

绿色文具盒回家记

第二节课下课，我伸手去书包侧袋拿文具盒，准备下节美术课用。侧袋是空的。我把书包倒过来抖，课本、水杯、跳绳都掉出来了，绿色文具盒就是不见。我把它昨天明明放在侧袋里的，拉链还拉上了一半。我的声音发抖，同桌安慰我别急，我忍不住红了眼圈，那个文具盒是爷爷给我买的，盒盖上贴着一只绿青蛙。

班长刘阳过来问怎么了，听我说完，他转身在讲台上拍了拍手。全班十几个人应声站起来，像约好了一样。刘阳分了工：他和王小雨去操场和单杠那边找，那是我们课间玩的地方；胖墩和两个男生去楼梯和二楼走廊，一层一层低头看；李朵去音乐教室和美术教室，问那里的老师有没有捡到文具盒。我跟着刘阳找操场，眼睛贴着地面扫，草地有个绿色的东西，跑过去一看，是个绿瓶盖。

找的人陆陆续续回来，都摇头。李朵最后回来，也说没有。我们站在走廊上，谁也没说肯定找不到了。王小雨说他先回教室，把可能夹着文具盒的地方再翻一遍，课本里、桌肚里、扫帚后面。我跟着回教室，桌肚是空的，扫帚后面也没有。

班会课铃响，班主任走进来，手里拿着一个绿色的东西。是文具盒。班主任说，是二楼图书角的老师擦架子时发现的，盒盖开着，里面的铅笔都散在旁边，老师怕弄丢，就收好放在讲台上，让值日生送到我们班来。我捧着文具盒，打开检查：铅笔、橡皮、水彩笔都在，盒盖内侧那张课程表被谁用透明胶带重新粘好了，断掉的一截铅笔还另外用小纸条包了个尖。不知道是哪位同学做的，我只知道找过它的人里，一定有人顺手把它收拾整齐了。

放学时我把文具盒拉链拉到顶，绿青蛙在夕阳里发亮。我在书包侧袋外面缝了一根松紧带，是奶奶教的。第二天我把文具盒交给同桌检查拉链，跟他说，以后每天放学后互相检查一遍，谁的东西都不能再丢。

The Green Pencil Case Comes Home

At the break after second period, I reached into my schoolbag's side pocket for my pencil case, getting ready for art class. The pocket was empty. I turned the bag upside down and shook it; textbooks, my water bottle, and the jump rope all fell out, but the green pencil case was nowhere. I had definitely put it there yesterday, with the zipper half closed. My voice started to shake. My deskmate told me not to worry, and my eyes went red anyway. Grandpa had bought that case for me, with a green frog sticker on the lid.

Class monitor Liu Yang came over and asked what was wrong. After I explained, he turned and clapped his hands twice on the podium. A dozen classmates stood up at once, as if by agreement. Liu Yang assigned teams: he and Wang Xiaoyu would check the playground and the monkey bars, where we played at break; Pudun and two boys would take the stairs and the second-floor corridor, looking down step by step; Li Duo would go to the music and art rooms and ask the teachers there if anyone had found a

pencil case. I followed Liu Yang across the playground, eyes sweeping the ground. Something green sat in the grass; we ran over and it was a green bottle cap.

The searchers came back one after another, all shaking their heads. Li Duo returned last and said no too. We stood in the corridor, and nobody said it was surely gone. Wang Xiaoyu said he would go back to the classroom first and check every place the case could be hiding: inside textbooks, in the desk cubby, behind the brooms. I went back with him. The cubby was empty, and so was the space behind the brooms.

The class meeting bell rang, and our teacher walked in holding something green. The pencil case. She said the teacher at the second-floor reading corner had found it while dusting the shelves, with the lid open and the pencils scattered beside it; afraid something would go missing, she had gathered everything up and left it on the podium for the duty students to bring to our class. I held the case and opened it to check: pens, eraser, and watercolor markers were all there. The class schedule inside the lid had been re-taped by someone with clear tape, and a broken pencil had been wrapped with a paper sleeve over its tip. I did not know which classmate had done it. I only knew that among all the people who had searched, someone had paused to tidy it up.

At dismissal I zipped the case all the way shut, the green frog shining in the sunset. I sewed an elastic band over my side pocket, a trick Grandma taught me. The next day I handed the case to my deskmate to check the zipper and told him that from now on we would check each other's bags before school ended every day, so nobody's things would get lost again.