# 雪三天：十一、十二、十三

十一日，星期四，初雪转大雪。

睡前我在窗台背英语单词，背到一半看见外面飘雪了。起初只有零星几片，在楼下的灯光里打转，我盯着看了五分钟，数到十九片。有几片落在窗台上没化，我凑近看，是薄薄的、有六个角的小东西。我赶紧喊爸爸来看，爸爸拿着杯子过来，说别喊了，全家都听见了。可他还是凑在窗上看了半天。

半夜十一点半我起来上厕所，路过客厅顺手往窗外看了一眼，就这一眼，我站在窗前挪不动了。雪下大了。路灯的光柱里全是雪，密得看不清路灯后面是什么。整个小区安静极了，雪落在空调外机上、落在车顶上、落在楼下健身器材上，一层一层地盖，谁也不出声。我在客厅站到十二点二十，妈妈来揪我，说明天不上学吗。我上床的时候想，明天早上必须第一个看窗外。

早晨六点半，闹钟还没响我就醒了。雪停了。窗外白得我不敢多看，眯着眼睛看：小区的空地变成一整块白蛋糕，平得没有一点褶。路灯杆直挺挺地站在白里，杆子底下有一圈深一点的印子，是它自己的影子让雪映出来的。天蒙蒙亮，远处楼群的轮廓让雪气糊得软软的。我趴在窗上数楼下的车，车顶上的雪把每辆车都垫厚了一寸。

十二日，星期五，雪后转晴。

今天不下了，可雪还在动。太阳一出来，屋檐开始滴水，嗒、嗒、嗒，屋檐口挂着一排冰凌，长短不齐，最粗的那根像爸爸的手电筒。水滴在冰凌尖上聚成圆鼓鼓的一滴，坠下去，落在下面的雪坑里。楼下那排车，车顶的雪让太阳晒得塌下去一半。花坛边的雪开始显出底下的东西：先露出铁栏杆的黑，再露出枯叶的黄。世界正在把藏了一夜的东西一件一件交回来。

十三日，星期六，雪化尽。

傍晚我下楼倒垃圾，专门没走水泥路，走花坛边还剩雪的那一条。鞋底踩上去咯吱，声音跟昨天一样，可雪已经松了、脏了，里面夹着细小的黑沙。走到单元门口，最后一摊雪在背阴的墙角，巴掌大，我蹲下去看它，它也在化，边上已经是一圈清水。我把垃圾扔了，绕回去，那摊雪还在，比刚才小了一圈。

三天，从窗台上第一片没化的雪，到墙角最后一摊化开的雪。我在观察日记本上画了一张表，十一、十二、十三，三个格子，分别画了雪片、冰凌、一摊水。科学老师说，下一轮观察作业看春天的第一朵花。我把表格夹进本子，我想，雪和花，我都接着记。

# Three Snow Days: the 11th, 12th, 13th

The 11th, Thursday, first snow turning heavy.

Before bed I was reciting English words at the window, and halfway through I saw snow drifting outside. At first only scattered flakes, spinning in the light downstairs; I stared for five minutes and counted nineteen. A few landed on the windowsill without melting, and I leaned close: tiny six-cornered things, thin as

paper. I rushed to call Dad, who came with his mug and said, stop shouting, the whole family heard - yet he still pressed his face to the glass and stared for ages.

At half past eleven at night I got up for the bathroom, glanced out the living room window on my way past, and with that one glance I was stuck standing at the window. The snow had grown heavy. The lamp's cone of light was full of snow, so thick I could not see what was behind the lamp. The whole compound was utterly quiet; snow settled on the air-conditioner units, on the car roofs, on the exercise equipment downstairs, covering layer after layer without a sound. I stood in the living room until twelve twenty, and Mom came to drag me away: don't you have school tomorrow? Getting into bed I thought, tomorrow morning I must be the first to look out the window.

At six thirty in the morning I woke before the alarm. The snow had stopped. Outside was so white I could not look straight; I squinted: the open ground of the compound had become one whole white cake, smooth with not a wrinkle. The lamp post stood stiff in the white, with a darker ring at its base thrown by its own shadow in the snow. The sky was faintly light, the distant buildings blurred soft by the snow-haze. I lay on the window counting the cars downstairs; the snow on their roofs had padded every car an inch thicker.

The 12th, Friday, clearing after snow.

It is not falling today, but the snow is still moving. When the sun came out the eaves began to drip, tap, tap, tap, and a row of icicles hung along the eaves edge, uneven in length, the thickest one as big as Dad's flashlight. Drops gathered into a bulging bead at the icicle's tip, fell, and plopped into the snow pit below. The row of cars downstairs had their roof snow sag to half its depth under the sun. Along the flower bed the snow began to give back what was under it: first the black of the iron railing, then the yellow of dead leaves. The world was handing back, one by one, everything it had hidden for a night.

The 13th, Saturday, snow all melted.

In the evening I went downstairs to dump the trash and deliberately avoided the concrete path, taking the strip by the flower bed where snow still remained. My shoes went crunch, the same sound as yesterday, but the snow was loose and dirty now, mixed with fine black grit. At the building entrance the last patch of snow lay in the shady corner, palm-sized. I squatted to look at it; it was melting too, a ring of clear water at its edge. I dumped the trash, walked back around, and the patch was still there, a ring smaller than before.

Three days: from the first flake on the windowsill that did not melt, to the last palm of water in the corner. In my observation notebook I drew a chart - the 11th,

12th, 13th, three boxes, with a snowflake, an icicle, and a puddle drawn in them. Our science teacher says the next observation assignment is the first flower of spring. I tucked the chart into my notebook. Snow or flowers, I thought, I will keep recording them all.