# 雪后的校园

今天早上我是被白色叫醒的。不是真的叫醒，是一睁眼看见窗帘缝里漏进来的光，白得晃眼。妈妈替我拉开窗帘，外面全白了，屋顶上、车顶上、院里的冬青上，扣着一层厚厚的奶油。

上学路上我就听见心在咚咚跳，因为我知道，操场一定也白了。到了学校一看，哈，果然！操场上的积雪又松又厚，平平展展铺开来，像谁趁夜里给整个操场铺了一张大棉被。平时跑道上的白线全看不见了，篮球架的横梁上蹲着一排雪，树枝上挂着一团一团，风一吹，簌簌地往下掉碎末，落在脖子里凉丝丝的。

早读一下课，全班呼啦啦冲下楼。没有人踩出过路，雪没到脚踝，一脚下去咯吱咯吱响，身后留下一串深浅不一的脚印。我们几个蹲下来滚雪球，先用手攥一个实心的小雪球，在雪地上推着滚，雪球越滚越大，白得发亮，表面粘了一层碎雪，像撒了盐。我和同桌把大雪球架在小雪球上，一个雪人的肚子就鼓起来了。李明跑去花坛边捡了两颗红色的冬青果当眼睛，王小雨解下自己的蓝围巾给它围上，我捡了两根树枝插当胳膊。雪人歪着脑袋站在操场边上，蓝围巾在风里飘，像正要跟我们说话。

正玩得手心发烫，上课铃响了。叮铃铃——那声音在雪地里显得格外清亮。我们回头看了一眼雪人，撒开腿往教学楼跑，鞋底打滑，几个人趔趄着笑成一团。楼梯上全是湿脚印和雪粒子，走廊里全是呼出的白气和叽叽喳喳。

这节课是语文课，可窗户没拉严，一抬眼就能看见操场边上的雪人。它站在太阳底下，身子开始亮晶晶的，像藏了一肚子小星星。我盯着它听了半节课，它替我们在外头站着，我们在教室里坐着，谁也没亏着。

放学时雪化了大半，雪人瘦了一圈，蓝围巾还在。我冲它挥挥手，明天见。雪后的校园，是一年里最好看的一天，也是铃声响得最好听的一天。

# The Campus After the Snow

This morning I was woken up by white. Not really woken - I opened my eyes and saw the light leaking through the gap in the curtains, dazzlingly white. Mom pulled the curtain open for me, and outside was all white: rooftops, car tops, the holly bushes in the yard, all topped with a thick layer of cream.

On the way to school my heart was thumping, because I knew the playground must be white too. When I got there - ha, just as I thought! The snow on the playground was soft and deep, spread out smooth and flat, as if someone had laid a big cotton quilt over the whole playground during the night. The white lines of the running track had vanished; a row of snow crouched on the basketball hoop's crossbar; the tree branches hung with lump after lump of snow, and when the wind blew, crumbs sifted down, landing cool on necks.

The moment morning reading ended, the whole class came pouring downstairs. No one had walked across yet; the snow reached our ankles, crunching with every step, leaving behind strings of footprints deep and shallow. A few of us crouched down to roll snowballs - first squeeze a small solid one with bare hands, then push it across the snow, and it grows bigger and bigger, white and shining, its surface crusted with loose snow as if sprinkled with salt. My deskmate and I set the big ball on top of the small one, and a snowman's belly puffed out. Li Ming ran to the flower bed and picked up two red holly berries for eyes, Wang Xiaoyu unwound her blue scarf and tied it around its neck, and I stuck in two twigs for arms. The snowman stood tilted at the edge of the playground, its blue scarf fluttering in the wind, as if about to talk to us.

Just as our palms were burning with fun, the class bell rang - ding-a-ling - and the sound rang clearer than ever in the snow. We glanced back at the snowman and sprinted toward the teaching building, shoes slipping, several of us stumbling into fits of laughter. The staircases were full of wet footprints and snow pellets; the corridors were full of white breath and chatter.

It was Chinese class, but the window wasn't shut tight, and one glance up found the snowman by the playground. It stood in the sun, its body starting to glitter as if hiding a bellyful of little stars. I watched it through half the lesson: it stood out there for us, we sat in here for it, and nobody lost out.

By dismissal most of the snow had melted, the snowman had thinned, but its blue scarf was still there. I waved at it: see you tomorrow. The campus after snow is the prettiest day of the year - and the day the bell sounds the loveliest.

# 一个雪人的自述

我是一场雪留下来的。夜里我落在操场上，本来铺得平平的，谁也没注意我。天一亮，学校的大门开了，我的命运就变了。

先是鞋底。一双双鞋底踩在我身上，咯吱咯吱，把我平整的脸踩出一串坑。有个穿红棉袄的女孩蹲下来，把我身上的一块雪攥成拳头大的圆球，滚了一圈又一圈。我眼看着那个圆球越长越胖，白得发亮，滚到我旁边时已经像个西瓜。接着第二个、第三个雪球也滚起来了。有人把最大的那个摞起来，我的肚子就成了；又有一个稍小的摞在肚子上，那是我的脑袋。一个男孩用两根小树枝在我身侧一插，我就有了胳膊；一个女孩把她自己的旧围巾解下来，绕在我脖子上，打了个结。她拍拍手说：这下你不冷了。其实我本来不冷，可是听见这句话，心里热了一下。

我的眼睛是两颗红色的冬青果，鼻子不知是谁按上去的一小截橘皮。我站直了，第一次看清这所雪后的学校：操场白得晃眼，跑道边上的铁栏杆顶着一溜雪，像排着队；梧桐树的枝丫上挂

着一团一团的白，远处教学楼的屋顶像刚出炉撒了糖霜。真好看。我心想，难怪他们把我堆在这里，让我看这个。

孩子们围着我跳，给我起名字，这个喊我大白，那个喊我校长。正热闹，铃声响了，叮铃铃，清亮得很。他们呼啦一下跑了，鞋底在我身上踩出最后一片乱糟糟的印子，然后操场安静下来，只剩我。

我替他们守着操场。太阳出来了，把我照得浑身亮晶晶，每一粒雪都在闪光。风来了，把我肩膀上的雪吹掉一小片。我有点想化，可我不着急。我听见教学楼里传来读书声，一句一句，整整齐齐；下课铃一响，窗户里探出几十张脸，冲我挥手。

我知道我站不了几天。化了不要紧，我会变成水，渗进操场边冬青的根里。明年冬天，雪再落下来的时候，说不定还有一双手把我滚圆，再围一条围巾。到那时候我会说：我认识这所学校，我听过他们的读书声。

# Confessions of a Snowman

I am something a snowfall left behind. At night I fell onto the playground and lay spread out flat, unnoticed by anyone. When day broke and the school gate opened, my fate changed.

First came the shoe soles. Sole after sole stepped across me, crunching, dapping my smooth face full of pits. A girl in a red padded jacket crouched down, scooped a fist-sized ball from my body, and rolled it round and round. I watched that ball grow fatter and fatter, white and gleaming; by the time it rolled up beside me it was the size of a watermelon. Then a second ball, a third. Someone stacked the biggest one up - that became my belly; a slightly smaller one went on top, and that was my head. A boy stuck two little twigs at my sides, and I had arms; a girl unwound her own old scarf, wound it around my neck and tied a knot. She clapped her hands and said: now you won't be cold. I wasn't cold to begin with, but hearing that, something inside me warmed.

My eyes are two red holly berries, and my nose is a little piece of tangerine peel someone pressed on me. Standing straight, I saw this snowy school clearly for the first time: the playground white and dazzling; the iron railing by the track wearing a ridge of snow along its top, like a row standing in line; the plane tree branches hung with lump after lump of white; the roof of the school building in the distance dusted with sugar frost, as if just out of the oven. Truly beautiful, I thought - no wonder they built me here and let me watch this.

The children danced around me and gave me names: one shouted Big White, another called me Principal. Just as things got lively, the bell rang, ding-ling-ling, clear

and bright. They ran off in a whoosh; their soles stamped one last mess of prints across me, and then the playground went quiet, with only me left.

I keep watch over the playground for them. The sun came out and made me glitter all over, every grain of snow shining. The wind came and blew a small patch off my shoulder. I half wanted to melt, but I am in no hurry. From the school building I hear them reading aloud, line by line, neat and steady; when the break bell rings, dozens of faces pop out of the windows and wave at me.

I know I cannot stand here for many days. It does not matter if I melt - I will turn into water and seep down into the roots of the holly by the playground. Next winter, when the snow falls again, maybe a pair of hands will roll me round once more and tie on another scarf. By then I will say: I know this school. I have listened to them reading aloud.

# 栏杆边的雪人

那天早上我到学校早，轮到我值日，就站在操场边的铁栏杆旁边。雪是夜里停的，整个操场铺了一层厚厚的白雪，平平展展，白得让人不敢踩。栏杆顶上积了一道雪棱，我伸手弹了一下，雪末簌簌落下来，亮晶晶的，落在我的袖口上。

第二节课下课，三年级的一群小孩从教学楼里跑出来。他们个子小，棉袄有红的、蓝的、鹅黄的，一脚踩进雪里，雪没到脚脖子，身后留下一串深深浅浅的脚印，像地里种了一排小萝卜。领头的高个生喊：滚大的在这儿，滚小的在那儿！矮一点的孩子推不动大雪球，就两个人一起推，手套湿了也不管，鼻尖冻得通红，哈出的白气一团一团的。

我隔着栏杆看。有个雪球骨碌碌滚到我脚边，一个圆脸的小姑娘跑过来捡，抬头看见我，吐吐舌头说对不起，又补一句：学姐，你不跟我们玩吗？我说我值日呢，你们堆你们的。她哦了一声，转身跑回去，跑起来围巾在脑后飞。

雪人是在太阳底下成形的：肚子圆，脑袋也圆，眼睛是两颗红冬青果，脖子上围着一条蓝围巾，围巾角在风里一飘一飘。不知谁把一根扫帚枝插进它手里，像拿着一把旗。孩子们排成一排跟它合影，喊一二三，声音在雪地里传得很远。正闹着，上课铃响了，叮铃铃。他们一个接一个往楼里跑，鞋底在雪上打滑，笑声一路撒。圆脸姑娘跑到楼梯口又回头，冲雪人用力挥手：放学再来看你啊！

操场一下子静下来。雪人站在操场边上，栏杆顶上的雪被太阳照得亮晶晶，教学楼里传出读书声，一句一句。我值完日回到座位，翻开语文书，忽然想起我上三年级那年，也在这块操场上堆过一个歪脑袋的雪人。等这批三年级的孩子长大了、轮到站在栏杆边值日的时候，他们看见雪，大概也会想起今天这个围着蓝围巾的雪人吧。

# The Snowman by the Railing

That morning I got to school early; it was my turn on duty, so I stood by the iron railing at the edge of the playground. The snow had stopped during the night, and the whole playground was covered with a thick layer of white, spread out flat and smooth, too white to dare step on. A ridge of snow had piled along the top of the railing; I flicked it with my finger and the snow sifted down, glittering, onto my sleeve.

After the second period, a crowd of third-graders came running out of the building. They were small, in red, blue and goose-yellow padded jackets; one step sank them to the ankle, leaving a trail of deep and shallow footprints behind, like a row of little radishes planted in the ground. The tall one in front shouted: roll the big one here, the small one over there! The shorter kids couldn't push a big snowball alone, so two of them pushed together, mittens soaked, not caring, noses red with cold, puffs of white breath clustering around their faces.

I watched from beyond the railing. A snowball rolled all the way to my feet; a round-faced little girl came running to pick it up, looked up and saw me, stuck out her tongue and said sorry, then added: Senior, aren't you coming to play with us? I said I'm on duty, you go build yours. She said oh, turned and ran back, her scarf flying behind her.

The snowman took shape under the sun: round belly, round head, two red holly berries for eyes, a blue scarf around its neck with the ends fluttering in the wind. Someone stuck a broom twig into its hand, as if it were holding a flag. The children lined up for a photo with it, shouting one-two-three, their voices carrying far across the snow. In the middle of the noise the class bell rang, ding-ling-ling. One after another they ran back inside, soles slipping on the snow, laughter scattered all along the way. At the stairway the round-faced girl turned back and waved hard at the snowman: we'll come see you after school!

The playground went still all at once. The snowman stood at the edge, the snow on the railing glittering in the sun, and reading voices came out of the building, line by line. When my duty ended I went back to my seat, opened the Chinese textbook, and suddenly remembered that in my own third-grade year I had built a crooked-headed snowman on this same playground. When these third-graders grow up and take their turn standing by the railing on duty, they will probably see snow and remember this snowman in its blue scarf.