

文具盒里的两家人

我的文具盒是蓝色的，方方的，像一座两层的蓝色小房子。它站在我的书桌右上角，已经站了一年多。房子外墙印着一艘宇宙飞船，右下的角上磕掉了一小块漆，露出银白色的铁皮，那是它今年秋天从桌上跳下去留下的伤。

这座房子分两层，住着一大家子文具。上层是铅笔一家的房间，床是一条条圆凹槽。长铅笔睡左边，短铅笔睡右边，红笔的床在最里头，因为它晚上要值班，白天睡得沉。下层是橡皮、直尺和小剪刀的客厅。橡皮个子小，滚来滚去，总是睡不老实，早上打开盖子常常看见它横躺在过道上。直尺最长，斜着躺，一头顶到墙角。剪刀蜷在角落，只露出两个圆耳朵。

每天早上六点半，小主人把铅笔一根根扶正，关上大门，啪的一声锁好。房子就跟着他出门了。在书包里，房子和课本挤在一起，晃一路。到了教室，房子被请上桌角，一坐就是一天。上课铃响，小主人掀开盖子，取一支铅笔写字，铅笔在纸上沙沙地走，走出一排排整齐的字。考试那天，红笔被叫醒，帮小主人把写错的地方圈出来。美术课上，画画用的软铅笔出来画树，画完回来时鼻尖磨得圆圆的。

房子也有闹脾气的时候。有天下大雨，小主人忘了给它关严门，放学路上雨水灌进下层，橡皮泡得肿起来，剪刀的耳朵生了两粒锈点。那天晚上小主人把它放在窗台上晾，用纸巾把每个角落都吸干，一边吸一边跟它说话，像在道歉。第二天，铅笔们照样排队，直尺照样斜躺，房子又站回了书桌右上角。

晚上回到家，铅笔们挨个擦干净回床，橡皮抖掉身上的碎屑，直尺归位。小主人临睡前总要摸一下房子蓝色的屋顶，确认铅笔都在，才去洗漱。这就是我的文具盒，一座每天装着一家人上学放学的蓝色小房子。

Two Families Inside the Pencil Case

My pencil case is blue and square, like a little two-story blue house. It has stood on the upper right corner of my desk for more than a year. Its outer wall shows a spaceship, and on the lower right corner a chip of paint has knocked off, baring silver-white tin - the scar from the day this autumn it jumped off the desk.

The house has two floors, home to a big family of stationery. The upper floor is the pencils' bedroom, its beds a row of round grooves. The long pencils sleep on the left, the short ones on the right, and the red pen's bed is deepest in, because it works the evening shift and sleeps heavily by day. The lower floor is the living room of the eraser, the ruler, and the little scissors. The eraser is small and rolls around, never sleeping straight; open the lid in the morning and you often find it lying across the hallway. The ruler is the longest, lying diagonally with one head pushed against the wall. The scissors curl in the corner, showing only their two round ears.

Every morning at six thirty, the little master straightens each pencil, shuts the front door, and locks it with a snap. The house sets off with him. Inside the schoolbag it squeezes against the textbooks, rocking the whole way. In the classroom it is invited onto the corner of the desk and sits there all day. When class begins, the little master lifts the lid and takes out a pencil, which walks across the paper with a rustle, leaving neat rows of characters. On exam day the red pen is woken up to circle the mistakes. In art class the soft drawing pencil comes out to draw trees and returns with its nose ground round.

The house has bad days too. One day it poured, and the little master forgot to shut its door tight; rainwater flooded the lower floor, the eraser swelled soapy, and two rust spots appeared on the scissors' ears. That evening the little master set the house on the windowsill to dry, blotting every corner with tissue, talking to it as he blotted, almost apologizing. The next day the pencils lined up as usual, the ruler lay diagonally as usual, and the house stood back on the upper right corner of the desk.

In the evening at home, the pencils are wiped clean one by one and climb back into bed, the eraser shakes off its crumbs, and the ruler returns to its place. Before bed the little master always strokes the blue roof of the house, making sure every pencil is home, before going to wash up. This is my pencil case: a little blue house that carries its whole family to school and back every day.