# 整理作业的最后一晚

暑假的最后一晚，我终于下定决心：把作业整理出来。这件事我已经拖了三天。每天早上我都跟自己说明天一定弄，每天晚上睡觉，桌上那堆东西还是原样。今晚不会再拖了，因为明天早上学校的大门就要重新打开。

我的桌子已经乱了两个多月。语文的暑假作业本压在数学卷子上，英语阅读书被塞在鼠标垫底下，生物观察日记的封面有一圈水渍，那是它在我的水杯旁边泡了一个夏天的证据。散页更多，七月的卷子混着八月的测验，还有几张写完就忘了的草稿。我把它们全部清下来，用抹布把桌面擦干净，开始一科一摞地码。然后对照老师发在班级群里的清单，一项一项打勾：作业本、卷子、阅读笔记、观察日记、读书报告。打完最后一个勾，我长长地出了一口气，像憋了两个月，终于可以呼出来。

整理的过程中我发现一件好笑的事：我七月写的字和八月写的字，完全是两个人。七月的卷子一笔一画，横平竖直，连批改出来的错号都补得整整齐齐；八月的卷子龙飞凤舞，字歪歪扭扭，一看就是赶出来的。我拿着两摞纸笑自己，又拿给爸爸看。他只看了一秒就说：你看，你的字把你这个暑假干了什么都记下来了。卷子上我的手写字，老老实实记录了整个暑假——前半段我还在认真做事，后半段我已经在想怎么开学前补完。

抽屉最底下，压在一沓旧卷子下面，我还找到了暑假日记。我坐在地板上从头翻。和爸爸去钓鱼，钓上来一只旧胶鞋，我们商量好谁也不告诉别人；学做西红柿炒鸡蛋，第一盘糊得烟雾报警器都唱了起来，第二盘我们谁也没提糊的事；骑自行车去县城，来回四十公里，回来两天坐不下凳子。我坐在地板上一个人笑，像个傻子。这些趣事像抽屉底下的鹅卵石，一颗一颗捡起来，还是温的。

作业码好以后，我开始准备开学。新书七月底就领回来了，我用牛皮纸一本一本包好书皮，在书脊上写好名字；新笔、尺子、三角板、一个新错题本装进书包；校服挂在门边的椅子上，免得早上起来是皱的。妈妈说不用急，开学要八点钟才到。可我想今晚就弄完。弄完心里踏实，像客人来之前把地扫干净了。

睡觉前，我站在门口又看了一眼干净的桌子。暑假像一间我住了两个月的房间，现在包好了，要退房了。我有点舍不得：懒觉还没睡够，剧还没追完，骑车还没骑够。可我也有一点兴奋，安安静静的兴奋。下学期上初三，所有人都说那一年不一样，我知道我不能像这两个月这样散着。人得知道什么时候玩，什么时候把东西收起来。现在，是把东西收起来的时候了。

# The Last Night of Packing Up My Homework

On the last night of the summer vacation, I finally made up my mind: it was time to pack up my homework. I had been putting this off for three days. Every morning I told myself that tomorrow I would do it, and every night I went to bed with the pile on my desk still untouched. Tonight nobody was going to postpone it anymore, because tomorrow morning the school gate would open again.

My desk had been a mess for two months. The Chinese holiday workbook lay on top of the math practice papers, the English reading book was squeezed under the mouse pad, and the biology observation journal had a round water stain on its cover because it had spent weeks next to my drinking cup. There were loose sheets everywhere, exam papers from July mixed with quiz papers from August, and a few pages I had written on and then completely forgotten about. I took everything off the desk, wiped the table clean with a cloth, and started making piles, one pile for each subject. Then I checked every item against the list our teacher had sent to the class group chat: workbook, practice papers, reading notes, observation journal, and a book report. When I ticked the last one, I let out a long breath, as if I had been holding it since July and could finally let it go.

While packing, I found something funny. My handwriting in July and my handwriting in August belonged to two different people. The July practice papers were written carefully, character by character, with straight lines, and even the corrections were drawn neatly in the margins. The August papers were scribbled, with characters leaning sideways and strokes flying off the lines, clearly written in a hurry the night before something else was due. I laughed at myself, then showed the two piles to Dad. He looked for only one second and said: see, your handwriting has recorded everything you did this summer. The handwriting on my papers had honestly kept a diary of the whole vacation. In the first half I was still doing things properly, and in the second half I was already thinking about how to catch up before school opened.

At the bottom of the drawer, under a stack of old test papers, I also found my summer diary. I sat down on the floor and read it from the first page. The day I went fishing with Dad and we caught nothing but an old rubber boot, and we agreed never to tell anybody. The day I learned to cook tomato and egg stir-fry and burned the first plate so badly that the smoke alarm started singing, and we ate the second plate without mentioning it. The day I rode my bike all the way to the county town, forty kilometers there and back, and my legs hurt so much that I could not sit down properly for two days. I laughed by myself on the floor like a fool. These funny moments were like pebbles at the bottom of a drawer, and when I picked them up one by one, they were still warm.

After the homework was packed into the drawer, I started getting ready for the new term. The new textbooks had already been handed out at the end of July, so I wrapped the covers one by one with brown paper and wrote my name on the spine of each book. I put new pens, a ruler, a set of triangles, and a fresh mistake notebook into my schoolbag, and hung my school uniform on the chair by the door so that it would not be wrinkled in the morning. Mom said there was no hurry, that school did not start until eight o'clock. But I wanted to finish it tonight. Finishing it made me feel calm, the way a clean floor makes you feel before guests arrive.

Before bed, I stood in the doorway and looked at the clean desk one more time. The summer vacation is like a room I have lived in for two months, and now the bag is packed and I am about to check out. I feel reluctant. I have not finished sleeping late, not finished the TV series, not finished riding my bike around town with nowhere to be. But I also feel a little excited, in a quiet way. Next term I am in the third year of middle school, the last year before the entrance exam, and everybody says it will be different. I know I cannot be as scattered as I was in these two months. A person has to know when to play and when to put things away. Right now, it is time to put things away.