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.