雪人阿白的话

雪停了，朵朵在院子里堆雪人。她滚了一个大雪球当身子，又滚了一个小雪球当脑袋。她捡了两颗枣核按在雪人的脸上当眼睛，又掰了一截短树枝插在它身侧当手。天冷，她的鼻尖冻得通红。她把脖子上那条红围巾解下来，绕着雪人的脖子围了两圈，拍拍它的脑袋说：这样你就不冷了。

就在这时，雪人张了张嘴：谢谢你，我一点儿都不冷。朵朵吓了一跳，往后退了两步。雪人说：别怕，我叫阿白，是你把我堆出来的。朵朵问：雪人真的会说话吗？阿白说：平常的雪人不会说话。可是你把围巾给了我，我就会说话了。

从那天起，朵朵每天放学都有地方去。她蹲在阿白跟前，讲学校里的事情。说前排的琳琳把头发剪歪了，像个鸟窝，同桌笑个不停。说她数学测验得了一颗红星。还说她上语文课举手回答问题，答错了，全班都笑，她有点难为情。阿白安安静静地听，从来不插嘴。等朵朵讲完，他就说：今天是个好日子。

有一天又下了点小雪，阿白的围巾上落了薄薄一层白。朵朵替他掸掉，问：你会一直待在这儿吗？阿白没有马上回答。

第二天太阳出来了，房顶上的雪开始滴水。朵朵放学出来，看见阿白矮了一大截，红围巾松松地挂在他身上。朵朵眼圈红了：阿白，你在变小！阿白对她笑了笑说：别哭，我不是不见了，我只是回到水里去。明年冬天，雪一落，我就回来。朵朵问：你还记得我吗？阿白说：记得给我围巾的人。

周末，朵朵拿来家里的旧手套，给阿白的两只树枝手套上，又用两颗纽扣给他做了衣服上的扣子。她妈妈站在门口看见她一个人对着雪人又说又笑，问她跟谁说话。朵朵说：跟我最好的朋友。她妈妈笑了笑，没有再问。

那天晚上，朵朵把红围巾搭在枕头边。她想，冬天好短啊，可是明年冬天，也不会太远的。

The Words of Snowman A-Bai

The snow stopped and Duoduo built a snowman in the yard. She rolled a big snowball for the body and a small snowball for the head. She pressed two jujube stones into its face for eyes and stuck a short branch into its side for a hand. The cold made her nose tip turn red. She unwound the red scarf from her own neck, wrapped it around the neck of the snowman twice, patted its head and said: now you will not be cold.

Just then the snowman opened its mouth: thank you, I am not cold at all. Duoduo stepped back in surprise. The snowman said: do not be afraid, my name is A-Bai, and you made me. Duoduo asked: can snowmen really talk. A-Bai said: ordinary snowmen

cannot talk. But you gave me your scarf, so I can talk.

From that day on, Duoduo had somewhere to go every day after school. She squatted in front of A-Bai and told him about school. Lin Lin in the front row cut her hair crooked and it looked like a bird nest, and the whole desk laughed. She got a red star on her math test. She raised her hand in Chinese class and answered a question but got it wrong, and the whole class laughed, and she felt shy about it. A-Bai listened quietly and never interrupted. When she finished, he said: today was a good day.

One day a little snow fell again, and a thin white layer lay on the scarf of A-Bai. Duoduo brushed it off and asked: will you stay here forever. A-Bai did not answer right away.

The next morning the sun came out, and the snow on the roof began to drip. When Duoduo came out after school, A-Bai had grown much shorter, and the red scarf hung loose on him. Her eyes turned red. She said: A-Bai, you are getting smaller. A-Bai smiled at her and said: do not cry. I am not disappearing, I am only going back into water. Next winter, when the snow falls, I will come back. Duoduo asked: will you still remember me. A-Bai said: I remember the one who gave me a scarf.

On the weekend Duoduo brought out the old gloves at home and put them on the two branch hands of A-Bai, and used two buttons to make the buttons on his coat. Her mother stood at the door and saw her talking and laughing at the snowman alone, and asked her who she was talking to. Duoduo said: with my best friend. Her mother smiled and did not ask again.

That night Duoduo put the red scarf beside her pillow. She thought that winter is so short, but next winter will not be far away.

我是一个雪人

我睁开眼睛的时候，院子里白茫茫的，什么都还没有。一个小男孩蹲下来，抓起一把雪，捏成一个球，在雪地里滚来滚去。他滚了一个大雪球，又滚了一个小雪球，把小雪球安在大雪球上面。他给我按上两颗石子当眼睛，插上一根小树枝当鼻子。他退后两步看了看，摇摇头，又把我歪掉的鼻子扶正。

然后他解下自己的蓝围巾，一圈一圈围在我脖子上，打了个结。他说：这是我奶奶给我织的，分你一半。从那一刻起，我知道了我是谁。我是一个雪人。

我不会说话。雪人都不会说话。可是我会微笑，我的微笑是用一小段弯弯的树枝做的，挂在脸上。小男孩叫小满。他每天放学都跑到院子里来，蹲在我跟前说话。他说班里的胖墩抢了他的

橡皮，他气得想哭，可是没哭。他说他怕黑，睡觉要开着门。他说他长大想当船长，去很远的地方。他说这些的时候，我就微笑着听。他摸了摸我的围巾说：你总是笑，你是不是什么都懂。

我当然懂。我懂他把手套捂在胸口焐热了才去堆第二个小雪人，那是给他妹妹的。我懂他说话的时候眼睛看着我的石子眼睛，从来不看别处。我还懂，我的日子不多。

因为太阳一天比一天暖。我的身子开始往下掉雪粒，鼻子那根树枝越来越斜。小满发现了，站在跟前不说话。我对他微笑着，让他别难过。我想告诉他：雪人不会不见，雪人只是变成水，渗进土里，等下一个冬天再回来。可是我不会说话，我只能微笑。

化掉的那天早上，小满在院子里发现我只剩下一小堆雪，蓝围巾摊在地上。他蹲下来哭了。他不知道，我在他脚边变成了一条细细的小溪，叮叮咚咚地往院子外面流去。我流过的地方，草根喝到了水。

等到明年冬天下雪，小满再堆一个雪人，再围一条围巾。到那时候，我还是会弯着树枝，对他微笑。

I Am a Snowman

When I opened my eyes, the yard was all white and nothing was there yet. A little boy squatted down, grabbed a handful of snow, rolled it into a ball and rolled it back and forth on the ground. He rolled a big snowball, then a small snowball, and put the small one on top of the big one. He pressed two pebbles in for my eyes and stuck a small branch on for my nose. He stepped back, looked, shook his head, and straightened my crooked nose.

Then he unwound his blue scarf and wrapped it around my neck round after round, and tied a knot. He said: my grandma knitted this for me, I share half with you. From that moment I knew who I was. I am a snowman.

I cannot talk. No snowman can talk. But I can smile, and my smile is made of a small curved branch hung on my face. The boy is called Xiao-Man. Every day after school he runs out to the yard, squats in front of me and talks. He says the chubby boy in his class took his eraser and he was so angry he wanted to cry, but he did not. He says he is afraid of the dark and sleeps with the door open. He says he wants to be a captain when he grows up and go to faraway places. While he says these things, I listen with my smile. He touches my scarf and says: you always smile, do you understand everything.

Of course I understand. I understand that he warms his gloves against his chest before building a second small snowman for his little sister. I understand that when he talks, his eyes look into my pebble eyes and never elsewhere. I also understand that I do not have many days left.

Because the sun grows warmer day by day. My body begins to drop snow grains, and my branch nose tilts more and more. Xiao-Man noticed it and stood in front of me without speaking. I smiled at him to tell him not to be sad. I wanted to tell him: a snowman never disappears, a snowman only turns into water, soaks into the soil, and waits for the next winter to come back. But I cannot talk, so I can only smile.

The morning I melted away, Xiao-Man found only a small pile of snow left in the yard, with the blue scarf spread on the ground. He squatted and cried. He did not know that I had become a thin little stream at his feet, bubbling as it flowed out of the yard. Where I flowed, the grass roots drank water.

Next winter when it snows again, Xiao-Man will build another snowman and wrap another scarf around it. And I will still bend my little branch and smile at him.

操场中间的雪人

那天早读课还没上完，雪就停了。窗外的操场白得像一张新纸。林老师抬起头看了看，说：走，去堆雪人。全班一下子站起来了。

大家分头滚雪球。个子高的男生滚身子，滚了一个比课桌还大的雪球。女生们滚脑袋，滚了一个大西瓜那么圆的。胆小的同学怕雪球砸到，抱着雪球跑，一路掉雪。有人负责找东西：两颗煤球当眼睛，一根胡萝卜当鼻子，几根树枝当手。雪人站在操场中间的时候，全班又跳又叫。

可是雪人没有围巾，脖子那里光秃秃的。林老师站了一会儿，把自己的灰围巾解下来，踮起脚给雪人围上。她说：今天老师不冷。围巾绕上去的时候，有个男生把一段铁丝弯成弯弯的弧度，按在雪人脸上当嘴巴。谁也没教他，他就是觉得，雪人应该笑。

从那天起，雪人成了全班的朋友。下课铃一响，孩子们就往操场跑，绕着雪人转圈。有人给他扑雪，有人跟他说悄悄话。有个女孩每天带一把小扫帚，扫掉围巾上的雪。有个男孩跟雪人比赛谁站得久，他自己站了三分钟就跑了，雪人一整天都在。

雪人当然不会说话，也不会动。可每个孩子都觉得他在微笑。那截弯弯的铁丝嘴角，看谁都一样。

天气转暖的那几天，雪人一天比一天矮。没有人组织，课间去看雪人的孩子反而越来越多。最后一天，雪人只剩下一堆雪，围巾摊在上面，煤球眼睛滚落在一边。大家围站着，有点安静。林老师说：明年冬天，我们再堆一个。那个弯嘴角的男生说：那还是他。大家都点头。

放学的时候，操场空了。那堆雪在慢慢变小，可是它站过的地方，雪地上留下一圈被孩子们踩出来的脚印，一圈一圈，像雪人笑出来的皱纹。

The Snowman in the Middle of the Playground

The morning reading class had not ended when the snow stopped. The playground outside the window was as white as a fresh sheet of paper. Teacher Lin looked up, looked out, and said: let us go build a snowman. The whole class stood up at once.

Everyone rolled snowballs by themselves. The tall boys rolled the body, bigger than a desk. The girls rolled the head, round as a big watermelon. The timid ones were afraid of being hit and ran while hugging their snowballs, dropping snow all the way. Others went looking for parts: two pieces of coal for eyes, a carrot for a nose, some branches for hands. When the snowman stood in the middle of the playground, the whole class jumped and shouted.

But the snowman had no scarf, and his neck was bare. Teacher Lin stood for a moment, unwound her own gray scarf, rose on her toes and wrapped it around the snowman. She said: your teacher is not cold today. As the scarf went on, one boy bent a piece of wire into a curve and pressed it onto the snowman face as a mouth. Nobody taught him. He simply felt that a snowman should smile.

From that day the snowman became the friend of the whole class. When the bell rang for the break, children ran to the playground and circled around him. Some patted snow onto him, some whispered to him. A girl brought a small broom every day to sweep the snow off the scarf. A boy had a contest with the snowman to see who could stand still longer. He gave up after three minutes, while the snowman stood there the whole day.

Of course the snowman could not talk or move. Yet every child felt that he was smiling. That curved wire mouth looked the same at everyone.

On the warming days, the snowman grew shorter day by day. Nobody organized it, yet more and more children went to see him during the breaks. On the last day, only a pile of snow was left, the scarf spread over it, the coal eyes rolled off to one side. Everyone stood around, a little quiet. Teacher Lin said: next winter we will build another one. The boy who made the curved mouth said: it will still be him. Everyone nodded.

At the end of school the playground was empty. The pile of snow was shrinking, but where it had stood, the ground kept rings of footprints pressed by the children, ring after ring, like the laugh lines of a smile.