

文具盒的大搬家日

十月十四日 星期三 阴。

今天放学的时候，老师说：大家整理一下自己的文具盒。我想，这也太简单了，结果一动手，我的文具盒乱得不得了。

我把文具盒翻过来，哗啦一下全倒在桌上。跳出来的有三块橡皮：一块白的变成灰的，一块被我用圆珠笔戳了个洞，还有一块小得捏都捏不住。接着滚出来五支铅笔，头都是钝的，笔杆上还留着我咬过的牙印。另外有一把刻度磨没了的尺子、半片量角器、一把纸团，还有一些铅笔屑。我的桌子一下子变成了文具店门口的垃圾堆。

我把文具盒拿出来，用湿巾擦。藏了很久的蓝格子花纹露出来了，连盒角上那只小熊贴纸都好像抬起了头。我擦了一遍，又擦了一遍，连盒盖里面也擦得干干净净。

接下来是放回去。我又高又尖的两支铅笔站第一排，尺子平平地躺第二排，橡皮和半片量角器塞进旁边的小口袋。纸团扔进垃圾桶，铅笔屑我倒进了垃圾袋。那支咬秃头的铅笔和捏不住的橡皮，我想了想，装进家里一个旧眼镜盒，妈妈说它们还能当替补。

中午，小冬举着他的文具盒给我看，他的比我的还乱，里面有一把断铅笔芯。我告诉他，我的文具盒以前也这样，他惊讶得眼睛都大了。他还把里面的东西倒在餐巾纸上数了数，数出七个纸团，脸红了一下，问我：那你现在怎么放的？我给他看我的第一排第二排，他一边看一边点头，说明天他也搬家。

文具盒咔哒一声合上了，比之前薄了一半。我摇了摇，它不再哗啦哗啦响。晚上我在日记里写：把东西倒出来很容易，把它们放回去放整齐，反而更难。可是我喜欢这个薄薄的文具盒。

Moving Day in My Pencil Case

October 14th, Wednesday, cloudy.

At the end of school today our teacher said, everyone tidy up your own pencil case. I thought that would be easy. But when I really started, my pencil case was a disaster.

I turned my pencil case upside down and dumped everything onto the desk with a crash. Out jumped three erasers: a white one gone grey, one with a hole poked in it by my ballpoint pen, and one so small I could hardly pinch it. Then five pencils rolled out, all blunt, their bodies still showing the tooth marks I had chewed into them. There was also a ruler with its markings worn away, half a protractor, a handful of paper balls, and some pencil shavings. In one second my desk looked like the ground outside a stationery shop.

I took out the pencil case and wiped it with a wet wipe. The blue checkered pattern that had been hiding under the dirt came out, and even the little bear sticker on the corner of the lid seemed to lift its head. I wiped once, then a second time, and the inside of the lid was spotless too.

Then came putting things back. My two tallest sharpened pencils stood in the front row, the ruler lay flat in the second row, and the eraser and the half protractor tucked into the small side pocket. The paper balls went into the rubbish bin, and I poured the shavings into the garbage bag. The pencil with the chewed-off head and the eraser too small to pinch, I thought for a moment, then put them into an old glasses case at home. Mom said they can still be spares.

At noon, Xiao Dong held up his pencil case to show me. His was even messier than mine, with a handful of broken pencil leads inside. I told him mine used to be like that, and his eyes went wide with surprise.

The pencil case shut with a click, half as thin as before. I shook it, and it no longer rattled. Tonight I wrote in my diary: taking things out is easy, but putting them back in order is the harder part. Still, I love my thin little pencil case.

文具们搬新家

十一月三日 星期二 晴。

我的文具盒是一个带盖的两层小房子。今天，我请里面所有的居民搬出去，给房子做一次大扫除。

我打开盖子，把房子底朝天倒过来。居民们一个接一个滚出来：铅笔国王打头，它的身体被我牙咬得短短的；橡皮公主垫后，已经缩到指甲盖那么大；尺子先生又长又瘦，身上的刻度都磨没了；量角器兄弟缺了半个身子，那是上学期它从操场台阶上摔的。还有几个纸团，是偷偷住进来的小坏蛋。

我把房子拿出来，用湿巾从上到下擦。盖子上的小熊贴纸笑得亮了一点，蓝格子的墙壁也白了一个色号。擦完的房子放在桌上，闻起来有一点草莓味，那是我湿巾的味道。

现在要搬回去了。个高的铅笔上楼，站成一排；扁的尺子先生和橡皮公主下楼，躺得平平整整；半片量角器兄弟住在门口的小口袋里，它说这样出门方便。纸团们问：我们也能住吗？我说不行，这是干净的房子。它们就滚进垃圾桶了。

小卷笔刀太胖，正门挤不进去。我把它从侧面的口袋塞进去，它蹲在那里，像给房子配了一把小凳子。铅笔国王指挥大家别乱动，文具盒合上的时候，居民们都不滚来滚去了，他们都知道自己的房间了。

放学回家，我跟妈妈说，居民们都搬回房间了。她打开文具盒检查，说：哇，排得真整齐。文具盒咔哒响了一声，像是很高兴地在点头。妹妹也想来帮忙，我告诉她，居民们已经认识自己的房间了，不用帮忙，只要别把他们请出来玩太久。

睡觉前我想：要是居民每天都能自己找到回家的路，我就不用再这样大扫除了。用完就放回去，房子天天都是干净的。

The Stationery Moves House

November 3rd, Tuesday, sunny.

My pencil case is a two-storey little house with a lid. Today I asked all its residents to move out so the house could have a big cleaning.

I opened the lid and tipped the house upside down. The residents rolled out one after another. The pencil king led the way, his body short and chewed by my teeth. The eraser princess came last, already shrunk to the size of a fingernail. The ruler gentleman was long and thin, his markings worn away. The protractor brother was missing half his body, from the day he fell down the playground steps last term. And there were a few paper balls, the little villains who had moved in without asking.

I took the house out and wiped it from top to bottom with a wet wipe. The bear sticker on the lid smiled a little brighter, and the blue checkered walls turned one shade whiter. The cleaned house sat on the desk, smelling faintly of strawberries, which was the smell of my wet wipe.

Now it was time to move back in. The tall pencils went upstairs and stood in a row. The flat ruler gentleman and the eraser princess went downstairs and lay perfectly straight. The half protractor brother took the small pocket by the door, saying that way it was easier for him to get out. The paper balls asked, can we live here too? I said no, this is a clean house. So they rolled into the rubbish bin.

The little pencil sharpener was too fat for the front door. I pushed him in through the side pocket, and he squatted there like a tiny stool that came with the house. The pencil king told everyone to stay put. When the pencil case closed, nobody rolled around any more. Every resident knew his own room.

After school I told Mom the residents had moved back into their rooms. She opened the pencil case, checked inside, and said, wow, everything is in order. The pencil case clicked, as if it were nodding happily.

Before bed I thought: if the residents can each find their way home every day, I will not need a big cleaning like this again. Put things back right after using them,

and the house stays clean every single day.

这个星期六，我决定改一改

十月十八日 星期六 晴。

上个学期，我的文具盒是个只进不出的地方。里面总能摸出硬币、断铅笔芯和半块橡皮。有一次考试，我要借同桌的尺子，结果从文具盒里摸出一个纸团，同桌笑得趴在桌上。

这个星期六，我决定改一改。我在桌上摊开一张旧报纸，把文具盒翻过来，哗啦，全倒了出来。东西真不少：四支铅笔、两块橡皮、一把尺子、一个卷笔刀、三个纸团、一枚硬币，还有一堆铅笔屑，全落在报纸上。

妈妈过来想帮我，我拦住了她，说这个事我要自己做。我拿纸巾把文具盒里里外外擦了一遍。盒盖上印着一艘宇宙飞船，飞船上糊了一层黑灰，看着像一艘从烟囱里飞出来的飞船。擦完，飞船又飞起来了，银色的边都亮了。

然后我按类摆。削尖的四支铅笔进第一排，尺子和橡皮进第二排，卷笔刀进侧袋，它个子矮，蹲在里面刚刚好。硬币放进了我的存钱罐，纸团和铅笔屑连着报纸一起包起来扔进垃圾桶。

我还给自己定了一条规矩：用完一样东西，就把它放回原来的位置。我在心里默念了三遍，怕自己忘。怕忘这件事我也写在了日记里，日记不会忘。爸爸听见了，从报纸后面探出头，说这个规矩听着比家里的家务分工还严格。我说不然呢，文具盒比客厅小，规矩当然要好办一点。

星期一，我背着变薄了一半的文具盒去上学。数学课上我要用尺子，手一伸，一下就拿到了。同桌看了一眼我的文具盒，说：你的文具盒好整齐。我没接话，只是把盒盖咔哒一声合得很轻。

晚上我写日记：管好自己的东西，原来和收拾自己的房间一样舒服。写完我朝书桌抽屉看了一眼，那里也塞得满满的，下星期六，轮到它了。

This Saturday, I Decided to Change

October 18th, Saturday, sunny.

Last term my pencil case was a place where things only went in and never came out. Inside it I could always fish up coins, broken pencil leads, and half an eraser. Once during a test I wanted to borrow my deskmate's ruler, and instead I pulled out a paper ball. He laughed so hard he fell onto his desk.

This Saturday I decided to change that. I spread an old newspaper on the desk, turned the pencil case upside down, and with a crash everything came out. There

really was a lot: four pencils, two erasers, one ruler, one sharpener, three paper balls, one coin, and a pile of pencil shavings, all landing on the newspaper.

Mom came over wanting to help, and I stopped her. I said this is something I have to do myself. I took a tissue and wiped the pencil case inside and out. The lid had a space rocket printed on it, and the rocket was smeared with a layer of black dust, looking like it had flown out of a chimney. After the wiping, the rocket was flying again, its silver edges shining.

Then I sorted everything. The four sharpened pencils went into the first row, the ruler and the erasers into the second row, and the sharpener into the side pocket, where he squatted perfectly because he is short. The coin went into my piggy bank, and the paper balls and shavings, wrapped up with the newspaper, went into the rubbish bin.

I also made a rule for myself: after using a thing, put it back in its place. I repeated it in my head three times because I was afraid of forgetting. I wrote that fear into my diary too, because a diary never forgets.

On Monday I carried my pencil case, now half as thick, to school. In maths class I needed my ruler, reached in, and got it in one try. My deskmate glanced at my pencil case and said, yours is so tidy. I did not answer; I just closed the lid with a very soft click.

Tonight I wrote in my diary: keeping my own things in order turns out to feel as good as tidying my own room.