

范文：那个黄昏的风

黄昏是从铁丝网上开始的。光挂在锈迹上，一格一格，金得发烫。操场空了，只剩我们两个，影子被拉得很长，长到跨过跑道，搭在墙根。谁都没有说话。说话要挑日子，今天不合适。

夕阳往下沉，颜色一层一层换。先是金，再是橘，最后变成一种旧瓷器的粉。看久了，眼睛会酸。我想起三年前也是这个颜色，我们踩着它走进这个操场，那时不知道黄昏有重量。

风来了。从看台那头起，贴着地面跑，掀起草丛里一张旧试卷，追着它绕半个操场，又把它按在跑道上。旗子猛地一抖，抽在旗杆上，啪的一声，像谁拍了一下手。风穿过我们中间，把他额前的头发掀起来，又放下。他眯了一下眼。风里全是九月的气味，草的、塑胶的、远处食堂的。

风停的那几秒，安静得能听见铁丝网在轻轻响。他的影子又长了一截，从墙根爬上了墙。夕阳只剩一线，卡在两栋楼之间，红得像要熄灭的炭。

他抬起手，像要说什么，又放下。然后他转身。校服的后背被最后那一线光描了一道边，金色，很快暗下去。他走了几步，又回头，风把他的衣角吹向我的方向，像招了一下手。我站在原地，鞋底蹭了蹭地面，沙沙，只有我自己听见。

天暗下来。操场空了，风还在。它绕着看台跑了一圈，把那张旧试卷又掀起来一角，然后往校外去了。它要去他经过的地方。我忽然嫉妒一阵风。

后来我在教室窗口写过很多个黄昏，都没有那天的颜色。颜色留不住，风也留不住。可每年九月，风一穿过操场，我就知道它来了——从那条跑道，从那道铁丝网，从那个转身的背影里来。它不带走什么，它把那个黄昏一遍一遍送回来。

Model Essay: The Wind of That Dusk

The dusk began on the wire fence. Light hung on the rust, link by link, gold enough to burn. The playground was empty except for the two of us, our shadows stretched long, long enough to cross the running track and lean against the base of the wall. Neither of us spoke. Talking needs a chosen day, and today was not suitable.

The sun sank, and the color changed layer by layer. First gold, then orange, at last a pink like old porcelain. Look too long and your eyes ache. I remembered three years ago it was this same color as we stepped onto this playground, and back then we did not know that dusk had weight.

The wind came. It started from the stands, ran hugging the ground, lifted an old exam paper out of the grass, chased it around half the playground, then pressed it back onto the track. The flag gave a sudden shake and cracked against its pole, one clap-like sound. The wind passed between us, lifted the hair on his forehead, let it fall. He squinted for a moment. The wind was full of September's smells - grass,

rubber, and the distant canteen.

In the seconds after the wind stopped, it was quiet enough to hear the wire fence humming. His shadow grew another span longer, climbing from the wall's base onto the wall. Only a thread of sunset remained, wedged between two buildings, red as a coal about to die out.

He raised his hand, as if to say something, then lowered it. Then he turned and left. The back of his uniform was traced by that last thread of light, gold, then quickly dark. He took a few steps and looked back; the wind blew his coat hem toward me, like a wave. I stood where I was and scraped my sole against the ground, a soft rasp only I could hear.

The sky went dark. The playground emptied; the wind stayed. It ran a lap around the stands, lifted one corner of that old exam paper again, then headed out of the school gate. It was going to the places he would pass. For a moment I envied a gust of wind.

Later, from classroom windows, I wrote many dusks, and none had that day's color. Colors cannot be kept, and neither can wind. But every September, when the wind crosses the playground, I know it has come – from that track, from that wire fence, from that turning back. It takes nothing away; it returns that dusk again and again.