

我的文具盒，小小的房子

我的文具盒是一座小小的房子，坐在书桌角上，天天看我写作业。

拉链一拉，刺啦一声，那是小房子开了门。

三个小伙伴探出头，一起喊：早上好！

铅笔是家里最高的住户。

他穿着黄条纹的外套，直直地站在盒子边上。

作业本一打开，他就踮起脚尖跳舞。

跳一圈，本子上一行字就整整齐齐地出现了。

跳累了，他的身体越来越短。

卷笔刀呼呼转一圈，他又变高了，浑身是新鲜的气味。

橡皮是家里最圆的住户。

她从来不说话，总是蹲在盒子角落里。

我写错了字，急得冒汗，她一声不吭地跳下去。

她在错误上滚一圈，两圈，三圈，留下一片干干净净。

她站起来的时候，身体小了一圈。

她小声跟我说：没关系，变小也是长大的一部分。

尺子是家里最直的住户。

他睡在盒子最底下，像一座躺平的小桥。

数学作业要画线段，他就把自己伸得长长的。

他让我的铅笔顺着他的背走，稳稳的，直直的，一点不晃。

一、二、三、四，他身上的刻度，是一级级小台阶。

他说：踩着我，就能画出最直的线。

有时候，三个小伙伴会在小房子里玩捉迷藏。

他们互相帮忙的时候，小房子最热闹。

铅笔踩着尺子，画出一座直直的房子。

橡皮把多余的线抱走，房子变得干干净净。

铅笔躲在作业纸后面，尺子藏在桌垫底下。

橡皮还没藏好，拉链就开了，大家笑成一团。

太阳落山了，我关上小房子的门，咔哒。

铅笔、橡皮、尺子，背靠背睡着了。

他们一起梦见明天的语文课，还有明天的数学题。

冬天，小房子被我焐得暖暖的。

夏天，小房子闻起来像我带上的阳光。

我的文具盒，我的小房子，小小的，却装满喜欢。

每天早上，它都按时为我开门，

让我抱着一整盒亮堂堂，蹦蹦跳跳去教室。

My Pencil Case, a Little House

My pencil case is a little house, sitting on the corner of my desk, watching me do my homework every day.

When the zipper goes zip, the door of the little house opens.

Three little friends poke their heads out and shout together: Good morning!

Pencil is the tallest resident in the house.

He wears a yellow striped coat and stands straight at the edge of the box.

When the homework notebook opens, he rises on tiptoe and starts to dance.

One turn of dancing, and one line of neat characters appears on the page.

When he gets tired, his body grows shorter and shorter.

The pencil sharpener spins once, and he is tall again, smelling fresh and new.

Eraser is the roundest resident in the house.

She never talks; she always crouches quietly in the corner of the box.

When I write a wrong character and sweat with worry, she jumps down without a word.

She rolls over the mistake once, twice, three times, and leaves everything clean.

When she stands up, her body has become a little smaller.

She whispers to me: it is all right, getting smaller is part of growing up.

Ruler is the straightest resident in the house.

He sleeps at the bottom of the box, like a little bridge laid flat.

When math homework asks for a line segment, he stretches himself long.

He lets my pencil walk along his back, steady and straight, without a single wobble.

One, two, three, four, the marks on his body are little steps.

He says: step on me, and you can draw the straightest line.

Sometimes the three friends play hide-and-seek inside the little house.

Pencil hides behind the notebook paper, and Ruler hides under the desk mat.

Eraser has not finished hiding when the zipper opens, and they all laugh out loud.

When the three of them help each other, the little house is at its liveliest.

Pencil steps along Ruler and draws a perfectly straight house.

Eraser carries away the extra lines, and the house becomes clean and bright.

The sun sets in the west, and I close the door of the little house, click.

Pencil, Eraser and Ruler lean back to back and fall asleep.

They dream together about tomorrow's reading class and tomorrow's math problems.

In winter, the little house is warm from my hands.

In summer, the little house smells like the sunlight I carried to my desk.

My pencil case, my little house, small but full of love.

Every morning it opens its door for me on time,

and lets me carry a whole box of brightness, skipping all the way to the classroom.

文具盒里的小乐队

嘘——你听，我的文具盒里，藏着一支小乐队。

拉链是红色的幕布，拉开来，演出就开始。

铅笔先生先上场，他个子高，嗓门细。

他站在作业本上，沙沙，沙沙，沙沙沙。

一笔一画都是拍子，一行一列都是节拍。

写快了，他的声音像小雨落在窗户上。

写慢了，他的声音像蚕宝宝啃桑叶。

橡皮鼓手第二个上场，她圆圆胖胖，不爱说话。

她只会在错误出现的时候，才举起手。

擦擦，擦擦，擦擦擦，鼓点又轻又稳。

每一下，都把一个错字轻轻送回梦里。

她打完鼓，鞠一个圆圆的躬，退到盒子边上。

尺子琴手第三个上场，他浑身银光，笔直笔直。

铅笔顺着他的边滑过去，吱——一声长长的音。

那是乐队里最长最直的一个音符。

从这头，滑到那头，一点弯都不拐。

音符落在纸上，变成一条标准的线段。

卷笔刀是乐队的调音师，呼呼呼，转三圈。

铅笔先生重新站直，声音又清又亮。

指挥是小主人的手，一挥，大家就开始。

手一停，半个音符也不敢响。

写满一整页，就是演完一首长长的曲子。

小主人打个勾，那是给乐队的掌声。

文具盒是音乐厅，不大，刚刚好。

冬天，音乐厅里呵着热气，曲子暖暖的。

夏天，阳光爬进来，给每个音符镀上金色。

上课铃一响，乐队立刻安静，一动不动。

他们憋着气，等我的笔尖重新点名。

考试那天，乐队演得最认真。

沙沙声轻而稳，像怕惊飞一个答错的词。

擦擦声也放得极小，小得只有橡皮自己知道。

放学了，拉链拉上，幕布合拢，咔哒。

小乐队在书包里，轻轻排练明天的曲子。

沙沙，擦擦，吱——声音小得像梦话。

如果你把耳朵贴在文具盒上，就能听见。

听见了吗？那是铅笔、橡皮和尺子，

正在为明天的作业，排练一首亮堂堂的歌。

The Little Band Inside the Pencil Case

Shh — listen. Inside my pencil case hides a little band.

The zipper is a red curtain. Pull it open, and the show begins.

Mr. Pencil takes the stage first: tall, with a thin bright voice.

He stands on the homework page: scratch, scratch, scratchy-scratch.

Every stroke is a beat, every line is a rhythm.

When he writes fast, his sound is like rain tapping the window.

When he writes slow, his sound is like a silkworm nibbling a mulberry leaf.

Eraser the drummer comes on second: round, plump, and quiet.

She only raises her hands when a mistake appears.

Rub-rub, rub-rub, rubby-rub, her beats are light and steady.

Each one gently sends a wrong character back to sleep.

After drumming, she takes a round little bow and steps back to the edge of the

box.

Ruler the string player comes on third, silver all over, straight as an arrow.

The pencil slides along his edge: zeee — one long, clear note.

It is the longest, straightest note in the whole band.

It slides from one end to the other without a single bend.

The note lands on paper and becomes a perfect line segment.

The pencil sharpener is the band's tuner: whirr, whirr, three turns.

Mr. Pencil stands tall again, his voice clear and bright.

The conductor is our owner's hand: one wave, and everyone begins.

One pause of the hand, and not half a note dares to sound.

A page written full means a long tune has been played to the end.

When our owner ticks a check mark, that is the applause for the band.

The pencil case is the concert hall — not big, just right.

In winter, the hall breathes warm air and the tunes feel cozy.

In summer, sunlight climbs in and gilds every note gold.

When the class bell rings, the band goes silent at once, not a sound.

They hold their breath, waiting for my pen tip to call their names again.

On exam day, the band plays with the most care of all.

The scratching is soft and steady, afraid to startle a wrong answer away.

The rubbing is quieter still — so quiet only Eraser herself knows it.

School ends, the zipper closes, the curtain falls, click.

The little band rehearses tomorrow's tune softly inside my schoolbag.

Scratch, rub, zeee — the sounds are as quiet as sleep-talk.

Press your ear to the pencil case and you can hear them.

Hear that? Pencil, Eraser and Ruler

are rehearsing a bright song for tomorrow's homework.

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.