

文具盒晚安曲

天黑了，台灯打了一个小小的哈欠，作业本合上眼睛，该回家的都回家。我把文具盒放在桌子正中间，宣布一声：天黑喽，朋友们，排队归位喽。

铅笔排排站，从笔架上一格一格走回文具盒，一号睡蓝格子，二号睡绿格子，三号睡黄格子。格子是它们的小床，一个一个躺好，尖尖的脑袋朝着同一个方向，像一排戴帽子的梦。

橡皮玩了一天，白白的身体沾了几粒小黑点。它骨碌碌滚回盒子右下角的软窝，那是我用旧棉布给它铺的小床。它翻了个身，把小黑点蹭在棉布上，拍拍身子，躺得平平整整。

尺子伸着长长的腰，从盒盖边上的小夹袋里钻进去，躺平，正好占满一整条。彩笔姐妹手拉手，红的挨着橙，橙的挨着黄，像一排小火车，呜呜——开进盒子最上层的车站，一一站稳，谁也不挤谁。

卷笔刀最后一个回家，肚子里装着一圈铅笔花，那是铅笔哥哥送给它的睡前点心。它蹲进小圆窝，打了个饱嗝，把小嘴巴合上，闭着眼睛笑。

归位完毕，我点名检查：铅笔排排站，齐；橡皮回软窝，齐；尺子躺平，齐；彩笔到站，齐；卷笔刀进窝，齐。一个不少，一个不乱，文具盒里安安静静的，像一座收拾整齐的小村庄。

最后，盒盖像一床蓝色大被子，从这头拉到那头，盖住所有的格子、小窝、小床和小火车。拉链是被子边上的扣子，我轻轻一拉，咔嗒，扣好了，被子暖暖的，不透风。

盒子里传来细细的声音，是晚安曲。铅笔说晚安橡皮，橡皮说晚安尺子，尺子说晚安彩笔，彩笔说晚安卷笔刀，卷笔刀说晚安铅笔。声音越来越小，越来越小，像一串泡泡，一个一个轻轻破掉。

我也该睡了。明天台灯一亮，盒盖重新掀开，铅笔排排站报数，橡皮骨碌碌滚出来伸懒腰，又是整整齐齐的一家人。物归原处的小文具盒，连做梦都是顺顺当当的。

晚安，文具盒。晚安，铅笔、橡皮、尺子、彩笔、卷笔刀。晚安，明天见。

The Goodnight Song of My Pencil Case

Night falls. The desk lamp lets out a little yawn, the homework book closes its eyes, and everyone who should go home goes home. I put the pencil case right in the middle of the desk and announce: it is dark outside, friends, line up and go back to your places.

The pencils stand in line, walking from the pen rack back into the case one square at a time. Number one sleeps in the blue square, number two in the green, number three in the yellow. The squares are their little beds. They lie down one by one, pointy heads all facing the same way, like a row of dreams wearing hats.

Eraser played all day, its white body picking up a few little black specks. It

rolls back to its soft nest in the lower right corner, the little bed I made for it out of old cotton cloth. It turns over, rubs the black specks off onto the cloth, pats itself, and lies down nice and flat.

Ruler stretches its long waist and climbs into the slim pocket by the lid, lying flat, filling the whole strip. The colored pen sisters hold hands, red next to orange, orange next to yellow, like a little train that choo-choos into the station on the top shelf, each one stopping firmly, nobody pushing anybody.

The pencil sharpener comes home last, its belly holding one curly pencil shaving, Brother Pencil's bedtime snack. It squats into its little round nest, lets out a full little burp, closes its mouth, and smiles with its eyes shut.

Roll call check: pencils standing in line, present; eraser back in its nest, present; ruler lying flat, present; pens at the station, present; sharpener in its nest, present. Not one missing, not one out of place. Inside the case it is quiet as a tidy little village.

Last of all, the lid closes like a big blue quilt, pulled from this side to that, covering every square, nest, bed and little train. The zipper is the button on the quilt's edge; I pull it gently, click, done. The quilt is warm and lets no wind through.

A thin sound rises from inside the case: it is the goodnight song. Pencil says goodnight to Eraser, Eraser says goodnight to Ruler, Ruler says goodnight to the Pens, the Pens say goodnight to Sharpener, and Sharpener says goodnight to Pencil. The voices grow smaller and smaller, like a string of bubbles popping softly one by one.

It is my bedtime too. Tomorrow when the lamp lights up, the lid will lift again, the pencils will stand in line for roll call, and Eraser will roll out stretching its arms, the same tidy family. A pencil case that puts everything back where it belongs even dreams smoothly.

Goodnight, pencil case. Goodnight, pencil, eraser, ruler, colored pens, and sharpener. Goodnight, see you tomorrow.