

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.