

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.