

把文具盒管好，把校园管好

尊敬的老师们、亲爱的同学们，早上好！当五星红旗在晨光中升起，我很荣幸代表六年级全体同学，在国旗下讲话，主题是《我的文具盒》。

讲话开始前，先讲一件上周四早上发生的事。大课间铃一响，同学们涌出教室，楼梯口一只文具盒被人碰翻，铅笔、尺子、橡皮滚了一台阶，路过的人一个接一个跨过去，没有人弯腰。直到一年级的一个小女孩下楼，蹲下来把文具一件件捡回盒子里，现场才收拾干净。我问她叫什么名字，她挠挠头说：妈妈教我看见掉在地上的东西要捡起来。那只印着卡通图案的红色文具盒，它的主人平时就随手放在课桌最外沿，肩膀一蹭，它就飞了出去。

也许你觉得这是小事。那我们去走廊的失物招领箱看一看。上学期末，值周班级统计过：一学期捡到的文具超过两百件，最多的是橡皮，其次是卷笔刀和尺子。其中只有一二十件写着名字，其余的安静地躺在箱子里，等一个永远不会来的主人。一块九月买的橡皮，才用了两个月，还剩大半，却在失物箱和讲台之间换了三任主人——被捡起，被拿走，又丢失。这样的文具，我们学校每年要重新买多少？

我是班里的公物管理员，手里有一本登记册。起初我只记谁丢了什么，后来发现一个规律：经常丢文具的同学，文具盒几乎都乱得合不拢盖，松掉的卷笔刀、削得太短的铅笔自己就会从盒缝里滚出来。从不丢东西的同学，文具盒里铅笔排成一排，尺子卡在隔层里，橡皮装在小布袋里。他们的文具好像都认得回家的路。这学期我们班开始做课前十秒钟：每节课下课，先把文具放回原位再离开座位。刚开始有同学嫌麻烦，坚持两个月后，我们班再没丢过一件文具，登记册上每周十几条记录变成了空白。

整理文具盒带来的，远不止不丢东西。打开盒子，什么都在老地方，上课就不用翻遍整个课桌打断思路；借给同学的铅笔回到原位，你心里有一种小小的踏实；家长补买文具时，也不用再猜你到底丢了什么。一只整洁的文具盒，就像心里的一格小抽屉，放得整齐，取得出来。

在此，我代表六年级全体同学向全校发出倡议：从今天起，给自己的橡皮、卷笔刀、尺子写上名字，让每一件文具都有姓名牌；每天放学后用十秒钟把文具归位，坚持一个月；下个月的国旗下讲话，我们将邀请几位同学上台，分享自己文具盒里的变化。让我们从每天的十秒钟开始，从课桌上的文具盒开始。

同学们，习惯从来不是靠一句响亮的口号养成的，它藏在弯腰捡起一块橡皮的动作里，藏在合上文具盒盖的声音里。管好眼前这只巴掌大的文具盒，我们就能管好小学阶段的生活，也能管好将来自己的人生。我的讲话完毕，谢谢大家！

Keep Your Pencil Case in Order, Keep Our Campus in Order

Dear teachers and dear fellow students, good morning! As the five-star red flag rises in the morning light, I am honored to speak for all sixth-graders under the flag, on the theme of My Pencil Case.

Before I begin, let me tell you something that happened last Thursday morning.

When the long-break bell rang, students poured out of the classrooms. At the stairway, someone knocked a pencil case off a desk, and pencils, rulers and erasers rolled across the steps. One passer-by after one stepped over them, and nobody bent down. Not until a first-grade girl came downstairs, squatted, and put the stationery back into the case one by one was the mess cleared. I asked her name. She scratched her head and said: My mom taught me to pick up anything that falls on the ground. The red pencil case with a cartoon picture on it had been placed carelessly on the outer edge of its owner's desk. One brush of a shoulder, and it flew off.

You may think this is a small thing. Then let us look into the lost-and-found box in the corridor. At the end of last term, the duty class kept a count: more than two hundred pieces of stationery had been picked up during the term, erasers being the most, then pencil sharpeners and rulers. Only a dozen or so of them carried a name. The rest lay quietly in the box, waiting for owners who would never come. One eraser bought in September was still more than half its size after two months of use, yet it had already changed masters three times between the lost-and-found box and the teachers' desk. It was found, taken away, and lost again. How many such pieces of stationery does our school have to buy again every year?

I am the class keeper of public supplies, and I keep a record book. At first I only wrote down who lost what. Later I found a pattern: classmates who often lost stationery had pencil cases so messy that the lids could hardly close, with loose sharpeners and pencils sharpened too short rolling out through the seams by themselves. The students who never lost anything kept their pencils in a row, their rulers in the divider, and their erasers in small cloth bags. Their stationery seemed to know the way home. This term our class started the ten-seconds rule: before leaving our seats after each class, we put every piece of stationery back in its place. Some classmates complained at the beginning. After two months of persistence, our class has not lost a single piece of stationery, and the dozen or so entries in my record book each week have turned into blank pages.

Keeping a pencil case tidy brings far more than not losing things. When you open the case and everything sits where it belongs, you no longer have to rummage through your desk in the middle of a lesson and break your train of thought. When a borrowed pencil returns to its place, you feel a small, quiet sense of trust. When parents buy replacements, they no longer have to guess what you lost. A tidy pencil case is like a small drawer inside your mind: what is put in neatly comes out neatly.

On behalf of all sixth-graders, I call on the whole school: starting today, write your name on your eraser, sharpener and ruler, so that every piece of stationery wears a name tag; spend ten seconds putting your stationery back in place before school ends each day, and keep it up for one month; at next month's flag ceremony, we will invite several classmates onto the stage to share the changes inside their own

pencil cases. Let us begin with the ten seconds of every day, beginning with the pencil case on our desk.

Fellow students, habits are never built by one loud slogan. They hide in the motion of bending down to pick up an eraser, in the sound of a pencil case lid clicking shut. If we can manage the palm-sized pencil case in front of us, we can manage our life in elementary school, and one day manage our own future. This is my speech. Thank you all!