

文具盒早操歌

打开文具盒，小盒盖张开手臂打了个哈欠，拉链小弟摘下红帽子，站在操场边上看。书桌是大大的操场，风翻开了书页，我请出一群好朋友，欢迎它们做早操。

早操开始报数，一排、两排、三排，铅笔排排站，站得笔直，没有一个歪。一号是铅笔哥哥，戴着削尖的尖尖帽；二号是橡皮弟弟，白白圆圆像颗小雪球。

三号是尺子士兵，站成一格一格的队列；四号是彩笔姐妹，穿着花衣裳手拉着手；五号是卷笔刀，张着圆圆的小嘴巴，谁也不说话，安安静静听音乐。

音乐响了，叮叮咚，早操正式开始。铅笔排排站，举臂、弯腰，动作整整齐齐；尺子伸开长长的手臂，从书桌这头够到那头；橡皮不会举手，就在原地骨碌碌地转圈。

彩笔们跳起韵律操，红橙黄绿青蓝紫；铅笔哥哥踮起脚尖，说自己又长高了一点点；卷笔刀一开一合地呼吸，把旧空气吐出去。小小的文具盒里，热闹得像一窝小麻雀。

哎呀哎呀，错误的小红旗举起来了——我把鸟字多点了一个圆点，它变成了一只小蜜蜂。橡皮弟弟一个箭步冲出去，像一只小白鼠，骨碌骨碌跑过去，擦呀擦呀，把多余的圆点赶跑了。

铅笔哥哥回到队伍，重新排排站好，这一次他画出一条直直的路，像一条干净的小马路。尺子伸长手臂来帮忙，让线沿着它的身体走。错误逃跑了，本子白得像刚下的雪。

早操做完，立正，收队。铅笔排排站，一个一个报数归位；盒盖合上，像大门轻轻关好；拉链小弟重新戴上红帽子，文具盒闭上眼睛，睡一个香香的午觉。

盒子里面悄悄说话，说的全是明天早操的事。等我再打开文具盒，盒盖一掀，铅笔排排站，橡皮骨碌碌滚过来跟我打招呼。我的文具盒，是一个快乐的小班级，天天点名，一个也不缺席。

The Morning Exercise Song in the Pencil Case

I open the pencil case and the little lid stretches its arms and yawns. Zipper takes off his red cap and stands at the edge of the playground to watch. The desk is a big playground, the wind turns the page of my book, and I call out my little friends for morning exercise.

Roll call begins, one row, two rows, three rows. The pencils stand in line, straight and tall, not one of them leaning. Number one is Brother Pencil with his sharpened pointy hat. Number two is Little Eraser, round and white like a small snowball.

Number three is Ruler the soldier, standing in neat little marks. Number four are the Sister Pens in their flower dresses, holding hands. Number five is the Pencil Sharpener with a round open mouth. Nobody talks; everybody waits quietly for the

music.

The music rings, ding-dong-dong, and exercise starts. The pencils stand in line, arms up, bodies bending, all in perfect step. Ruler stretches his long arm from one end of the desk to the other. Eraser cannot raise his arms, so he rolls round and round on the spot.

The colored pens do their jumping dance, red, orange, yellow, green, blue and purple. Brother Pencil stands on tiptoe and says he has grown a little taller. The sharpener breathes in and out, blowing away the old air. Inside the little pencil case it is as busy as a nest of sparrows.

Oh no, oh no, the little red flag of mistakes is up. I put one extra dot in the word for bird, and it turned into a little bee. Little Eraser dashes out like a white mouse, rolling fast, rubbing and rubbing until the extra dot runs away.

Brother Pencil returns to the line and stands in line again. This time he draws a straight, clean road across the page. Ruler stretches out to help, and the line walks along his body. The mistake has escaped, and the notebook is white as fresh snow.

Exercise is over. Attention, march, back to places. The pencils stand in line, each one reporting its number. The lid closes like a big door shutting softly. Zipper puts his red cap back on, and the pencil case falls into a sweet afternoon sleep.

Inside the box they whisper, all about tomorrow morning. When I open the pencil case again, the lid lifts up, the pencils stand in line, and Eraser rolls over to say hello. My pencil case is a happy little class, and at every roll call nobody is ever absent.

文具盒的小门开了

我的文具盒，是一座小房子，盒盖是蓝色的小门，门上挂着一串小拉链。夜里关门睡觉，早上我轻轻拉开拉链，叮铃铃，小门开了，太阳从窗户爬进来。

小门一开，屋里挤满了朋友，一个一个跟我打招呼。铅笔排排站在门后，像一排站岗的小士兵，挺着尖尖的鼻尖，敬一个看不见的礼。早安，早安，他们的声音细细的，像铅笔在纸上走路。

橡皮是家里的小白猫，睡在门口的软垫上，圆滚滚，白乎乎。我摸摸它的脑袋，它骨碌一下翻个身，跳下垫子，先去把屋子扫一遍，把昨天留下的碎屑，扫得干干净净。

尺子是一架透明的楼梯，靠在墙边睡了一夜。彩笔姐妹挂在墙上，像一排小灯笼，红的橙的黄的绿的，还没有点亮，已经很好看。卷笔刀蹲在墙角，张着嘴巴打哈欠，等着谁去喂它一圈铅

笔花。

我把作业本摊开，像在小房子门前铺开一条大路。铅笔士兵一个一个出来上工，一号写字，二号画画，三号给数学题排队。他们走路很轻，沙沙沙，像下了一场很小很小的雨。

写错一个字，小白猫立刻跳出来，肉垫软软的，按在纸上，揉一揉，错字不见了，纸上留一小片干净的空地。它拍拍爪子，跑回门口，卧回它的软垫，好像什么也没有发生过。

数学课到了，尺子楼梯躺倒在纸上，铅笔沿着它的背脊走，走出一条直直的线，像给数字们修了一条马路。彩笔灯笼也点亮了，给应用题画出彩虹一样的线段图。

太阳偏西了，作业写完了，上工的朋友们一个一个回家。铅笔排排站，回到门后继续站岗；小白猫跳回软垫，蜷成一个雪球；尺子靠好墙，灯笼挂整齐，卷笔刀合上嘴巴。

我拉上拉链，小门轻轻关上，跟小房子说晚安。盒子里黑下来，朋友们还在小声说话，说今天谁干活最多，说明天谁还想干活。说着说着都睡着了，鼾声细细的，像铅笔芯轻轻磨在纸上。

明天早上，我再拉开拉链，叮铃铃，小门又开了。铅笔排排站，小白猫骨碌翻身，盒盖张开手臂迎接我。我的文具盒小房子，门开开门关关，天天都有新的故事。

The Little Door of My Pencil Case Is Open

My pencil case is a little house. The lid is a little blue door with a string of zipper on it. At night the door shuts for sleep; in the morning I pull the zipper open gently, ding-ling-ling, the little door opens, and the sun climbs in through the window.

The moment the door opens, the house is full of friends, each one saying hello. The pencils stand in line behind the door like a row of little soldiers on guard, noses pointed up, saluting a salute nobody can see. Good morning, good morning, their voices are thin and soft, like pencils walking across paper.

Eraser is the little white cat of the house, sleeping on the soft mat by the door, round and white. I pat its head, it rolls over in one flip, jumps off the mat, and first sweeps the whole room, clearing away every crumb left from yesterday.

Ruler is a transparent staircase leaning against the wall after a night's sleep. The colored pen sisters hang on the wall like a row of little lanterns, red, orange, yellow, green, lovely even before they are lit. The pencil sharpener squats in the corner, yawning with its mouth open, waiting for someone to feed it a curl of pencil shavings.

I spread out my homework book like a big road in front of the little house. The pencil soldiers come out to work one by one: number one writes, number two draws,

number three lines up the math problems. They walk very lightly, sha-sha-sha, like a very small rain falling.

Write one wrong character and the white cat leaps out at once, soft paws pressing on the paper, one rub and the mistake is gone, leaving a small clean patch of white. It pats its paws, runs back to the door, lies down on its mat, as if nothing had ever happened.

Math class begins. The ruler-staircase lies down on the paper, and the pencil walks along its back, drawing one perfectly straight line, like building a road for the numbers. The pen-lanterns light up too, drawing rainbow bar models for the word problems.

The sun leans west, homework is done, and the workers come home one by one. The pencils stand in line again behind the door on guard; the white cat jumps back onto its mat and curls into a snowball; ruler leans on the wall, the lanterns hang neat, and the sharpener closes its mouth.

I pull the zipper up, the little door shuts softly, and I say good night to the house. Inside it grows dark, but the friends still whisper about who did the most work today and who wants to work tomorrow. Whispering, whispering, they fall asleep, their snoring thin as pencil lead gently rubbing on paper.

Tomorrow morning I pull the zipper again, ding-ling-ling, the little door opens. The pencils stand in line, the white cat rolls over, and the lid opens its arms to welcome me. My pencil-case house, door opening and door closing, has a brand new story every single day.

文具盒晚安曲

天黑了，台灯打了一个小小的哈欠，作业本合上眼睛，该回家的都回家。我把文具盒放在桌子正中间，宣布一声：天黑喽，朋友们，排队归位喽。

铅笔排排站，从笔架上一格一格走回文具盒，一号睡蓝格子，二号睡绿格子，三号睡黄格子。格子是它们的小床，一个一个躺好，尖尖的脑袋朝着同一个方向，像一排戴帽子的梦。

橡皮玩了一天，白白的身体沾了几粒小黑点。它骨碌碌滚回盒子右下角的软窝，那是我用旧棉布给它铺的小床。它翻了个身，把小黑点蹭在棉布上，拍拍身子，躺得平平整整。

尺子伸着长长的腰，从盒盖边上的小夹袋里钻进去，躺平，正好占满一整条。彩笔姐妹手拉手，红的挨着橙，橙的挨着黄，像一排小火车，呜呜——开进盒子最上层的车站，一一站稳，谁也不挤谁。

卷笔刀最后一个回家，肚子里装着一圈铅笔花，那是铅笔哥哥送给它的睡前点心。它蹲进小圆窝，打了个饱嗝，把小嘴巴合上，闭着眼睛笑。

归位完毕，我点名检查：铅笔排排站，齐；橡皮回软窝，齐；尺子躺平，齐；彩笔到站，齐；卷笔刀进窝，齐。一个不少，一个不乱，文具盒里安安静静的，像一座收拾整齐的小村庄。

最后，盒盖像一床蓝色大被子，从这头拉到那头，盖住所有的格子、小窝、小床和小火车。拉链是被子边上的扣子，我轻轻一拉，咔嗒，扣好了，被子暖暖的，不透风。

盒子里传来细细的声音，是晚安曲。铅笔说晚安橡皮，橡皮说晚安尺子，尺子说晚安彩笔，彩笔说晚安卷笔刀，卷笔刀说晚安铅笔。声音越来越小，越来越小，像一串泡泡，一个一个轻轻破掉。

我也该睡了。明天台灯一亮，盒盖重新掀开，铅笔排排站报数，橡皮骨碌碌滚出来伸懒腰，又是整整齐齐的一家人。物归原处的小文具盒，连做梦都是顺顺当当的。

晚安，文具盒。晚安，铅笔、橡皮、尺子、彩笔、卷笔刀。晚安，明天见。

The Goodnight Song of My Pencil Case

Night falls. The desk lamp lets out a little yawn, the homework book closes its eyes, and everyone who should go home goes home. I put the pencil case right in the middle of the desk and announce: it is dark outside, friends, line up and go back to your places.

The pencils stand in line, walking from the pen rack back into the case one square at a time. Number one sleeps in the blue square, number two in the green, number three in the yellow. The squares are their little beds. They lie down one by one, pointy heads all facing the same way, like a row of dreams wearing hats.

Eraser played all day, its white body picking up a few little black specks. It rolls back to its soft nest in the lower right corner, the little bed I made for it out of old cotton cloth. It turns over, rubs the black specks off onto the cloth, pats itself, and lies down nice and flat.

Ruler stretches its long waist and climbs into the slim pocket by the lid, lying flat, filling the whole strip. The colored pen sisters hold hands, red next to orange, orange next to yellow, like a little train that choo-choos into the station on the top shelf, each one stopping firmly, nobody pushing anybody.

The pencil sharpener comes home last, its belly holding one curly pencil shaving, Brother Pencil's bedtime snack. It squats into its little round nest, lets out a full little burp, closes its mouth, and smiles with its eyes shut.

Roll call check: pencils standing in line, present; eraser back in its nest, present; ruler lying flat, present; pens at the station, present; sharpener in its nest, present. Not one missing, not one out of place. Inside the case it is quiet as a tidy little village.

Last of all, the lid closes like a big blue quilt, pulled from this side to that, covering every square, nest, bed and little train. The zipper is the button on the quilt's edge; I pull it gently, click, done. The quilt is warm and lets no wind through.

A thin sound rises from inside the case: it is the goodnight song. Pencil says goodnight to Eraser, Eraser says goodnight to Ruler, Ruler says goodnight to the Pens, the Pens say goodnight to Sharpener, and Sharpener says goodnight to Pencil. The voices grow smaller and smaller, like a string of bubbles popping softly one by one.

It is my bedtime too. Tomorrow when the lamp lights up, the lid will lift again, the pencils will stand in line for roll call, and Eraser will roll out stretching its arms, the same tidy family. A pencil case that puts everything back where it belongs even dreams smoothly.

Goodnight, pencil case. Goodnight, pencil, eraser, ruler, colored pens, and sharpener. Goodnight, see you tomorrow.