

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!