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.