

那块短半截的橡皮，突然开口说话

读完《我的文具盒》，我最忘不掉的是那块橡皮说话的那一段。书里那块橡皮已经短得只剩一半，还被小主人咬得坑坑洼洼。夜里它开口说，自己不怕越用越小，就怕还没有用完，就被随手扔进垃圾桶。读到这里，我把目光落在自己文具盒角落的那块橡皮上，它也被我咬掉了一个角，白白净净的，才用了两个星期。

我的文具从来不是用坏的，是丢的。上学期开学，妈妈给我买了六支铅笔，我数得清清楚楚。到期末，笔袋里只剩下两支，还有一支没了笔帽，一支被踩断了腰。橡皮更夸张，一学期丢过四块，每一块都只用到一半。我丢文具有个规律：越新的越容易丢，因为新的好看，同学多看一眼，我就顺手借出去，借着借着就回不来了。

书里还有一件事戳中了我。同桌羡慕主角的文具盒，主角却说，她的妈妈小时候一个铁皮盒子用了六年，盒盖的合页坏过两次，都用铁丝修好了，没有换过。我当时想，六年，我一个学期都换过两个盒子。去年我嫌塑料盒土，让妈妈换了帆布的，帆布的用了一个月又嫌小。我的文具盒不是丢的，是被我淘汰的，它们每一个都还好好的。

合上书我做了三个打算。第一个，给每样文具贴上名字贴，借出去的要回来，要不回来就当面问清楚，不好意思开口比丢东西更亏。第二个，每周五给文具点名，少的当场在书包缝、桌肚里找，找不到就记下名字，下次不再买重复的。第三个，买新文具之前先问自己旧的用完了没有，没有用完的新文具只是新的浪费。我不想等我的文具也像书里那块橡皮一样开口说话，它们要是真会说话，大概有一肚子话要找我算账。

The Half-Sized Eraser That Spoke in the Night

After reading My Pencil Case, the part I cannot forget is the eraser that speaks. It had been bitten into holes and was only half its original size. At night it said it was not afraid of getting smaller through use; it was afraid of being thrown away before it was used up. I looked at the eraser in the corner of my own pencil case. I had bitten one of its corners off, and it had only been in use for two weeks.

My stationery is never worn out. It is lost. At the start of last term my mother bought me six pencils and I counted them clearly. By the end of the term only two were left in my pouch, one without its cap and one with its waist broken. As for erasers, I lost four in one term, and every one of them was only half used. There is a pattern to my losses: the newer an item is, the easier it disappears, because new things look good, classmates borrow them, and borrowed things often never come back.

One more thing in the book hit me. A classmate envied the main character's pencil case, but the girl said her mother had used one tin box for six years as a child. The hinge broke twice and was fixed with wire, yet the box was never replaced. Six years.

I changed two boxes in one term. Last year I called my plastic case unfashionable and asked for a canvas one; a month later I called that too small. My old cases were not lost. I retired them while every one of them still worked.

I made three plans. First, put a name sticker on every piece of stationery, ask for borrowed things back, and ask in person if needed, because being too shy to speak costs more than losing things. Second, take roll call for my stationery every Friday, search the bag seams and the desk for anything missing, and write down its name so I do not buy a duplicate. Third, before buying anything new, ask whether the old one is used up. If it is not, the new thing is only a new waste. I do not want my stationery to start talking the way that eraser did. If they could talk, they would have a long list to settle with me.

笔袋里的失踪案，我是粗心的侦探

《我的文具盒》里有一幕，我合上书想了很久：小主人把用了一半的铅笔扔进垃圾桶，铅笔在桶里遇到很多同伴，都是只用了三分之一就被丢掉的。书里写它们安安静静躺在桶底，谁也不说话。我家没有垃圾桶里的文具，因为我家有一个专门的抽屉，专门收我丢三落四找回来的一半截铅笔、没盖子的笔、缺了角的尺子。这个抽屉是我这学期整理的，整理的时候我数了一遍，里面躺着一把断尺、七支铅笔、三块橡皮，全部都能用。

丢文具这件事，我有一套自己的流程。上课要用尺子，翻书包没有，那就说明昨天落在餐桌上了。果然，在餐桌垫下面。第二天要用圆规，没有，多半在客厅沙发缝里。也找到了。我的文具不是丢了，是走散了，它们散落在家里各个角落，等我去找。可有一样东西找不回来：上学期那把金属直尺，我把它当书签夹在书里，书忘在图书馆，再去找，书和尺都不见了。那是爸爸出差带回来送我的，十二块钱，刻度磨得发亮。

书里那个铁皮盒子的主人让我很震动。她妈妈那个年代，一支铅笔从长用到短，再套上笔帽继续用，用到捏不住了才结束一生。我现在的铅笔用到一半就烦，因为笔杆上的卡通图案磨掉了，我觉得不好看。书里说，文具的价值是它干活的手艺，不是它的脸。我把这句话抄在笔袋内侧。上周考试，我的笔掉在地上滚了两圈，捡起来笔尖摔叉了，我照常用它写完了作文，得了个优。那支笔的图案早就磨没了，可它的手艺还在。

今后的打算我写在了抽屉的便签上：家里每个房间设一个文具回笼点，找到的东西放回去；买文具要旧的签字，也就是旧的用完了才准买新的；那把十二块的金属尺，我再配一把一样的，不为用，为记着它。珍惜身边的每一样东西，先从抽屉里那十一样能用的开始。

The Missing Case in My Pencil Pouch

There is a scene in My Pencil Case that stayed with me long after I closed the book. The girl threw a half-used pencil into the trash bin, and inside the bin the pencil met many companions, all discarded after only a third of their life. The book says they lay quietly at the bottom of the bin, none of them speaking. My family has no stationery in the trash, because we have a special drawer for the half pencils, capless pens and chipped rulers I keep losing and finding. I organized that drawer this term and counted: one broken ruler, seven pencils, three erasers, every one of them still usable.

I have my own routine for lost stationery. If I need a ruler in class and my bag is empty, it fell on the dinner table yesterday. Sure enough, under the placemat. If I need a compass the next day, it is probably in the sofa crack. Found again. My stationery is not lost; it is scattered, waiting for me around the house. But one thing never came back: a metal ruler from last term. I used it as a bookmark, left the book in the library, and both disappeared. My father had brought it back from a business trip. It cost twelve yuan, and its markings were polished bright.

The owner of the tin box in the book impressed me deeply. In her mother's time, a pencil was used from long to short, capped and used again, until it could no longer be held. I now get annoyed with a pencil once it is half gone, because the cartoon print on it wears off and I think it looks plain. The book says the worth of stationery is the work of its hands, not its face. I copied that sentence inside my pouch. Last week during an exam my pen fell and rolled twice; its tip split, and I still finished my essay with it and got an excellent. The print on that pen had long worn away, but its craft remained.

My plans are on a note in the drawer: set one collection point in every room for found stationery; buying new things requires the signature of the old, meaning the old one must be used up first; and I will buy a twin for that twelve-yuan metal ruler, not to use but to remember. Cherishing everything around me starts with the eleven usable things in my drawer.

一本算不完的文具账

《我的文具盒》里最让我心里一动的片段，不是文具们开会，而是主角的妈妈讲她姐姐的一条规矩：文具不到用完，不许申请新的。姐妹俩的铅笔盒里，铅笔按长短排队，长的先写，短的排队等，谁也不许插队。我读到这里忍不住笑，笑完又有点脸红，因为我家刚好相反，我的铅笔

按胖瘦排队，胖的先用，瘦的收进笔筒，而那个笔筒里的瘦铅笔，一年比一年挤，没有一支被写到底过。

上周末妈妈让我整理零用钱的账，我顺手把文具的开销也列了出来。不看不知道：两年里我弄丢或者报废的文具，加起来花了好三百多块。里面最贵的是一个自动铅笔盒，一百二，功能有按钮开关、卷笔刀、密码锁。它现在在我床底下，不是坏的，是我嫌密码锁太麻烦，三年级下学期把它退居二线，换了一个普通的拉链笔袋。卷笔刀我一次都没用过，密码锁我玩了一个星期就腻了。书里那个铁皮盒子，据主角妈妈说，是废品站两毛钱捡回来的，修了三次，用了六年。我这一百二，连两年都没撑过。

丢文具我最厉害的一次是期末考试周。那周我弄丢一块橡皮、两支笔芯、一把套尺，套尺是透明的，三片一套，丢了一片，整套作废，只能重买。妈妈没有骂我，只把那张购物小票压在冰箱上，压了一整个寒假。我每次去拿牛奶都能看见它，十二块五。那把套尺不是用坏的，是被我弄丢一片之后连累另外两片一起退休的，它们三个本来好好的。

今后的打算，我把它做成了一张贴在书桌前的清单。买文具学书里那位妈妈的姐姐：旧的没用完，不开新的申请。每样文具进家门先登记，写明买的日子和价钱，丢了按账赔偿，从我零用钱里扣。每月底给文具做一次体检，笔芯剩多少、橡皮剩多少，剩得多的不许再买同类。三百多块是我两年交出去的学费，我不想再交第三年的。珍惜身边的每一样东西，说白了就是把每一样东西用到它服气为止。

The Stationery Bill I Could Never Settle

The passage in My Pencil Case that moved me most was not the stationery meeting, but the mother telling how her sister kept one rule: no new stationery could be requested before the old was used up. In the sisters' case, pencils lined up by length, the long ones writing first, the short ones waiting their turn, none allowed to cut in. I laughed at that, then blushed, because my house runs the opposite way. My pencils line up by thickness: the plump ones get used, the thin ones go into a holder, and that holder grows more crowded each year without a single pencil ever written to its end.

Last weekend my mother asked me to audit my pocket money, and I listed my stationery spending too. Without looking I knew nothing; looking, I found that in two years I lost or wrote off over three hundred yuan worth of stationery. The dearest item was an automatic pencil case for one hundred and twenty, with a button clasp, a sharpener and a combination lock. It now lives under my bed. It did not break; I found the lock troublesome, demoted it in the second half of Grade Three, and switched to an ordinary zip pouch. I never used the sharpener once, and the lock bored me after a week. The tin box in the book, according to the mother, was picked up from a scrap yard for two cents, repaired three times, and used for six years. My

one hundred and twenty did not even last two.

My worst losing streak happened during final exam week. In one week I lost an eraser, two refills and a set of transparent templates, three pieces in one set. Losing one piece voided the whole set, and I had to buy it again. My mother did not scold me. She pressed the receipt onto the fridge for the whole winter holiday. Every time I went for milk I saw it: twelve yuan and fifty cents. The set was not worn out; one piece went missing and dragged the other two into retirement while all three were still fine.

My plan for the future is a list taped to my desk. Buy stationery the way the aunt in the book did: no new application until the old is used up. Every new item is registered with its date and price; anything lost is paid for from my pocket money. At the end of each month I give my stationery a check-up, counting how much refill and eraser is left, and forbidding duplicates while supplies remain. The three hundred yuan was my tuition for two years, and I do not intend to pay a third year's. Cherishing everything around me simply means using each thing until it can say it has no regret left.