

## 我们是文具盒里的三兄弟

我们三兄弟，住在一个盒子里。

盒子有拉链，像一条弯弯的小河。

小河一开，天就亮了，我们排队出门。

大哥是铅笔，长得高高瘦瘦。

他脾气急，一落地就干活。

沙沙沙，沙沙沙，他把心里话全写在纸上。

写到高兴，他跳起来，点出一个圆圆的小句号。

写到伤心，他磨短自己，一句话都不抱怨。

二哥是橡皮，白白胖胖，心最软。

大哥写错了，他从不说破。

他只是悄悄过去，抱一抱那个错字。

错字不见了，纸面干干净净，像没发生过。

二哥越抱越小，可他总是笑。

他说：能把错抱走，是我最开心的事。

三弟是尺子，说话直，做事更直。

他最讨厌弯弯扭扭的东西。

谁要画线，他就往桌上一躺：来，踩着我画。

画歪了，他咯噔一下把铅笔弹开。

画直了，他身上的刻度一格一格发光。

我们三兄弟，也会闹点小别扭。

铅笔嫌橡皮挡路，橡皮嫌铅笔太吵。

尺子往中间一站：都别吵，排好队。

拉链一拉，我们肩并肩站好，谁也不说话了。

小主人打开盒子，抓我们一个，又放我们一个。

他的手指头暖暖的，像春天的河水。

作业写完，我们回到盒子里，倒头就睡。

小主人把我们一个一个数清楚，才拉上拉链。

少一个，他翻遍书包，急得鼻尖冒汗。

找到那个粗心的，他拍拍灰，说：回家回家。

铅笔打着写字的呼噜，橡皮打着圆圆的呼噜。

尺子的呼噜最直，从这头，到那头。

盒子里黑黑的，香香的，木头味混着铅笔屑味。

盒子小小的，我们挤一挤，谁也不嫌谁挤。

大哥的脚顶着二哥的头，二哥的背靠着三弟的腰。

挤是挤了点，可我们闻着彼此的味道，睡得最香。

明天早上，拉链还会刺啦一声拉开。

我们又高高瘦瘦、白白胖胖、直直长长，

站在小主人的文具盒里，等今天的作业本翻开。

## **We Are the Three Brothers in the Pencil Case**

We three brothers live inside one box.

The box has a zipper, curving like a little river.

When the river opens, day breaks, and we line up to go out.

The eldest brother is Pencil, tall and thin.

He is impatient: the moment he lands, he starts working.

Scratch-scratch, scratch-scratch, he writes all his heart out on paper.

When he is happy, he jumps and dots a little round full stop.

When he is sad, he wears himself shorter without a single complaint.

The second brother is Eraser, white and plump, with the softest heart.

When big brother makes a mistake, he never says it out loud.

He simply slips over and gives the wrong character a hug.

The mistake disappears, the paper stays clean, as if nothing happened.

Second brother hugs and hugs until he grows smaller, yet he always smiles.  
He says: carrying mistakes away is the happiest thing I do.  
The youngest brother is Ruler, blunt in speech, straighter in action.  
He hates anything crooked or twisty.  
If someone needs a line, he lies down on the desk: come, draw along me.  
Draw crooked, and he flicks the pencil away with a clack.  
Draw straight, and every mark on his body glows one by one.  
We three brothers also have little squabbles.  
Pencil says Eraser is in the way; Eraser says Pencil is too noisy.  
Ruler stands between them: stop it, fall into line.  
The zipper closes, we stand shoulder to shoulder, and nobody talks.  
Our little owner opens the box, picks one of us up, and puts one back.  
His fingers are warm, like river water in spring.  
When the homework is done, we return to the box and fall asleep at once.  
Our owner counts us off one by one before pulling the zipper shut.  
If one is missing, he rummages through the whole schoolbag, sweat pricking his nose.  
When he finds the careless one, he dusts him off and says: time to go home.  
Pencil snores in writing strokes, Eraser snores in little round circles.  
Ruler's snore is the straightest of all, from one end to the other.  
Inside the box it is dark and fragrant, wood smell mixed with pencil shavings.  
The box is small; we squeeze together, and none of us minds the crowding.  
Big brother's feet press against second brother's head; second brother's back leans on youngest brother's waist.  
Crowded yes — but breathing in each other's scent, we sleep the deepest.  
Tomorrow morning, the zipper will rip open again with a zip.  
Then we — tall and thin, white and plump, straight and long —

will stand in our owner's pencil case, waiting for today's notebook to open.