第一场大雪来了

天还没亮透，我就醒了。不是被闹钟叫醒的，是窗户那边透进来的光太亮，白得晃眼，跟平时不一样。我光着脚跳下床，一把推开窗，冷气扑了满脸，眉毛一下子凉了半截。雪，好大的雪！对面的屋顶全白了，院里的冬青树顶着一顶厚帽子，围墙外的马路像铺了一条松软的白毯子，一个脚印都没有。我趴在窗台上数雪花，一片落在玻璃上，还没看清形状就化成一个小水点。

吃早饭的时候我催妈妈快点，粥太烫，我呼呼吹了两口就端着碗蹲到门口去喝。棉袄、围巾、手套一样样套上，临出门，妈妈又把一顶红帽子扣在我头上，说别冻着耳朵。我应都没应，一脚已经踩进了雪里。咯吱，咯吱，雪在鞋底下一声声地响，好听极了。我故意挑没人的地方走，一步一个坑，回头看，自己的脚印一串一串排着队，后面还跟着爸爸深深的大脚印。路边卖早点的大爷把蒸笼揭开，白汽和雪花搅在一起，整条街都是包子味儿。到了校门口，我书包上、眉毛上全是雪，同学笑我成了白眉毛，我抹了把脸，冲进教学楼。

第二节课一下，老师说了句注意安全，全班呼啦一下涌向操场。雪停了，可树上的雪还在往下掉，风一吹，落在脖子里，凉得人一缩。我和阿远他们几个很快分成两队，蹲在雪堆旁边捏雪球。手套很快就湿了，干脆脱了，光着手捏，雪攥在手里冰得像铁，可心里热得很。雪球嗖嗖地飞，有的在半空相撞，散成一团白粉；有的砸在棉袄上，噗地开出一朵花。阿远冲我喊，往左边跑，我还没来得及动，一个雪球已经扣在我肩膀上。我捏了一个大的，使足了劲扔过去，正好落在他的围巾上，白粉炸开，他打了个大大的喷嚏。我们笑得直不起腰，又互相追着跑，绕着花坛转圈，笑声大得差点把树上的雪震下来。上课铃响了，我们还赖在操场上，被班长一个个拽回楼里。楼梯口挤成一团，头发上、衣领上的雪化成水珠，老师看着我们，憋着笑说了句下次再玩。

回到座位上，手心的温度一点一点回来，腿还有点抖。我望着窗外，雪又开始飘了，一片一片，慢悠悠的。我在心里跟这场雪商量：下一场什么时候来？我们还没打够呢。

The First Big Snow Has Come

Day had not fully broken when I woke up. It was not the alarm clock. The light coming through the window was too bright, white and dazzling, different from any ordinary morning. I jumped out of bed barefoot and pushed the window open. Cold air rushed onto my face, and my eyebrows turned icy in a second. Snow! Such a heavy snow! The roofs across the street were all white, the privet bushes in our yard wore thick white caps, and the road outside the wall looked like a soft white carpet with not a single footprint on it. I leaned on the windowsill counting snowflakes. One landed on the glass, and before I could see its shape it melted into a tiny drop of water.

At breakfast I kept urging Mum to hurry. The porridge was too hot, so I blew on it twice and carried the bowl to the doorway to finish it. Coat, scarf, gloves, I put them on one by one. Just before leaving, Mum pushed a red cap onto my head and told me to keep my ears warm. I barely answered and had already stepped into the snow.

Crunch, crunch, the snow sang under my shoes, the nicest sound in the world. I deliberately walked where nobody had walked, one step one hole, and when I looked back my footprints stood in a neat line, followed by Dad's deep big prints. The breakfast seller by the road lifted the lid of his steamer, and the white steam mixed with the snowflakes until the whole street smelled of steamed buns. At the school gate, my schoolbag and even my eyebrows were covered with snow. My classmate laughed and said I had turned into White Eyebrows. I wiped my face and ran into the teaching building.

Right after the second class, the teacher said be careful, and the whole class poured into the playground. The snow had stopped, but the snow on the trees kept falling. A gust of wind blew it down our collars, and everyone shrank with the cold. A-Yuan and I soon split into two teams, squatting by the snow piles to roll snowballs. Our gloves got wet quickly, so we took them off and shaped snowballs with bare hands. The snow in our palms was cold as iron, but our hearts were burning hot. Snowballs flew through the air. Some crashed into each other halfway and burst into white powder; some hit padded coats and went pop like a flower opening. A-Yuan shouted at me to run left, but before I moved a snowball had already landed on my shoulder. I made a big one, threw it with all my strength, and it landed right on his scarf. The powder exploded, and he sneezed a huge sneeze. We laughed so hard we could not stand up straight, then chased each other around the flower bed. Our laughter was loud enough to shake the snow off the trees. The bell rang, and we still lingered on the playground until the class monitor dragged us back one by one. We squeezed together at the stairway, snow melting into drops in our hair and on our collars. The teacher looked at us, trying not to smile, and said we could play again next time.

Back at my seat, the warmth came back to my palms little by little, and my legs still trembled a bit. I looked out of the window. The snow had started again, flake by flake, slow and easy. In my heart I made a deal with this snow: when is the next one coming? We have not had enough yet.

雪下了整夜

半夜里，小宇好像听见了声音，很轻，像蚕吃桑叶，簌簌，簌簌，响了很久。他把头从被窝里伸出来听了听，什么也没有，又缩回枕头里睡熟了。他不知道，窗外的雪一直下到了天亮。

清晨他一推窗，世界变了颜色。天低低的，白里发青，压着屋顶。院里的枣树秋天落了叶子，光秃秃的枝子如今每根都顶着一线雪，像倒着长的珊瑚。巷子口的电线上积了厚雪，一只麻雀落上去，出溜一下滑了一跤，抖下一蓬雪粉。小宇把手贴在窗玻璃上，冰得掌心发麻，他回头就喊，爸，下雪了，下得好大！喊声把爸爸从被窝里拽了出来。

上学路上，整条街都换了模样。平时吆喝最响的煎饼摊今天安静，小区门口扫雪的叔叔挥着大扫帚，扫帚蹭着雪面，刷啦，刷啦。汽车开得极慢，像拉车老牛，车顶的雪一坨一坨往下溜。小宇专挑花坛边没人踩过的雪走，咯吱，咯吱，一脚一个白窝。他路过那棵大槐树，故意抬脚踹了一下树干，树上的雪哗地落下来，他一头扎进去，再抬头，眉毛和睫毛上全是白的，活像个小老头。槐树底下躲雪的地方露出一个小小的雪窝，他把自己踩出的那个窝看了半天，觉得那是雪替他留的座位。路过早点铺，玻璃上蒙着一层水汽，有人在里头画了一个笑脸，油汪汪的包子香从门缝里挤出来，混进冷空气里，闻着更香了。

下课铃一响，小宇飞跑下楼。操场上的雪又松又软，人一踩就陷下去，爬起来膝盖就是白的。男生们当场摆开打雪仗的阵势。小宇个子矮，蹲在操场边的大雪堆后面专门捏雪球，捏好一个就递给前排的高个儿。雪球在空中划出一道道白线，有的砸在篮球架横梁上，散开的雪粉落得底下那男生一头一脸，他甩甩头，打得更凶了。隔壁班的女生原本站在跑道边上看，男生们冲她喊，来呀，一起打！女生犹豫了一下，弯腰捏起一个雪球扔过来，不偏不倚，正砸在小宇鼻尖上。小宇眨巴眨巴眼睛，成了个滚地葫芦，女生捂着嘴笑，跑过来给他拍脸上的雪。大家的呼吸在冷空气里变成一团团白雾，升起来，又散了。上课铃响的时候谁也不肯走，几个人一边往楼梯上挪一边约定，明天要是再下，接着打。

回到教室，窗户玻璃很快蒙上了水汽。小宇伸出手指在上面画了一个雪人，雪人的边儿慢慢化了，他的嘴角一直翘着。窗外，雪又飘起来了，安安静静地，接着下它的。

The Snow Fell All Night Long

Around midnight, Xiaoyu thought he heard something. It was very soft, like silkworms chewing mulberry leaves, rustling, rustling, for a long time. He stuck his head out from the quilt, listened, heard nothing, and sank back into the pillow, fast asleep again. He did not know that the snow outside kept falling until dawn.

Early in the morning he pushed the window open, and the world had changed color. The sky hung low, pale white touched with blue, pressing down on the rooftops. The jujube tree in the yard had lost its leaves in autumn, and now every bare branch wore a thin line of snow, like coral growing upside down. The wires at the alley mouth were thick with snow. A sparrow landed on one, slipped, tumbled, and shook down a puff of snow dust. Xiaoyu pressed his palm against the window glass until it went numb with cold, then turned and shouted, Dad, it snowed! A huge snow! His shout dragged Dad out of the quilt.

On the way to school the whole street had changed. The pancake stall that usually shouted the loudest was quiet today. The uncle sweeping snow at the compound gate swung his big broom, brushing the snow surface, swish, swish. The cars crawled along like old oxen pulling carts, and clumps of snow slid off their roofs. Xiaoyu deliberately walked on the untouched snow beside the flower beds, crunch, crunch,

leaving a white hollow with every step. Passing the big locust tree, he gave the trunk a kick on purpose. The snow on the tree came down with a whoosh. He ducked his head into it, and when he looked up again his eyebrows and eyelashes were all white, looking exactly like a little old man. Under the tree, where the snow had not fallen, there was a small hollow, and he stared at the footprint he had made for a long while, thinking the snow had saved that seat just for him. By the breakfast shop the window glass was fogged, and someone inside had drawn a smiley face on it. The greasy fragrance of steamed buns squeezed out through the door crack and mixed into the cold air, smelling even better.

The moment the break bell rang, Xiaoyu flew downstairs. The snow on the playground was soft; a step sank in, and when you got up your knees were white. The boys immediately set up a snowball battle. Xiaoyu was short, so he squatted behind the big snow pile at the edge of the playground, making snowballs and handing each one to the tall boys in front. The snowballs drew white arcs through the air. One hit the crossbar of the basketball hoop, and the scattered powder rained down on the boy underneath, head and face. He shook it off and fought even harder. A girl from the next class had been standing by the track watching. The boys shouted at her, come on, join us! She hesitated, bent down, picked up a snowball and threw it. It landed fair and square on Xiaoyu's nose. He blinked, tumbling over like a roly-poly toy, and the girl covered her mouth laughing and ran over to brush the snow off his face. Everyone's breath turned into clouds of white mist in the cold air, rising and vanishing. When the class bell rang nobody wanted to leave. A few of them shuffled up the stairs making a promise: if it snows again tomorrow, we keep fighting.

Back in the classroom, the window glass fogged over quickly. Xiaoyu drew a snowman on it with his finger. The edges of the snowman slowly melted, and the corners of his mouth stayed turned up. Outside, the snow began to drift again, quiet and steady, carrying on its own falling.

那只湿透的手套

阳台上晾着一只手套，蓝色的，袖口结着一圈洗不掉的白印子。妈妈洗了三遍都没洗干净，说这只手套报废了。我盯着那圈白印子，闻不到雪味儿，可那天的一切都回来了。

那天早上其实没什么特别的，就是醒得早。窗帘缝里漏进来的光是白的，白得不讲道理，照得被窝外面像另一个世界。我推开窗，冷气顶着肺，眼前全是雪：楼下的车全成了奶油蛋糕，花坛的边儿没了，连平时最显眼的垃圾桶也矮了半截，戴了顶圆帽子。我愣了几秒钟才想起来喊，下雪啦！声音把楼下遛狗的人吓得回头，狗也冲我汪汪了两声，大概是嫌我吵。

上学路上，雪还在下，落在伞上沙沙响，像谁在头顶上翻一本很厚的书。经过巷口，糖炒栗子的香味混在冷空气里飘过来，炒锅的师傅围着围裙铲着栗子，铁铲刮着锅底，哗啦，哗啦，栗子壳上的糖稀在雪地里冒着热气。我攥着热栗子走，栗子烫手，雪凉手，一冷一热，我干脆左手换右手地倒腾。路面积雪被早起的环卫工人扫出一条道，扫帚的印子一道压一道，像五线谱。我踩着那些印子走到校门口，嘴里哼着不成调的歌。

真正的好戏在课间。操场成了雪的原野，没人忍得住。我们班的胖子往那儿一站就是堡垒，我们躲在他身后捏雪球，雪球一个接一个往隔壁班那边飞。打到一半，我的手套叫雪球砸湿了，雪水顺着指头往里渗，我索性把手套甩了，光着手上阵。手是冰的，心是烫的，跑起来耳朵呼呼响，风裹着雪沫子打在脸上，跟小刀子似的，可谁也不觉得疼。有个雪球擦着我耳朵飞过去，砸在身后的雪堆上，炸开一朵白花。我回敬的那个雪球在半空叫班长一巴掌拍碎，碎雪扬了他一脸。他抹了把脸，笑得比谁都响。后来体育老师吹哨喊停，我们拖着冒汗的手往回走，掌心在冷空气里冒着白气，像一手心的小火车在开。那只手套我一路攥在手里，湿漉漉的，贴在掌心里凉，我却舍不得扔。

现在这只手套就晾在阳台上，袖口那圈白印子是雪水留下的。太阳照在上面，蓝布晒得发白。我伸手把它取下来，布料硬硬的，还有一点点脆。凑近了闻，没有雪味儿，只有洗衣粉的香味。可我知道，那天的栗子香、狗叫、班长脸上的碎雪，还有满操场的笑声，都还留在这只手套上，洗不掉。

The The Soaked Mitten

On the balcony hangs a single mitten, blue, with a ring of white marks at the cuff that no washing can remove. Mum scrubbed it three times and gave up, saying the mitten was finished. I stared at that white ring. I could not smell any snow, yet everything from that day came back.

That morning had actually started like any other, except I woke up early. The light leaking through the gap in the curtains was white, unreasonably white, making the world outside the quilt look like another planet. I pushed the window open. The cold air stung my lungs, and everywhere was snow: the cars downstairs had all turned into cream cakes, the edges of the flower beds had vanished, and even the trash bin, usually the most noticeable thing in the yard, had shrunk by half under a round cap. I stood frozen for a few seconds before remembering to shout, It snowed! My shout made the man walking his dog below turn around, and the dog barked at me twice, probably annoyed at the noise.

On the way to school the snow was still falling, rustling on the umbrella like someone flipping through a very thick book overhead. Passing the alley mouth, the smell of roasted chestnuts with sugar drifted through the cold air. The vendor stood by his wok in his apron, shoveling chestnuts, the iron spatula scraping the bottom,

clatter, clatter, the syrup on the shells steaming in the snow. I walked on clutching a hot chestnut. The chestnut burned one hand, the snow chilled the other, so I kept passing it from left to right. The early sanitation workers had swept a path through the snow, and the broom marks lay one over another like a musical staff. I hopped along those marks all the way to the school gate, humming a tuneless song.

The real show began at the break. The playground had become a snowfield, and nobody could resist. The big boy in our class stood there like a fortress, and we hid behind him making snowballs, one after another flying toward the next class's side. Halfway through, a snowball hit my mitten and soaked it. Meltwater crept in along my fingers, so I flung the mitten off and fought bare-handed. My hands were ice, my heart was boiling. Running made my ears roar; wind-driven snow stung my face like tiny knives, yet nobody felt any pain. One snowball whizzed past my ear and exploded into a white flower on the snow pile behind me. My return shot was slapped out of midair by the class monitor, and the shattered snow sprayed all over his face. He wiped his face and laughed louder than anyone. Finally the PE teacher blew his whistle to stop us. We trudged back with sweaty hands, palms steaming white in the cold air like little trains running on our palms. I kept that soaked mitten clenched in my hand the whole way, damp and cold against my palm, but I could not bear to throw it away.

Now the mitten hangs on the balcony, that white ring at its cuff left by melted snow. The sun beats on it, fading the blue cloth pale. I reach up and take it down. The fabric is stiff, almost brittle. When I bring it close, there is no smell of snow, only laundry detergent. But I know the chestnut smell, the dog barking, the broken snow on the class monitor's face, and all the laughter across the playground are still on this mitten, and no washing can get them out.