

铁皮盒子的凹痕

亲爱的老师、亲爱的同学们：大家好！今天我演讲的题目是《我的文具盒》。请大家看看自己桌上的文具盒，再听听我的故事。

我的文具盒是一只蓝色的铁皮盒子，长十九厘米，宽八厘米。它刚来我家的时候，盖子上印着一艘银色宇宙飞船，漆皮亮得能照出我的手指。现在，飞船的尾巴磨白了，边角露出铁的原色，盖子右下角还有一处凹痕。那是二年级的某天，它从课桌滚到地上砸出来的。当时我心疼地捡起来，吹了吹上面的灰，像吹一个朋友的伤口。妈妈说要给我换一只新的，我摇头不肯。它只是凹了一块，又不会疼。

这只盒子最忙的时候，是每天晚上七点半以后。我把作业本摊开，它躺在本子右边，盒盖朝上敞开，铅笔们排排躺在凹槽里，像等着上场的人。写语文生字时，二号铅笔从盒里被我拿起来，写累了，再放回去；数学要画线段，铁尺从长格里滑出来；写错了一个字，橡皮探出头来，在纸上跳一小段舞。盒盖内侧那块白色铁皮，是我家的留言区：上学期我写字东倒西歪，爸爸用铅笔在上面写了一行小字，横要平，竖要直。现在那行字被我擦得只剩淡淡的印子，可我每次打开盒子都还能看见它。

有一件事我一直记得。三年级下学期的期中考试，我数学考砸了，回家把脸埋在胳膊里。晚饭后我赌不想写作业，打开文具盒准备硬着头皮开始，忽然发现盒盖内侧多了一行新字，是妈妈的笔迹：一次没考好，明天接着算。铅笔、尺子、橡皮都安安静静躺在原来的位置，好像什么都没发生，又好像早就等我回来。那天晚上，铅笔在纸上写的字比平时工整。铁皮盒子不会安慰人，可它把每一支笔都摆得整整齐齐，等我回来，这就是它的安慰。

三年了，宇宙飞船磨白了，凹痕也还在，盒子合页有一点点松，打开时会发出轻微的吱呀声，像它清清嗓子。我想对它说一声谢谢，也想对全班同学说：今晚回家，把你的文具盒擦一擦吧。看看它的颜色，摸摸它的凹痕，打开看看里面躺着谁。那些不会说话的东西，每天都在陪我们写作业、陪我们长大。会说话的人要记得说谢谢，不会说话的陪伴，更要我们记得。

我的演讲完毕，谢谢大家！

The Dent in the Tin Case

Dear teachers, dear classmates: hello! Today my speech is titled My Pencil Case. Please take a look at the pencil case on your own desk, and then listen to my story.

My pencil case is a blue tin box, nineteen centimeters long and eight wide. When it first came to my home, the lid showed a silver spaceship, its paint so glossy it could reflect my finger. Now the tail of the spaceship has worn white, the corners show the bare iron underneath, and there is a dent at the lower right of the lid. That dent came in second grade, the day it rolled off the desk and hit the floor. I picked it up with aching heart, blew the dust off, the way one blows on a friend's

wound. Mom said she would buy me a new one. I shook my head and refused. It was only dented in one spot. It does not feel pain.

The busiest time for this box is every evening after seven thirty. I spread out my homework, and it lies to the right of the notebook with its lid propped open, the pencils lined up in their grooves like players waiting to go on. When I write Chinese characters, the number-two pencil is lifted from the case, and when it is tired, I lay it back. For math line diagrams, the iron ruler slides out of its long slot. When I write a character wrong, the eraser pops its head out and dances a little jig on the paper. The white iron inside the lid is our family's message board. Last term when my handwriting slanted every which way, Dad wrote a small line on it in pencil: horizontals flat, verticals straight. I have rubbed that line until only a faint trace remains, yet every time I open the case I can still see it.

One thing I have always remembered. In the midterm exam of the second semester of third grade, I failed math, and I buried my face in my arms when I got home. After dinner I sat stubbornly, not wanting to do homework. I opened the pencil case to brace myself, and suddenly found a new line inside the lid, in my mother's handwriting: one bad test, keep calculating tomorrow. The pencil, the ruler, and the eraser all lay quietly in their usual places, as if nothing had happened, and as if they had been waiting for me all along. That night, the characters my pencil wrote were neater than usual. A tin case cannot comfort a person, but it lays every pen in perfect order and waits for you to come back. That is its comfort.

Three years now. The spaceship has worn white, the dent is still there, the hinge is a little loose, and the lid gives a soft creak when opened, like the case clearing its throat. I want to say thank you to it, and I want to say to the whole class: tonight when you go home, wipe your pencil case clean. Look at its color, touch its dent, open it and see who lies inside. The things that cannot speak accompany us through homework and through growing up every single day. People who can speak should remember to say thank you, and silent companionship deserves our thanks even more.

This is my speech. Thank you all!

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!

留在老抽屉里的绿色笔袋

亲爱的老师、亲爱的同学们：大家好！我演讲的题目是《我的文具盒》。我想讲的，是一只已经不在我身边的文具盒。

它是一只绿色的帆布笔袋，拉链是银色的，侧面有一个小网兜，专门插我的那把三角尺。它是我读三年级时奶奶缝的，绿布是旧窗帘剪下来的，所以全世界没有第二只一模一样的。四年级暑假，我家搬到别的城市，开学前夜收拾书桌，我把新买的文具盒装进书包，把绿色笔袋放进了老书桌的抽屉里，拉上抽屉之前，我把网兜里的三角尺取出来，放进了新文具盒。

放它进抽屉的那一刻，我脑子里全是它陪我的晚上。一年级的作业少，它总是最早空下来：

铅笔出去写完三行生字，就回来睡觉。三年级开始，作业多了，它每晚都要忙到九点，铅笔进进出出，橡皮在数学本上擦了又擦，它肚子里热热闹闹。我转学前的那个学期特别难熬，新学校谁也不认识我，第一周我没跟任何人说话。那天晚上写作业，我把脸贴在笔袋上，绿布有股旧窗帘的味道，太阳晒过的味道。我忽然想起奶奶说，这块布以前挂在客厅，每天早上七点，太阳都会照到它。笔袋不会说话，可那晚之后，我开始主动跟同桌借橡皮，借着借着，就有了朋友。

新城市的文具盒是透明的塑料盒，什么都能看见，干净，整齐，我很喜欢。可开学第一晚我总觉得少了什么。我翻出笔袋侧面那块剪下来的绿布边角，叠了两折，垫在塑料盒底下。从那以后，透明盒子里总有一小块绿色，三角尺、铅笔、橡皮都踩在那块绿布上写作业。它像一座小小的桥，一头是老书桌的抽屉，一头是新城市的台灯。

前几天我给奶奶打电话，她说老书桌还空着，抽屉里那只笔袋她没收，说等我有空回去拿。我说好。挂了电话我想，其实它早就完成了任务。它陪我把一年级的三行生字写完，陪我把三年级的数学题擦干净，陪我把一个不敢说话的小孩，送到了新学校的朋友身边。文具盒的陪伴只有一次，可它陪出来的勇气，我走到哪里都带着。

同学们，看看你桌上的文具盒。它也许普通，也许旧了，可它正在陪你度过你这一生里最亮的一段日子。今晚对它好一点，把笔削好，把橡皮归位。所有不会说话的陪伴，都值得被好好对待。我的演讲完毕，谢谢大家！

The Green Pencil Pouch Left in the Old Drawer

Dear teachers, dear classmates: hello! My speech is titled My Pencil Case. The one I want to tell you about is a pencil case that is no longer beside me.

It was a green canvas pencil pouch with a silver zipper, and on its side a small mesh pocket that held my set square just for itself. Grandma sewed it for me when I was in third grade; the green cloth was cut from an old curtain, so there is no second one like it in the whole world. In the summer vacation before fourth grade, my family moved to another city. On the night before the new term, while clearing the desk, I packed my newly bought pencil box into my schoolbag and placed the green pouch into the drawer of the old desk. Before pushing the drawer shut, I took the set square out of its mesh pocket and put it into the new box.

In the moment I let it into the drawer, my head filled with all the evenings it had kept me company. Homework was light in first grade, and it was always the first to empty out: the pencil went out to write three lines of new characters and came back to sleep. From third grade on, homework piled up, and it stayed busy until nine every night, the pencils coming and going, the eraser rubbing over the math notebook again and again, its belly bustling with warmth. The term before I transferred was especially hard. At the new school nobody knew me, and in the first week I spoke to no one. That evening while doing homework, I pressed my face against the pouch. The

green cloth carried the smell of the old curtain, the smell of sun. I suddenly remembered Grandma saying that this cloth used to hang in the living room, and every morning at seven the sun would shine on it. The pouch cannot speak, but after that night I began borrowing the eraser from my deskmate on my own initiative, and borrowing, borrowing, I made friends.

The pencil box in the new city is a transparent plastic one where everything is visible, clean and tidy, and I like it a lot. But on the first night of the term I felt something was missing. I found the leftover corner of green cloth from the pouch's side, folded it twice, and laid it at the bottom of the plastic box. Ever since, a small patch of green always sits inside the transparent box, and the set square, the pencils, and the eraser all do homework standing on that green cloth. It is like a little bridge, one end at the drawer of the old desk, the other end at the desk lamp in the new city.

A few days ago I called Grandma. She said the old desk still stands empty, and she has not taken the pouch out of the drawer, waiting for me to come back for it when I have time. I said okay. After hanging up, I thought: actually it finished its mission long ago. It kept me company through the three lines of first-grade characters, through the math problems of third grade wiped clean and rewritten, and it carried a child too shy to speak all the way to friends at the new school. The companionship of one pencil case lasts only once, but the courage it accompanied into being travels with me wherever I go.

Classmates, look at the pencil case on your desk. It may be ordinary, it may be worn, but right now it is accompanying you through the brightest stretch of your life. Be kind to it tonight: sharpen the pencils, put the eraser back where it belongs. Every silent companionship deserves to be treated well. This is my speech. Thank you all!