机器人小铁丢了一颗螺丝

十月二十四日，星期五，天气小雨。

今天放学，我和同桌小畅一起去电影院，这是我们俩拉钩拉了三次才约成的。他买票，我拿爆米花，进场的时候差点迟到，因为小畅在门口研究那个取票机研究了十分钟，把后面的人都急坏了。

电影里有个机器人叫小铁，方方的脑袋，圆圆的肚子，走路哐当哐当响。最好笑的一段是：小铁丢了一颗螺丝，从脑袋后面掉的，掉进了自己的肚子里。从那以后它走一步，肚子里就叮铃响一声，像揣了一只小铃铛。它去修自己的肚子，找遍了全身也没找到那颗螺丝，最后是一个小女孩蹲下来，从它脚底板的小缝里把螺丝抠出来了。小铁高兴坏了，送给小女孩一朵铁皮做的小花。放到这里，小畅捅捅我，说你看它傻不傻。我说傻，可是傻得让人想跟它做朋友。

电影里还有一段很吓人。大坏蛋要把小铁拆掉卖废铁，小铁躲在垃圾场里，浑身是锈，肚子里那颗螺丝还在叮铃叮铃响。它以为没有人来找它了，结果那个小女孩带着一整班同学来了，每个人兜里装一颗螺丝，说要把小铁身上松的地方全部拧紧。我看到这里赶紧用袖子擦眼睛，小畅也擦了，我们俩谁也不笑话谁。

回家路上下着小雨，我们俩一人撑一把伞，忽然同时想到了那颗螺丝。我开始学小铁走路，走一步，舌头叮铃响一声。小畅笑疯了，也学着走，一步一声叮铃。我们俩就在雨里一步一响地走，路人全都回头看我们，伞底下两张脸笑得通红。有个阿姨说，这两个孩子肚子里是不是也揣了铃铛。我跟小畅说，对，我们揣的是电影。

到家我把湿鞋子脱了，趴在桌上写日记。写到小铁那朵铁皮花，我想起来明天是小畅生日，我打算今晚用易拉罐皮也剪一朵小花，明天塞进他的文具盒。他要是问哪来的，我就说，是从肚子里那颗螺丝那儿来的。

Iron Boy Lost One Screw

October twenty-fourth, Friday, light rain.

After school today my deskmate Xiaochang and I went to the cinema together, a plan we had to seal with three rounds of pinky promises. He bought the tickets and I carried the popcorn, and we almost arrived late, because Xiaochang spent ten minutes studying the ticket machine at the entrance and made everyone behind him anxious.

The film has a robot called Iron Boy, with a square head, a round belly, and a clanging walk. The funniest part: Iron Boy lost one screw, dropped from behind his head into his own belly. From then on, every step he took made a jingle inside him, as if he carried a little bell. He tried to repair his belly and searched his whole body without finding that screw, and in the end a little girl squatted down and pried it out of a tiny crack in his sole. Iron Boy was so glad that he gave her a little flower made of tin. When this part came on, Xiaochang poked me and said, look how

silly he is. I said silly, but silly in a way that makes you want to be his friend.

There is also a scary part. The big villain wants to take Iron Boy apart and sell him as scrap, and Iron Boy hides in the junkyard, covered in rust, that screw still jingling inside him. He thought nobody would come for him, but the little girl arrived with a whole class of classmates, each carrying one screw in a pocket, saying they would tighten every loose place on Iron Boy. I wiped my eyes with my sleeve quickly at that scene, and Xiaochang wiped his too, and neither of us laughed at the other.

On the way home the rain kept falling. We each held an umbrella when suddenly we both thought of that screw. I started walking like Iron Boy, one step and one jingle from my tongue. Xiaochang laughed wildly and copied me, step by step, jingle by jingle. So we walked through the rain ringing once per step, and every passerby turned to look at us, two faces under two umbrellas red with laughing. One auntie asked whether we two also carried bells in our bellies. I told Xiaochang, yes, what we carry is the film.

When I got home I took off my wet shoes and leaned on the desk to write this diary. When I reached the tin flower of Iron Boy, I remembered that tomorrow is the birthday of my deskmate Xiaochang. Tonight I plan to cut a small flower from a soda can lid and slip it into his pencil case tomorrow. If he asks where it came from, I will say it came from that screw inside my belly.