雪落无声

晚自习下课铃响过，教室里的人陆陆续续走空。我把错题本合上，才发现窗外在下雪。走廊上的灯把门口照得发白，雪片斜着飘出去，飘到半空又折回来，像犹豫着要不要落地。我在楼道口站了一会儿，还是把伞从书包侧袋里抽出来，撑开，走进了雪里。

这条路我走了大半年，白天从没觉得它长。今晚不一样。路灯一盏一盏亮着，橘黄色的光锥立在雪里，每一片飘进光里的雪都被照得透亮，看得见它旋转、下落，落在光锥的边缘就暗下去，重新变回一片普通的雪。我在一盏灯下停了停，仰头看，雪从很高很高的地方下来，经过光的时候亮一下，像一路走一路眨眼睛。整条街安静，白天的车声、店里的音乐声都退远了，只剩下雪落在伞面上的声音，极轻，像有人在很远的地方翻书。

我继续往前走。脚下的雪没经过踩踏，松软，一脚下去咯吱一声，下一脚又是一声。我试着踩出节奏，一步一声，像给这条夜路打拍子。走着走着，我故意偏离脚印，踩进没人的雪里，雪没过鞋帮，凉意隔着袜子渗进来。我回头，一串脚印从楼门口一直延伸到路灯下，再往前，很快就有新的雪落进去，把脚印的边缘一点点填平。刚才那点考砸的烦闷，本来堵在胸口，这会儿看着脚印被雪一点一点盖住，忽然也没那么重了。原来雪是在替人盖东西的，盖脚印，盖白天的事。

走到街心，远处是居民楼。夜色里那一整片楼黑着，窗户里的灯一格一格亮着，有的黄，有的白，有的拉着窗帘，光从帘子缝里漏出来，变成一条细线。我知道那些格子里有一格是我家，妈妈留的灯。想着那格灯，脚步就快了。雪还在下，落在肩上，落在伞沿上，没有声音。可我的鞋底踩在雪上，咯吱，咯吱，是有声音的。雪落无声，走路有声，一个人走夜路这件事，忽然就不觉得孤单了。

楼下的单元门厅亮着，我收了伞，跺掉鞋上的雪，一步一个白印子走进电梯。电梯镜子里的人眉毛上挂着没化的雪粒。我冲自己笑了一下。出了电梯，门缝里透出家里的光，妈妈的声音从厨房里出来，问冷不冷，饭在锅里热着。我换鞋的时候回头看了一眼窗外，雪还在下，安安静静地落。这一夜的路，我一个人走完了，走得挺好。

The Snow Falls Without Sound

When the evening study bell rang, the classroom emptied little by little. I closed my mistake notebook and only then noticed it was snowing outside. The corridor light bleached the doorway, and the flakes drifted out at a slant, turned around halfway, as if hesitating about landing. I stood a while at the stairwell entrance, then still pulled the umbrella from my bag's side pocket, opened it, and walked out into the snow.

I had walked this road most of a school year and never found it long in daylight. Tonight was different. The street lamps stood on in ones and twos, their orange cones of light planted in the snow. Every flake entering a cone was lit through; you could

see it spin and fall, and once it reached the cone's edge it dimmed back into an ordinary flake. I paused under one lamp and looked up. The snow came down from very, very high, flashing once as it passed through the light, like walking along while blinking. The whole street was quiet. The daytime traffic and the shop music had withdrawn, leaving only the sound of snow on the umbrella canopy, extremely soft, like someone turning pages far away.

I walked on. The snow underfoot had not been trodden, soft and loose; each step made a crunch, and the next step another. I tried to set a rhythm, one step one sound, keeping time for this night road. Then I deliberately left the footprints and stepped into untouched snow, which swallowed my shoes, cold seeping through my socks. I looked back. A trail of footprints ran from the building entrance all the way to the lamp, and ahead, fresh snow was already falling into them, smoothing their edges bit by bit. The frustration over my failed test, which had sat heavy on my chest, suddenly did not feel so heavy as I watched the snow cover the prints inch by inch. So this is what snow does: it covers things for people, footprints, and the events of the day.

At the middle of the street, apartment buildings glowed in the distance. The whole block lay dark in the night, its windows lit square by square, some yellow, some white, some with curtains drawn, light leaking through the gap into a thin line. I knew one of those squares was my home, the lamp Mum left on. Thinking of that square, my steps quickened. The snow kept falling on my shoulders, on the rim of the umbrella, without a sound. But my shoes crunching through the snow did have a sound. The snow falls silent, footsteps speak, and walking a night road alone suddenly did not feel lonely anymore.

The lobby downstairs was lit. I folded the umbrella, stamped the snow off my shoes, and stepped into the elevator leaving white prints one by one. The figure in the elevator mirror had unmelted snow grains on its eyebrows. I smiled at myself. Outside the elevator, light showed through the crack of my door, and Mum's voice came from the kitchen asking if I was cold, telling me dinner was warming on the stove. While changing my shoes I glanced back at the window. The snow was still falling, quiet and steady. This night's road, I had walked it alone, and I had walked it well.

绕远路的那个雪夜

那晚我出门的时候没带伞，也没好气。晚饭桌上因为手机的事跟妈妈吵起来，我撂下一句出去走走，摔门进了楼道。电梯下到一半我又上回来，把伞拿上了——跟谁过不去也不能跟天气过不去。门重新关上，声音轻得多。

雪是后半夜下的那种大雪，可街上还没多少人，雪也就没被糟蹋。我专挑远路走，往河堤那边走，多绕二十分钟。头一段路没什么看头，路灯稀，雪影在地上黑一块白一块。走到第二个路口，雪忽然密起来，路灯把雪照成金色，一片一片落得很慢，慢得能看清它们打着旋往下坠。我在灯下站住，看了一会儿。白天哪有时间这样看雪，雪原来长这样，不是白点，是一片一片有棱有角的薄东西，落到光里就亮一下，落到暗处就藏起来。

再往前走，鞋底开始出声。咯吱，咯吱。这条路白天是环卫车压实的雪，夜里又新铺了一层，踩上去声音又脆又实。我走得快，踩雪声就急；我放慢，它也跟着慢。有一阵我把步子迈得很大，一步跨两个坑，声音变成一声一声的咚，像敲一面蒙了布的鼓。没有人，没有车，只有这个声音跟着我，从前往后，从后往前。我忽然发现，刚才那股气不知什么时候泄了。气这个东西，堵在饭桌上是满的，走到雪地里，被这一路咯吱咯吱踩碎了。

河堤上风大，我把帽子扣上。对岸是城区，灯火连成一片，高的低的，密的疏的，红的招牌、白的窗、黄的街灯，在雪幕里都蒙了一层毛边。我挨着数过去，数到一片六层的旧楼，从东边数第七栋，三楼往西数第二扇窗，亮着，是那种家里常用的白炽灯的黄光。我盯着那扇窗看了很久。这个钟点，那盏灯底下要么坐着妈妈，要么她正一遍一遍往锅里看。她没追出来，也没打电话，只把灯留着。雪落在我的肩上、眉毛上，我站在河堤上，隔着一条结了冰的河，看对岸那一格黄光，喉咙有点发紧。

回家的路不用绕了，我掉头往回走，脚步比来时快。踩雪声还是咯吱咯吱，听着却顺耳了。楼下的单元门虚掩着，门厅的灯为我亮着。上楼，钥匙在门垫底下——妈妈从来不让任何人按我家的门铃。开门，客厅那盏黄光还亮着，锅里的菜扣着盘子，灶上的汤还温。妈妈从房间出来，看了我一眼，只说，鞋上的雪化了会脏，快擦擦。我蹲下来擦鞋，擦着擦着笑了一下。窗外雪还在下，落在窗台上，一点声音都没有。

The Snowy Night I Took the Long Way Home

That night I left without an umbrella and in a bad mood. At the dinner table we had quarreled over my phone, and I threw out a line about going for a walk and slammed into the stairwell. Halfway down in the elevator I came back up to grab the umbrella - no matter whose temper I was throwing, I could not pick a fight with the weather. The door closed again, much more softly this time.

It was the kind of heavy snow that starts late at night, and few people were out yet, so the snow lay unspoiled. I deliberately took the long way, walking toward the river embankment, twenty minutes extra. The first stretch had nothing to see, street lamps sparse, snow-shadows patchy black and white on the ground. At the second crossing the snow suddenly thickened, and the lamps lit it gold, each flake falling slowly, slowly enough to watch it spin downward. I stopped under a lamp and watched for a while. In daytime there is never time to look at snow like this. So this is what snow actually looks like: not white dots, but thin flakes with edges and

corners, flashing when they enter the light, hiding when they fall into shadow.

Walking on, my shoes began to speak. Crunch, crunch. This road had been packed flat by the sanitation truck in daytime and freshly blanketed at night, so the sound underfoot was crisp and firm. Walk fast and the crunching hurried; slow down and it slowed with me. For a stretch I took big strides, two dips per step, and the sound turned into thud, thud, like drumming on a cloth-covered drum. No people, no cars, only that sound following me, front and back. I suddenly realized the anger had drained away somewhere along the way. Anger, stuffed full at the dinner table, gets trampled to pieces by a roadful of crunching snow.

The wind was strong on the embankment, so I pulled my hood on. Across the river lay the city, its lights joined into one field, tall and low, dense and sparse, red shop signs, white windows, yellow street lamps, all fringed with haze through the snow curtain. I counted them one by one until I reached a block of old six-story buildings: the seventh from the east, the second window from the west on the third floor, lit with the yellow glow of an ordinary household bulb. I stared at that window for a long time. At this hour, under that lamp either Mum was sitting, or she kept checking the pots again and again. She had not come after me, had not called. She had only left the light on. Snow gathered on my shoulders and eyebrows, and I stood on the embankment, separated by a frozen river from that single square of yellow light across the way, my throat tightening.

The way home needed no detour now. I turned around and walked back, steps faster than on the way out. The snow still crunched underfoot, but the sound pleased my ears now. Downstairs the building door stood ajar, its lobby light left on for me. Upstairs, the key was under the doormat - Mother never let anyone ring our doorbell. I opened the door. The yellow light in the living room was still on; the dishes in the pot were covered with plates, the soup on the stove still warm. Mother came out of her room, glanced at me, and said only: the melted snow on your shoes will make a mess, wipe them quickly. I squatted down to wipe my shoes, and as I wiped, I laughed. Outside the window the snow kept falling onto the sill, without a single sound.

雪夜里的那串脚印

站在自己房间窗前的时候，外面的雪已经下了两个钟头。玻璃上蒙着一层哈气，他用袖子擦出一块清楚的地方，往下看那条刚刚走过的路。脚印还在，从楼门口一直排到远处街角，脚印边上，新落的雪已经开始往里填。他想起半个钟头以前，他还觉得这条路陌生。

这是他转到这座城市来的第一周。学校是新的，同学是新的，连回家的路也是新的。在原来

的城市，他闭着眼半闭着眼都能走回家；这条新路，他每个路口都要看一眼牌子。那天晚自习出来，看见下雪，他心里竟然松快了一点——下雪嘛，所有的路都变新了，所有人都走得小心翼翼，谁也不会注意到他是新来的。

第一盏路灯在前头。他走进光锥里，落雪忽然变得看得清：一片一片，打着旋往下坠，边缘在光里发亮，离开光就看不见了。他搬过两次家，在两个城市都见过雪夜，可这盏灯下的雪好像不一样，它落得慢，像也对这条街不熟，正在慢慢摸路。他在灯底下站了几秒，然后往前走。

脚下的雪是新铺的，一脚下去一声咯吱。他一个人走，踩雪声一路陪着他。在原来的城市，他总跟同学结伴走，一路说话，倒没留意过脚下的声音；独自走，他头一回发现自己的脚步有这样的响声，一会儿轻，一会儿重。他停住，声音也停住，整条街静下来，像雪在等他迈下一步。他想，一个人走夜路这件事，好像没有那么可怕，起码有这个声音陪着。

到街角他抬头。远处居民楼的灯火亮着，一格一格，黄的白的，有的窗里有人影走动。他找自家那栋楼，第九栋，五层，那扇窗亮着妈妈留的灯。原来的城市也有过这样一扇窗，新的城市也有。窗里的灯是一样的，窗下的路不一样。他在雪夜里第一次走完这条新路，脚印会被雪填平，可路灯的位置他记住了：到路口是三盏，再到药店两盏，然后就该看见家了。

现在他站在窗前，看窗外那串脚印一点点被雪填平。明天出门，路又是全新的，他还得踩上去，咯吱咯吱走一遍。他把额头贴在玻璃上，凉的，很舒服。这条路，他对自己说，认下了。

The Trail of Footprints in the Snowy Night

When he stood at his bedroom window, the snow outside had been falling for two hours. The glass was fogged with his breath. He wiped a clear patch with his sleeve and looked down at the road he had just walked. The footprints were still there, running from the building entrance all the way to the far street corner, and fresh snow was already filling their edges. He remembered that half an hour earlier he had still found this road strange.

It was his first week after transferring to this city. The school was new, the classmates were new, even the road home was new. In the old city he could walk home with half-closed eyes; on this new road he had to read the signs at every crossing. That evening, leaving the school gate after evening study and seeing the snow, he actually felt a little relieved. With snow falling, every road looked new, and everyone walked carefully, so nobody would notice that he was new.

The first street lamp rose ahead. He walked into its cone of light, and the falling snow became visible: flake by flake, turning as they came down, their edges bright inside the light, vanishing once they left it. He had moved twice and seen snowy nights in two cities, yet the snow under this lamp felt different. It fell slowly, as if it too were unfamiliar with this street and was taking its time finding

its way. He stood under the lamp a few seconds, then walked on.

The snow underfoot was new, and every step made a crunch. He walked alone, and the crunching went with him all the way. In the old city he used to walk home with a classmate, talking as they went, and the sound underfoot was drowned out. Walking alone, he noticed for the first time that his own steps had this sound, now light, now heavy. When he stopped, the sound stopped, and the whole street went quiet, as if the snow were waiting for his next step. Being alone on a night road, he thought, is not so frightening after all - at least this sound keeps him company.

At the street corner he raised his head. In the distance the lights of apartment buildings were on, square after square, yellow and white, some with a moving shadow inside. He picked out his building, the ninth one, fifth floor, the window lit by the light his mother left on. The old city had had such a window, and the new city had one too. The window light was the same; the road under the window was different. He had crossed this new road for the first time on a snowy night. The footprints would be filled in by snow, but he had memorized the lamps: three to the crossing, two more to the pharmacy, and then home in sight.

Now he stands at the window, watching the footprints outside smooth away under the snow. Tomorrow, stepping out, the road will be new again, and he will walk it again, crunch by crunch. He pressed his forehead to the glass. It was cold, and comfortable. This road, he told himself, he can walk now.