crooked string of balloons in the corridor had blown even crookeder by then, but Fang Xiaohe thought it was the nicest-looking string in the whole school. She told the bookmark that next year she would run the stand again - only this time she would save two rings for herself in advance.