

一只文具盒的自述

敬爱的老师、亲爱的同学们：大家好！今天的演讲有点特别，我想请一只文具盒上台，替它说出平时说不出的话。它是我那只米白色的帆布文具盒，盒面上绣着一只打哈欠的橘猫。

大家好，我是一只文具盒。我的主人是一名四年级的小学生。先介绍一下我的样子：我长约二十厘米，软软的帆布身子，米白色，正面绣着一只橘猫，它正张大嘴巴打哈欠，胡须是主人自己用黑线缝上去的，一针有点歪，主人特别得意。我的拉链上拴着一小截蓝色丝带，那是主人用来练习打结的，后来它成了我的尾巴。我的肚子里住着五位居民：三支铅笔、一把塑料尺、一块橡皮、一支红笔，还有一支快用完的蓝笔。

我最喜欢的时刻，是每天晚上七点半。主人会把我从书包里请出来，放在台灯左边，拉开我的拉链。灯光照进来，我的肚子里亮堂堂的。写生字的时候，二号铅笔第一个跳出去，在田字格里面一个接一个站队；写数学的时候，塑料尺躺下来当马路，铅笔沿着它的边跑直线；写错了，橡皮慢吞吞地走过去，在纸上来回走几圈，错字就像雪一样化了。红笔最忙，妈妈检查作业时它要出来打勾。蓝笔居民快用完了，笔杆越来越短，主人舍不得扔，给它套了一截笔帽，让它继续站着。

别以为我只会装东西，我什么都记得。我记得上学期期末的前一晚，主人的手心出汗，把我拉链拉上又拉开，拉开又拉上，铅笔都被晃得晕头转向。我记得他第一次得作文优星那天，铅笔在我肚子里待得最晚，因为作文抄了整整两遍。我还记得他有时一边写作业一边啃我的橘猫胡须，啃得它都秃了一小撮。我从来不会生气。他紧张的时候、努力的时候、偷懒的时候，我都在场。这就是我的工作，也是我的幸福。

现在，请我的主人上来说两句。他会说：橘猫，谢谢你。谢谢你每天晚上都亮着灯等我，谢谢你把铅笔们照顾得好好的，谢谢你在我考砸的那晚什么也没说，只是把橡皮放在我最顺手的地方。我知道你不是不会说话，你只是把话都装进了拉链里，每天拉开一次，就说一句：来吧，我们开始写作业。

同学们，今晚拉开你自己的文具盒，替它把今天的故事讲给爸爸妈妈听吧。它陪你写作业的每一个晚上，都值得被记住一次。我的演讲完毕，谢谢大家！

Confessions of a Pencil Case

Dear teachers, dear classmates: hello! Today's speech is a little special. I would like to invite a pencil case onto the stage to say what it can never say out loud. It is my cream-colored canvas pencil case, with a yawning orange cat embroidered on its lid.

Hello everyone, I am a pencil case. My owner is a fourth-grade student. Let me introduce myself first: I am about twenty centimeters long, with a soft canvas body, cream white, and an orange cat yawning with its mouth wide open on my front. Its whiskers were sewn on by my owner with black thread; one stitch is a bit crooked, and

my owner is very proud of it. A short blue ribbon is tied to my zipper; it was meant for practicing knots, but it became my tail. Five residents live inside my belly: three pencils, a plastic ruler, an eraser, a red pen, and a blue pen running out of ink.

My favorite moment is every evening at seven thirty. My owner takes me out of the schoolbag, places me to the left of the desk lamp, and pulls open my zipper. The light pours in, and my belly becomes bright and warm. When he writes new characters, the number-two pencil jumps out first and lines up one by one in the grid squares. For math, the plastic ruler lies down to become a road, and the pencil runs straight along its edge. When a mistake appears, the eraser ambles over, walks back and forth a few rounds, and the wrong character melts away like snow. The red pen is the busiest of all, coming out to tick marks when Mom checks the homework. The blue pen resident is nearly used up, its barrel shorter and shorter, but my owner cannot bear to throw it away, so he fitted a pen cap onto it so it can keep standing.

Do not think I only hold things. I remember everything. I remember the night before the final exam last term, when my owner's palms sweated and he pulled my zipper shut and open, open and shut, until the pencils were dizzy. I remember the day he earned his first gold star for composition, when the pencil stayed out of my belly the longest, because the essay was copied twice over. I also remember that sometimes he chews on my orange cat's whiskers while doing homework, and they have been chewed bald in one small patch. I am never angry. When he is nervous, when he works hard, when he slacks off, I am there. That is my job, and that is my happiness.

Now please let my owner come up and say a few words. He will say: Orange Cat, thank you. Thank you for keeping the light on for me every evening. Thank you for taking good care of the pencils. Thank you for saying nothing the night I failed a test, and simply placing the eraser where my hand would find it first. I know you are not mute. You just pack your words inside the zipper, and every time it opens, you say one sentence: Come on, let us start the homework.

Classmates, tonight when you open your own pencil case, tell its story of today to your mom and dad. Every evening it spends with you over homework deserves to be remembered once. This is my speech. Thank you all!