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.