

盒盖上的新贴纸

十一月七日 星期六 晴。

我的文具盒今天回到了我的书桌上，盒盖上多了一张新贴纸，一只橘色的小猫，贴得有点歪，歪在磕掉漆的那个角上，刚好把那块银色盖住了。

贴纸是生活委员周雨桐贴的。她说，贴住伤口，以后它就是一只受过伤的小猫文具盒。我笑了一下，笑完鼻子有点酸。因为前天，我以为再也见不到它了。

前天下午最后一节是体育课，我们把书包留在教室里。回到教室，我装好水杯，拉侧袋拉链，咔哒，拉上了。可那个墨绿色的布文具盒不在侧袋里。它是我自己缝的，两块旧帆布，中间缝了一条松紧带，铅笔插在松紧带里，一根一根露出头。它跟了我三年，松紧带都松了，铅笔常常滑出来，我反而觉得这样才像我的。

我先把教室找了一遍，每张课桌肚都拉开看过，同学帮我一起看。没有。我又跑去操场，围着跑道走了一圈，眼睛贴着地面。体育老师问我是不是丢了东西，我说嗯，声音小得自己都听不见。我坐在操场边的台阶上想：它那么旧，会不会被人当破布扔了？会不会已经被扫进垃圾车？越想越怕，怕得中午吃的饺子都要翻上来。

放学我在楼梯口撞见周雨桐，她背着失物招领的小筐子，里面插着五把伞、三只水杯。她问我丢什么样子，我比划了一下：旧帆布，缝的，铅笔露头。她眼睛一亮，把筐子整个倒过来翻，从筐底捏出我那盒文具，松紧带里还插着三支铅笔。

她说，昨天体育课后有同学捡到交上来的，在筐底压了一天，对不起呀。我接过来的时候，文具盒上还沾着筐底的一点饼干渣。我一点都不嫌脏，把它按在胸口。

这两天的日记我写得很慢。我在里面写：旧的东西不值钱，可是它替我记着三年的铅笔。还写：以后上体育课之前，先把文具盒收进主袋，拉链拉到底。这条我做到了，今天放学我又检查了一遍。

A New Sticker on the Lid

November 7th, Saturday, sunny.

Today my pencil case is back on my desk, and its lid has a new sticker on it: an orange kitten, stuck on a little crooked, right over the corner where the paint chipped off, covering the silver mark completely.

The sticker was put there by Zhou Yutong, our class life monitor. She said, cover the wound, and from now on it is a little cat pencil case that has been through something. I laughed, and right after laughing my nose stung. Because the day before yesterday, I thought I would never see it again.

The last lesson that afternoon was PE, and we left our schoolbags in the

classroom. When we came back, I packed my water bottle, pulled the side pocket zipper, click, it shut. But my dark green cloth pencil case was not in the side pocket. I sewed it myself, two pieces of old canvas with an elastic band stitched between them; the pencils slide into the elastic, their tips poking out one by one. It had been with me for three years. The elastic had gone loose and pencils kept sliding out, and I liked that. It felt like mine.

First I searched the classroom, pulling open every desk cubby, my classmates helping. Nothing. Then I ran to the playground and walked a full circle around the track, my eyes glued to the ground. The PE teacher asked if I had lost something. I said yes, so quietly I could barely hear myself. I sat on the steps by the playground and thought: it is so old, maybe someone threw it away as a rag? Maybe it is already on the rubbish truck? The more I thought, the more scared I got, scared until the dumplings I ate at lunch wanted to come back up.

At dismissal I bumped into Zhou Yutong at the stairway. She was carrying the little lost-and-found basket, with five umbrellas and three water bottles sticking out of it. She asked what it looked like. I described it: old canvas, handmade, pencils poking their heads out. Her eyes lit up, and she turned the whole basket upside down and fished out my pencil case from the bottom, three pencils still in its elastic.

She said a student found it after PE yesterday and handed it in, and it had been pressed at the bottom of the basket all day, sorry about that. When I took it back, there were a few biscuit crumbs from the bottom of the basket on it. I did not mind the dirt at all. I pressed it to my chest.

I wrote these two days' diary entries very slowly. I wrote: old things are worth little, but this one kept three years of pencils for me. And I wrote: before PE class, put the pencil case into the main pocket and pull the zipper all the way. I have done this one. Today after school I checked again.