雪中上学路

今天早上我一开门，世界就变成了一块撒了糖粉的蛋糕。对面车棚的顶全白了，院子里的槐树枝头压着雪，压得低低的，像是也怕冷。

爸爸要骑电动车送我到校门口，我没同意。我都四年级了，下雪天要自己走。妈妈把我的围巾绕到只露出眼睛，在后面三步远的地方喊：慢点，慢点。

人行道上的雪只有薄薄一层，被人踩过的地方化成了雪水，又冻成一层薄冰。井盖特别亮，像一面面镜子扣在马路上。斑马线更危险，红色的漆面蒙着冰，滑溜溜平展展。我学着电视里滑冰的样子往前出溜，脚刚飞出去，身后就落下来一个严厉的声音：不许滑。我回头，妈妈的眉毛上已经落着雪了。

最险的是校门口那段斜坡。斜坡冻成了一整块冰，好几个孩子走在上面像企鹅，横着挪。我踩上斜坡，脚底一歪，书包从肩膀上滑下来，两只手不由自主地张开——就在这时，后面有人一把拽住了我的书包带，一只手扶住了我的胳膊。是我们班的王小武。

他说，这段坡最滑，他去年就在这儿摔过，摔了个屁股墩儿。他要替我背书包，我说不用，自己的书包自己背。他说那咱们背贴着背走，谁摔了另一个能顶住。于是我们俩就像两只企鹅，一步、一步，挪到了坡顶。

校门口，值日老师站在雪里，提醒大家走慢点，别跑。雪落在她的帽子上，她也不掸。我想，她天天站在这儿，今天地上更滑，她站得更辛苦。

一进教室门，我就摘了帽子抖雪。哗啦一下，雪花飞起来一团，前排的女生打了个喷嚏。同桌递给我纸巾，我掸掸肩膀，又落下几片雪，落在地上，化成一个个小水点。

早读开始了，大家读书的声音特别亮。我的手还是红的，贴在脸颊上，又凉又烫，分不清。我又想起坡上那一下，想起那只拽住书包带的手。要是没有它，我的屁股墩儿就要跟地上的冰作个伴了。

下雪的上学路真滑。可是我回到座位上，又觉得它挺暖。窗外雪还在下，教室里的热牛奶很香。

The Snowy Walk to School

This morning when I opened the door, the world had become a cake dusted with powdered sugar. The roof of the shed across from our building was all white, and the branches of the locust tree in the yard were loaded with snow, hanging low, as if they too were afraid of the cold.

My father wanted to take me to the school gate on the electric bike, but I did not agree. I am already in fourth grade; on a snowy day I must walk by myself. My mother wrapped my scarf until only my eyes were left, and called from three steps behind: walk slowly, walk slowly.

The snow on the sidewalk was only a thin layer. The parts people had walked on melted into slush and froze again into a thin sheet of ice. The manhole covers were especially shiny, like mirrors laid on the road. The zebra crossing was more dangerous still, its red paint covered with ice, smooth and flat. I tried to imitate the skaters on television and slide forward, my feet barely flying out, when a stern voice fell on my back: do not slide. I turned around, and snow had already landed on my mother's brows.

The most dangerous place was the slope in front of the school gate. The slope had frozen into a whole sheet of ice, and several children walked on it like penguins, moving sideways. I stepped onto the slope, my feet slid out, my schoolbag slipped off my shoulder, and both my hands flew open by themselves. Just then, someone behind grabbed my schoolbag strap hard, and a hand supported my arm. It was my classmate Wang Xiaowu.

He said: this slope is the most slippery; I fell here last year too, a good hard fall on my tailbone. He tried to carry my schoolbag for me. I said no, my own bag I can carry myself. He said: then walk with our backs close to each other, so if one falls the other can hold. So the two of us walked penguin-style, one step after another, all the way to the top of the slope.

At the school gate, the teacher on duty stood in the snow, reminding everyone: walk slowly, do not run. The snow kept landing on her hat, and she did not brush it off. I thought: she stands here every day, and today the ground is even more slippery, so she has it even harder.

The moment I entered the classroom, I took off my hat and shook the snow off. Whoosh, a cloud of snow flew up, and the girl in the front row sneezed. My deskmate handed me a tissue, and I brushed the snow off my shoulders. A few more snowflakes fell onto the floor and melted into small dots of water.

Reading aloud began, and everyone's voices rang very bright. My hands were still red. I pressed them against my cheeks, cold and hot mixed together, hard to tell apart. I thought again of that moment on the slope, and of the hand that had grabbed my schoolbag strap. If that hand had not been there, my tailbone would have kept company with the ice on the ground.

The snowy walk to school is really slippery. But walking back to my seat, I also felt it was warm. Outside the window the snow kept falling, and the hot milk inside the classroom smelled wonderful.