我的同桌小明

我的同桌叫小明，他坐在我右边的位子上，第三排，靠窗。他比我矮半个头，圆圆的脸，鼻梁上横着几粒淡褐色的小雀斑。头发剪得很短，一根根站得直直的，像草坪里没剪齐的草。他笑起来眼睛眯成两条缝，嘴角有两个浅浅的酒窝。我们的课桌中间用铅笔画过一条清清楚楚的界线，不过早就被蹭得看不见了。

上周四数学测验，我伸手拿文具盒，才发现自己没带橡皮。我把文具盒翻了个底朝天，又翻书包，连衣服口袋都摸了一遍，什么也没有。卷子上那个写错的数字越看越刺眼，好像在笑话我。我小声跟同桌说了，他一句话没说，从文具盒里拿出一块崭新的橡皮，白白的，棱角还尖尖的，咔的一声，在我面前掰成了两半。他把大一点的那半推到我面前，说：用这个，别担心，我们一人一半。我愣了一下，想把小的那半换回来，他按住我的手说：客气什么，我们是同桌呀。

那半块橡皮现在还躺在我的文具盒里，边角已经磨得圆圆的，我一直没舍得换。

周五轮到我们小组值日。老师安排我们扫地、倒垃圾。小明抢过扫帚，从后排往前排扫，我拿着簸箕在前面接。扫到最后一排的桌腿边，有一小团纸屑粘在地上，怎么扫都扫不起来。他蹲下来，用指甲把它抠下来，弹进簸箕里。抬垃圾去走廊尽头的垃圾桶时，袋子太大，口老是散开。他两手拢住袋口，我托住袋底，两个人一摇一晃地抬过去。回到教室，夕阳从窗户斜进来，照得地面干干净净，我们的影子在黑板后面的墙上拉得很长。

小明和我之间，没发生过什么大事，就是掰开的一块橡皮，一起抬过的一袋垃圾。妈妈问我他有什么好，我想了半天，只想出一句：只要我需要，他就在右边那个位子上。

My Deskmate Xiao Ming

My deskmate is named Xiao Ming. He sits to my right, in the third row by the window. He is half a head shorter than me, with a round face and a scattering of light brown freckles across the bridge of his nose. His hair is cut short and stands up stiffly, like grass in a lawn that has not been mowed for a long time. When he laughs, his eyes narrow into two slits, and two small dimples appear at the corners of his mouth. A clear border was once drawn down the middle of our desk with a pencil, but it has long since been smudged and blurred.

Last Thursday we had a math test, and when I reached into my pencil case I found that I had forgotten to bring my eraser. I rummaged through the pencil case, turned my schoolbag upside down, and even checked the pockets of my clothes, but found nothing. The wrong digit on my answer sheet stared back at me, as if mocking me. I quietly told my deskmate. Without a word, he took out his brand-new eraser, white with a still-sharp corner, and broke it in two right in front of me. He pushed the slightly larger half toward me and said, use this one, do not worry, we each have half. I was a little stunned. When I tried to push it back, he pressed my hand down and said, what are you being polite about, we are deskmates after all.

That half of an eraser is still in my pencil case now. Its edge has worn round, but I still have not replaced it.

Friday was our group cleaning duty. The teacher assigned us to sweep the floor and take out the trash. Xiao Ming grabbed the broom and swept from the back row toward the front, while I held the dustpan ahead and caught for him. When we reached the desk leg in the last row, a clump of paper scraps stuck to the floor refused to come off. He crouched down, scraped it off with his fingernails, and flicked it into the dustpan. When we carried the trash to the bin by the hallway, the bag was too big and its opening kept slipping open. He held the opening shut with both hands while I lifted the bottom, and we carried it together, bumping along, all the way to the bin. By the time we got back to the classroom, the setting sun was slanting through the window, lighting up the clean floor, and our shadows stretched long across the wall behind the blackboard.

Nothing big ever happened between Xiao Ming and me, just one broken eraser and one trash bag we carried together. When my mother asked me what is good about him, I thought for a long time and could only think of one thing: whenever I need him, he is right there, in the seat to my right.