# 一块小橡皮的话

我是一块小橡皮，住在你的铅笔盒里，排在铅笔刀的前面。

我的身体白白的，系着一条蓝色的纸腰带，你每次把我拿出来，都轻轻的。

有一天，班里来了转学生，坐在你旁边，低着头，抠桌角。

你把我拿出来，掰成两半，把大的那半递给了她。

去新地方的那半是我，留在你身边的这半也是我。

去新地方的那半，听见她的心跳得很快，咚，咚，咚。

她用我擦写错的字，擦得很用力，好像把紧张也一起擦掉了。

你凑过去小声说了一句话，她笑了，笑声在我的身体里弹了一下。

从那以后，你们共用我们，隔着一张课桌传来传去。

你手里的这半磨圆了一点，她手里的那半变小了一点。

我们在课桌中间碰面的时候，像两个小脑袋互相点头。

中午，你们去操场跳绳，把我们留在场边的铅笔盒里。

我隔着透明的盒盖，看你们教对方跳。

绳子画上去，落下来，像一只银色的小环，从头顶过去，从脚边出来。

她绊倒了，你没有笑，只说，慢一点，再来一次。

她连跳三个的时候，你们笑了，笑容比操场上的太阳还亮。

笑容跑回教室，钻进铅笔盒，把我们也逗笑了。

橡皮不会笑，可我的心里有什么东西软软地、暖暖地长出来。

日子过去，我的身体越来越小，从一整块变成半块，从半块变成一角。

你没有扔我，你把我收进铅笔盒最里面的小口袋。

她那一半也留着，放在一个玻璃小瓶里，像收藏一件宝贝。

后来我明白了，我们擦掉的是纸上的字，留下的是两个人之间的情。

半块橡皮在她那边，替我陪着她；半块橡皮在你这边，替她陪着你。

现在我只剩一角了，可我是世界上最幸福的一角。

因为我记得蓝色的纸腰带，记得两只传来传去的手，记得绳子、三个连跳和两个笑容。

谁问我的好朋友是谁，我就说，铅笔刀，还有你们两个。

以后你们写好朋友三个字的时候，记得有一块小橡皮帮你们擦过错。

记得我那一小角，还在玻璃瓶里，安安静静地亮着。

# Words of a Small Eraser

I am a small eraser, living inside your pencil case, lined up in front of the pencil sharpener.

My body is white, wearing a blue paper belt, and every time you take me out, you do it gently.

One day a new student joined the class, sat beside you, head down, picking at the corner of the desk.

You took me out, broke me into two halves, and handed the bigger half to her.

The half that went to a new place is me, and the half that stayed beside you is also me.

The half that went away heard her heart beating fast, thump, thump, thump.

She used me to rub out wrong characters, rubbing hard, as if she were rubbing away her nervousness too.

You leaned over and whispered one sentence, and she laughed, and the laugh bounced once inside my body.

From then on you shared us, passing us back and forth across one desk.

The half in your hand wore a little rounder, and the half in her hand grew a little smaller.

When we met in the middle of the desk, it was like two little heads nodding at each other.

At noon you went to the playground to jump rope, and left us in the pencil case at the edge of the field.

Through the transparent lid I watched you teach her to jump.

The rope drew up and fell down, like a silver little ring, passing over the head and coming out at the feet.

She tripped, and you did not laugh, you only said, slower, one more time.

When she jumped three in a row, you both laughed, and your smiles were brighter

than the sun over the playground.

The smiles ran back to the classroom, slipped into the pencil case, and made us laugh too.

Erasers cannot laugh, yet something soft and warm is growing inside my heart.

Days passed, and my body grew smaller and smaller, from a whole block to a half, from a half to a corner.

You did not throw me away; you kept me in the innermost little pocket of the pencil case.

She kept her half too, in a small glass bottle, like treasuring a treasure.

Later I understood: what we rub away are the characters on paper, and what we leave behind is the feeling between two people.

My half over there keeps her company for me; my half over here keeps you company for her.

Now I am only a corner left, but I am the happiest corner in the world.

Because I remember the blue paper belt, the two hands passing us back and forth, the rope, the three jumps, and the two smiles.

If anyone asks who my good friends are, I say, the pencil sharpener, and you two.

In the future, when you write the words good friend, remember that a small eraser once helped you rub out your mistakes.

Remember that my little corner is still in the glass bottle, shining quietly.