大雪替我挡了一劫

十二月九号，星期三，雪大得像倒。

说实话，今天早上我是踩着雪点去窗户边的。昨天放学我一路都在算今天：第一节课数学，单元测验，应用题占四十分。我昨晚把三道典型题做到十点半，还是没吃透，速度和时间总是对不上。我妈说我是平常不烧香，临时抱佛脚。佛脚没抱热，今天就要上刑场了。

结果一拉开窗帘，我愣住了。外面白得跟发了洪水一样，雪片子一片一片横着飞，楼下的车全成了白面包。我的心跳得比眼睛还快，手攥着窗帘角不敢动，心里有个声音小小的、不敢大声地说：停了吧？要不今天停了吧？说完我自己都脸红——盼停课这种事，传出去我还做不做人了。

七点二十，班级群炸了：暴雪预警，今日停课，测验顺延。我盯着那行字，在床上蹦了三下，又怕被妈妈听见，把脸埋在枕头里笑。早饭我吃得飞快，妈妈纳闷，说我今天包子怎么吃了三个。我哪敢说实话——我盼的雪，替我挡了一劫。

可停课不等于放假。班主任在群里发了自学安排：完成数学练习册两页，复习应用题，下午两点群里随机抽人讲题。我看到随机抽人四个字，刚才的得意漏了一半气。躲得过测验，躲不过抽人。下午两点，我的手机放在桌上，像放了一颗定时炸弹。

没办法，学吧。我把练习册摊开，应用题一道一道重做。做到第三道，忽然有点不对——昨晚死活绕不过去的那个弯，今天自己通了：设未知数的时候别设问的东西，设中间量，方程一下就顺了。我愣了半天，又往后做了两道，全对。原来不是题难，是我昨晚太慌，慌得脑子不转。

下午两点，老师抽了四个学号，没抽到我。我在群里听别人讲题，讲得磕磕巴巴的，我心想这题我会，我在心里跟着讲了一遍，讲得比谁都顺。

傍晚雪小了些。我在阳台上收了半天衣服，雪水把袖子洇湿了一截。说实话，今天这场大雪替我挡了一劫，可真正把我从应用题坑里拽出来的，不是雪，是下午那两小时。躲掉的测验还会来，顺延只是多给我几天。今晚我把错题本上应用题那一页重新抄了一遍，抄完在页脚写了四个字：下次不慌。

明天不知道还下不下雪。下也好，不下也好，测验反正跑不了。不过我现在不怕它了——连大雪都帮过我了，我总得给它争点气。

The Snowstorm That Saved Me

December 9th, Wednesday, the snow fell as if someone were pouring the sky out.

To be honest, this morning I went to the window on tiptoe, stepping on the tips of my toes. After school yesterday I kept counting the day ahead all the way home: first period math, unit test, word problems worth forty points. Last night I worked on three typical problems until ten thirty and still could not master them; speed and time never matched up. My mother says I never burn incense on ordinary days and only grab the Buddha by the feet at the last moment. The Buddha feet never got warm, and

today was the execution ground.

Then I pulled open the curtain and froze. Outside was white as a flood, snowflakes flying sideways in sheets, every car downstairs turned into a white loaf. My heart ran faster than my eyes. I clutched the corner of the curtain, not daring to move, and a small voice inside me said, quietly, not daring to speak up: cancel it? How about canceling school today? After saying it my face burned by itself. Wishing for a day off, if that got out, would I still have a face to show anyone.

At 7:20 the class group chat exploded: blizzard warning, school canceled today, the test postponed. I stared at that line and bounced three times on the bed, then buried my face in the pillow to keep the laughter from reaching Mother. I ate breakfast at record speed. Mother wondered aloud how I could finish three buns today. I dared not tell the truth. The snow I had wished for had just taken a blow meant for me.

But a canceled school day is not a holiday. Our homeroom teacher posted the self-study plan in the group: finish two pages of the math workbook, review word problems, and at two in the afternoon the teacher would call on random student numbers to explain problems. When I reached the words random calling, half of my triumph leaked out. You can dodge a test but not the roll call. At two in the afternoon my phone sat on the desk like a ticking bomb.

No way out, so I studied. I spread the workbook open and redid the word problems one by one. On the third one, something suddenly shifted. The turn I could not get around last night cleared by itself today: when setting the unknown, do not set what the question asks; set the middle quantity, and the equation straightens out at once. I sat stunned for a while, then did two more behind it, all correct. It was not that the problems were hard. Last night I was too panicked, and panic stopped my brain from turning.

At two in the afternoon the teacher called four student numbers. Mine was not among them. I listened in the group as others explained their problems, stumbling and hesitating, and I thought: I can do this one. I explained it through in my head, and my version ran smoother than anyone.

By evening the snow lightened. I spent half an hour bringing the laundry in on the balcony, and snow water darkened my sleeves. Honestly, today the heavy snow took a blow for me, but what really pulled me out of the hole of word problems was not the snow. It was those two hours in the afternoon. The postponed test will still come; a postponement only lends me a few more days. Tonight I recopied the word-problem page of my mistake notebook, and at the bottom of the page I wrote four characters: next time, no panic.

I do not know if it will snow tomorrow. Snow or no snow, the test cannot run away either way. But I am not afraid of it now. Even the great snowstorm has been on my side. I owe it a good showing.