

# 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.