

毕业前最后一次收拾

期末考完那天，老师说书桌要清空，六年级的孩子下学期就不回这栋楼了。我趴在桌上收拾，把三年的东西分成两堆：带走的，和扔的。

文具盒是最后倒空的。我把里面的笔一支支插进笔袋，倒过来抖，铅笔头、橡皮屑、一截断了的圆珠笔芯哗啦啦落了一桌。抖到第三下，一张折成小方块的纸条从盒底的缝里滑出来，飘在铅笔屑中间。

我捡起来，纸条软得起了毛边。是五年级那会儿，好朋友转学前一天塞给我的，上面写着座位还给我留着、别忘了都考一中的话。两年多了，它一直藏在我那个蓝文具盒的盒底缝里，藏得比谁都深。我用拇指把纸条重新折好，放进书包最里面的拉链兜。

文具盒本身没法塞进兜里。它右角掉漆掉出两块银白，白鲸图案磨得只剩个轮廓。我把它举到窗户边看了看，阳光照在磕碰的坑上，那些坑一个一个亮起来。三年里它从桌上摔下来过多少回，我数不清，它身上每一块掉漆都对应着一回。

回家路上妈妈看我抱着旧文具盒，说：毕业的人了，明天带你去换个新的，带密码锁那种。我嗯了一声，没抬头。

第二天她真领我去了文具店。新盒子一排一排挂着，我站在货架前，手伸出去又收回来。回家我把旧文具盒摆在书桌抽屉最上层，想了想，又拿出来，放回笔袋。纸条的事我还是没说。有些东西换了新盒子就找不回来了，比如盒底那道缝，比如缝里两年多的铅笔灰。

晚上我把笔袋拉上拉链前，最后摸了一遍那两个掉漆的银角，糙糙的。我对它说，下学期初中用的新书包在门后挂着，你照样进侧兜。它没吭声，铁皮盒子当然不会吭声。可是它在我手心里沉了一下，像应了一声。

The Last Tidying Before Graduation

The day the final exams ended, our teacher said the desks must be cleared, because the sixth graders would not come back to this building next term. I bent over my desk and sorted three years of things into two piles: what to take, and what to throw away.

The pencil case was emptied last. I put its pens one by one into the pouch, then turned it upside down and shook. Pencil stubs, eraser crumbs, a broken ballpoint refill clattered across the desk. On the third shake, a small note folded into a square slid out of the crack at the bottom and fluttered down among the pencil shavings.

I picked it up. The paper had gone soft, its edges fuzzy. It was from fifth grade, stuffed to me the day before my best friend transferred away, saying our seat was still saved for me and not to forget we both promised for School Number One. For

over two years it had hidden in the crack at the bottom of my blue case, deeper hidden than anything else. I folded it back up with my thumb and put it in the innermost zip pocket of my bag.

The case itself would not fit in a pocket. Its right corners had lost paint down to two patches of silver tin, and the whale on the lid was worn to a mere outline. I held it up by the window. Sunlight fell on the dents, and they lit up one by one. In three years it fell off the desk more times than I could count; every chipped patch matched one fall.

On the way home, Mother saw me hugging the old case and said: you are a graduate now, tomorrow I will get you a new one, the kind with a combination lock. I grunted and did not look up.

She really took me to the shop the next day. New cases hung row after row. I stood before the shelf, reached out my hand, and pulled it back. At home I set the old case on the top shelf of the desk drawer, thought a moment, took it out again, and put it back into the pouch. I still did not mention the note. Some things cannot be found again once you switch to a new case – like the crack at the bottom, like over two years of pencil dust inside that crack.

That night, before zipping the pouch shut, I rubbed the two chipped silver corners one last time, rough under my fingers. I told it: next term the new middle-school schoolbag hangs behind the door, and you go in the side pocket as usual. It did not answer – a tin box of course cannot answer. But it grew heavier in my palm for a moment, like a yes.