

文具盒里的点名

敬爱的老师们、亲爱的同学们，大家早上好！我是三年级的同学代表，今天我在国旗下讲话的主题是《我的文具盒》。

说实话，接到这个题目时，我第一反应是去翻自己的文具盒。翻开的瞬间，我有点脸红。我的文具盒曾经是一个小小的杂物抽屉：里面躺着半块找不到另一半的橡皮，三支只剩小拇指长的铅笔，一个盖子丢了的小卷笔刀，两截永远接不上的铅笔芯，还有一团不知道哪节课搓出来的纸球。尺子是弯的，因为它的邻居是一瓶洒过又擦干的墨水。开学时妈妈数过，盒里有十二样文具；那天我数了数，能用的只剩六样。

让我真正下决心改变，是上个月的美术课。老师让我们把文具全部请到桌面上，说要给文具点名：铅笔举一举，尺子摆一摆，橡皮捏一捏。教室里响起一片稀里哗啦的桌面声，同学们的文具盒像列队一样整齐。轮到我的时候，我摆出来的文具缺胳膊少腿：一支铅笔矮得快要捏不住，橡皮上五个圆规扎的洞，卷笔刀转起来咔咔作响，刀片都松了。同桌小声说：你的文具怎么像打了一场仗。全班笑了，我也跟着笑，可笑着笑着，心里有点发酸。它们不是天生这么破的。那支矮铅笔，是我上课无聊时一点点啃短的；那块千疮百孔的橡皮，是我拿圆规练扎洞练出来的；那团纸球，是我上课走神搓出来的。文具的狼狈样，其实是我自己的狼狈样。

那天放学回家，我站在书桌前，给文具盒做了一次大扫除。不能用的文具，我装进纸盒准备交给学校失物角回收；能用的，我用湿巾擦干净，铅笔一支支削到一样长，尺子冲掉墨渍重新变得透明，橡皮用硬纸壳包了一个小套。我在每样文具的背面写上名字，又按大小给它们排了座次：长条的尺子住最外格，铅笔住凹槽，橡皮住纸套。那天晚上我看了一眼合拢的文具盒，它第一次关得那么轻松，不用使劲压，也不用跟翘起来的盒盖较劲。

变化是一个月里慢慢发生的。美术课再点名，我的文具全部到齐，老师夸我的卷笔刀是全班最干净的；写作业时我再也没有因为找不到尺子翻过书包；最意外的是，我发现自己上课走神的次数少了——原来搓纸球、啃铅笔那些小动作，都是手在替乱糟糟的文具盒着急。手闲下来了，心就静下来了。

同学们，我代表三年级的小同学，向全校发出号召：每周五放学前，给自己的文具开一次点名，缺了名的找一找，残了的换一换；在每样文具上写下自己的名字，让它们知道自己是谁的宝贝；坚持一个月，下个月国旗下，我们请几个同学把自己的文具盒带到台上，公开点名给大家看。

同学们，文具不会说话，但它们记得我们怎样对待它们。我们怎样对待手边小小的东西，就会长成怎样的人。愿我们每个人的文具盒里，都开得出一次响亮整齐的点名。我的讲话完毕，谢谢大家！

Roll Call Inside My Pencil Case

Dear teachers and dear fellow students, good morning! I am a representative of the third graders, and my topic under the flag today is My Pencil Case.

To be honest, when I received this topic, my first reaction was to go dig out my

own pencil case. The moment I opened it, my face went a little hot. My pencil case used to be a tiny junk drawer: inside lay half an eraser whose other half was never found, three pencils no longer than a little finger, a pencil sharpener with its cap lost, two pieces of lead that could never be joined, and a paper ball rolled up at some unknown lesson. The ruler was bent, because its neighbor had once been a ink bottle that spilled and was wiped dry. Mom counted at the start of term: there were twelve things in the case. That day I counted again, and only six still worked.

What truly made me decide to change was last month's art class. Our teacher asked us to invite every piece of stationery onto the desk, saying she would take roll call: pencils wave, rulers lay flat, erasers let me squeeze them. The classroom filled with the clatter of desktops, and my classmates' cases stood lined up like troops. When it came to mine, the stationery I laid out was missing arms and legs: one pencil so short it could barely be held, an eraser with five compass holes in it, a sharpener that rattled and clicked when turned, its blade loose. My deskmate whispered: Your stationery looks like it has been through a war. The whole class laughed, and I laughed along, but while laughing my heart turned sour. They were not born this battered. The short pencil was one I nibbled shorter bit by bit out of boredom in class; the riddled eraser was one I practiced poking with a compass; the paper ball was one I rolled while daydreaming. The battered look of my stationery was really the battered look of me.

That day after school, I stood at my desk and gave my pencil case a thorough cleaning. The unusable pieces went into a paper box to be returned to the school's recycling corner; the usable ones I wiped with wet wipes, sharpened the pencils one by one to the same length, scrubbed the ink off the ruler until it turned clear again, and sewed a small paper sleeve for the eraser. I wrote my name on the back of every piece, then assigned them seats by size: the long ruler in the outermost slot, the pencils in the grooves, the eraser in its paper sleeve. That night I glanced at the closed case, and for the first time it shut without effort, no pressing hard, no wrestling with a springing lid.

The changes came slowly over one month. At the next art-class roll call, all my stationery answered present, and the teacher praised my sharpener as the cleanest in class. While doing homework, I never once rummaged through my schoolbag for a missing ruler. The surprise was that I caught myself daydreaming far less in class. It turns out those little habits of rolling paper balls and nibbling pencils were my hands worrying on behalf of a messy pencil case. When the hands grew still, the mind grew quiet.

Fellow students, on behalf of the third graders, I call on the whole school: before school ends every Friday, take roll call of your own stationery, look for the absent names, replace the broken ones; write your name on every piece so they know

whose treasure they are; keep this up for one month, and next month under the flag we will invite several classmates to bring their pencil cases onto the stage and take roll call in front of everyone.

Fellow students, stationery cannot speak, but it remembers how we treat it. How we treat the small things at hand will grow into the kind of person we become. May every one of our pencil cases be able to produce a loud, orderly roll call. This is my speech. Thank you all!