

值日生捧着文具盒穿过走廊

二楼图书角的值日生是五班的陈一鸣。星期三下午，图书角的老师把一样绿色的东西递给他，说这是擦架子时从书缝里发现的，三班的，盒盖上贴着青蛙，你们值日生给它送回去。陈一鸣接过来，是个文具盒，拉链开着，里面的铅笔散了一半，有一截断的，笔尖朝外戳着。他怕走路时再散，把铅笔一根一根插回笔槽，断的那根他想了个办法，从草稿本上撕了条纸，卷在笔尖上，再插进去。盒盖内侧的课程表翘着一角，他用办公桌上的透明胶带粘牢了，才拉上拉链。

捧着文具盒下楼梯，他走得很慢。同桌笑他，一个文具盒，至于吗，抛过去不就得了。陈一鸣没接话，他把盒子端在胸前，像端一碗满的水。他想起上学期自己丢过跳绳，是班里同学帮他在器材室找回来的，那会儿他急得饭都没吃。他知道一个丢了东西的小孩，等一个东西回来的时候是什么心情。

走到三班门口，上课铃响了。陈一鸣把文具盒放在讲台上，摆正，又打开检查了一遍，铅笔都在，才跟三班的班主任低声说了情况，转身回走廊。他不知道文具盒的主人是谁，只看见靠窗一排有个女孩抬起了头，眼睛亮了一下。

文具盒回到了那个叫小雅的女孩手里。她后来知道，铅笔是值日生一根根插回去的，断铅笔的纸卷是值日生包的，课程表是值日生粘的。她在日记里写：我的文具盒回家那天，路上被人好好收拾过。三班的班主任在班会上讲了这件事，从那天起，三班讲台上多了一个纸盒，写着失物处，捡到的东西放进去，写上在哪儿捡的。五班的陈一鸣没听过这件事，可三班的每个孩子都记得，那个下午，有个别的班的值日生，捧着一个文具盒，走得很慢，很稳。

The Duty Student Carries the Pencil Case Down the Hall

The duty student at the second-floor reading corner was Chen Yiming from Class Five. On Wednesday afternoon, the reading corner teacher handed him something green and said it had been found in a gap between books while dusting the shelves, it belonged to Class Three, there was a frog sticker on the lid, and your duty students should walk it home. Chen Yiming took it: a pencil case, zipper open, half its pencils scattered, one of them broken with its sharp tip poking out. Afraid they would spill again on the way, he re-slotted each pencil one by one. For the broken one he thought of a fix: he tore a strip from his scratch paper, rolled it over the tip, and slotted it in. The class schedule inside the lid had a corner curling up, so he fastened it with clear tape from the office desk, then zipped the case shut.

He went downstairs carrying the case, walking very slowly. A classmate teased him, one pencil case, really that serious, just toss it over. Chen Yiming did not answer. He held the box at his chest like carrying a bowl filled to the brim with water. He remembered losing his own jump rope last term, how his classmates found it for him in the equipment room, and how upset he had been, too worried to eat lunch. He knew what it felt like for a kid who lost something to wait for it to come back.

When he reached the door of Class Three, the lesson bell rang. Chen Yiming set the case on the podium, squared it, opened it once more to check that every pencil was in place, quietly explained to the Class Three teacher, and turned back into the corridor. He did not know who the case belonged to. He only saw a girl in the row by the window lift her head, her eyes lighting up for a moment.

The case went back to the girl named Xiaoya. She later learned that a duty student had re-slotted every pencil, wrapped the broken one in paper, and taped the schedule down. She wrote in her diary: the day my pencil case came home, someone along the way had taken good care of it. The Class Three teacher told the story at the class meeting, and from that day a paper box labeled lost and found sat on the podium, where found items went with the place they were found written on them. Chen Yiming of Class Five never heard about it, but every child in Class Three remembered that afternoon, when a duty student from another class carried a pencil case down the hall, walking slowly and steady.