礼物盒自己的一天

我是一只礼物盒，纸做的，身上印着气球。六一早上八点，我被放在二年级三班的讲台上，我们一箱十二只，排成一排。我的任务是等一个孩子把我领走，可我从八点等到九点，一只都没被领走。

九点是音乐课。音乐老师抱走我们中间的一只，说今天玩传盒子，音乐响就传，音乐停，盒子在谁手里，谁就打开。我站在讲台上看得眼热，传盒子有什么难的，我还会唱歌呢，我肚子里装着一支银色口琴，只是没人拧开我。

音乐响起来，盒子们开始传。传到第三轮，音乐停了，盒子停在一个小辫子女孩手里。她站起来，打开盖子，拿出里面的口琴，脸红了。她吹了一个音，就一个音，嘟，然后她把口琴放回盒子，坐下了。她叫小雅，后来我知道的。她坐下的时候，把那只盒子抱在怀里没还回去。

第二天，我被领走了。领走我的就是小雅。她抱着我回家，路上一直低头看我的气球印花。她打开我的时候很小心，先把星星贴纸揭下来放平，再掀盖子。她拿出口琴，对着窗户吹，嘟，嘟，嘟，吹了一整个下午。她吹得其实不好，一个音一个音地挪，像走路还不太稳。

音乐课又到了。老师说要两人一组合奏，小雅站在原地不动，她没有伙伴。旁边的胖墩举着口琴跑过来，说跟我一组吧，我吹得响，你吹得高。小雅点点头。他们排练，胖墩吹得咚咚响，小雅跟得上，就是不敢大声。胖墩说，你大声点，我的声音大，能带着你。

汇报演出的时候，小雅那组第一个上台。小雅站到话筒前，攥着口琴，攥得手心都湿了。音乐起来，胖墩先吹，响得像打鼓，小雅的口琴跟进去，细细的一条线，从鼓声里穿出来。吹到一半，小雅忽然抬起了头。

吹完，全班鼓掌。小雅跑下台，把我打开，把口琴放进去，又把我合上。她小声跟我说，明天还练。我说好，虽然我是一纸盒子，不会说话，可她听见了。

现在我在小雅的床头，每天夜里都梦见音乐课。其实礼物盒也有节日，我们的节日就是被打开的那一天。我等了两年才等到小雅，值了。

A Day in the Life of a Gift Box

I am a gift box, made of cardboard, printed with balloons. At eight on Children's Day morning I was set on the podium of Class Three, Grade Two. We came in a crate of twelve, standing in a row. My job was to wait for a child to take me home, but I waited from eight to nine and nobody took me.

At nine came music class. The music teacher picked up one of us and said today we play pass the box: pass it while the music plays, and when the music stops, whoever holds the box opens it. I watched from the podium, itching to join. Passing a box is not hard. I can even sing. Inside me is a silver harmonica; nobody has just opened me yet.

The music started and the boxes began to travel. In the third round the music stopped, and a box landed in the hands of a girl with a braid. She stood up, opened the lid, took out the harmonica, and blushed. She played one note, just one, toot, then put the harmonica back and sat down. Her name is Xiao Ya, I learned later. When she sat, she kept that box in her lap and did not return it.

The next day I was taken home, and the one who took me was Xiao Ya. She carried me along the way, head down, looking at my balloon print. She opened me carefully, first peeling off the star sticker and setting it flat, then lifting the lid. She took out the harmonica and played toward the window, toot, toot, toot, the whole afternoon. She was not really good at it, moving note by note, like a child still unsteady on her feet.

Music class came again. The teacher said to play in pairs. Xiao Ya stood still. She had no partner. A chubby boy next to her ran over with his harmonica and said, pair with me, I play loud, you play high. Xiao Ya nodded. They rehearsed. The boy played booming like a drum, and Xiao Ya kept up, just too shy to play loudly. The boy said, play louder, my sound is big enough to carry you.

At the class showcase their pair went first. Xiao Ya stood at the microphone, harmonica in hand, her palm wet with sweat. The music began, the boy played first, loud as drums, and Xiao Ya's harmonica joined in, a thin thread of sound threading out through the drumming. Halfway through, she suddenly raised her head.

When they finished, the whole class applauded. Xiao Ya ran off stage, opened me, put the harmonica inside, and closed me again. She whispered to me, we practice again tomorrow. I said all right. I am only a cardboard box and cannot talk, but she heard me.

Now I sit by Xiao Ya's bed, and every night I dream of music class. Gift boxes have holidays too. Our holiday is the day we get opened. I waited two years to find Xiao Ya, and it was worth it.