我把课文里写雪的那一段抄了三遍

上那节写雪的指导课之前，我最怕的就是写雪。我一写雪只有三个词：白、厚、很大。有一回我写雪下了很大，堆得很厚，白白的，一共三句话，老师在本子上给我写了四个字：再具体些。怎么具体，我不知道。

指导课是下雪那天上的。老师先带我们去走廊上看了一会儿雪，回来什么也不讲，翻开课文，给我们读了一段写雪的句子。她读得很慢。读的是雪从夜里下起来，第二天早上推开门，院子里的石头全变了样，平常露在外面的棱角都被雪包住了，狗走过雪地的脚印一步一步陷得很深。就这么一段，教室里安静得反常。

老师读完，让我们自己再读一遍，读的时候想一想：她没说雪大，你凭什么知道雪大。我自己读了两遍才找出来：凭石头变了样，凭脚印陷得深。雪大不大，作者一个字没说，全是雪留在东西上的样子在说。我那一刻像被人点了一下——原来写雪可以不写雪，写雪压弯的东西。

下课以前，老师让我们摘抄那段。我抄了第一遍，抄在课本空白处。回家吃饭的时候我又想起来，回屋抄了第二遍，抄在我的积累本上，抄完还在旁边记了一句：不写雪本身，写雪动过的东西。晚上躺下，那段话自己在我脑子里过了一遍，我等于抄了第三遍，这一遍没用手。

后来片段练写，我写的是我们楼下的车。雪下了一夜，第二天早上一排电动车全白了，座垫上的雪厚得能写字，后视镜上挂着一溜冰须，风一吹叮当响。我一句没写雪很大，写完自己读了一遍，觉得这次不一样了。

老师把那段片段贴在教室后墙的专栏上，旁边注了一句：学的就是课文那段的路子。我妈看见我抄了三遍的那页，笑我。我说这不算多，那段话我到现在还背得出。

现在我一写雪，先想起的不是白，是石头被包住的样子。怕写雪的那三个字，白、厚、很大，早就让位了。

I Copied That Paragraph About Snow Three Times

Before that writing lesson about snow, the thing I feared most was writing about snow. I had only three words for it: white, thick, very big. Once I wrote that snow fell hard, piled thick, all white, three sentences in all, and our teacher wrote four characters in my notebook: be more specific. How to be specific, I did not know.

The lesson took place on a snowy day. Our teacher first took us to the corridor to watch the snow for a while, then came back, said nothing, opened the textbook, and read us a paragraph about snow. She read slowly. The paragraph told of snow starting at night and of pushing the door open the next morning to find every stone in the yard changed, its usual sharp edges wrapped round by snow, and of the footprints of a dog crossing the snow, each step sunk deep. Just that one paragraph, and the classroom went quiet in a way that felt strange.

After reading, the teacher asked us to read it once more by ourselves, thinking as we read: she never said the snow was heavy, so how do you know it was. I read it twice before I found it: by the changed stones, by the deep footprints. The author never used one word about how heavy the snow was; everything was told by the marks the snow left on things. At that moment something clicked inside me. It turned out one could write about snow without writing about snow, by writing about the things snow had bent.

Before class ended the teacher asked us to copy out the paragraph. I copied it the first time into the margin of the textbook. At dinner I thought of it again, went back to my room and copied it a second time into my collection notebook, adding one line beside it: do not write the snow itself, write the things the snow has touched. When I lay down at night, the paragraph ran through my head by itself. That was my third copy, and this time my hand did not do it.

Later, in the paragraph exercise, I wrote about the vehicles below our building. After a night of snow, the row of electric scooters was all white in the morning, the snow on the seats thick enough to write on, and a row of icicles hung from the mirrors, tinkling when the wind passed. I never wrote that the snow was heavy. When I finished and read it once, I felt this time was different.

The teacher posted that paragraph on the column at the back wall, with one note beside it: this follows the way of the textbook paragraph. My mother saw the page I had copied three times and laughed at me. I said three was not much, because I can still recite that paragraph today.

Now whenever I write about snow, the first thing I think of is not white but the look of stones wrapped round. The three words I used to hide behind, white, thick, very big, have long since given way.