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.