一场关于雪的抢答

主题班会的铃一响，班主任走进来，手里拿着一个大信封。黑板上已经有班干部写好的五个大字：走进雪的世界。老师说，今天开一场雪知识抢答，题目都在这只信封里，答对的有奖励。

第一道题被老师抽出来：雪花为什么是六个角，不是七个角也不是五个角？教室里静了一下，林小雨举手答：因为水分子结冰的时候，是按六个角排队排起来的。他上周在科学画报里刚看到这一条。老师表扬了他，发给他一枚自己剪的小雪花贴纸。

题目一道比一道有意思。冰川是什么颜色？一大半人喊白色，正确答案却是蓝色。老师给我们看了一张照片：冰川的深处，冰是一种安安静静的蓝，像把天空按进了冰里。我以前一直觉得白就是雪的颜色，没想到雪里头还藏着一块蓝。

还有问哪里的雪花更大：城里的雪花，还是山上的雪花？这回我举手说是山上的，因为越冷，雪花长得越完整。老师点头说对，还说高山上能看见硬币那么大的雪花，落在松枝上看得清角。我想象那些雪花安安静静落在松树上的样子，心里有点发痒，真想去看一次。

最后一道题最热闹：跟雪有关的词，你能说出几个？这一次手举成了一片小树林。有人说大雪，有人说鹅毛大雪，董小川还说了“太阳雪”，就是出着太阳下雪。老师把这些词一个一个写在黑板上，写完，黑板边上白白的一片，像下了一黑板的雪。

班会过得飞快，信封也空了。下课去操场的路上，大家还在说冰川是蓝色的这件事。我眯着眼看冬天的太阳，忽然觉得雪不再只是能捏成团的东西了。它里头藏着那么多问题，就等着人开口去问。我打算回家翻那本科学画报，把水分子排队的图再看一遍。

A Quiz About Snow

When the bell for our class meeting rang, our homeroom teacher walked in holding a big envelope. On the blackboard, the class monitors had already written five large characters: Enter the World of Snow. The teacher said we would hold a snow knowledge quiz today, all the questions were inside the envelope, and correct answers would get a prize.

The teacher drew out the first question: why does a snowflake have six points, not seven or five? The classroom went quiet for a moment. Then Lin Xiaoyu raised his hand and answered: because when water molecules freeze, they line up in six-pointed order. He had just read about it last week in a science picture magazine. The teacher praised him and gave him a little snowflake sticker she had cut out herself.

The questions grew more and more interesting. What color is a glacier? More than half the class shouted white, but the right answer was blue. The teacher showed us a photo: deep inside a glacier, the ice is a quiet blue, like a piece of sky pressed

into the ice. I had always thought white was the color of snow. I never knew a patch of blue was hiding inside it.

Another question asked where snowflakes are bigger: in the city or on the mountain? This time I raised my hand and said on the mountain, because the colder it is, the more complete a snowflake grows. The teacher nodded and said yes, and added that on high mountains you can see snowflakes as big as coins, with every point clear where they land on a pine branch. I imagined those snowflakes falling quietly onto pine branches, and my heart itched. I truly wanted to see it once.

The last question was the liveliest: how many words about snow can you say? This time the raised hands looked like a little forest. Someone said heavy snow, someone said snow like goose feathers, and Dong Xiaochuan added sun snow, meaning snow falling while the sun shines. The teacher wrote the words one by one on the blackboard. When she finished, the edge of the blackboard was white all over, as if a snowfall had landed on it.

The meeting flew by, and the envelope was empty. On the way to the playground after class, everyone was still talking about glaciers being blue. I squinted at the winter sun and suddenly felt that snow was no longer just something you could roll into a ball. It hides so many questions, waiting for someone to ask. I decided to look up that science magazine at home and read the picture of water molecules lining up once more.

教室后墙上的十二张照片

班会前三天，班主任把一件事交给了我：收集雪景照片，班会课上贴到教室后墙。我回家翻了我家的相册，又找爸爸的同学要了几张，最后凑齐十二张，请打印店洗出来。班会那天早读课，我和王果果踩着凳子，把十二张照片贴成一排。

欣赏环节开始，老师让我们自己走到后墙去看。教室里一下子全是脚步声。第一排是雪山，山尖上的雪被风吹成一面斜斜的旗子。第三张是树挂，一整条河的柳树全白了，白得那么厚，压得枝条往下弯。看的人里有人小声说：这不是画出来的吧？站在旁边的李想回答：是照相照出来的，在北方。

十二张照片里，有一张是我自己拍的。那是去年冬天我们楼下的一个雪堆，扫雪的人把它堆在路灯旁边，晚上灯一开，雪堆半边是亮的，半边是青的。我拍照的时候没觉得它特别，贴在墙上我天天看，越看越觉得它好看。它跟雪山不一样，它是我们楼下的雪。

全班在那张照片前停得最久。董小川说，他每天放学都路过这样的雪堆，怎么没发现这么好看。老师说，雪把好看的东西放在路上，就看谁的眼睛肯停下来。这句话我记到了现在。后来我

路过那个雪堆，还特意站了一会儿。

最后一张照片是雪夜里的路灯，雪一片一片往下落，灯把落下来的雪照得发亮，像雪里下着亮雪。看这张的时候没有人说话。二十几个人仰着头看一张照片，教室里静得能听见暖气管里的水声。我贴照片贴了一早上，那一刻觉得，值了。

班会散了以后，照片没有撕下来，一直贴到期末。有同学把十二张照片一张一张抄进自己的本子里，说要等长大了去找真的雪山。我把那张雪山留在了我的本子第一页。教室后墙上的雪，陪我们过了一个冬天。

Twelve Photos on the Back Wall

Three days before the class meeting, our homeroom teacher gave me a job: collect photos of snow scenery and put them on the back wall of the classroom for the meeting. I went home and leafed through our family album, asked a few classmates of my father for theirs, and finally gathered twelve, which I had the print shop develop. During morning reading on the day of the meeting, Wang Guoguo and I climbed on stools and pasted the twelve photos into a row.

When the viewing part began, the teacher let us walk to the back wall on our own. Suddenly the classroom was full of footsteps. The first row showed snow mountains, the snow on the peaks blown by wind into slanting flags. The third photo was of ice-rimed trees: a whole riverside of willows turned white, so thick with white that the branches bent down. Among the onlookers someone whispered: this is not a painting, right? Li Xiang, standing next to him, answered: it is a photograph, taken in the north.

Among the twelve photos, one was taken by me. It showed a pile of snow below our building last winter. The people who swept the snow had piled it beside a street lamp; when the lamp came on at night, one half of the pile glowed and the other half was blue-green. When I took it I did not think it special. But pasted on the wall, the more I looked at it, the more beautiful it seemed. It was not like the snow mountains; it was the snow of our own building.

The whole class stayed longest in front of that photo. Dong Xiaochuan said he passed a snow pile like that every day after school — how had he never noticed it was so beautiful? The teacher said: snow puts beautiful things on the road, and it all depends on whose eyes are willing to stop. I remember that sentence to this day. Later, passing that snow pile, I made a point of standing there a while.

The last photo showed a street lamp on a snowy night, flakes falling flake by flake, the lamp lighting the falling snow until it shone, as if bright snow were

falling inside the snow. No one spoke while looking at this one. More than twenty people stood with their heads tilted up, looking at a single photo, and the classroom was quiet enough to hear the water moving inside the heating pipes. I had spent the whole morning pasting photos, and in that moment I felt it was worth it.

After the meeting ended, the photos stayed on the wall until the end of term. Some classmates copied all twelve photos one by one into their notebooks, saying they would go find real snow mountains when they grew up. I kept that mountain photo on the first page of my notebook. The snow on our classroom wall kept us company through a whole winter.

班会最后十分钟，我讲了那块冰

班会进行到最后一项，班主任说：安全提醒这十分钟，交给安全委员。我走上讲台，手里捏着一张写好的稿子。稿子上列了六条：不踩冰、不打实心雪仗、台阶扶扶手、走路学企鹅、远离屋檐冰挂、雪天骑车慢。稿子是我头天晚上写的，条条都对。可我一开口，把稿子放下了。

我说：我不念这些，我给你们讲一块冰。去年十二月，教学楼东边那块水泥地，前一天洒水冲干净，夜里一冻，第二天早上就是一整片看不见的冰。我端着水杯走过去，脚底下一滑，人是往后坐下去的，手腕先着地。后来手腕打了三个礼拜夹板，字写不好，作业本上全是歪的。我说：我摔的那一下，全班只有前排的周小禾听见，咚的一声。冰就是这么欺负人，它不响，也不让你看见。

教室里特别静。我接着说，雪天最怕的不是雪，是雪化了又冻上的东西。台阶边上那一圈水，白天亮晶晶的，晚上就变成滑梯。屋檐下的冰挂看着好玩，可它哪天想掉下来，不会先打招呼。我说到这儿，抬头看了一眼，后排的董小川使劲点头，他去年肯定也被冰欺负过。

然后我教全班走企鹅步：脚掌整个落地，两脚外八，一小步一小步挪。二十几个人在座位边上原地走了十几秒企鹅步，教室里全是笑声，可是这十几秒我估计大家一辈子忘不了。班主任在旁边也走了两步，她走得最像。

下课前班主任补了一句：今天抢答答对的题、后墙贴的照片，都是雪好玩的地方；最后这十分钟，是雪会咬人的地方。好玩的和会咬人的，加在一起才是完整的冬天。看见雪高兴，看见冰小心，这一条比稿子上六条都管用。

放学出校门，校门口那条路结着薄冰。我走在队伍最前头，一步一步走企鹅步。身后传来王果果的声音：你看你看，安全委员走得多标准。我没回头，继续一步一步稳稳地走。那块冰害我三个礼拜没写好字，可是今天，它换来了全班都会走的企鹅步。

The Last Ten Minutes: I Told Them About That Patch of Ice

When the class meeting reached its last item, our homeroom teacher said: these ten minutes of safety reminders are for the safety monitor. I walked up to the platform holding a script I had written. The script listed six rules: do not step on ice, do not throw packed snowballs, hold the railing on stairs, walk like a penguin, stay away from icicles under eaves, ride bicycles slowly on snowy days. I had written every line the night before, and every line was right. But the moment I opened my mouth, I put the script down.

I said: I will not read these out. Let me tell you about a patch of ice. Last December, the concrete ground on the east side of our teaching building had been washed clean with water the day before; it froze overnight, and the next morning it was one invisible sheet of ice. I walked over carrying a cup of water, my foot slipped, I fell backward, and my wrist hit the ground first. My wrist was in a splint for three weeks afterward. I could not write properly; my homework was full of crooked characters. I said: when I fell, only Zhou Xiaohe in the front row heard it — one thud. That is how ice bullies people: it makes no sound, and it does not let you see it.

The classroom was very quiet. I went on: on snowy days the scariest thing is not snow but the things that melt and then freeze again. The ring of water along the stairs sparkles in daylight and becomes a slide at night. Icicles under the eaves look fun, but when one decides to fall, it will not say hello first. As I said this, I glanced up. Dong Xiaochuan in the back row was nodding hard — he must have been bullied by ice last year too.

Then I taught the whole class the penguin walk: whole sole flat on the ground, toes turned out, shuffling along one small step at a time. More than twenty people did the penguin walk in place beside their desks for ten-odd seconds. The classroom was full of laughter, but I reckon no one will forget those seconds ever. Our homeroom teacher took two steps too, and she looked the most like a penguin.

Before the bell, the teacher added one sentence: the quiz answers from today and the photos on the back wall show the fun side of snow; these last ten minutes are about the side of snow that bites. Fun plus biting together make a complete winter. Be glad when you see snow, be careful when you see ice — that one line works better than all six on my script.

Leaving school that afternoon, the road by the gate was covered with thin ice. I walked at the head of the line, step by steady penguin step. Behind me I heard Wang Guoguo say: look, look, our safety monitor walks the most textbook penguin walk of

all. I did not turn around; I kept walking, one firm step after another. That patch of ice cost me three weeks of crooked handwriting, but today it bought the whole class a penguin walk they will keep.