雪孩子变成云的那一页

《雪孩子》这本书，我最爱读前面，最不敢读后面。前面雪孩子跟小白兔一块儿玩，拿扫帚扫出一条路，围着火堆跳舞，读起来暖洋洋的。后面火起来了，雪孩子往火里一抱，出来时怀里是小兔，自己一路走一路小，最后往地上一躺，成了一摊水。妈妈读那几页读得很慢，我抓着书边，指头都捏白了。

书里写，太阳出来，那摊水变成很轻很轻的东西往上飞，飞到天上，变成一朵美丽的白云。小白兔望着天喊：雪孩子，雪孩子！那朵白云挨着小白兔，像又回来了一样。我第一遍读到这里哭了，第二遍读到这里没哭，改成一直盯着那朵云看。我猜小白兔也不哭了，因为朋友没有不见，只是从地上搬到了天上。

我想起我的好朋友阿泰。二年级我们一块儿接水、一块儿跳绳，他总把酸奶盖舔干净再扔。三年级开学他没来，妈妈说他跟着家里去了别的城市。那阵子我总往他常站的水池边看，看了一个礼拜，什么也没看到。后来我不看了，可我也没把他忘了。读《雪孩子》我忽然想明白一点：阿泰就像雪孩子换了个地方，他在别的城市跳绳，我在我们这儿跳绳，抬头看的是同一朵云。这么一想，心里那块空的地方没那么空了。

书里我还琢磨一件事：雪孩子明明知道自己一碰火就要没，为什么还进去？我想了很久，想到一个词，惦记。他惦记洞里的小兔，惦记得顾不上自己。妈妈说这就叫勇敢，也叫对朋友的心。我记住了这个词。以后我要是惦记谁，我也要像雪孩子那样，先顾别人，再顾自己。

上礼拜我们这儿下了入冬第一场雪，我在小区花坛边堆了个小小的雪人，没堆大，怕它化得太快。我给它按上两颗石子眼睛，跟它说了会儿话才回家。第二天它矮了一截，我一点也不难过。雪孩子教过我：雪的东西会化，可化掉的那部分会飞上天，变成云，回来接着看你。

现在班里图书角那本《雪孩子》被好多人翻过，封皮都毛了。我在读后感卡片上写：这本书我读了三遍，第一遍为雪孩子哭，第二遍为小白兔哭，第三遍我不哭了，我抬头看了看天。窗外正好有一朵白云，慢慢地走，像谁在散步。

The Page Where the Snow Child Became a Cloud

Of the book about the Snow Child, I love the front part most and dread the ending most. In the front, the Snow Child plays with Little Rabbit: he sweeps a path, dances around the bonfire, and reading it feels warm. In the ending, the fire rises, the Snow Child rushes in and carries out Little Rabbit, but shrinks with every step along the way, and at last lies down and becomes a puddle of water. Mom read those pages very slowly, and I gripped the edge of the book until my fingers turned white.

The book writes that when the sun came out, the puddle turned into something very, very light and flew upward, up into the sky, becoming a beautiful white cloud. Little Rabbit called up at the sky: Snow Child, Snow Child! That cloud drifted close to Little Rabbit, as if he had come back. The first time I read this I cried; the

second time I did not cry — instead I just kept staring at that cloud. I think Little Rabbit stopped crying too, because his friend never disappeared; he only moved from the ground up into the sky.

It reminded me of my good friend A-Tai. In second grade we fetched water together and jumped rope together; he always licked his yogurt lid clean before tossing it. When second grade ended he did not come back; Mom said he moved to another city with his family. For a week I kept glancing at the water basin where he used to stand, and saw nothing. Later I stopped looking, but I did not forget him either. Reading the Snow Child, I suddenly understood a little: A-Tai is like the Snow Child in a new place. He jumps rope in his city, I jump rope in mine, and we look up at the same cloud. Thinking of it that way, the empty place in my heart is not so empty anymore.

One thing I kept turning over in my mind: the Snow Child knew perfectly well that touching fire would destroy him — why did he go in anyway? I thought about it for a long time and found one word: caring. He cared about the little rabbit in the hole, cared so much he forgot himself. Mom says that is what bravery is, and also what a heart for a friend means. I have kept that word. If I ever care about someone, I want to be like the Snow Child: think of the other person first, then myself.

Last week we had the first snow of winter. By the flower bed in our compound I built a small snowman, not a big one, afraid it would melt too fast. I pressed two pebble eyes onto it and talked with it for a while before going home. The next day it had sunk a bit shorter, and I was not sad at all. The Snow Child taught me: things made of snow will melt, but the melted part flies up into the sky, becomes a cloud, and comes back to keep watching you.

Now the copy of this book in our class reading corner has been flipped through by so many hands that its cover has gone fuzzy. On my reading response card I wrote: I have read this book three times. The first time I cried for the Snow Child, the second time for Little Rabbit, and the third time I did not cry — I looked up at the sky instead. Outside the window there happened to be a white cloud, moving slowly, as if someone were out for a walk.