

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.