

我的蓝色文具盒

我书包里最要好的朋友是一个蓝色的文具盒。它是过生日时妈妈送我的，铁皮的，比我的手掌长出一截，整片都是深蓝色，像游泳池最深的那一格水。盖子上印着一艘宇宙飞船，飞船后头拖着一串星星。飞船的边已经被我摸得发白，星星也磨掉了一颗，可我还是觉得它好看。

文具盒有个小开关，往左一按，啪的一声，盖子就弹开了。它里面分两层。上层是一条条圆凹槽，一共七个，铅笔们一排躺着，从短到长个儿排开：最左边是我用秃了的洞洞铅笔，右边依次是两支平时写字的、一支画画用的软铅笔，最后面躺着一支红色的，专门用来订正错误。下层是个浅格子，橡皮、尺子和一把小剪刀挤在里面。橡皮原先是白的，现在四个角都灰了，它旁边还躺着半块我捏成小人的橡皮泥。

每天早上，我把铅笔一支支放进去，盖子啪地扣上，它钻进了书包最外面的口袋。路上书包一颠一颠，我猜里面的铅笔也在打瞌睡。到了学校，它趴在我的桌角。上课它听我念课文，考试的时候，我紧张，手伸进书包摸到它冰凉的铁皮边，心就定了一点。上次数学考试，最后一道应用题我算了三遍，全靠那支软铅笔在草稿纸上沙沙地画线段图，它替我把难题拆开。

文具盒还有个暗藏的小机关：盖子内侧贴着一张指甲盖大的课程表，是开学时我自己抄的，边角已经卷起来了，我用透明胶带重新粘过两次。有了它，我再也不用早上翻书包找课程表。盒底还贴着一小条胶带，上面写着我的名字和班级，上学期文具盒在操场边被人捡到，就是靠这条胶带回到了我手里。

放学回家，我把它擦干净，铅笔一支支归位，红笔睡在最里面。文具盒不会说话，可我天天跟它在一起。它身上那些磨白的地方，都是我们一起上学留下的。

My Blue Pencil Case

The best friend in my schoolbag is a blue pencil case. Mom gave it to me on my birthday. It is made of tin, a little longer than my palm, and blue all over, like the deepest lane of a swimming pool. The lid has a spaceship printed on it, with a string of stars trailing behind. The edges of the spaceship have gone pale from my fingers, and one star has rubbed away, but I still think it is handsome.

The case has a little latch. Push it left and, with a snap, the lid springs open. Inside there are two layers. The upper layer has seven round grooves, and my pencils lie in a row, sorted from short to tall: on the far left is my worn-down dotted pencil, then two everyday writing pencils, then a soft drawing pencil, and in the back sleeps a red one used only for corrections. The lower layer is a shallow tray where the eraser, the ruler, and a tiny pair of scissors squeeze in together. The eraser used to be white; now its four corners are gray. Beside it lies half a lump of modeling clay I squeezed into a little person.

Every morning I drop the pencils in one by one, the lid snaps shut, and the case

climbs into the outermost pocket of my schoolbag. On the way, the bag bounces, and I bet the pencils inside are dozing. At school it crouches on the corner of my desk. It listens to me read aloud in class, and during tests, when I get nervous, my hand reaches into the bag and finds its cold tin edge, and my heart settles a little. In the last math test I worked out the final word problem three times, all thanks to the soft drawing pencil scratching line diagrams across the scratch paper, breaking the hard problem open for me.

The case has a hidden trick too: on the inside of the lid sticks a fingernail-sized class schedule I copied myself at the start of term. Its corners have curled up, and I have re-taped it with clear tape twice. With it, I never dig through the bag for the schedule in the morning. On the bottom of the case is a small strip of tape with my name and class written on it; last term the case was found by the playground and came back to me because of that strip.

After school I wipe the case clean, put every pencil back, and tuck the red one into the back. The pencil case cannot talk, yet I am with it every single day. The worn pale spots on it are marks left by our school days together.