你是我的好朋友

为什么喜欢你，我数给你听。

转学到这个班的第一天，我的座位靠窗，谁也不认识。

你把一块橡皮举到我面前，说，给你，我们一起用。

那块橡皮白白的，包着蓝色的纸皮，你掰开，把大的那半递给我。

我用你的橡皮擦掉写错的字，字不见了，我的紧张也不见了。

你是我的好朋友，这是我在心里第一次说它。

还有一次在跳绳的场地。

我不会跳，绳子老打脚踝，脚踝都红了，我的脸也热了。

你没有笑我，你把绳头递给我，说，慢慢甩，我先跳给你看。

一，二，三，绳子从你头顶画过去，落到脚边，像一只轻快的小鸟。

你教了我十天，第十一天，我连跳了三个。

班级跳绳比赛那天，你在场边，我的名字含在你嘴里。

我绊了一下，全班吸气，你喊，起来，起来。

我爬起来接着跳，你的声音是全场最大的那一个。

我们轮流跳，绳子把操场上的风都抽成了歌。

你是我的好朋友，这是我在心里第二次说它。

还有一次，是你的笑容。

你的笑容大大的，露出八颗牙齿，脸颊上跳出两个小酒窝。

你笑起来的时候，天上的云好像都被你推开了。

我摔倒，你笑着伸手；我输了比赛，你笑着说不怕。

我听写得了一百分，你笑得比我还大声。

你的笑容像一口袋糖果，见人就分一颗。

课堂上我被表扬的时候，我先看你，你在桌子底下偷偷拍手。

你得了听写冠军的时候，我把手都拍红了。

橡皮，跳绳，笑容，我掰着手指头数。

数来数去，数出来的全都是你。

为什么喜欢你，因为你是我的好朋友。

好朋友，这三个字，我一说出口，心里就发热。

明天早上，我要把橡皮再切一次，把大的那半留给你。

明天中午，我把绳头递给你，你跳，我来数。

明天中午，你笑的时候我也笑，让两个笑容并排站在一起。

你是我的好朋友，我要大声说，让全班都听见。

你是我的好朋友，我要大声说，让窗外那棵白杨树也听见。

等我们长大了，还是好朋友。

等我们老了，还是好朋友。

橡皮、跳绳和笑容，我们全都随身带走。

You Are My Good Friend

Why do I like you? Let me count them out for you.

On the first day I transferred into this class, my seat was by the window, and I knew nobody.

You held an eraser up in front of me and said, here, let us share it.

The eraser was white, wrapped in a blue paper sleeve, and you broke it and handed me the bigger half.

I used your eraser to rub out the wrong characters; the characters vanished, and so did my nervousness.

You are my good friend, that was the first time I said it inside my heart.

Another time was at the jump rope ground.

I could not jump; the rope kept whipping my ankles, and my ankles turned red, and my face turned hot.

You did not laugh at me. You handed me the end of the rope and said, swing it slowly, I will jump first for you to see.

One, two, three, the rope drew an arc over your head and landed at your feet, like a light and nimble little bird.

You taught me for ten days, and on the eleventh day I jumped three in a row.

On the day of the class jump rope contest, you were on the sideline, and my name was in your mouth.

When I tripped once, the whole class gasped, and you shouted, get up, get up.

I got up and kept jumping, and your voice was the loudest in the whole yard.

We took turns jumping, and the rope whipped the wind over the whole playground into a song.

You are my good friend, that was the second time I said it inside my heart.

And another time, it was your smile.

Your smile is big, showing eight teeth, with two little dimples jumping out on your cheeks.

When you smile, the clouds in the sky seem to be pushed aside by you.

When I fall, you smile and reach out your hand; when I lose a race, you smile and say, do not be afraid.

When I got a perfect score in dictation, you laughed louder than I did.

Your smile is like a pocket full of candy, giving one to everyone you meet.

When I was praised in class, I looked at you first, and you clapped secretly under the desk.

When you won the dictation champion, I clapped until my palms turned red.

Eraser, jump rope, smile, I count them on my fingers.

Count and count, and every one of them turns out to be you.

Why do I like you? Because you are my good friend.

Good friend, three little words; the moment I say them, my heart turns warm.

Tomorrow morning I will cut the eraser once more, and keep the bigger half for you.

Tomorrow noon I will hand you the end of the rope; you jump, and I will count.

Tomorrow noon, when you smile I will smile too, and let the two smiles stand side by side.

You are my good friend; I want to say it loudly, so the whole class can hear.

You are my good friend; I want to say it loudly, so the white poplar outside the window can hear too.

When we grow up, we will still be good friends.

When we grow old, we will still be good friends.

The eraser, the jump rope, and the smile, we will carry them all away with us.