那节语文课，老师带我们站在走廊上看雪

那天早读课刚上到一半，窗外飘起了雪。起初只有几粒，打在玻璃上沙沙的，后来就成片了。语文老师正在讲课文，讲到一半忽然停下来，把课本合上了。

老师说：走，全班到走廊上看雪。我们以为听错了。她重复了一遍，自己先走了出去。我们挤到走廊上，趴在栏杆上。雪落在操场上，落在旗杆上，落在墙外槐树顶上。老师不说话，就让我们看。看了足足十分钟，她才问了一个问题：刚才的雪和现在的雪，落法一样吗？

大家七嘴八舌地说起来。王果果说，刚开始的雪是直着往下掉，一粒一粒，很着急；后来的雪一团一团，转着圈落。董小川说，雪落在槐树枝上不化，一层一层往上堆，枝条慢慢往下弯。李想说，操场上空的雪没有声音，落在走廊栏杆上的雪却有沙沙声。老师把大家说的写在随身带的小黑板上：落的样子、堆的地方、发出的声音。她说：这就是看雪。用眼睛看它怎么落，用耳朵听它什么声音，看它落在什么地方、变成了什么样。

回到教室，老师读了一段课本里写雪的句子，读的时候指出作者哪里看的是落、哪里看的是积。然后让我们每人写一段，只写刚才在走廊上看见的雪，不用写成一篇。教室里安静下来，能听见笔尖在纸上的声音。我写的是：雪粒落在栏杆上，化成一个小点，又一片雪落在同一个地方，小点慢慢变大。

下课前，老师挑了三段读给全班听，其中一段是我的。读到我的时候，我的手心出汗。老师说：这三段里都有只有认真看过的人才写得出来的东西。

第二天雪停了，老师在教室后墙开了一个小专栏，让大家把上学路上发现的东西每天写一条上去。专栏一直开到春天。后来每次写作文，老师常说那句话：字在外面，你要走到它跟前去。

那节课我们没有记笔记，也没有抄课文，可是我一直记到今天。窗外雪还在下，老师带我们走到了它跟前。

The Day Our Teacher Took Us to the Corridor to Watch Snow

That day we were halfway through morning reading when snow began to fall outside the window. At first there were only a few grains, tapping rustling against the glass; then they came in sheets. Our Chinese teacher was explaining the text when she suddenly stopped and closed the book.

She said: Come, whole class, go to the corridor and watch the snow. We thought we had misheard. She repeated it once and walked out first. We crowded onto the corridor and leaned against the railing. The snow fell over the playground, over the flagpole, over the tops of the locust trees beyond the wall. The teacher said nothing and let us watch. After a full ten minutes she asked only one question: did the snow fall the same way just now and a moment ago?

Everyone began to talk at once. Wang Guoguo said the early snow fell straight down, grain by grain, in a hurry; the later snow fell in tangles, spinning as it came. Dong Xiaochuan said the snowflakes on the locust branches did not melt; they piled up layer by layer, and the branches slowly bent down. Li Xiang said the snow over the playground was silent, but the snow hitting the railing of the corridor made a rustling sound. The teacher wrote what everyone said on a small blackboard she carried: the way it falls, where it piles, the sound it makes. She said: this is how one watches snow. With your eyes see how it falls, with your ears hear its sound, look at where it lands and what it becomes there.

Back in the classroom, the teacher read us a passage about snow from the textbook, pointing out where the author watched the falling and where the piling. Then she asked each of us to write one paragraph about only the snow we had just seen from the corridor; a whole essay was not needed. The room went quiet, and you could hear pens moving on paper. I wrote that a snowflake landed on the railing and melted into a small dot, then another snowflake landed on the same spot, and the dot grew larger.

Before class ended the teacher chose three paragraphs to read aloud, and one of them was mine. When she read it, my hands went damp. She said: all three paragraphs contain something that only a person who really watched could write.

The next day the snow stopped, and the teacher opened a small column on the back wall, inviting everyone to write one thing noticed on the way to school. The column stayed up until spring. Later, whenever we practiced writing, the teacher often said that sentence: the words are out there, and you only need to go and stand in front of them.

That class we took no notes and copied no text, yet I remember it to this day. The snow was falling outside the window, and our teacher had taken us to stand right in front of it.