

橡皮擦的最后一次旅行

老师们、同学们，大家好！我演讲的题目是《橡皮擦的最后一次旅行》。

先讲一件真事。上个月，我的橡皮出走了。它本来躺在文具盒右下角，那天中午我擦完错字，随手把它放在了桌面上，就去操场了。回来时，它不见了。我翻书包，抖文具盒，把抽屉倒了个底朝天，甚至在走廊上问同学：看见一块白橡皮了吗？它有点脏，右边缺了一个角。没有人看见。那块橡皮是我过生日时姐姐送我的，包装纸我还留着。它不是自己长腿跑掉的，是我没有送它回文具盒。同学们，请回想一下：这个学期，你的文具盒里，有多少文具是这样失踪的？

我在班里做过一个小调查。我们全班四十五人，这个学期丢过铅笔的有三十九人，丢过尺子的二十七人，丢过卷笔刀的三十一人。一学期下来，我们班失踪的铅笔加起来能装满三个文具盒。这些铅笔不是被偷的，也不是自己走的。它们的主人把它们借出去，忘了要回来；用完随手放在桌上；文具盒里挤成一团，掉在地上也没人听见。

文具不是贵重的东西，可是每一样都有人给过你：铅笔是爸爸批发的作业本里配的，尺子是老师奖励给进步同学的，文具盒是妈妈挑了三个店才买下的。它们替你干活，写字、画线、擦错，干完活却睡在书包最底层，被压得变了形。同学们，我们对朋友都说谢谢，对每天帮我们的文具，是不是太吝啬了？

所以今天，我想跟大家分享我的文具盒。我的文具盒只有三层：写字的住第一层，铅笔排好队，笔尖朝同一个方向；修改的住第二层，橡皮在老位置，卷笔刀挂在拉链上；尺子和彩笔住第三层，各睡各的格子。我的书包也有规矩：书本按大小编队，文具盒永远站在侧袋，不跟水壶挤在一起。这些规矩不是我天生会，是我丢过太多东西以后，一样一样学来的。

同学们，我提议，从今天起做三件小事。第一，今晚回家，把自己的文具盒全部倒出来，擦干净，给每样文具定一个固定的位置。第二，从明天起，每天放学后用十秒钟，把桌上的文具送回文具盒，把文具盒送回书包侧袋。第三，如果你的文具借给了同学，当面要回来，别不好意思——爱护文具的人，才最值得信任。

我的那块橡皮大概再也找不回来了。但我希望，它的最后一次旅行，能换回我们班几百支铅笔、几百块橡皮的家。同学们，爱护文具，从文具盒开始；整理书包，就从今天放学后那十秒钟开始。我的演讲完了，谢谢大家！

The Eraser's Last Journey

Teachers and fellow students, good morning! My speech is titled The Last Journey of an Eraser.

Let me tell you something real. Last month, my eraser went missing. It had been lying in the lower right corner of my pencil case. At noon, after erasing my mistake, I left it on the desk and went to the playground. When I came back, it was gone. I

rummaged through my bag, shook the pencil case, turned my drawer upside down, and even asked classmates in the corridor: have you seen a white eraser? A little dirty, with one corner chipped off. Nobody had. That eraser was a birthday gift from my sister, and I still keep its wrapping paper. It did not grow legs and run. I failed to walk it home to its case. Friends, think for a moment: this term, how many stationery items vanished from your own pencil case the same way?

I ran a small survey in our class. Of forty-five students, thirty-nine lost a pencil this term, twenty-seven lost a ruler, and thirty-one lost a sharpener. Added up, the pencils our class lost could fill three pencil cases. They were not stolen. They did not walk away. Their owners lent them out and forgot to ask them back, left them on desks after use, or let them jumble in a case and fall to the floor unheard.

Stationery is not expensive, but each piece came from someone who cared: the pencils came with the exercise books Dad bought in bulk, the ruler was a reward from our teacher for progress, the pencil case was chosen by Mom after visiting three shops. They work for you every day, writing, drawing lines, wiping out mistakes, and then sleep crushed at the bottom of your bag. We say thank you to our friends. Have we been too stingy with the tools that help us every single day?

So today I want to share my pencil case with you. It has only three layers. Writing tools live in the first: pencils lined up, tips facing the same way. Correcting tools live in the second: the eraser in its old corner, the sharpener hanging on the zipper. Rulers and markers live in the third, each in its own slot. My schoolbag has rules too: books lined up by size, the pencil case always standing in the side pocket, never squeezed next to the water bottle. I was not born knowing these rules. I learned them one by one after losing too many things.

Friends, I propose three small things starting today. First, tonight at home, empty your pencil case completely, wipe it clean, and give every item a fixed home. Second, starting tomorrow, spend ten seconds before school ends walking every tool back into the case, and the case back into the side pocket. Third, if you lend a tool to a classmate, ask for it back in person, without shyness. A person who cares for his things is a person worth trusting.

My eraser is probably gone forever. But I hope its last journey can bring home the hundreds of pencils and erasers our class has lost. Friends, caring for stationery begins with the pencil case; tidying your schoolbag can begin with those ten seconds before the final bell. Thank you all!

文具盒里的寻人启事

亲爱的同学们，大家好！今天班会课，我想先念一张寻人启事。

寻人启事：铅笔先生，黑色，身高十八厘米，头顶有一排牙印，特征是总被主人咬。失踪地点：五年级三班教室。橡皮女士，白色，右下角有个小缺口，那是主人拿它戳过洞。失踪地点：操场附近。尺子爷爷，透明，三十岁，腰有点弯，因为长期被压在书包最底层。失踪地点：不明。同学们，这不是我编的童话。这是我们教室后面失物招领角的真实写照。那个小筐里，这学期已经收留了六十三支铅笔、十九块橡皮、十四把尺子。它们没有名字，没有人来认领，因为认领它们的人，根本认不出它们——它们从来没有被主人好好看过一眼，更没有住过一个固定的家。

说句惭愧的话，我是失物招领角的常客。上学期，我把整个文具盒弄丢了。那天美术课，我把文具盒放在凳子面上，下课抱着画板就走。等我想起来，凳子已经被翻过来擦好了。我回教室找，找遍了每张桌子底下，向保安叔叔借了手电筒照走廊。第二天，文具盒出现在失物筐里，里面的东西散了一半：尺子断了，彩笔少了两顶帽子，我最喜欢的草莓味橡皮不见了。那次我难过了整整一周。难过不是因为盒子贵，是因为我忽然发现，我连自己丢了什么都说不清楚——我从来没有清点过我的文具，就像从来没有点清过我的朋友。

从那以后，我给我的文具盒立了家规，今天分享给大家。第一条，进门登记：新文具进门，我给它贴一个小标记，我的名字写在别人看不见的地方。第二条，各住各屋：铅笔住左边带槽的床，橡皮住右边的小窝，尺子睡盒盖的夹袋，彩笔按高矮排队。第三条，每晚点名：晚上写作业前，我把文具盒打开，数一遍，少一个当场找，不过夜。第四条，睡前归巢：写完作业，文具全部回位，文具盒站上书包侧袋。这四条家规我执行了一年多，我的文具盒再也没进过失物筐。

同学们，一个连文具都点不清的人，怎么点清自己的作业？一个连铅笔都送不回盒子的人，怎么把自己送回准时的家？我们总说自己长大了，长大不是个子变高，是能为自己的东西负责。

所以，我代表小组向全班倡议：第一，本周五之前，每人给自己的文具做一次点名，缺了的去失物筐认领，认领时看清楚特征；第二，从下周起，每天放学前十秒钟，文具归位，书包拉好；第三，每月一次，我们互相参观文具盒，比一比谁的盒子最清爽，最清爽的盒子获得班级爱护文具章。让失物筐里的文具越来越少，让每一个文具都有家可回。

我的演讲完了。今晚回家，请先打开你的文具盒，跟里面的老朋友打个招呼。谢谢大家！

A Missing Person Notice from Inside the Pencil Case

Dear classmates, hello! In today's class meeting, I want to start by reading a missing-person notice.

Notice: Mr. Pencil, black, eighteen centimeters tall, a row of tooth marks on his head, habitually bitten by his owner. Last seen: Classroom 3, Grade 5. Ms. Eraser, white, a small notch at the lower right corner where her owner poked holes in her.

Last seen: near the playground. Grandpa Ruler, transparent, thirty centimeters long, back slightly bent from years pressed at the bottom of a schoolbag. Last seen: unknown. Friends, this is not a fairy tale I invented. It is the true scene of our lost-and-found corner. Its little basket has sheltered sixty-three pencils, nineteen erasers, and fourteen rulers this term. They have no names and no claimants, because their owners could not recognize them. They were never looked at closely, never given a fixed home.

Shamefully, I am a regular at that corner. Last term I lost my entire pencil case. On art class day, I set the case on my stool, then grabbed my drawing board and left. By the time I remembered, the stools had been flipped and stacked. I ran back and searched under every desk, borrowed a flashlight from the security guard, and swept the corridor. The next day the case turned up in the basket, half its contents scattered: the ruler snapped, two marker caps missing, and my favorite strawberry-scented eraser gone. I was sad for a full week. Not because the case was expensive, but because I realized I could not even say what I had lost. I had never taken inventory of my stationery, the way I had never counted my friends.

Since then I made house rules for my pencil case, and I share them today. Rule one, register on arrival: every new tool gets a small mark, my name written where others cannot see it. Rule two, separate rooms: pencils sleep in the grooved bed on the left, the eraser in its little nest on the right, the ruler in the lid pocket, markers lined up by height. Rule three, nightly roll call: before homework, I open the case and count. If one is missing, I search that same minute, never overnight. Rule four, bed for everything: when homework ends, every tool returns, and the case stands in the schoolbag's side pocket. I have kept these rules for over a year, and my case has never entered the lost-and-found basket again.

Friends, how can a person who cannot count his pencils keep track of his homework? How can someone who cannot walk a pencil home walk himself home on time? We say we are growing up. Growing up is not getting taller. It is being responsible for your own things.

So on behalf of our group, I propose to the whole class: first, before Friday, everyone take inventory of your stationery; claim missing items from the basket by checking their marks. Second, starting next week, spend ten seconds before dismissal returning tools to the case and zipping the bag. Third, hold a monthly pencil case visit, comparing whose case is tidiest; the tidiest case wins the class Care for Stationery badge. Let the basket hold fewer and fewer items, and let every tool have a home to return to.

That is my speech. Tonight when you get home, open your pencil case and greet the old friends inside. Thank you!

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!