书包口袋里的贺卡

六一前一天放学，老师说要和好朋友交换礼物。回到家，我找出一张硬卡纸，剪成书包的形状，又在上面画了一个歪歪扭扭的书包，书包口袋里露出一张贺卡的一角。我在贺卡背面写，阿福，六一快乐，你是我同桌两年的人。

写完我有点不好意思，把贺卡压在枕头底下睡了一晚。第二天早上我到得早，阿福还没来。他的书包挂在椅背上，拉链拉开一条缝。我把书包形状的贺卡塞进他书包最外面的小口袋，塞得很深，只露出一丁点红色的边。

做完这些我飞跑回座位，装作在收作业。阿福进教室的时候眼睛平平常常，什么也没发现，我心想，计划成了。

可是第二节课一下课，阿福忽然走到我桌前，说，你书包外面那个口袋，是不是鼓起来了。我心里咯噔一下，说，没有吧。阿福说，你去看看。我拉开小口袋，里面躺着一张贺卡，对折着，打开是一幅画，画里两个小人共用一把伞，伞上写着六一快乐。

阿福站在旁边挠头，说，我昨天塞的时候手很轻，是不是碰到你的拉链了。我盯着他看，他耳朵红了。我说，你什么时候塞的。阿福说，就你趴在桌上睡觉的时候。

我把书包形状的贺卡也从他口袋里掏出来给他看。阿福念了一遍上面的字，念到你是我同桌两年的人，就不念了，改口说，这张画得不太像书包。我说，那当然，它本来装的是你。

课间十分钟，我们俩把两张贺卡并排摆在桌上比。他的伞画得比我好，我的书包剪得比他好。比来比去谁也赢不了，最后我们把两张贺卡对插在一起，变成一张四面都能看的贺卡，一人一半，约好各拿两个角。

放学的时候，那张四角贺卡被我们塞进了阿福的书包口袋，因为我家近，他家远，他说要让它多坐一会儿书包。我点头，心想，明天它该轮到我的口袋了。

The Card in the Backpack Pocket

The day before June 1st, the teacher said we should exchange gifts with a good friend. At home I found a piece of stiff card, cut it into the shape of a backpack, and drew a crooked backpack on it, with the corner of a greeting card peeking out of the pocket. On the back I wrote, Afu, happy Children's Day, you are the person who has been my deskmate for two years.

After writing I felt shy and slept with the card under my pillow. Next morning I arrived early. Afu was not there yet. His backpack hung on his chair, the zipper open a crack. I pushed the backpack-shaped card deep into the small outer pocket of his bag, leaving only a tiny red edge showing.

Then I ran back to my seat and pretended to tidy my homework. When Afu came in his eyes were normal, he had found nothing. My plan had worked, I thought.

But when the second class ended, Afu walked to my desk and said, is the outer pocket of your backpack a little fatter. My heart jumped. I said, no. He said, go look. I opened the small pocket and there lay a folded card. Inside was a drawing of two little people sharing one umbrella, with happy Children's Day written on the umbrella.

Afu stood beside me scratching his head. He said, I was very careful when I slipped it in, did it touch your zipper. I stared at him and his ears turned red. I asked, when did you put it there. He said, while you were sleeping on your desk.

I pulled my backpack-shaped card out of his pocket too. Afu read the words aloud, and when he reached you are the person who has been my deskmate for two years, he stopped and said instead, this drawing does not look much like a backpack. I said, of course not, it was made to hold you.

During the ten-minute break we laid the two cards side by side on the desk to compare. His umbrella was drawn better, my backpack was cut better. Neither could win, so we slotted the two cards into each other, making one card with four faces, each of us holding two corners.

At school-leaving time we put the four-cornered card into Afu's backpack pocket, because my home is near and his is far. He said he wanted it to ride in a backpack a little longer. I nodded, thinking, tomorrow it should take its turn in my pocket.