竹扫帚比我想的重

十二月八日，星期四，大雪。今天早上下车的时候，操场整个铺了一层白，一个脚印都没有，我都不太舍得踩。

早读还没开始，班主任吹哨带我们去杂物间领扫帚。杂物间的门冻上了一层薄冰，徐爷爷替我们掰开。里面的竹扫帚码成一排，有两把冻在了一起，帚头粘得死死的。我和周扬一人攥住一个把儿，使劲一掰，咔啦一声才分开。徐爷爷说，那两把搁了两天，竹扫帚怕水，越扫越冻。

分工是班主任定的。我们组负责教学楼前台阶和楼前那条路。组长方浩分活儿：他和周扬拿铁锹对付厚雪，我和王旭拿竹扫帚扫浮雪，刘小桐用簸箕把雪运到操场角上。方浩多嘱咐了一句，谁先扫完自己那片就去帮别人，别混在一起挡道。

雪是干粉状的，扫帚一挥，雪雾扑进领口，凉得人一缩。台阶上的厚雪铁锹几下就铲完了，底下却冻着一层前天的薄冰，铁锹铲不动。周扬蹲下来拿冰铲一点一点刮，冰铲刮在冰上，声音刺得牙根发酸。刮完他抓了一把保洁员备着的沙子撒上去，说撒了沙，再冻也不滑。

我的手套里在冒汗。扫了十分钟，后背湿了，风一吹又一阵一阵地凉。耳朵尖冻得通红，刘小桐团了个雪球塞进我后脖领，我追着她绕旗杆跑了半圈，回去接着扫。

最后是堆雪。我们把雪全扫到花坛一边，堆成长长的一堆。周扬想堆雪人，班主任说堆雪人会被路过的一二年级碰倒，老老实实堆成堆就行。我们用锹背把雪堆拍实，把坡面拍得光光的。方浩在雪堆顶上插了一根柳条，说这是我们组的活儿记号。

回到教室，我外套下摆的水在地上滴出一小圈。教室里全是烘手套的白汽，窗户上的冰花比早上又厚了一层。我在日记里写：竹扫帚比我想的重，可我的手一直是热的。窗外的雪被扫成了整齐的两排，中间的路干干净净。

The Bamboo Broom Was Heavier Than I Thought

December 8th, Thursday, heavy snow. When I got off the bus this morning, the playground was covered with a layer of white, without a single footprint, and I almost did not want to step on it.

Before first period, our homeroom teacher blew the whistle and took us to the broom room. A thin sheet of ice had formed on the door, and Grandpa Xu pried it open for us. The bamboo brooms inside were stacked in a row, and two of them had frozen into one piece, their bristles stuck tight. Zhou Yang and I each grabbed a handle and pulled hard, and they finally came apart with a crack. Grandpa Xu said those two had sat there for two days. Bamboo brooms fear water; the more snow they sweep, the more they freeze.

The homeroom teacher decided the assignments. Our group was in charge of the

front steps of the teaching building and the road in front of it. Our group leader Fang Hao split the work: he and Zhou Yang took the shovels for the deep snow, Wang Xu and I took the bamboo brooms for the loose snow, and Liu Xiaotong carried snow to the playground corner with a dustpan. Fang Hao added one rule: whoever finishes his own patch first goes to help the others, but do not crowd in and get in the way.

The snow was dry and loose. One sweep of the broom sent snow mist into my collar, cold enough to make me shrink my neck. The deep snow on the steps went down in a few shovelfuls, but under it was a thin sheet of ice from two days ago, and the shovel could not scrape it off. Zhou Yang crouched down and worked at it with an ice scraper, the scraper grinding harshly against the ice. When he finished, he sprinkled a handful of sand from the bucket the janitor had prepared, saying that with sand, even if it froze again it would not be slippery.

My palms steamed inside my gloves. Ten minutes of sweeping left my back wet with sweat, and the wind made it cold in patches. My ear tips turned red. Liu Xiaotong packed a snowball and stuffed it down the back of my coat. I chased her half a lap around the flagpole, then went back and kept sweeping.

The last job was piling the snow. We swept it all to one side of the flower bed and piled it into a long mound. Zhou Yang wanted to build a snowman, but the teacher said a snowman would be knocked over by the little grades passing by, so just pile it neatly. We patted the mound firm with the backs of the shovels and smoothed its slopes. Fang Hao pressed a willow branch into the top of the mound and said this was the mark of our group's work.

Back in the classroom, the hem of my coat dripped a small circle on the floor. The room was full of white steam from gloves drying by the stove, and the frost flowers on the windows were thicker than in the morning. I wrote in my diary: the bamboo broom is heavier than I thought, but my hands were hot the whole time. Outside the window, the snow has been swept into two tidy banks, with a clean path in the middle.

铲到第三锹，冰裂了

十二月九日，星期五，雪后。昨天下的雪把校门口那条坡道冻成了一块整冰，保安刘叔叔铲了半天没铲开，眉头皱成一团。今天轮到我们六年级值日，班主任说，今天别的活儿都往后排，先把这条坡道拿下。

工具是从器材室领的：四把铁锹、六把竹扫帚、两个大簸箕，还有一小桶粗沙。铁锹刚拿到手还带着器材室的铁锈味，锹面冰凉，手贴上去粘一下。班主任把坡道分成四段，两人一段，从

坡顶往下铲。

我和李多被分在坡顶那段。她先铲，铁锹刃磕在冰上，弹回来，只刮出一道白印子。换我铲，斜着插进去试，锹刃卡在冰缝里，冰纹丝不动。第三锹我换了个角度，从冰的边缘下锹，整锹压下去，听见冰底下咔地一声闷响，一大块冰翘了起来，裂了。李多跳起来喊裂了裂了，后面几组的人全回过头来。班主任说别高兴太早，把裂的往边上归拢。

冰一开，后面就顺了。铁锹铲雪，扫帚收尾，簸箕把碎冰端到花坛边上倒。我们组跟隔壁组为了倒雪的位置拌了两句嘴，都说自己那片先扫到。最后还是刘叔叔拿脚一划，说中间这条线归你们两家共用，谁也别争。

扫到一半，我的棉手套湿了，指头冰得发僵。李多把她的手套脱下来扔给我，说她里面还戴了线手套。我愣了一下，她已经在用我的湿手套垫着抓雪堆了。我们俩谁也没说谢，谢字在铲雪的时候说不出口。

雪堆是最后堆的，堆在花坛四周，把冬青的根围起来。班主任说这叫给冬青盖被子，雪化的时候根喝得饱。我们一锹一锹往冬青根上覆雪，覆得厚厚的。张一凡还把自己的红围巾解下来系在冬青枝上，说给它也戴个围巾，全班笑，但没人拆。

上课铃响时坡道见了地面，黑水泥地，湿但不滑。我们的铁锹靠在墙边排成一排，锹面上的冰化成水往下淌。我在日记里写：冰是硬的，可它怕找角度的人。今天最暖的一件事，是李多扔给我的那副手套。

On the Third Shovelful, the Ice Cracked

December 9th, Friday, after the snow. Yesterday's snow had frozen the sloped road by the school gate into one solid sheet of ice. Security Uncle Liu shoveled at it for half an hour without breaking it, his brow knotted up. Duty fell to us sixth-graders today, and our homeroom teacher said everything else could wait; first, we take this slope down.

We got the tools from the equipment room: four shovels, six bamboo brooms, two big dustpans, and a small bucket of coarse sand. The shovels still smelled of iron rust from the room, their blades ice-cold, sticking to your palm when you touched them. The teacher split the slope into four sections, two people each, shoveling from the top down.

Li Duo and I got the top section. She went first, her shovel edge striking the ice and bouncing back, leaving only a white scratch. I tried next, stabbing in at an angle; the blade jammed into a crack but the ice did not budge. On the third shovelful I changed the angle, drove the blade in from the edge of the ice, and pressed the whole shovel down. A muffled crack sounded from under the ice, and a big slab lifted up and split. Li Duo jumped up shouting that it had cracked, and every

group behind us turned around. The teacher said do not celebrate too early; push the broken pieces to the side.

Once the ice broke, everything went smoothly. Shovels for the ice, brooms for the finish, dustpans to carry the chunks over and dump them by the flower bed. Our group and the next one got into a squabble over where to dump the snow, each insisting they had swept that patch first. In the end Uncle Liu drew a line with his foot and said the middle line belongs to both groups, so stop arguing.

Halfway through, my cotton gloves got wet and my fingers went numb with cold. Li Duo pulled her gloves off and tossed them to me, saying she had wool liners on underneath. I hesitated for a second, and she had already grabbed snow with my wet gloves padded in her hands. Neither of us said thanks. You cannot say thank you in the middle of shoveling snow.

The snow piles came last, banked around the flower bed to wrap the privet's roots. The teacher said this is tucking the privet in with a snow blanket; when it melts, the roots drink their fill. Shovelful by shovelful we covered the roots thick. Zhang Yifan even unwound his red scarf and tied it around a privet branch, saying it deserves a scarf too. The whole class laughed, but nobody took it off.

When the bell rang, the slope showed its ground, black cement, wet but not slippery. Our shovels leaned against the wall in a row, the ice on their blades melting and running down. I wrote in my diary: ice is hard, but it fears the person who finds the right angle. The warmest thing today was the pair of gloves Li Duo threw me.

雪堆记得今天的所有人

十二月十日，星期六。放学的时候我最后一个离开操场，回头看了一眼：花坛边那排雪堆在夕阳里泛着淡蓝色，扫帚全还回了器材室，坡道上干干净净。作为这周的值日班长，我要把今天这场扫雪记进班日志，也记进我的日记。

事情得从早上那声哨说起。到了器材室，扫帚和铁锹往地上一摆，人呼啦一下围上去，都抢新扫帚。我喊了停，把旧的三把先分给个子高的，新的留给力气小的——这是我自己琢磨的规矩，旧扫帚沉，压得住厚雪，也练人。有人撇嘴，分到旧扫帚的赵磊嘴上说倒霉，扫起来比谁都欢。

分路段的时候我留了最难的一段给自己：自行车棚到厕所那条甬道，雪底下混着前天的碎冰，没人愿意去。其实我也不想去，但班长不去难的地方，别人更不会去。那条甬道我和孙想铲了四十多分钟，铁锹卷了刃，我掌心磨出一道红印。孙想从兜里掏出半块创可贴，掰开分我一半，他自己那只手背上也有印子，谁也没问谁的。

中途出过一个岔子。运雪的簸箕路过一年级那边，雪洒了一地，一年级的小同学滑了一下，屁股墩儿坐在雪里，没哭，爬起来拍拍雪接着走。我们组的人你一句我一句道歉，那小同学反倒摆手说雪软，不疼。后来我们特意把路线改到外圈，绕远就绕远。

堆雪堆的时候全班都到了操场边。不知是谁先提议，把六个班段的雪堆连成一排，连成一条雪墙。班主任犹豫了一下，点头了。我们一锹一锹把雪拍实，雪墙一米多高，表面拍得能照出影子。有人用手指在雪墙上按了一排手印，从矮到高，像一排签名。

我在班日志里写：今日扫雪，全班到齐，无一人早退。最久的是赵磊，扫完自己那片又帮了隔壁两片；最闷的是孙想，铲冰铲到铁锹卷刃也没吭一声。这些名字雪堆都记得，只是它不会说话，得由我来写。

写完我合上班日志。窗外那条雪墙立在教学楼影子边上，明天太阳一出来它会矮下去，但它今天立着的样子，我们六班每个人都出了一锹。

The Snow Pile Remembers Everyone from Today

December 10th, Saturday. At dismissal I was the last one to leave the playground. I looked back: the row of snow piles along the flower bed glowed pale blue in the setting sun, every broom had been returned to the equipment room, and the slope was spotlessly clean. As this week's duty monitor, I need to write today's snow-clearing into the class log, and into my diary.

It all starts with that morning whistle. When we got to the equipment room and the brooms and shovels were laid out on the floor, everyone swarmed in to grab the new brooms. I called a stop and handed the three old brooms to the tall kids first, saving the new ones for the smaller ones — a rule I thought up myself: old brooms are heavy, they handle deep snow better, and they build character. Someone grumbled. Zhao Lei, who got an old broom, muttered about bad luck, then swept more cheerfully than anyone.

When we divided the sections, I kept the worst one for myself: the passage from the bike shed to the restrooms, where the snow hid fragments of ice from two days ago. Nobody wanted it. Truth is, I did not want it either, but if the monitor avoids the hard spot, nobody else will go. Sun Xiang and I shoveled that passage for over forty minutes. The shovel blade rolled and dulled, and my palm rubbed into a red stripe. Sun Xiang pulled half an adhesive bandage from his pocket and broke it to share with me; the back of his own hand had a mark too. Neither of us asked about the other's.

There was one mishap along the way. A dustpan carrying snow passed the first-graders' area and spilled snow across the path. A small first-grader slipped and

plopped down into the snow, did not cry, got up, patted himself off, and kept walking. Our group apologized one after another, and the little kid waved his hand, saying the snow is soft and it did not hurt. After that we deliberately rerouted our carts to the outer loop; a longer way is fine.

When it was time to pile the snow, the whole class gathered at the edge of the playground. Someone suggested linking the six sections' snow piles into one long snow wall. Our homeroom teacher hesitated a moment, then nodded. Shovelful by shovelful we patted it firm. The wall stood over a meter high, its surface smooth enough to hold a reflection. Someone pressed a row of handprints into it, from shortest to tallest, like a line of signatures.

I wrote in the class log: snow-clearing today, whole class present, nobody left early. The longest worker was Zhao Lei, who finished his patch then helped two more; the quietest was Sun Xiang, who shoveled until the blade dulled without a sound. The snow pile remembers all these names; it just cannot speak, so I have to write them down.

After writing, I closed the class log. Outside the window, that snow wall stands along the teaching building's shadow. Tomorrow's sun will shrink it, but for the way it stood today, every one of us in Class Six contributed a shovelful.