雪停了，我们扫雪去：一篇300字下水日记和它的劳动乐趣

先读一篇二三年级孩子口吻的日记，题目叫《雪停了，我们扫雪去》，三百字左右。读完再看它的劳动乐趣写在哪儿。

十一月十八日，星期六，晴。雪昨晚上停了，今天早上院子里全白了，只有邻居家狗的一行脚印。

早饭以后，爸爸从柴房拿出两把铁锹。一把比我高，我搬不动。爸爸把小的那把给了我，其实是一把破煤铲，可我比喜欢大铁锹还喜欢它。

我们分了工：爸爸扫车道，妈妈扫台阶前面，我的任务是把散雪推到院子角上。爸爸的铁锹碰到石头，当啷一声，声音一直响到房顶上。

到中午，院子角上长出一座大雪堆。我把雪堆顶上拍平，坐了一个小雪人，雪人脑袋只有我拳头大。扫完雪，雪人站在干净地的边上，像替我们看着路。

妈妈喊我们吃饭，我的手冰得拿不住筷子，可是饿得很，吃了两碗。

这篇日记没有写「劳动光荣」，也没有写「虽然累但很开心」，劳动的乐趣却全在里面。

乐趣首先在工具上：比我高搬不动的铁锹，和那把我更喜欢它的破煤铲。孩子的劳动快乐，从有自己的工具开始。这一句是孩子的真话，大人写不出来。

乐趣也在分工里：爸爸管车道，妈妈管台阶前，我管把散雪推到角上。活儿不大，但有一块是归我的。孩子记住一次劳动，不是因为干得多，是因为有自己的一份。

乐趣最后在雪堆上：院子角上的雪山，雪山顶上的小雪人。扫走的雪没有消失，它换了个样子站在院子角上，还变成了玩具。这是扫雪劳动里最神奇的一件事，孩子自己会发现。

还有一处值得学：铁锹碰到石头那一声当啷。劳动的声音比劳动的动作更真。孩子写劳动常常只写手，忘了耳朵。

日记的格式也顺便说一下：第一行写日期、星期、天气，正文接着写事。二到四年级的日记不需要「通过这件事我明白了」那一段。把事写出来，明白就在里面。

让孩子借这篇的骨架：雪停了院子什么样、我的工具是什么、谁管哪一块、雪堆最后变成了什么。四步走完，三百字的日记自己就满了，不用大人帮一句。

The Snow Stopped, Let's Go Shovel: A 300-Word Model Diary and Where Its Joy of Work Lives

First read a diary entry written in the voice of a second or third grader, titled The Snow Stopped, Let's Go Shovel, about three hundred words long in its original Chinese. After reading it, we will look at where its joy of work was placed.

Here is the diary. November eighteenth, Saturday, sunny. The snow stopped last night, and this morning the whole yard was white, with only one line of footprints from the neighbor's dog. After breakfast, Dad brought two shovels out of the woodshed. One was taller than me and I could not lift it. Dad gave me the smaller one, which was really a broken coal scoop, but I liked it more than the big shovel. We divided the work: Dad took the driveway, Mom took the area in front of the steps, and my job was to push the scattered snow into the corner of the yard. When Dad's shovel hit a stone, it rang clang, and the sound seemed to reach all the way up to the roof. By noon, the corner of the yard had grown into a big snow mountain. I patted its top flat and sat a small snowman on it; the snowman's head was only as big as my fist. When we finished, the snowman stood at the edge of the clean ground, as if it were watching the road for us. Mom called us in to eat. My hands were so cold they could not hold the chopsticks, but I was so hungry that I ate two bowls.

This diary never says labor is glorious and never says tired but happy, yet the whole joy of the work is inside it.

The joy begins with the tools: the shovel taller than me that I cannot lift, and the broken coal scoop I actually prefer. A child's pleasure in working starts with having a tool of one's own. This sentence is a child's true feeling, and an adult could not invent it.

The joy continues in the division of labor: Dad takes the driveway, Mom takes the front of the steps, and I take the job of pushing loose snow into the corner. The job is small, but one piece of the yard belongs to me. A child remembers a day of work not because of how much was done, but because there was a share that was his.

The joy ends at the snow pile: the snow mountain in the corner and the small snowman on its top. The shoveled snow did not disappear; it changed shape and now stands in the corner, and it even turned into a toy. This is the most magical fact about shoveling snow, and children discover it by themselves.

One more detail is worth learning: the clang of the shovel hitting a stone. The sound of work is truer than the description of work. When children write about working, they usually write only their hands and forget their ears.

A word about diary format, since this is a diary: the first line carries the date, the day of the week, and the weather, and the body simply goes on with what happened. For grades two to four, a diary does not need a final paragraph beginning from this I learned. Write the events, and the learning is inside them.

Let children borrow the skeleton of this entry: what the yard looked like after the snow stopped, what my tool was, who took which area, and what the snow pile finally became. Walk these four steps and a three hundred word diary fills itself up

without any adult help.