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.