半块橡皮，一根粉笔

大家好！开讲之前，请先看一眼自己的文具盒和课桌。

文具盒里的橡皮，课桌抽屉里的粉笔头，黑板前那盒白粉笔——它们是教室里最不起眼的东西，可它们记下了每一次递到我们手上的帮助。

数学考试那回，我的笔没水了。同桌一声不吭，把一块新橡皮掰成两半，连同一支备用笔推到我手边，头都没抬，好像这是天下最自然的事。

值日那天我擦黑板，粉笔槽空了。扫地的周扬放下扫帚，一路小跑去了器材室，抱回一整盒粉笔。他衬衫上落了一层白灰，自己笑说像个小老头。

还有一次我解不出应用题，抓着头发发愁。旁边的同学没有直接把答案抄给我，而是在我草稿纸上画了个线段图，说：「你把这一段想通。」我想通了，那个知识记到了今天。

默写生字那回，我错了好几个，放学后留下来重默。教室里只剩我和值日的两个人，谁也没催我。写错的字，周扬把我写错的字排成一排，让我自己找规律：三个带三点水的字都错了，他说：「你看见没，水旁字全栽一块了。」我自己把偏旁重新捋了一遍，第二天默写全对。

这些事小得能装进一块橡皮里，可每一件都是热的。友情就是这样，不大声嚷嚷，只是安安静静待在你手边。

可也有人把这些小事踩来踩去：给同学起难听的绰号，把朋友的小秘密讲给全班听，放学约好在校门口等，却自己先跑了。一棵长得好好的小树，就这样被松了根。

同学们，请从今天做起：借来的橡皮要还，掰断了就赔一块新的；放学门口的约定要记住；同学帮了你，看着他的眼睛说一声谢谢。珍惜身边的朋友，就从半块橡皮开始。

谢谢大家！

Half an Eraser and One Piece of Chalk

Hello, everyone! Before I begin, please take a look at your pencil case and your desk.

The eraser in the pencil case, the stub of chalk in the desk drawer, the box of white chalk in front of the blackboard — they are the most ordinary things in the classroom, yet they remember every help that was passed into our hands.

Once during a math exam, my pen ran out of ink. Without a word, my deskmate broke a new eraser in half and pushed it over together with a spare pen. He did not even look up, as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

On duty day, I was cleaning the blackboard when the chalk holder went empty. Zhou Yang, who was sweeping nearby, put down his broom and ran all the way to the supply

room, coming back with a whole box of chalk. His shirt was covered with a layer of white powder, and he laughed at himself for looking like a little old man.

Another time I could not solve a word problem and kept pulling at my hair. The classmate beside me did not copy the answer for me. He drew a line-segment diagram on my draft paper and said, "Work out this part yourself." I worked it out, and that knowledge has stayed with me until today.

Once during a dictation of new characters, I got several wrong and stayed after school to write them again. Only me and two students on duty were left in the classroom, and no one hurried me. Zhou Yang lined up the characters I had written wrong and let me find the pattern myself: all three characters with the water radical were wrong. He said, "See that? Every water-radical character fell in the same place." I went over the radicals myself, and the next day my dictation was perfect.

These things are small enough to fit inside an eraser, yet every one of them is warm. Friendship is like that — it does not shout. It simply stays quietly at your side.

But some people trample on these small things: giving classmates ugly nicknames, telling the little secret of a friend to the whole class, promising to wait at the school gate after school and running off first. A little tree that was growing well had its roots shaken loose just like that.

Everyone, let us start today: return the borrowed eraser, and if it breaks, give back a new one; keep the promise made at the school gate; when a classmate helps you, look into his eyes and say thank you. Cherish the friends around you, starting from half an eraser.

Thank you, everyone!