

那块短半截的橡皮，突然开口说话

读完《我的文具盒》，我最忘不掉的是那块橡皮说话的那一段。书里那块橡皮已经短得只剩一半，还被小主人咬得坑坑洼洼。夜里它开口说，自己不怕越用越小，就怕还没有用完，就被随手扔进垃圾桶。读到这里，我把目光落在自己文具盒角落的那块橡皮上，它也被我咬掉了一个角，白白净净的，才用了两个星期。

我的文具从来不是用坏的，是丢的。上学期开学，妈妈给我买了六支铅笔，我数得清清楚楚。到期末，笔袋里只剩下两支，还有一支没了笔帽，一支被踩断了腰。橡皮更夸张，一学期丢过四块，每一块都只用到一半。我丢文具有个规律：越新的越容易丢，因为新的好看，同学多看一眼，我就顺手借出去，借着借着就回不来了。

书里还有一件事戳中了我。同桌羡慕主角的文具盒，主角却说，她的妈妈小时候一个铁皮盒子用了六年，盒盖的合页坏过两次，都用铁丝修好了，没有换过。我当时想，六年，我一个学期都换过两个盒子。去年我嫌塑料盒土，让妈妈换了帆布的，帆布的用了一个月又嫌小。我的文具盒不是丢的，是被我淘汰的，它们每一个都还好好的。

合上书我做了三个打算。第一个，给每样文具贴上名字贴，借出去的要回来，要不回来就当面问清楚，不好意思开口比丢东西更亏。第二个，每周五给文具点名，少的当场在书包缝、桌肚里找，找不到就记下名字，下次不再买重复的。第三个，买新文具之前先问自己旧的用完了没有，没有用完的新文具只是新的浪费。我不想等我的文具也像书里那块橡皮一样开口说话，它们要是真会说话，大概有一肚子话要找我算账。

The Half-Sized Eraser That Spoke in the Night

After reading My Pencil Case, the part I cannot forget is the eraser that speaks. It had been bitten into holes and was only half its original size. At night it said it was not afraid of getting smaller through use; it was afraid of being thrown away before it was used up. I looked at the eraser in the corner of my own pencil case. I had bitten one of its corners off, and it had only been in use for two weeks.

My stationery is never worn out. It is lost. At the start of last term my mother bought me six pencils and I counted them clearly. By the end of the term only two were left in my pouch, one without its cap and one with its waist broken. As for erasers, I lost four in one term, and every one of them was only half used. There is a pattern to my losses: the newer an item is, the easier it disappears, because new things look good, classmates borrow them, and borrowed things often never come back.

One more thing in the book hit me. A classmate envied the main character's pencil case, but the girl said her mother had used one tin box for six years as a child. The hinge broke twice and was fixed with wire, yet the box was never replaced. Six years. I changed two boxes in one term. Last year I called my plastic case unfashionable and asked for a canvas one; a month later I called that too small. My old cases were not

lost. I retired them while every one of them still worked.

I made three plans. First, put a name sticker on every piece of stationery, ask for borrowed things back, and ask in person if needed, because being too shy to speak costs more than losing things. Second, take roll call for my stationery every Friday, search the bag seams and the desk for anything missing, and write down its name so I do not buy a duplicate. Third, before buying anything new, ask whether the old one is used up. If it is not, the new thing is only a new waste. I do not want my stationery to start talking the way that eraser did. If they could talk, they would have a long list to settle with me.