

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，得了一个优。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.