

粉笔和黑板谁更辛苦：深夜教室里的对话

下课铃响过很久了，教室里的人走光，粉笔盒里剩三根粉笔，最短的那根只剩小指头长。它躺在盒子里叹气，把旁边的长粉笔都震得跳了一下。

短粉笔说：我明天就要被捏断了。我写一个字短一点，写一个字短一点，讲台上的粉笔灰全是我身子。黑板在墙上听见了，慢吞吞地说：你至少说过话。我这儿写满了又擦掉，写满了又擦掉，今天值日生擦了我三遍，一个字都没给我留。

长粉笔说：那你们谁更辛苦？短粉笔说当然是我，我越干活越小。黑板说当然是我，我天天被擦。两个正争着，教室的灯啪一声亮了。已经晚上十点，王老师抱着一沓卷子进来，把卷子放在讲台上，翻开备课本，在黑板上写明天的例题。粉笔灰簌簌落下来，落在王老师的袖口上。

黑板低声说：你看，她又来了。昨天十点她也来了，前天也是。短粉笔说：她写我，我短；她写你，你被擦。可她明天还来。黑板说：她图什么呀？

没有人回答。王老师写完例题，又弯腰从粉笔盒里挑粉笔，挑来挑去，把那根最短的小指头长捏了起来，捏着它把最后一行算式写完。短粉笔疼得喊了一声，可是它发现，那行算式写在黑板上最中间，字比平时都大。

王老师关灯走了。走廊的钟指着十一点。黑暗里，黑板开口了：我懂了。她图的是明天上课，我们写下的那些字，会进到五十三个孩子的本子上。短粉笔说：那我短就短吧。我剩下的话，都留在黑板上了。

第二天早上，值日生照例擦黑板。擦到最中间那行算式，他停了一下，没擦，跑去问同桌：这是王老师昨晚写的吧？同桌说，是。值日生把黑板擦到旁边，留着那行，直到上课铃响才擦。

寓意：把话留在别人身上的人，不喊辛苦。

Who Works Harder, Chalk or Blackboard: A Late-Night Talk in the Empty Classroom

The dismissal bell had long since rung, and the classroom stood empty. Three sticks of chalk remained in the box, the shortest no longer than a little finger. It lay sighing, and the shake made its longer neighbors hop.

The short chalk said: tomorrow I will be pinched in half. One character written, a little shorter; another character, shorter again. All the chalk dust on the podium is my body. The blackboard, hearing from the wall, drawled: at least you spoke. Here I get written full and wiped clean, written full and wiped clean. The duty student erased me three times today and left me not one character.

The long chalk asked: so which of you works harder? The short chalk said of course me — the more I work the smaller I get. The blackboard said of course me — I

get erased every day. While they argued, the classroom light snapped on. It was ten at night. Teacher Wang came in carrying a stack of test papers, set them on the podium, opened her lesson book, and began writing tomorrow's example problems on the blackboard. Chalk dust drifted down onto her sleeve.

The blackboard whispered: look, she is here again. She came at ten yesterday, and the day before. The short chalk said: she writes on me and I shrink; she writes on you and you get erased. Yet she keeps coming. The blackboard asked: what is she after?

No one answered. Teacher Wang finished the example, bent down to choose chalk from the box, and after turning them over she picked up the shortest one, the little-finger length, and wrote the last line of the formula with it. The short chalk cried out from the pinch, but it noticed that this line sat in the very center of the board, its characters larger than usual.

Teacher Wang turned off the light and left. The corridor clock pointed to eleven. In the dark, the blackboard spoke: I understand now. What she is after is tomorrow's class — the words we hold will pass into the notebooks of fifty-three children. The short chalk said: then let me be short. My remaining words are all left on you.

Next morning the duty student erased the board as always. Reaching the formula in the center, he paused, did not erase it, ran to ask the deskmate: Teacher Wang wrote this last night, right? The deskmate said yes. The duty student wiped around it, keeping that line until the bell rang.

Moral: those who leave their words on others do not shout about hardship.