

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.