我们家的院子下雪了

早上我是被亮醒的。窗帘缝里透进来的光白得晃眼，跟平时不一样。我爬起来扑到窗边，拉开窗帘，忍不住喊了一声——雪，下了整整一夜的雪，院子变成了一张干净的白纸。

我们家的院子不是纯白的。屋顶的瓦是青灰的，雪落在上头，灰的白的一层一层混在一起，像谁拿刷子给屋顶刷了底色。墙角的枣树叶子落光了，枝丫上停着雪，细枝被雪压得往下弯，看上去树一夜之间胖了一圈。妈妈晾在绳上的红外套是院子里最亮的一点，雪落在红布上，一片一片待着，好像不敢化。我盯着那件外套看了很久，红和白的颜色，平时怎么也配不出来。

雪是有声音的。棚子顶上搭着一块铁皮，雪落在铁皮上沙沙的，又密又轻，像谁在院子里喂蚕。枣树上的雪块撑不住了，扑簌一声掉下来，砸在雪地上，声音发闷，很软。爸爸出门扫雪，竹扫帚刮过水泥地，唰——唰——，我踩到刚扫开的雪堆上，脚底下咯吱，咯吱。我站在门口听了半天。原来雪有这么多声音，以前我怎么没听见。

我伸手去接雪。雪粒落在手心里，一小点凉，还没来得及看清它的样子，就化成了一小滴水。我把手伸出屋檐，接了一会儿，手心里攒了薄薄一层雪，凉得手心发蜇，我赶紧攥上手指，缩回屋里。手套的袖口湿了一圈。我又捏了个雪球，捏的时候雪在指缝里咯吱响，捏得越紧越凉，凉到指尖发疼，我就扔了出去。雪球落在院子的白纸上，砸出一个浅浅的坑。我跑到厨房给妈妈看我冻红的鼻子，妈妈把我的手捂进她的围裙兜里，说，又玩雪。围裙兜里暖烘烘的，刚才那点凉慢慢退下去，指尖又开始发麻，麻也是雪的味道。

早饭吃完，院子被爸爸扫出一条路，雪堆在墙根，堆成一道矮矮的白墙。我做了件想了好久的事——伸手在墙根平整的雪上按了一个手印。五个指头，清清楚楚，雪凉丝丝地贴着掌心。下午再去看，手印的边缘让新落的雪填得有点模糊，可还在。我们家的院子这场雪，我用眼睛看了，用耳朵听了，还用手摸过了。我在作文本上写院子的时候，知道该写哪一样。

It Snowed in Our Courtyard

In the morning I was woken by the light. The light through the gap of the curtain was dazzlingly white, different from usual. I got up and rushed to the window, pulled it open, and could not help crying out - snow. It had snowed the whole night, and the courtyard had become a clean sheet of white paper.

Our courtyard is not pure white. The roof tiles are blue-gray, and the snow on them mixes gray and white layer by layer, as if someone had brushed a base coat over the roof. The jujube tree by the wall has lost all its leaves, and snow rests on its branches; the thin twigs bend down under the weight, and the tree looks as if it grew a size fatter overnight. Mom's red jacket on the clothesline is the brightest point in the yard. Flakes land on the red cloth and sit there, one by one, as if afraid to melt. I stared at the jacket for a long time. The color of red and white, you could

never match them on an ordinary day.

Snow has sounds. A sheet of tin lies over the shed roof, and snow falling on it rustles, dense and light, like someone feeding silkworms in the yard. A lump of snow on the jujube tree can no longer hold, and plops down onto the snow with a dull, soft sound. Dad went out to sweep, and the bamboo broom scraped the concrete, sha - sha. I stepped onto the freshly piled snow and my feet went crunch, crunch. I stood at the doorway and listened for ages. So snow has so many sounds - how had I never heard them before.

I reached out to catch snow. The flakes landed on my palm, a tiny point of cold, and before I could see what they looked like they melted into a drop of water. I held my hand out beyond the eaves, and after a while a thin layer of snow gathered on my palm, cold enough to sting, and I quickly shut my fingers and drew my hand back inside. The cuff of my glove got a ring of wet. Then I packed a snowball; as I squeezed, the snow creaked between my fingers, and the tighter I squeezed the colder it got, until my fingertips ached, so I threw it. The snowball landed on the white paper of the yard and dented a shallow pit. I ran into the kitchen to show Mom my frozen red nose. She tucked my hands into the pocket of her apron and said, playing in the snow again. The apron pocket was warm, and the cold slowly drained out of my fingertips, which then began to tingle - and tingling, too, tasted of snow.

After breakfast Dad had swept a path through the yard, and the snow was piled along the wall into a low white fence. I did something I had long wanted to do - I pressed my hand into the smooth snow at the wall and left a handprint. Five fingers, perfectly clear, the snow cool against my palm. In the afternoon I went to look again. The edges of the print had been blurred a little by fresh snow, but it was still there. This snow in our courtyard, I had seen it with my eyes, heard it with my ears, and touched it with my hand. When I write about the yard in my notebook, I know which things to write down.

爷爷村子里的雪

寒假里小满跟着爸妈回乡下，到的那天夜里就下起了大雪。第二天清早小满还没起，爷爷已经站在院子里了。他穿着那件旧棉袄，手背在身后，绕着院子慢慢走了一圈，仰头看看天，又低头看看地，嘴里说，好雪，下透了。

村里的雪跟城里的不一样。城里的雪落在柏油路上，让车轮压成灰黑的泥；这里的雪落在麦田里，落在房顶上，落在河面上，全是干净的白。麦田是一整块一整块的白，白得平平整整，只有几垄麦苗的背露出来，白底下透出一条一条浅绿。村后的杨树全白了，枝丫支棱着，像开了一

夜的花。屋顶上的白跟墙根的白中间隔着一条黑黑的檐沟，颜色一层一层，谁也没画过，倒比画的还齐整。小满站在门口看，觉得整个村子像刚洗过、刚铺好的。

声音也是不一样的。城里的雪落下来没有声，这里的雪落在草垛上扑扑的，落在井台上嗒嗒的。爷爷领小满往麦田走，雪没到脚踝，一脚下去咯吱一声，抬起来又是一声。家里那条黄狗先冲出去，四条腿在雪里乱蹬，滚了两个身，站起来时胡子上都挂着雪，冲他们摇尾巴。远处有人扫院子，扫帚划过土地，唰啦，唰啦，声音传得很远。村子静，静得能听见雪从树上滑下来的声音，扑簌一下，落在人头顶上。

爷爷在田边走下来，蹲下去，把雪扒开一层。底下的土是湿润润的，麦苗贴着地皮，绿得很结实。爷爷抓起一把雪，攥在手里捏了捏，雪从他指缝里挤出来，凉气顺着手指往上冒。他把手上的雪拍掉，说，雪盖被，麦苗睡得香，来年准是好收成。小满也学着抓了一把，手心一下子凉透了，赶紧甩手，爷爷笑他。

回村路上，太阳出来了，雪开始滴水，屋檐下一滴一滴，砸在雪地上砸出小坑。房檐上的雪块掉下来，碎成一团白雾。小满的手还凉着，指尖红红的，可心里热热的。晚上她给同学打电话，说乡下的雪是盖在麦子上的，说爷爷攥雪的样子。她说了很多，说到最后只说了一句，明年的麦子一定很好。

The Snow in Grandpa's Village

During winter vacation Xiaoman went back to the countryside with her parents, and the night they arrived a heavy snow began to fall. Before she got up the next morning, Grandpa was already standing in the yard. Wearing his old padded coat, hands behind his back, he walked slowly around the yard once, looked up at the sky and down at the ground, and said, good snow, a soaking one.

The snow in the village was not like the snow in the city. In the city snow falls on asphalt and is pressed into gray-black mud by wheels; here it falls on the wheat fields, on the roofs, on the river, all of it clean white. The wheat fields lay in whole blocks of white, flat and smooth, with only the ridges of a few rows of wheat showing through, pale green streaks under the white. The poplars behind the village were all white, branches jutting out, as if they had bloomed all night. On the roofs the white and the white at the wall bases were separated by a dark gutter line, colors layer upon layer, drawn by nobody yet neater than a painting. Xiaoman stood at the doorway and felt the whole village looked freshly washed, freshly laid out.

The sounds were different too. City snow falls silently; here snow patters onto the haystacks and taps onto the well platform. Grandpa led Xiaoman toward the fields, the snow at ankle height, each step down a crunch, each step up another. The family's yellow dog shot out first, all four legs paddling wildly in the snow, rolling twice, and when it stood up its whiskers were hung with snow, and it wagged its tail at

them. Someone far off was sweeping the yard, the broom scraping the earth, shala, shala, the sound carrying far. The village was quiet, quiet enough to hear a lump of snow slide off a tree and plop onto someone's head.

Grandpa stepped down at the field's edge and crouched, pushing aside a layer of snow. The soil underneath was damp and moist, the wheat seedlings pressed flat to the ground, green and sturdy. He grabbed a handful of snow and squeezed it in his hand, the snow oozing out between his fingers, cold rising up his fingers. He brushed the snow off his hand and said, snow is a quilt; the wheat sleeps warm, and next year will surely be a good harvest. Xiaoman grabbed a handful too, and her palm went cold through at once; she shook her hands fast, and Grandpa laughed at her.

On the way back the sun came out, and the snow began to drip, drop by drop from the eaves, pitting the snow below with little holes. Chunks of snow fell from the eaves and burst into white mist. Xiaoman's hands were still cold, her fingertips red, but her heart was warm. That evening she phoned her classmate and said the village snow lies on top of the wheat, and described the way Grandpa had squeezed the snow. She said a great deal, and at the end said only one line: next year's wheat will surely be good.

一个雪人的自述

我生在今天早上第一节课后的课间，生在操场东南角。说起来你可能不信，我的出生不是一瞬间的事，是一点一点滚出来的。两个穿蓝校服的孩子，用一捧雪滚成雪球，雪球越滚越大，最后要四个人推着走。他们把我摞起来，三层，最上面那层放歪了，一个女孩伸手把我扶正。我就是这样来到这个世界上的。

我的样子是他们商量着定的。眼睛是两根胡萝卜，从值日生的菜篮里顺出来的；鼻子后来换成了一粒石子；帽子是一只红色的旧铁桶，扣在头顶上，桶沿压着我的额头。有个男孩把自己的围巾解下来缠在我脖子上，围巾是灰蓝色的，还带着他身上的热气。他们给我起名叫大白。我站在操场边上，看见整个世界都是白的：旗杆是白的，篮球架顶上是白的，教学楼的窗台排着一溜白边，只有操场上孩子们的衣服是红的黄的蓝的，一团一团在白里移动。这是我看见的全部颜色。

我的耳朵很好。我听见课间铃炸响，然后整个操场哗地热闹起来。我听见雪在鞋底下面咯吱咯吱，听见雪球砸在棉袄上的噗噗声，听见有人喊，瞄准大白的左边，别打头。有个孩子把雪球捏得太实，扔出去邦的一声打在我肩膀上，把我左肩打缺一块，他们又手忙脚乱地给我补上一块新雪。新补的雪和旧雪颜色不一样，白得更生。我听见一个女孩笑着说，大白今天穿了补丁。我站在那儿动不了，可我心里得意。

我也知道冷是什么滋味——因为我本身就是冷。可有热的东西靠近我。孩子们堆我的时候，手心的热气隔着雪传进来，一小团一小团；那个给我围围巾的男孩临走拍了拍我的身子，他的手

掌贴在我胸口，那一块地方先化了。还有中午，太阳出来，我身上开始往下淌水，一滴一滴落回地上。我知道我在变小。我不怕。我胸口那块被拍过的地方化得最快，我想，那是热的地方化得快，跟怕不怕没有关系。

下午放学，操场空了。夕阳把影子拉得很长，我的影子也长，斜斜地搭在雪地上，影子的雪化得慢，能多站一会儿。最后一批孩子跑过，隔得老远冲我喊，大白，明天见。我知道明天见不到了。太阳出来我就塌了，明天操场上的我，大概只剩一小堆认不出的雪。可我一点也不难过。我活了一天，看见过满操场的红黄蓝，听见过一整节课间的响动，领过一条带热气的围巾，挨过一记邦实的雪球。我这一辈子短，可一场雪里的事，我全记住了。明天他们还会滚出新的雪人，那个新家伙没挨过打，没围过围巾，它什么都不记得。我替它记得。

Confessions of a Snowman

I was born this morning during the first break after first period, at the southeast corner of the playground. You may not believe it, but my birth was not a single moment - it was rolled out bit by bit. Two children in blue uniforms packed a handful of snow into a ball, and the ball grew bigger as they rolled it, until at last four of them had to push it along. They stacked me up, three layers, and the top layer went crooked, so a girl reached out and straightened me. That is how I came into this world.

My look was decided by negotiation. My eyes are two carrots borrowed from the duty student's vegetable basket; my nose was later changed to a pebble; my hat is an old red tin bucket, banged onto my head, its rim pressing my forehead. One boy unwound his own scarf and wound it around my neck - gray-blue, still holding the warmth of his body. They named me Big White. I stand at the edge of the playground and see a whole white world: the flagpole is white, the tops of the basketball rims are white, the windowsills of the teaching building carry a row of white trim, and only the children's coats on the playground are red and yellow and blue, moving in blobs through the white. These are all the colors I have ever seen.

My ears are good too. I heard the break bell explode, and then the whole playground roared to life. I heard snow crunching under shoe soles, heard snowballs thumping into padded coats, heard someone shout, aim left of Big White, don't hit the head. One child packed his snowball too tight and it banged into my shoulder, knocking a piece off my left side, and they scrambled to patch me with fresh snow. The new snow is a different white from the old, a rawer white. I heard a girl laugh and say, Big White is wearing a patch today. I stood there unable to move, but inside I was proud.

I also know what cold tastes like - because I myself am cold. But warm things

come near me. When the children built me, the heat of their palms came through the snow in small clouds; the boy who gave me the scarf patted my body as he left, his palm flat on my chest, and that spot melted first. And at noon, when the sun came out, water began running down my body, drop by drop back to the ground. I knew I was shrinking. I am not afraid. The spot on my chest that he patted melts fastest, and I think that is because warm spots melt first, fear or no fear.

In the afternoon school let out and the playground emptied. The setting sun stretched the shadows long; my shadow was long too, lying slantwise across the snow, and the snow under the shadow melts slowly and can stand a while longer. The last batch of children ran past and shouted at me from far off, Big White, see you tomorrow. I know there is no tomorrow for me. When the sun rises I will collapse, and tomorrow's me on the playground will probably be just a small heap of unrecognizable snow. But I am not sad at all. I lived one day: I saw a playground full of red and yellow and blue, heard a whole break-time of noise, wore a scarf that held warmth, took one solid snowball hit. My life is short, but everything inside one snowfall, I remember it all. Tomorrow they will roll out a new snowman, and that new fellow has never been hit, never worn a scarf, remembers nothing. I will remember for him.