

一只文具盒里的学期

老师们、同学们，早上好。今天我在国旗下讲话的主题是《我的文具盒》。请允许我先以一位班主任的身份，讲几个我在教室里看到的画面。

每天早晨巡视教室，我的目光总会先落在课桌上。有的课桌一眼望去清清爽爽：文具盒摆在右上角，盒盖合得严严实实。也有的课桌让我忍不住停下脚步：文具盒敞着口，铅笔斜插在里面，盒盖怎么按都合不拢，因为里面卡着一块断成两截的尺子；卷笔刀的小盒里积满了笔屑，倒出来的时候像下了一场铅笔灰的雪；橡皮被抠成了不规则的小碎块，上面还扎着圆规的针眼。我轻轻问过几位同学：你的文具盒上一次彻底清理是什么时候？孩子们想了很久，摇摇头。有的孩子说，开学那天装进去的，就再没打开整理过。

这些乱糟糟的文具盒，会在一些时刻现出原形。上学期期中考试，我们班有个男孩在数学考试的最后十分钟举手，声音发颤：老师，我的橡皮不见了。他翻遍了文具盒，抖出了三截铅笔头、一把碎纸屑，橡皮却怎么也找不到。那道画图题最后没有擦干净，卷面上留着一团灰。走出考场，他眼圈红红的。他难过不是因为分数，而是他明明记得自己准备过，却在最需要的时候拿不出来。

这学期，这位男孩的妈妈给他换了一只带隔层的文具盒，教他每晚睡前把铅笔削好排进凹槽，尺子放进长格，橡皮装进小袋。变化是从一件小事开始的：有一次同桌忘带直尺，他从盒里稳稳抽出一把递过去。那个动作干脆、自然，像一位士兵从枪架上取下枪。后来的课堂小测，他再没有为文具分过一次心。我问他感受，他说：以前上课老担心东西不见，现在不用想，它们都在。

同学们，这就是整理的好处，它不写在成绩单上，却藏在每一节课的专注里、每一次考试的从容里。一只干净的文具盒，让你不必在四十分钟的课堂上翻找；一套点齐的文具，让你在考场上相信自己的准备；而每天睡前十分钟的整理，会让你明白，自己的东西自己负责，这是长大最重要的第一步。

所以，我代表全体老师向同学们发出号召：这个月，请每位同学给自己的文具盒做一次大扫除，倒空笔屑，断尺换新的，给橡皮包上纸壳；每天放学后，把文具归位，把盒盖扣到听见咔哒一声；坚持四周以后，请爸爸妈妈在签字栏里写下一句评语。四周之后，我们将请各班代表带着自己最整洁的文具盒，到主席台前展示。

同学们，一只文具盒很小，小得只装得下几支笔；一只文具盒也不小，它装得下一个学期的秩序，也装得下一个孩子对自己的要求。愿你们每天打开它的时候，里面的每一件文具都干干净净、各就各位，等着陪你们上好下一节课。我的讲话完毕，谢谢大家！

A Whole Term Inside a Pencil Case

Dear teachers and students, good morning. My topic under the flag today is My Pencil Case. Please allow me, as a homeroom teacher, to begin with a few scenes I have seen in my classroom.

Every morning when I patrol the classroom, my eyes go first to the desks. Some desks look clear at a glance: the pencil case sits at the upper right corner, its lid

closed tight. Other desks make me stop and look: the case stands open with pencils sticking out at an angle, the lid refusing to snap shut because a ruler broken in two is jammed inside; the little box of a pencil sharpener is packed with shavings, and when you tip it out it snows pencil dust; the eraser has been dug into irregular little chunks, still bearing the needle holes of a compass. I have asked several students gently: when did you last clean out your pencil case thoroughly? The children thought for a long time and shook their heads. One said it was packed on the first day of school and had never been opened and tidied since.

These messy pencil cases show their true colors at certain moments. During the midterm exam last term, a boy in my class raised his hand in the last ten minutes of the math test, his voice trembling: Teacher, my eraser is gone. He turned his pencil case inside out, shaking out three pencil stubs and a handful of paper scraps, but the eraser could not be found anywhere. The drawing question at the end was never erased cleanly, and a gray smudge stayed on the paper. Walking out of the exam hall, his eyes were red. His pain was not about the score. It was that he remembered preparing everything, yet could not produce it at the moment he needed it most.

This term, the boy's mother bought him a pencil case with compartments and taught him every night before bed to sharpen the pencils and lay them in the grooves, put the ruler in the long slot, and wrap the eraser in its little bag. The change began with a small thing: one day his deskmate forgot a ruler, and he drew one steadily out of his case and handed it over. The motion was crisp and natural, like a soldier taking a rifle from its rack. In the quizzes that followed, he never once lost focus over stationery. When I asked him how it felt, he said: Before, I kept worrying about losing things in class. Now I do not have to think about it. They are all there.

Students, this is the benefit of tidiness. It does not appear on the report card, but it hides in the focus of every lesson and the calm of every exam. A clean pencil case saves you from rummaging through a forty-minute class; a complete set of stationery makes you trust your own preparation in the exam hall; and ten minutes of tidying before bed each night teaches you to take responsibility for your own things, which is the most important first step of growing up.

So, on behalf of all the teachers, I call on every student: this month, please give your pencil case a thorough cleaning, empty out the shavings, replace broken rulers, and wrap your eraser in a paper sleeve; before school ends each day, put every piece of stationery back and snap the lid until you hear the click; after four weeks of persistence, ask your parents to write one line of comment in the signature column. Four weeks later, we will invite class representatives to bring their tidiest pencil cases and display them on the stage.

Students, a pencil case is small, small enough to hold only a few pens. A pencil

case is also not small: it can hold the order of a whole term, and a child's standards for himself. May you open it each day to find every piece of stationery clean and in its place, waiting to carry you through the next lesson. This is my speech. Thank you all!