

# 一支铅笔的控诉与道歉

大家好！开会前，我先宣布一件事：昨天，一支铅笔向我们全班提出了控诉。

控诉是我在失物筐里读到它的。那支铅笔躺在一堆断尺和缺帽彩笔中间，笔杆上刻着两个小字，是我的名字。我认出来了，那是上学期我削短到捏不住、随手扔进筐里的铅笔。它控诉我：你把我借给同桌用，用完我掉在地上，你从我的身上踩过去；你把我扔进筐里的时候，连看都没看我一眼。同学们，我念这段控诉的时候，脸是烫的。因为我想起我的铅笔都是怎么退场的：短到捏不住了，扔；笔尖摔秃了，扔；橡皮找不到，把铅笔当撬棍使，还是扔。我从没想过，一支铅笔从木头变成铅笔，要经过伐木、运材、削笔、上漆、装笔芯，它走了那么远的路到我手里，最后被我三秒钟处理掉。

不只是铅笔。我丢过一块用了一半的橡皮，因为掉在雨天积了水的走廊；丢过一把量身高用的直尺，因为落在美术教室；丢过整个文具盒，因为放学时只顾着和同学比谁的鞋带系得快。每一次丢，我都有理由。可是所有理由加起来，只说明一件事：在我心里，文具排在最后面，排在零食、漫画和放学铃的后面。

转折发生在期中考试。那天我要画图，翻遍书包找不到尺子，借同学的尺子又短了一截，我的统计图歪歪扭扭，被扣了分。回家我把书包整个倒在沙发上，倒出来的东西让我自己都吓了一跳：三个压扁的饼干盒、五张皱巴巴的卷子、一支没有帽的笔、半块不知道哪科的橡皮。我的书包像一个没有规矩的房间，而考试只是替这个房间收了一次房租。

那天晚上，妈妈教我把文具盒和书包重新安顿。文具盒分三区：写的、改的、量的，每区一样主力，绝不多备；书包分三层：课本住最里贴背的一层，练习册住中间，文具盒住外侧的袋子，水壶单独住网袋。妈妈还给我一个土办法：每晚睡前把明天的书包按上课顺序装一遍，早上就不慌。我照做了一个月，第一次发现，书包轻了，心也轻了。找东西的时间省下来，我多睡了两分钟，走路都稳。

同学们，我今天不是来念检讨书的，我是来道歉，也是来邀请的。我要向那支铅笔道歉，向所有被我随手处理掉的文具道歉。我也想邀请大家做三件事：这周末，给文具盒做一次大扫除，把不用的清出去，给留下的安一个固定的位置；从下周一开始，每天睡前按课表装书包，放学前检查桌面；还有，下次你想扔一支还能用的铅笔时，先停三秒，想想它走了多远的路才到你手里。

文具不会说话，但它们记得一切：记得你削它时用没用刀，记得你借它时还不还，记得你扔它时有没有回头。同学们，做一个让文具记得你好的人，从文具盒开始，从今天开始。谢谢大家！

## An Accusation and an Apology from a Pencil

Hello everyone! Before we begin, one announcement: yesterday, a pencil filed a complaint against our whole class.

I read the complaint in the lost-and-found basket. The pencil lay among broken rulers and capless markers, with two small characters carved on its shaft: my name. I recognized it. It was the pencil I had whittled too short to grip last term and

tossed into the basket. Its complaint: You lent me to your deskmate; when I fell on the floor, you stepped over me; when you threw me into the basket, you did not even look. Friends, my face burned as I read this. I remembered how my pencils meet their end: too short, thrown away; tip smashed blunt, thrown away; eraser missing, so I pry with the pencil, then throw it away anyway. I never considered that before a tree becomes a pencil, it passes through logging, hauling, shaping, lacquering, and refilling. It traveled so far to reach my hand, and I disposed of it in three seconds.

And not only pencils. I lost a half-used eraser in a rainy corridor puddle; I lost the straight ruler we measured height with, left behind in the art room; I lost a whole pencil case because at dismissal I was busy racing a classmate to tie our shoes faster. Every loss had its excuse. But all excuses add up to one fact: in my heart, stationery ranked last, behind snacks, comics, and the dismissal bell.

The turning point came at midterms. Needing to draw a diagram, I could not find a ruler in my bag, the borrowed one was too short, and my bar chart came out crooked, costing me points. That evening I dumped the whole schoolbag on the sofa, and what spilled out shocked me: three crushed biscuit tins, five crumpled test papers, a capless pen, half an eraser of unknown subject. My schoolbag was a room with no rules, and the exam had simply collected the room's overdue rent.

That night, Mom helped me re-house the pencil case and the bag. The case got three zones: writing, correcting, measuring, one main tool per zone, never spares. The bag got three layers: textbooks against the back, workbooks in the middle, the pencil case in the outer pocket, the bottle alone in its mesh net. Mom also gave me a plain trick: pack tomorrow's bag in class order before bed, and mornings stop being a panic. I did it for a month and discovered something new: the bag got lighter, and so did my heart. The time saved hunting for things bought me two more minutes of sleep, and even my walk steadied.

Friends, I did not come here to read a self-criticism. I came to apologize, and to invite. I apologize to that pencil, and to every tool I disposed of on a whim. And I invite you to three things: this weekend, deep-clean your pencil case, clear out what you do not use, and give what remains a fixed place; starting Monday, pack your bag by timetable each night and check your desk before dismissal; and next time you reach to throw away a still-usable pencil, pause three seconds and think how far it traveled to reach you.

Stationery cannot speak, but it remembers everything: whether you used a knife or your teeth, whether you returned what you lent, whether you looked back when you threw it away. Friends, be a person your stationery remembers kindly. Start with the pencil case. Start today. Thank you!