

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，安安静静等音乐。

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.