

我和自己签的一周约定

我的文具盒以前是个不讲理的地方。铅笔和橡皮挤在同一个角落吵架，尺子折着腰躺在最底下，彩笔的帽子东丢一顶西丢一顶。每天早上出门，我都要举着文具盒倒过来抖三抖，把掉出来的东西胡乱塞回去。我以为所有小孩的文具盒都是这样的，直到同桌打开她的盒子给我看——每一样东西都安安静静待在自己的位置，像一排排小士兵。

那天晚上，我在一张小纸条上写下了一份约定，签名处认认真真签上我的名字：一、告别乱放，文具全部倒出来重新分类；二、写字的、画画的、测量修改的，各住各的格子；三、每天用完送回原位，坚持整整一周，一天都不能断。我把纸条贴在书桌前的墙上当合同。妈妈笑我问：跟谁约定呀？我说，跟我自己。

跟别人约定容易，跟自己约定最难，因为没有人监督我。第一天我劲头十足，铅笔按长短排好，橡皮放进小窝，尺子住进夹袋，盒子亮得像新买的。第三天考验来了：晚上九点半，我困得头昏，作业本上摊着三支铅笔，橡皮滚在桌子腿上。心里有个声音说，明天再收也一样。另一个声音说，合同就贴在墙上，你自己签的字。我把它们一一送回家，才去刷牙。

第五天是最危险的一天。学校运动会，我疯玩一天，回家倒头就想睡。文具盒在书包最底层，铅笔肯定东倒西歪。我累得手指都不想动，可我还是把书包掏空，把铅笔一支一支排好。排完最后一支，我忽然发现自己并没有那么累了——把一件事完成的感觉，比躺在乱糟糟的东西旁边舒服多了。

第七天晚上，我数了数墙上的打卡格子，七个勾，一个不少。这一周，我上学前的抖盒子动作消失了，找东西的慌张消失了，连妈妈都说我书桌上的那盏台灯照起来都亮了些。我自己最清楚：变的不是文具盒，是我。我开始相信，我说的话我能做到，哪怕听众只有我一个人。

现在这份约定还贴在墙上，只是期限改成了长期有效。我尝到了自律的甜头：它不是苦着脸坚持，而是每天把小事做完以后，心里那种整整齐齐的舒服。整理文具盒管的是物品，练的却是我自己——一个能跟自己守约的人，才配得上别人跟他守约。

下周开始，我准备签第二份约定：自己的书包自己理，自己的作业自己记。第一份约定教会我的东西，正好用得上。那个曾经靠抖盒子出门的小孩，已经跟文具盒里的每一位朋友，都处成了讲信用的关系。

The One-Week Pact I Signed With Myself

My pencil case used to be an unreasonable place. Pencils and erasers squeezed into one corner quarreling, the ruler folded its back at the very bottom, and marker caps vanished one here, one there. Every morning before leaving I turned the case upside down and shook it three times, stuffing whatever fell out back in at random. I thought every child's pencil case was like this, until my deskmate opened hers and showed me — every item sitting quietly in its own place, like rows of little soldiers.

That evening I wrote a pact on a small slip of paper and signed my name carefully at the signature line: one, end the mess — empty everything out and sort it anew; two, writing tools, drawing tools, measuring and correcting tools each live in their own shelf; three, walk everything back after use, hold it for one whole week, not a single day broken. I stuck the slip on the wall in front of my desk as a contract. Mom laughed and asked, pact with whom? I said, with myself.

A pact with others is easy; a pact with yourself is hardest, because nobody supervises you. Day one I was full of energy: pencils lined up by length, eraser in its nest, ruler in the pocket, the case shining like new. Day three brought the test. At half past nine I was dizzy with sleepiness, three pencils spread across the homework book, the eraser rolled against the table leg. One voice inside said, tidying tomorrow is the same. Another said, the contract is on the wall, your own signature. I walked them all home before brushing my teeth.

Day five was the most dangerous day. School sports meet — I played wildly all day and crashed home ready to sleep. The pencil case sat at the bottom of my bag; the pencils must be toppled everywhere. My fingers could barely move, yet I still emptied the bag and lined the pencils up one by one. After the last one, I suddenly found I was not that tired anymore — the feeling of finishing a task is far more comfortable than lying beside a pile of mess.

On the seventh evening I counted the check boxes on the wall: seven ticks, not one missing. That week, my morning box-shaking disappeared, the panic of hunting for things disappeared, and even Mom said the desk lamp seems to shine brighter. I know best of all: what changed is not the pencil case but me. I began to believe that what I say, I can do — even if my only audience is myself.

The pact still hangs on the wall, only its term now reads valid for a long time. I have tasted the sweetness of self-discipline: it is not gritting one's teeth with a sour face, but the neat, comfortable feeling in the heart after finishing small things each day. Tidying the pencil case manages objects, but it trains me — only a person who keeps faith with himself deserves others keeping faith with him.

Next week I plan to sign a second pact: pack my own schoolbag, record my own homework. Everything the first pact taught me fits perfectly. That child who once left home by shaking his box has now built a trustworthy relationship with every friend inside the pencil case.