礼物我留到晚上才拆

六一那天早上，我进教室的时候就看见课桌角上放着一只方方的盒子，天蓝色的包装纸，缠着银色丝带，盒子上插着一张小卡片：节日快乐。我拿起来摇了摇，很轻。我想把丝带解开，手指不听话，越解结越紧。正好班长喊早读，我把盒子按进桌肚，决定放学再拆。

第一节课是数学。我把盒子摆在桌角上，写一个字，眼睛就自己飘过去一次。银色丝带在窗户光里一闪一闪，我猜里面是什么。文具盒？太轻了。玩具？摇着没响。我甚至猜是一张写着愿望的纸条。老师在黑板上写乘法口诀，我跟着抄，一行都没记进去。

课间我抱着盒子下楼给同桌看。她拿到耳朵边上摇了摇，说听着像纸。我有点失望又有点高兴，纸就是书，书挺好的。上楼的路上我把盒子捧在两只手里，像捧一碗水，跑都不敢跑。盒子贴着胸口，我觉得心口也在跟着它一下一下地撞。

下午班级联欢，我坐在前排鼓掌，心里全是桌肚里那只盒子。最后一个节目一完，我冲回教室，把盒子塞进书包，拉链拉到底，像怕它半路跳出来。

到家，写完作业，吃完饭，我才把盒子放到书桌上。妈在门口探头，问你怎么不在学校拆，人家都拆了。我说我留到晚上。她笑，说金贵成这样。我解开银丝带，撕开天蓝色的纸，掀开盒盖——一只水杯，奶白色，杯身上印着一只小熊，不重不轻，刚好。我翻过来看，杯底贴着一张小标签，是妈的字：多喝水。

我盯着那张标签看了一会儿。中午我猜过文具盒，猜过玩具，猜过纸条，没猜过水杯，也没猜过标签上是妈的字。我倒了杯水喝完。礼物到的那天，我花了一整天去猜它，猜的过程比礼物本身金贵。我把包装纸展平压进抽屉，银丝带绕好收进小铁盒，想着明年六一还能用。

The Gift I Waited Until Night to Open

On the morning of Children's Day, I spotted a square box on the corner of my desk as soon as I walked into the classroom. Sky-blue wrapping paper, a silver ribbon wound around it, and a little card stuck on top: Happy Holiday. I picked it up and shook it - very light. I tried to untie the ribbon, but my fingers wouldn't cooperate, and the knot only tightened the more I worked at it. Just then the class monitor called for morning reading, so I pressed the box into my desk cubby and decided to open it after school.

The first class was math. I set the box on the corner of my desk, and every character I wrote, my eyes drifted over on their own. The silver ribbon flickered in the window light, and I kept guessing what was inside. A pencil case? Too light. A toy? It made no sound when shaken. I even guessed it was a slip of paper with a wish written on it. The teacher copied the multiplication table onto the blackboard, and I copied along without absorbing a single line.

At break I carried the box downstairs to show my deskmate. She held it to her

ear, shook it, and said it sounded like paper. I felt a little disappointed and a little glad at once - paper means a book, and books are good. On the way back upstairs I held the box in both hands like a bowl of water and didn't dare run. It pressed against my chest, and I felt my heart bumping along with it.

In the afternoon came our class party. I sat in the front row clapping, my mind entirely on the box in my desk cubby. The moment the last act ended, I dashed back to the classroom, stuffed the box into my schoolbag, and zipped it shut as if afraid it might jump out on the way home.

Only after getting home, finishing homework, and eating dinner did I set the box on my desk. Mom peeked in at the doorway and asked why I hadn't opened it at school - everyone else had. I said I saved it for the evening. She laughed: how precious, she said. I untied the silver ribbon, tore open the sky-blue paper, and lifted the lid - a water bottle, milky white, a little bear printed on its side, not heavy, not light, just right. I turned it over, and on the bottom was a small label in Mom's handwriting: Drink more water.

I stared at that label for a while. At noon I had guessed a pencil case, a toy, a wish slip - never a water bottle, and never that the label would be in Mom's handwriting. I poured a cup and drank it all. On the day the gift arrived, I spent the whole day guessing what it was, and the guessing turned out more precious than the gift itself. I flattened the wrapping paper and pressed it into a drawer, wound up the silver ribbon into a small tin, thinking I could use it again next Children's Day.