十二月十八日，星期四，雪

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今天早上我一拉开窗帘就叫出声来。雪！院子里白得晃眼，白得连天都是亮的。我跑去喊爸爸起床，爸爸揉着眼睛出来看了一眼，就说，好，今天堆雪人。

吃过早饭，我们推开门出去。院子里的雪是新下的，松软，一脚踩下去陷到脚脖子。我蹲下来，双手捧起一把雪，攥成一个拳头大的小雪球，放在地上开始往前推。小雪球滚一圈，粘一层雪，滚一圈，再粘一层，很快滚到篮球那么大，推起来就沉了。我从院子这头推到那头，手冻得发蜇，手套都湿透了，指头麻得像是别人的。爸爸接过去说，我来，你歇会儿。爸爸弯着腰推，雪球越滚越大，滚到脸盆那么大的时候停住。爸爸说，够了，这是身子。我们又滚了一个小一点的当头，爸爸两手一兜，把它摁在上头，又捧雪把接缝的地方抹结实。

该找鼻子了。我跑进屋，拉开冰箱的抽屉翻，蔬菜格里躺着一根胡萝卜，橘红的，还挺长。我在水龙头下冲了冲，用毛巾擦干净，跑出去往雪人脸上正中间插。胡萝卜太长了，雪人的鼻子戳出去老远，歪着头一看，像它正在闻天。我把胡萝卜尖掰掉一截，又往里按了按，这下正好。眼睛是两颗黑石子，嘴巴我用七粒小种子排了一条弯弯的线，排完我看了看，它在笑。

爸爸掏出手机，让我站在雪人旁边。我举起手比了个剪刀手，站得笔直。爸爸蹲下来，说，喊雪人。我大声喊，雪人！咔嚓一声。爸爸低头看照片，笑了。照片里我的鼻子冻得红红的，比雪人的胡萝卜鼻子还红。

我还给雪人找了两根树枝当胳膊，插在身子两边，一只手朝上，一只手朝下，像在挥手。中午我给它围了一条旧围巾，是我不戴的灰围巾。

晚上睡觉前，我跑到窗边又看了一眼。雪人站在院子中间，让屋里透出去的光照着，胡萝卜鼻子亮出一点橘色。我冲它说了声晚安，才去刷牙。

December 18, Thursday, Snow

December 18, Thursday, snow.

This morning I pulled open the curtain and cried out. Snow! The yard was dazzling white, so white that even the sky was bright. I ran to wake Dad. He came out rubbing his eyes, took one look, and said, good, today we build a snowman.

After breakfast we pushed the door open. The snow in the yard was new and soft, and my feet sank to the ankle with each step. I squatted down, scooped up a handful of snow, packed it into a fist-sized ball, set it on the ground, and began to push. One round of rolling, one new layer of snow; another round, another layer. Soon it was basketball-sized and heavy to push. I rolled it from one end of the yard to the other, my hands stinging with cold, my gloves soaked through, my fingers numb as if they belonged to someone else. Dad took over: my turn now, you rest. He pushed bent

at the waist, and the ball grew until it was the size of a washbasin. That's enough, he said, this is the body. We rolled a smaller one for the head, and Dad lifted it on both hands and pressed it on top, then patted snow along the seam to make it firm.

Time to find a nose. I ran inside and pulled open the fridge drawer. A carrot lay in the vegetable bin, orange-red, quite long. I rinsed it under the tap, dried it with a towel, ran out, and stuck it in the middle of the snowman's face. The carrot was too long; the nose poked out far, and tilting my head to look, it seemed to be sniffing the sky. I broke off the tip, pushed it in deeper, and now it was just right. The eyes were two black pebbles; for the mouth I lined up seven small seeds in a curved line, and when I finished I looked at it - it was smiling.

Dad took out his phone and had me stand beside the snowman. I raised a V with my fingers and stood ramrod straight. Dad crouched down and said, shout snowman. I shouted, Snowman! Click. Dad looked down at the photo and laughed. In the photo my nose was frozen red, redder than the snowman's carrot nose.

I also found two branches for arms and stuck them into the sides, one hand up, one hand down, as if waving. At noon I wrapped an old scarf around it, my gray one I no longer wear.

Before bed I ran to the window for one more look. The snowman stood in the middle of the yard, lit by the light from our house, its carrot nose glowing a touch of orange. I said good night to it, then went to brush my teeth.