

捡到一个文具盒的我

十一月五日 星期四 多云。

今天我做了一件小事，可是心里七上八下了一整天，先记下来。

下午第二节课是美术，我们做面具，剪刀胶水用了一半，我去美术教室后面的柜子拿硬纸板。柜顶上放着一个蓝色的铁皮文具盒，盒角磕掉了一块漆。我认得它，全班只有这种老式的铁盒，是我同桌林小满的，她的文具盒砸核桃的声音全组都听过。

我本来想直接交给老师。走到讲台边又停住了：老师收走的东西都进讲台下面那个纸箱，上次我的跳绳进去以后，到现在还没出来。我想，林小满下午还要用文具盒，晚自习前给她就行。于是我把它带回教室，放在她桌上，贴了张字条：借你保管一下午。我写得挺得意，觉得这个说法很幽默。

可是晚自习前我进教室的时候，看见林小满正趴在桌上，肩膀一耸一耸的，课桌肚被她翻得乱七八糟，书包倒扣在椅子上。她抬起头看见我，眼睛红红的，什么也没说。那一刻我心里咯噔一下：她不是下午才用的，她找了一整天。我那句借你保管一下午，现在看了一点都不好笑。

她拿起文具盒，捏着那张字条看了两秒，说：谢谢你。就三个字，声音还是哑的。我说对不起，应该第一时间给你，或者交给老师。她摇摇头，把文具盒抱在怀里，像抱一只找回来的猫。

晚上我翻出来我的跳绳，把它从纸箱里领回来的登记本上签了字。原来东西在老师那里等的时候，主人一直在外面找。我在日记里写：以后捡到别人的东西，第一时间还到主人手上，别替别人决定他该等多久。写完我又想起林小满抱文具盒的样子，第二天早上我给她带了一包饼干，放在她桌角，她看了我一眼，笑了。

I Found a Pencil Case

November 5th, Thursday, cloudy.

Today I did a small thing, but my heart was uneasy the whole day, so I write it down first.

The second lesson of the afternoon was art. We were making masks, and halfway through the scissors and glue I went to the cabinet at the back of the art room to get some stiff cardboard. On top of the cabinet sat a blue tin pencil case, a chip of paint knocked off one corner. I recognized it. Only one old-fashioned tin case in the whole class belongs to my deskmate Lin Xiaoman, and the whole group has heard her pencil case crack walnuts.

I almost took it straight to the teacher. I stopped at the edge of the podium: everything the teacher collects goes into the cardboard box under the podium, and my jump rope went in last term and still has not come out. I thought, Lin Xiaoman needs her pencil case this afternoon anyway; giving it to her before evening study is fine.

So I carried it back to our classroom, put it on her desk, and stuck on a note: borrowing you for the afternoon. I was rather pleased with myself. I thought that line was funny.

But when I walked into the classroom before evening study, Lin Xiaoman was slumped on her desk, her shoulders shaking, her desk cubby turned inside out, her schoolbag upside down on the chair. She looked up and saw me, her eyes red, and said nothing. My heart dropped: she had not just needed it this afternoon. She had been looking for it all day. My line about borrowing her for the afternoon was not funny at all now.

She picked up the pencil case, held my note for two seconds, and said, thank you. Just three words, her voice still hoarse. I said sorry, I should have given it to you right away or handed it to the teacher. She shook her head and held the pencil case against her chest, like hugging a cat that had come back.

Tonight I dug out my jump rope and signed the register to take it back from the teacher's box. So while my rope had been waiting inside the box, I had been searching outside for it. I wrote in my diary: from now on, when I find someone's thing, I return it to their hands at the first chance, and I do not decide for them how long they should wait. After writing it, I thought again of Lin Xiaoman hugging her pencil case. The next morning I brought her a packet of biscuits and left it at the corner of her desk. She glanced at me and smiled.