

新盒子到货那天，我给旧盒子写了张纸条

八月二十六日 星期六 晴。

新文具盒是今天到的，快递盒不大，我拆得很快。深灰色，三层，我挑了两个星期才定下来的那个。拆开的时候我心里有个声音说：该给旧的办交接了。

旧文具盒是我七年级开学前自己在校门口文具摊挑的，十几块钱，紫色，硬塑料。一年下来它旧得比我想象中快。提手从根上断过，我用透明胶缠了三圈，缠的地方发黄发硬；盒盖的卡扣松了，按一下弹不开，得用指甲抠；内衬那层薄绒磨秃了两块，笔槽的隔断断了一根，铅笔和尺子从此混在一起，每天早晨翻找都要搅一遍。暑假末我整理书包，把它倒出来清点，才发现它身上大大小小七八处伤，没有一处是意外，全是每天用出来的。

挑新盒子的过程很长。我在手机购物软件上收藏了四个，一个带密码锁，一个印着球队队徽，一个多功能带卷笔刀，还有现在这个，最普通。妈妈建议我买带队徽那个，说我天天想球队的事。我犹豫过，最后还是选了普通的。我清楚自己的毛病：花哨的东西头两个星期新鲜，之后上课就忍不住拆着玩。普通的盒子不会给我这个口子。

我把旧盒子从书包里拿出来，用纸巾把里面的笔灰擦干净，断了的提手没有修。我在一张小纸条上写：七年级，辛苦你了。把纸条塞进盒子里，盖好，放进书桌最下面一层的抽屉，和七年级用剩的半沓演算纸放在一起。抽屉推进去的时候声音很轻，像替谁把门关好。

新盒子摆在桌上，笔按槽放好，卡扣一按就开，很利索。后天开学，我就是八年级的学生了。我对新盒子只有一个要求：希望一年后它交接的时候，伤都用在正地方，而不是被我摔的、拆的。旧盒子在抽屉里替我记着七年级，新盒子要替我记八年级。我这一页翻过去了，它跟着我翻。

The Day the New Case Arrived, I Left a Note for the Old One

August 26, Saturday, sunny.

The new pencil case arrived today. The courier box was small, and I opened it quickly. Dark gray, three layers, the one I had spent two weeks deciding on. As I unwrapped it, a voice inside me said: time to hold the handover with the old one.

The old pencil case was one I picked myself at a stationery stall by the school gate before Grade 7 started, a hard plastic purple one that cost a dozen yuan. In one year it aged faster than I expected. Its handle broke off at the root, and I wrapped it three rounds with clear tape, the tape now yellow and stiff; the clasp of the lid went loose, so pressing it would not pop it open and I had to pry with my fingernail; two patches of the thin lining were worn bald, and one divider of the pen groove snapped, so pencils and rulers mixed together and I had to stir them every morning. At the end of summer vacation I emptied my schoolbag to take inventory, and only then

noticed the seven or eight wounds on it. Not one was an accident; every one came from daily use.

Choosing the new case took a long time. I favorited four in a shopping app: one with a combination lock, one printed with a team emblem, one multi-function with a built-in sharpener, and this current one, the plainest. My mother suggested the emblem one, saying my head was always in the team's business. I hesitated, but in the end chose the plain one. I know my own flaw: with something fancy I stay excited for two weeks, then I cannot resist taking it apart in class. A plain case will not give me that opening.

I took the old case out of my bag and wiped the pencil dust inside with a tissue. I did not fix the broken handle. On a small slip of paper I wrote: Grade 7, thank you for your hard work. I tucked the note into the case, closed the lid, and put it in the bottom drawer of my desk, together with the leftover half stack of exercise paper from Grade 7. The drawer slid shut with a soft sound, like closing a door gently for someone.

The new case sits on the desk, pens placed in their slots, the clasp popping open at one press, crisp and clean. School starts the day after tomorrow, and I will be a Grade 8 student. I have only one demand of the new case: when it hands over a year from now, I hope its wounds were earned in the right places, not from my throwing it or taking it apart. The old case keeps Grade 7 for me in the drawer; the new one will keep Grade 8 for me. I am turning this page, and it turns with me.