

只坚持了一周，就够了

星期五晚上，我把笔袋里的东西全倒在桌上。半管胶水、断芯的自动铅笔、一只脚弯掉的圆规、一团攥出汗的纸条，纸条上是上周数学课传了一半的话，后来也没接着传，扔了就扔了，没什么可惜。我妈站在门口说，这笔袋比房间还乱。我嘴上不服气，心里记得上周找圆规翻了四分钟书包，数学老师就站在讲台上看着我。

分类那个晚上我花了四十分钟，把东西分成三堆：能用的、不能用的、不知道能不能用的。第三堆最多，最后全扔了，笔袋一下空出一半。笔放第一层，尺子和圆规放第二层，橡皮和备用笔芯放进小袋。我挺得意，觉得自己能干，还打算以后每天都这样。

坚持到第三天就断了。周三作业多，十一点才写完，笔往袋里一扔就睡了。周四周五，笔和尺子又混在一处，胶带卷卡在拉链上。周五晚上我把笔袋推到桌上，没说话，他自己看懂了，一样一样往外拿。那晚他一边整理一边嘟囔，说原来坚持比整理难，整理四十分钟一次就完，坚持得天天来。

周六早上闹钟响之前，我伸手去拿笔袋，才发现自己已经不用等闹钟了。我把规矩改小：只分两层，睡前两分钟，把东西放回各自的位置，不再追求把每一样都分得清清楚楚。东西少了一半，找东西快多了，上周测验，圆规十秒钟就掏出来了。监考老师在过道里走，我从笔袋第二层摸出圆规的时候，手都没停，眼睛还盯着卷子。前桌回头看了一眼，问我什么时候变得这么利索，我说就这周的事。

我妈问我，坚持一周有什么用。我说东西少了、找得快是小事，大事是我发现自己能坚持一件事。虽然只有一周，但那是我自己定的规矩，我自己守住了。笔袋还是那个旧笔袋，拉链有点涩，可拉开以后，第一层是笔，第二层是尺子，闭着眼睛也摸得到。

One Week Was Enough

On Friday evening I emptied my pencil case onto the desk. Half a glue stick, a mechanical pencil with a snapped lead, a compass with one bent leg, and a damp crumpled note from a math class message that had stopped halfway last week. I threw the note away without regret. My mother stood in the doorway and said the case was messier than my room. I talked back, but I remembered spending four minutes digging through my schoolbag for the compass last week while the math teacher watched me from the platform.

Sorting took forty minutes that night. I made three piles: things that worked, things that did not, and things I could not decide about. The third pile was the biggest, and in the end all of it went into the trash. Half the case was suddenly empty. Pens went into the first layer, rulers and compasses into the second, erasers and spare leads into the small pocket. I felt proud of myself and decided to keep it up every day from then on.

The streak broke on the third day. Wednesday brought heavy homework; I finished at eleven, tossed the pens into the case, and went to bed. By Thursday and Friday the pens and rulers were mixed together again, and a roll of tape jammed the zipper. On Friday evening I pushed the case toward him without saying anything, and he understood right away and started taking things out one by one. While sorting, he muttered that keeping up was harder than tidying: forty minutes of tidying was over once and done, but keeping up had to be done every single day.

On Saturday morning my hand reached for the case before the alarm rang, and I realized I no longer needed the alarm. I made the rule smaller: only two layers, two minutes before bed, put everything back where it belongs, no more perfect sorting. With half as much stuff, finding things got much faster. During last week's test I pulled out the compass in ten seconds. The proctor was walking down the aisle; when I fished the compass out of the second layer, my hand never stopped moving and my eyes stayed on the paper. The kid in front turned around and asked when I'd gotten so quick, and I said just this week.

My mother asked what good keeping it up for a week had done. I said having less stuff and finding things fast was the small part. The big part was discovering that I can stick to one thing. It was only one week, but it was a rule I set for myself, and I kept it. The case is still the old one, and the zipper is still stiff, but when you open it, the first layer is pens and the second is rulers, and you can find them with your eyes closed.