拉钩，走过课间

课间铃一响，教室变成嗡嗡的蜂巢，我慌忙合上作业本，你已经站在前门朝我招手。

我们跑下楼梯，脚步声踩在同一个节拍上，嗒嗒嗒，像两面小鼓一起敲。

操场那么大，我们那么小，影子在地上跑在我们前面，比我们矮，却比我们勇敢。

你忽然伸出手，我赶快把手放进去，十根手指互相勾住，勾得紧紧的。

你的手心是热的，有点汗，像一颗刚睡醒的小太阳，还带着梦里的温度。

拉钩，我们跳绳，你甩绳，我跳，绳子把风抽成一首歌。

拉钩，我们踢毽子，羽毛飞起来又落下，我们的笑声飞得比它高。

我摔倒了，你先把我拉起来，再蹲下去给我的膝盖吹气。

你输了，吐一下舌头，我假装没看见，再给你一次机会。

风刮过来的时候，你替我站在上风口，你的衣角啪啪地响，像一面护着我的旗。

太阳出来的时候，你站在我前面挡光，你的睫毛在我的作业本上投下一片小小的影子。

你的笑脸是小的，两个小月牙，藏在眼睛角上，只有我找得到。

我的笑脸是大的，缺了一颗门牙，我用手捂住嘴巴，还是咯咯地笑出了声。

两个笑脸碰在一起，课间变得更亮了，连操场边的杨树叶都转过头来看。

上课铃响了，我们不想回去，拉着手走三步，回三次头。

回到座位上，手心还记得对方的温度，偷偷握一下，还是热的。

下一个课间，你还是站在前门朝我招手，像一面插在门口的小旗。

等我写完作业本上最后一个字，等我把铅笔盒塞进书包。

好朋友不是大事，是课间你伸给我的那只手。

好朋友不是远事，是你留在我的眼睛里的笑脸。

拉钩，一步，两步，课间总是不够长。

拉钩，一步，两步，一直走到暑假。

暑假真的来了，把你的笑脸放进我的口袋，把我的笑脸放进你的口袋。

等秋天的铃再响，拿出来一看，我们还是拉着手。

Hand in Hand Through the Break

The break bell rings, the classroom turns into a buzzing beehive, I hurriedly close my exercise book, and you are already standing at the front door waving at me.

We run down the stairs, our footsteps falling on the same beat, tap-tap-tap, like two small drums beaten together.

The playground is so big, we are so small, our shadows run ahead of us on the ground, shorter than us yet braver than us.

You suddenly reach out your hand, I quickly put mine into it, ten fingers hooking onto each other, hooked tight.

Your palm is warm, a little sweaty, like a small sun just awake from sleep, still carrying the warmth of a dream.

Hand in hand, we jump rope, you swing the rope, I jump, and the rope whips the wind into a song.

Hand in hand, we kick the shuttlecock, the feathers fly up and fall down, and our laughter flies higher than they do.

When I fall, you pull me up first, then squat down and blow air on my knee.

When you lose, you stick out your tongue, and I pretend not to see it, and give you one more chance.

When the wind blows, you stand upwind for me, the hem of your coat snapping, like a flag guarding me.

When the sun comes out, you stand in front of me to block the light, and your eyelashes cast a small shadow on my exercise book.

Your smile is small, two little crescents, hidden at the corners of your eyes, where only I can find them.

My smile is big, with one front tooth missing, I cover my mouth with my hand and still giggle out loud.

When the two smiles meet, the break grows brighter, and even the poplar leaves by the playground turn their heads to look.

The class bell rings, we do not want to go back, hand in hand we walk three steps and look back three times.

Back at our seats, the palm still remembers the warmth of the other, I secretly clench it, and it is still warm.

At the next break, you still stand at the front door waving at me, like a small flag planted at the door.

Waiting for me to finish the last character in my exercise book, waiting for me to push my pencil case into my bag.

A good friend is not a big thing, it is the hand you stretch out to me at break time.

A good friend is not a far thing, it is the smile you leave in my eyes.

Hand in hand, one step, two steps, the break is never long enough.

Hand in hand, one step, two steps, all the way to the summer vacation.

When the summer vacation really comes, put your smile into my pocket, and put my smile into your pocket.

When the bell rings again in autumn, take them out and look, and we are still hand in hand.

操场角上的两个笑脸

操场角上有两个小孩，一个高，一个矮，一个话多，一个安静。

高的是你，矮的是他，铃声一响，两个人一起跑过来。

你带跳绳，他也带跳绳，两根绳子把风抽成一首歌。

课间是一只大篮子，你们俩是篮子里最亮的两个苹果。

你们拉钩转圈，转到衣角被风掀起来，转到头晕，一起笑倒。

你松手的时候他假装摔倒，你赶紧跑过去，把他拉起来。

他的笑脸先炸开，像阳光下爆开的一锅爆米花。

你的笑脸跟上来，像池塘里被石子推出去的波纹。

两个笑脸叠在一起，一层压一层，操场的水泥地都变软了。

有同学摔倒，你们俩第一个跑过去，一个捡书包，一个拍土。

有转学生找不到厕所，你们俩自告奋勇带路，一左一右走在他旁边。

安静的话不多，可他记得你吃面不放香菜。

唠叨的说个没完，可你难过的时候，他不说话，只递过来一颗糖。

糖剥开放在你手心，糖纸展平了扔进垃圾桶。

上课铃响，你们排队排在最后，头凑着头，小声说话。

老师一回头，你们立刻站直，老师一转头，你们又笑。

笑什么呢？不知道。

也许笑刚才那朵云，长得像一头熊。

也许笑体育老师把球踢到了树上，挂在枝丫间下不来。

也许笑值日生追着一只迟到的蜻蜓，扫帚都扔了。

也许笑昨天晚上约好的事，星期六早上在老槐树底下见面，一人带一本课外书，换着看。

好朋友就是排在你后面的那个人，拉着手，小声说话。

好朋友就是在人群里能找到你的那个笑脸，一笑，彼此都懂。

操场角上还是那两个小孩，一个高，一个矮，一个话多，一个安静。

高的挥手，矮的挥手，两个笑脸，比太阳还亮。

课间结束，他们走回教室，影子叠在一起，像一个小孩。

Two Smiles at the Corner of the Playground

At the corner of the playground stand two children, one tall, one short, one talkative, one quiet.

The tall one is you, the short one is him, and when the bell rings, both come running over together.

You bring a jump rope, he brings a jump rope too, and the two ropes whip the wind into a song.

The break is a big basket, and the two of you are the two brightest apples in it.

You hook fingers and spin, spinning until your hems are lifted by the wind, spinning until you are dizzy, then laughing as you fall over together.

When you let go, he pretends to fall, and you hurry over and pull him up.

His smile bursts open first, like a pot of popcorn popping in the sunlight.

Your smile follows, like the ripples pushed out by a stone in a pond.

The two smiles overlap, one pressing on one, and even the concrete ground of the playground turns soft.

When a classmate falls, the two of you are the first to run over, one picking up the schoolbag, one dusting it off.

When a new student cannot find the washroom, the two of you volunteer to guide him, walking on his left and on his right.

The quiet one says little, yet he remembers that you take no cilantro in your noodles.

The talkative one never stops talking, yet when you are sad, he says nothing and only hands over a candy.

The candy is unwrapped and placed in your palm, and the wrapper is smoothed flat and thrown into the trash bin.

When the class bell rings, the two of you stand at the back of the line, heads together, whispering.

When the teacher turns around, you straighten at once; when the teacher looks away, you laugh again.

What are you laughing at? Who knows.

Maybe at that cloud just now, which looked like a bear.

Maybe at the P.E. teacher kicking the ball up into a tree, where it hangs among the branches and will not come down.

Maybe at the student on duty chasing a late dragonfly and dropping his broom.

Maybe at the promise made last night, to meet under the old locust tree on Saturday morning, each bringing one extracurricular book to swap and read.

A good friend is the person standing behind you in line, hand in hand, whispering.

A good friend is the smile that can find you in a crowd, one smile, and both understand.

At the corner of the playground are still those two children, one tall, one short, one talkative, one quiet.

The tall one waves, the short one waves, two smiles, brighter than the sun.

The break ends, they walk back to the classroom, their shadows overlapping, like one child.

一，二，一，二

你说一，我说二，课间就来了，快走。

你说二，我说一，拉钩，不许松手。

一步，两步，脚步踩在鼓点上。

一根，两根，跳绳甩成彩虹。

一个，两个，笑脸长在眼睛角上。

铃一响，我们跑出去，像两只麻雀飞出教室。

操场问我们玩什么，我们说你玩什么，我玩什么。

你踢毽子，我数数，一踢二踢，数到毽子累了。

我跳绳，你数数，一二三，四五六，数到数不清。

我绊住了，你扶我；你跑累了，我等你。

你渴了，我跑去饮水机；我忘了带杯子，你把你的分我一半。

半杯水，一口两口，水是甜的，像放了糖。

轮滑课上你摔了，我把你拉到栏杆边，你扶着栏杆学，我在后面扶着你的背。

美术课上你忘了带水彩，我把我的十二色推过去，你借了蓝色，我借了你的金色。

风刮过来，我们背对背站好，一人给一人挡风。

你的笑脸是圆的，像我们刚踢过的毽子。

我的笑脸是长的，像我们刚甩过的跳绳。

圆笑脸和长笑脸碰在一起，课间变成一串珠子。

一颗珠子，是你拉我起来的那一次；一颗珠子，是我等你的那一次。

一颗珠子，是我们分过一杯水；一颗珠子，是我们分过一副手套。

一颗珠子，是你把糖掰给我一半；一颗珠子，是我在车上给你留了座位。

下雨天也不能白过，我们挤在一把伞底下，你说一，我说二，雨点替我们打拍子。

考试前也不能白过，你把重点划给我看，我把错题讲给你听，一人一半，谁也不欠谁。

铃响了，我们数珠子，一二三，数出一大串。

把珠子串进书包，带回家给妈妈看。

妈妈问，这是谁呀？我们说，好朋友！

你说一，我说二，好朋友，不分离。

你说二，我说一，拉钩，走到下一个年级。

再多一步，再多两步，课间还没有结束。

再多一个笑脸，再多两个笑脸，留给明天的课间。

One, Two, One, Two

You say one, I say two, and the break is here, let us go.

You say two, I say one, hook fingers, and do not let go.

One step, two steps, our footsteps fall on the beat of a drum.

One rope, two ropes, the jump ropes swing into rainbows.

One smile, two smiles, the smiles grow at the corners of our eyes.

When the bell rings, we run out, like two sparrows flying out of the classroom.

The playground asks us what we play. We say, whatever you play, I play.

You kick the shuttlecock, I count, one kick, two kicks, counting until the shuttlecock is tired.

I jump rope, you count, one two three, four five six, counting until the numbers run out.

When I trip, you hold me up; when you are tired, I wait for you.

When you are thirsty, I run to the water fountain; when I forget my cup, you share half of yours with me.

Half a cup of water, one sip, two sips, the water is sweet, as if sugar were in it.

In roller-skating class you fall, and I pull you to the railing; you learn holding the railing, and I hold your back from behind.

In art class you forget your watercolors, and I push my twelve colors over to you; you borrow the blue, and I borrow your gold.

When the wind blows, we stand back to back, each one sheltering the other from the wind.

Your smile is round, like the shuttlecock we just kicked.

My smile is long, like the jump rope we just swung.

When the round smile and the long smile meet, the break turns into a string of beads.

One bead is the time you pulled me up; one bead is the time I waited for you.

One bead is the cup of water we shared; one bead is the pair of gloves we shared.

One bead is the candy you broke in half for me; one bead is the seat I saved for you on the bus.

Even a rainy day must not be wasted; we squeeze under one umbrella, you say one, I say two, and the raindrops beat time for us.

Even before an exam it must not be wasted; you mark the key points for me to read, and I explain the missed questions to you, half and half, nobody owing anybody.

The bell rings, we count our beads, one two three, and count out a long string.

We string the beads into the schoolbag and take them home to show Mother.

Mother asks, and who is this? We say, a good friend!

You say one, I say two, good friends, never apart.

You say two, I say one, hook fingers, all the way to the next grade.

One more step, two more steps, the break is not over yet.

One more smile, two more smiles, saved for the break of tomorrow.