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.