窗外面的一串脚印

早上一起床，豆豆就喊：下雪啦！雪把院子铺得平平的，白白的，连平时最难看的柴堆都变好看了。

豆豆要出去堆雪人。她刚走到门口，忽然停住了。雪地上有一串脚印！小小的，前面四个尖尖，后面一个圆圆，像谁撒了一路小梅花。脚印从墙根过来，一直走到柴堆后面，就不见了。

豆豆蹲下来看。她伸出自己的小脚，放在脚印旁边一比，她的脚比那个脚印大十倍还多。她问妈妈：这是什么小动物呀？妈妈也蹲下来看：看样子，像是一只小兔子。

豆豆决定顺着脚印找一找。她走得很轻，怕把脚印踩坏了，也怕吓跑留下脚印的小家伙。脚印绕过水缸，穿过小白菜地，到了柴堆后面——那里有一个小小的洞，洞口有啃过的菜叶子，叶子上还有小小的牙印。

豆豆趴在雪地上，往洞里瞧。黑洞洞的，什么也看不清，可她听见了窸窸窣窣的声音，像有人在里面嚼东西。豆豆小声说：小兔子，你是不是饿了？冬天找不到吃的对不对？

豆豆跑回屋，从白菜筐里抱出半棵白菜，放在柴堆旁边，又用雪围了一个小圈，像给白菜做了一个小桌子。妈妈看见了，没笑话她，还帮她把白菜心掰开，摆得更容易咬。

吃早饭的时候，豆豆满脸都是雪，她说：妈妈，小兔子晚上敢不敢来搬白菜呀？妈妈说：它肯定敢，白菜那么香。豆豆说：那明天我还要看脚印。妈妈说：好，脚印天天都有，就说明小兔子天天都吃饱了。

第二天一早，豆豆趴在窗户上看。雪地上又来了一串小梅花，从白菜那儿绕回柴堆，白菜少了两个角。豆豆高兴得又蹦又跳：小兔子真的来啦！她给小兔子起了个名字，叫梅花。整个冬天，梅花天天来，豆豆的窗台上天天留一片白菜叶。雪化了以后，脚印没有了，可豆豆不伤心，她知道梅花住在柴堆后面，明年下雪，还会认识的。

A Trail of Footprints Outside the Window

The moment she got out of bed, Doudou shouted: it snowed! The snow spread the yard flat and white, and even the ugly woodpile looked pretty now.

Doudou went out to build a snowman. She had just reached the doorway when she suddenly stopped. There was a trail of footprints in the snow! Tiny ones - four little points in front, one round pad behind, like someone scattering plum blossoms all along the way. The footprints came from along the wall and walked straight behind the woodpile, then disappeared.

Doudou squatted down to look. She put her own little foot next to a footprint and compared: her foot was ten times bigger. She asked Mama: what little animal is this?

Mama squatted down too and looked: by the shape, it seems like a little rabbit.

Doudou decided to follow the footprints and find out. She walked very lightly, afraid of ruining the footprints and afraid of scaring away the little creature that left them. The trail curved around the water jar, crossed the little cabbage patch, and went behind the woodpile - where there was a small hole. At the mouth of the hole were nibbled cabbage leaves, and the leaves had tiny tooth marks.

Doudou lay down on the snow and peered into the hole. It was dark inside and she could not see clearly, but she heard a rustling crunching sound, like someone chewing in there. Doudou whispered: little rabbit, are you hungry? There is nothing to eat in winter, right?

Doudou ran back inside, carried out half a cabbage from the basket, and set it beside the woodpile. Then she built a little ring of snow around it, like making the cabbage a tiny table. Mama saw it and did not laugh at her; she even helped break open the cabbage heart and arrange it so it would be easier to bite.

At breakfast, Doudou's face was covered with snow. She said: Mama, will the little rabbit dare to come at night and move the cabbage? Mama said: Of course it will, the cabbage smells so good. Doudou said: Then tomorrow I want to see the footprints again. Mama said: All right. If there are footprints every day, it means the little rabbit eats its fill every day.

Early the next morning Doudou pressed against the window to look. A new trail of plum blossoms had come across the snow, circling from the cabbage back to the woodpile, and the cabbage was missing two corners. Doudou jumped for joy: the little rabbit really came! She gave the rabbit a name - Plum Blossom. All winter long, Plum Blossom came every day, and Doudou left a cabbage leaf on her windowsill every day. When the snow melted, the footprints were gone, but Doudou was not sad. She knew Plum Blossom lived behind the woodpile, and next year when it snowed, they would know each other again.

小兔子梅花的雪地日记

我是一只小兔子，住在柴堆后面的洞里。今天早上我推开门，哇，雪把整个世界都盖住了。我伸出前爪试了试，雪软软的，踩下去一个坑，抬起来一个坑。我就这样一跳一跳地走，身后留下一串脚印。妈妈说，我的脚印像小梅花，整个雪地都是妈妈的花布。

可是雪把好吃的都盖住了。枯草找不到，树皮够不着，我闻了一路，肚子咕噜咕噜叫。我的脚印从墙根绕过去，绕过水缸，穿过白菜地——白菜地里的白菜都被雪埋了头，我扒开雪咬了两

口，冰牙，不好吃。

走到柴堆的时候，我闻到一股从没闻过的香味。是白菜！半棵大白菜，就摆在我家门口不远的雪地上，白菜心还掰开了，黄嫩黄嫩的，旁边用雪围了一个小圈，像一张小桌子。我吓得耳朵都竖起来了。天上有没有鹰？人会不会躲在窗户后面？我蹲在原地看了好久好久，一点动静都没有。

我饿，我往前跳了一小步，又停住，再跳一小步。终于，我咬到了第一口。甜的！是那种脆脆的甜，从嘴巴一直甜到肚子里，肚子里就暖和了。我吃得很快，耳朵却一直转着听声音。吃饱了，我围着白菜转了三圈，用鼻子拱了拱雪圈，好像在说谢谢，然后钻回洞里。

第二天，雪地上又多了一小片白菜叶，放在我洞口正前方，摆得端端正正。我知道是谁了——窗玻璃后面有个小圆脸，每天趴在窗户上看我，她一看见我就咧嘴笑，玻璃上全是她的白气。后来她给我起了名字，我在窗玻璃上听见了，她喊我梅花。嘿嘿，那我就叫梅花吧。

整个冬天，梅花天天出门，天天都有一口吃的。有时候是白菜叶，有时候是一小截胡萝卜。我的脚印从洞口到窗台，又从窗台回洞口，雪地像一条白色的路，把我和小圆脸连在一起。我不怕她了。她有时候把胡萝卜放在雪地上就不走了，退到门后面偷看，我就当没看见她，大大方方地跳过去吃，吃得咔嚓咔嚓响，让她听个够。

雪化的那天，我站在洞口看了很久。白色的路不见了，雪地变回了泥地。可是窗台上还有一片白菜叶，是新的。我把那片叶子拖回洞里，铺在窝旁边。妈妈说，冬天会再来的。我知道。冬天一来，雪一落，我的脚印又会像小梅花一样，一路开到她的窗台上去。

Little Rabbit Plum's Snowy Day Diary

I am a little rabbit, and I live in a hole behind the woodpile. This morning I pushed my door open and - wow, snow had covered the whole world. I tested it with my front paw: soft, sinking down with every step, leaving a little pit, another little pit. I went along hopping like that, a trail of footprints behind me. Mama says my footprints look like plum blossoms, and the whole snowfield is Mama's flower cloth.

But the snow covered up all the food. I could not find the dry grass, could not reach the tree bark, and I sniffed the whole way with my tummy rumbling. My footprints curved from the wall, around the water jar, through the cabbage patch - the cabbages there had their heads buried in snow. I dug through and took two bites. Ice-cold. Not tasty.

When I reached the woodpile, I caught a smell I had never smelled before. Cabbage! Half a big cabbage, set on the snow not far from my door, its heart broken open, yellow and tender, with a little ring of snow built around it like a tiny table. I was so startled my ears shot straight up. Was there a hawk in the sky? Was a human hiding behind a window? I crouched on the spot and looked for a long, long

time. Nothing moved.

I was hungry. I hopped one small step forward, stopped, hopped another. At last I took the first bite. Sweet! A crunchy sweetness that traveled from my mouth all the way down into my tummy, and my tummy turned warm. I ate fast, but my ears kept swiveling, listening. When I was full, I circled the cabbage three times and nudged the snow ring with my nose, as if saying thank you, then burrowed back into my hole.

The next day there was one more small cabbage leaf on the snow, placed straight in front of my hole, neat and proper. I knew who it was - behind the window glass there is a little round face that presses against the window watching me every day. The moment she sees me she grins, and her breath fogs up all the glass. Later she gave me a name, and I heard it through the glass: she calls me Plum Blossom. Heh, then Plum Blossom it is.

All winter long, Plum Blossom went out every day, and every day there was a bite to eat. Sometimes a cabbage leaf, sometimes a little piece of carrot. My footprints ran from my hole to her windowsill and from the windowsill back, the snowfield like a white road connecting me and the little round face. I was not afraid of her anymore. Sometimes she would set the carrot on the snow and then leave, hiding behind the door to peek. I pretended not to notice her and hopped over boldly to eat, crunching as loud as I could, so she could hear her fill.

The day the snow melted, I stood at the mouth of my hole a long time. The white road was gone; the snowfield had turned back into mud. But on the windowsill lay one cabbage leaf, a fresh one. I dragged that leaf back into my hole and laid it beside my nest. Mama says winter will come again. I know it will. When winter comes and the snow falls, my footprints will bloom like little plum blossoms all the way to her windowsill again.

雪地侦探社

我爷爷说，下雪天是侦探的好日子，因为雪地不会撒谎，谁走过，它就记下来给谁看。所以大年初一早上，雪一停，我和爷爷就成立了雪地侦探社。社长是爷爷，侦探是我，案子当天就来了。

案发现场在我家院子正中央。雪地上有一串脚印，从院墙根进来，前头四个尖、后头一个圆，一步一个小坑。脚印绕着白菜地走了一圈，在白菜地边上停了一会儿，又往柴堆去了。爷爷蹲下来，用手比了比脚印的宽度：三指宽。他说，嫌疑人个头不大，腿不短，走路一蹦一蹦的——你看这两个坑挨得近，中间那个长坑是拖的，它中途坐下来歇过。

我拿卷尺量了脚印的步子：短的一步二十厘米，长的一步能到半米。我把它记在侦探本上。爷爷说，别急着下结论，跟着嫌疑人走一趟。我们就顺着脚印走。脚印绕过水缸，缸沿上有几根灰色的毛。爷爷把毛捏起来对着太阳看：软的，带绒毛，是兔子毛。我心里已经有答案了，可爷爷说，侦探要讲证据，证据要一条一条排。

脚印到了柴堆后面，出现一个洞。洞口摆着几片啃过的白菜叶，叶子上有牙印。我趴下去数牙印，爷爷数步子。数完我们对一下：牙印四颗门牙，上二下二，是兔子没错；洞里的干草窝里有几根长毛，跟水缸沿上的是同一种灰。爷爷说，证据链闭合了。嫌疑人是一只兔子，冬天饿瘦了，半夜出来找吃的，绕着白菜地转圈是因为雪埋住了菜，它扒不开。

案子破了，按侦探社的规矩，要处理。爷爷说，不能抓，冬天抓兔子，兔子过冬就没了。我的办法是：在柴堆边给它留吃的。我们切了半棵白菜摆在雪地上，又放了一小截胡萝卜，用雪围了个小圈。爷爷还做了个牌子，用硬纸板写的：雪地侦探社口粮发放点。

第二天早上我们去查看。白菜少了两个角，胡萝卜没了，雪圈没塌，脚印从发放点直通柴堆，回去的脚印比来的脚印踩得深——爷爷说，那是吃饱了，走得稳。我在侦探本上写下结案：嫌疑人已查明，是一只灰兔子，作案动机是饿，本侦探社决定用口粮感化它。

后来整个寒假，发放点天天补货，脚印天天都有。开学那天雪还没化完，我把侦探本交给爷爷保管。爷爷说，等明年下雪，案子接着办。我说好。我觉得这个案子是我破过的最好的案子，因为别的案子破了就没了，这个案子破了以后，天天都有新脚印。

The Snowfield Detective Agency

My grandfather says snowy days are a detective's good days, because a snowfield never lies - whoever walks across it, it writes down for anyone to read. So on the first morning of the new year, as soon as the snow stopped, Grandpa and I founded the Snowfield Detective Agency. Grandpa was the chief, I was the detective, and a case arrived the very same day.

The scene of the case was the middle of our yard. A trail of footprints crossed the snow, entering from along the wall: four points in front, one round pad behind, each step a little pit. The trail circled once around the cabbage patch, paused at its edge, then headed for the woodpile. Grandpa squatted down and measured the width of a footprint with his fingers: three fingers wide. He said: the suspect is small, has long legs, and moves by hopping - see how these two pits sit close together, with a long drag mark between them? It sat down to rest halfway.

I measured the stride with my tape: short steps twenty centimeters, long steps half a meter. I wrote it in my detective notebook. Grandpa said: no rushing to conclusions, let us follow the suspect. So we followed the trail. It curved around the water jar, and on the jar's rim were a few gray hairs. Grandpa held them up to

the sun: soft, with downy fluff - rabbit hair. I already had my answer inside, but Grandpa said a detective deals in evidence, and evidence must be lined up one by one.

The trail went behind the woodpile to a hole. At its mouth lay a few nibbled cabbage leaves with tooth marks. I lay down to count the tooth marks while Grandpa counted strides. When we compared: four front teeth, two upper and two lower - a rabbit for sure; in the dry-grass nest inside the hole were several long hairs, the same gray as those on the jar's rim. Grandpa said: the chain of evidence is closed. The suspect is a rabbit, thinned by winter hunger, out at night searching for food; it circled the cabbage patch because the snow had buried the cabbages and it could not dig them open.

The case was solved, and by agency rules we had to take action. Grandpa said: no catching - catch a rabbit in winter and it has no winter left. My plan was to leave food by the woodpile. We set half a cabbage on the snow, added a little piece of carrot, and ringed them with snow. Grandpa even made a sign out of cardboard: Snowfield Detective Agency Food Distribution Point.

Next morning we went to inspect. The cabbage had lost two corners, the carrot was gone, the snow ring stood unbroken, and the footprints ran straight from the distribution point to the woodpile - the returning prints pressed deeper than the arriving ones. Grandpa said that meant a full belly, a steady walk. I wrote the closing note in my detective book: suspect identified, a gray rabbit; motive, hunger; this agency sentences it to reform through rations.

For the rest of the winter vacation we restocked the point every day, and the footprints came every day. On the first day of the new term, with the snow not fully melted, I handed my detective book to Grandpa for safekeeping. He said next year when it snows, the case continues. I said all right. I think this is the best case I have ever solved, because other cases end when they are solved - but after this one was solved, there were new footprints every single day.