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.