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.