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.