

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!