

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.