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.

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.

跳绳歌

一，二，三，四，绳子甩起来，你跳。

五，六，七，八，小鸟从你头顶飞过去。

我数数，你跳绳，绳子把风抽成一首歌。

你绊倒，我停绳；你站好，我再甩。

这是我们的跳绳歌，从一年级唱到现在。

下雨天不能下楼，我们在走廊里跳，绳影在墙上甩上甩下。

数错了我们重数，绊倒了我们一起笑。

起初你不会跳，绳子老打脚踝，脚踝都红了。

你撅着嘴，嘴巴翘得能挂一个小水壶。

我把半块橡皮递给你，说，在你手心画一个笑容，疼痛就会跑掉。

你真的画了，一个小小的笑容，画得像一条小船。

你举手给我看，手心的小船还没开口，你的眼睛先笑了。

我们笑起来，笑声比绳子甩得还高。

一，二，三，四，绳子甩起来，换我跳。

这次你数数，你的声音像一面小鼓，咚咚咚，又稳又亮。

我跳砸了，你不催我，只说，慢一点，再来一次。

这句话你说了十遍，我跳了十次。

第十一次，绳子忽然变乖了，从头顶画到脚边，像它学会了我们的歌。

我们并排跳，两个影子踩着同一个节拍起落。

你甩我跳，我甩你跳，谁也不许嫌谁慢。

操场上的同学围过来，拍手的声音让歌变得更快。

五，六，七，八，我们跳到夕阳把我们的脸照得通红。

回教室的哨声响了，我们还赖着，再要一次，就一次。

那一次我们跳到路灯都亮起来。

回到座位上，心还在咚咚地跳，像有一根绳子在心里继续甩。

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你凑过来问，明天中午，老地方？我说，老地方。

你从铅笔盒里掏出那半块橡皮，给我看你的手心。

小船一样的笑容画得有点花了，可它还在笑。

我掏出我那半，两半合在一起，拼成一块完整的橡皮。

然后又分开，因为友谊一人一半才分得匀。

一，二，三，四，这是我们的数字。

橡皮、跳绳、笑容，这是我们的歌。

明天中午，带上你的绳子，带上你的笑容。

我们把这首歌，一直唱到长大。

长大以后接着唱，声音变了，节拍不会变。

一，二，三，四，你跳，我数，永远不换。

The Jump Rope Song

One, two, three, four, the rope starts swinging, you jump.

Five, six, seven, eight, the little bird flies over your head.

I count, you jump, and the rope whips the wind into a song.

When you trip, I stop the rope; when you stand ready, I swing again.

This is our jump rope song, sung from first grade until now.

On rainy days we cannot go downstairs, so we jump in the corridor, and the shadow of the rope flickers up and down on the wall.

When the counting goes wrong we start over, and when someone trips we laugh together.

At the start you could not jump; the rope kept hitting your ankles, and your ankles turned red.

You pouted, your mouth lifted high enough to hang a little water jug.

I handed you half an eraser and said, draw a smile on your palm, and the pain will run away.

You really drew one, a small smile, shaped like a little boat.

You raised your hand to show me; the little boat on your palm had not spoken yet, but your eyes were already laughing.

We laughed, and our laughter swung higher than the rope.

One, two, three, four, the rope starts swinging, now it is my turn.

This time you count, and your voice is like a little drum, thump thump thump, steady and bright.

When I mess up the jumps, you do not hurry me, you only say, slower, one more time.

You said that sentence ten times, and I jumped ten times.

On the eleventh time the rope suddenly turned obedient, drawing from my head to my feet, as if it had learned our song.

We jumped side by side, two shadows rising and falling on the same beat.

You swing and I jump, I swing and you jump, and nobody may complain that the other is slow.

The children on the playground gathered around, and their clapping made the song faster.

Five, six, seven, eight, we jumped until the sunset turned our faces red.

The whistle for class rang, and we still lingered, one more time, just one.

That one time we jumped until the street lamps all came on.

Back at our seats, our hearts were still thumping, as if a rope were still swinging inside.

You leaned over and asked, tomorrow noon, the usual place? I said, the usual place.

You took the half eraser out of your pencil case and showed me your palm.

The boat-shaped smile had smudged a little, yet it was still smiling.

I took out my half, and the two halves joined into one whole eraser.

Then we parted them again, because friendship shared evenly means one half each.

One, two, three, four, these are our numbers.

Eraser, jump rope, smile, this is our song.

Tomorrow noon, bring your rope, and bring your smile.

We will sing this song all the way until we grow up.

And keep singing after we grow up; our voices will change, but the beat will not.

One, two, three, four, you jump, I count, and we never switch.