

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，每天放学前十秒钟，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，就从今天放学前十秒钟开始。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!