

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!