

冬天最令我期待的并非是春节,而是能伫立在窗前,静静看一场雪。

在我固有的印象里,雪和雨本是同根,秉性却千差万别。一场暴雨敢叫天地变色,日月无光,而一场大雪却使残垣破瓦化身雕栏玉砌,浮华褪去返璞归真。每一片雪花都以独有的姿态,踏着简单的舞步旋舞而来。她们的韶华极短,从云端跌落红尘,不过短暂的几分钟,就化作温柔的泪滴与鸟息,滋润某一个角落,洗落几星尘埃,仿佛折翼的青岛,却不留一片花羽在风里。可是,她们是别有根芽的雪花,而非顾影自怜的水仙,所以,一路飞舞中,不言愁绪,不必悲泣,仿佛天鹅绒携了一个安祥的梦,送给钟灵毓秀的人间。

倚窗望雪时,心才完完全全平静下来,静到能清晰地听到自己心的呼唤。

我一直是这样想的,直到今年的正月初九。

母亲的假期已尽,初九是回甘肃上班的最后期限。奈何那一天,甘陕交界骤降大雪,公路冰封,高速能否开通尚是未知数,扯棉絮一样的暴雪给我的心笼上了白色恐怖的氛围。双亲的眉头拧成“川”字,母亲的犹豫终抵不过电话那头领导掷地有声的命令。母亲咬咬牙上了车,有那么一瞬间,透过蒙着雾霜的车窗,我看不清母亲是否在对她微笑,暗沉沉的云淤积在头顶,仿佛万物都即将哑匿。离别的悲感和惶恐在那一刹那被无限放大,一个冰冷的念头不知何时被塞进我的脑子里:如果这是我最后一次见到母亲呢?仿佛一块生冷的铁堵住我的喉管,整个下午都让我像将要窒息般恐惧,我死盯着西安上空飘落的雪,却再也无法平静下来——它们无声无息,却轻易地攥着母亲的命运,我的命运,还有千千万万个家庭的命运,多么令人生畏的力量!

原来,我对雪的珍视竟然那样浅薄。我在温暖的炉火边赞美它的丰姿,不曾想或许还有穷人缩在世界的一角饱受苦寒;我戴着价格不菲的手套打雪仗,堆雪人,没想到可能还有可怜的孩子正缺一双御寒的棉鞋,我在家人团聚的时刻讴歌红灯下雪的璀璨,不知道还有羁旅的游子面对雪路的难行忧心烈烈,远方的亲朋对着归来路望眼欲穿。

我们还有多少肤浅需要破解,多少“事不关己,高高挂起”的心思需要丢弃,我带着这些疑惑,步步行走在成长的轨迹。

的大哥——大牛。话说,每次牛郎织女相见,牛郎总会带回来一些珍奇给他。如今,牛郎上天好长时间都不见回来,而牛郎临走前答应给他带回一辆飞车的。没办法,大牛只好披上牛郎送给他的半张牛皮上天去看一看。

去天上这一路上,空中的水汽莫名其妙

牛郎织女新说

高2015届27班 耿越

的增加了许多。而恢弘的南天门也倒塌了下来,一片狼藉。大牛小心翼翼的走着,终于,到了银河一岸。奇怪的是,银河中一片干涸。大牛喊着:牛郎,牛郎,我的车,我的车。但他能听到的,只是撞到断壁残垣上折回来的回声。大牛只好沿着银河岸边走着。大牛养尊处优,就连一分钟的路程都要坐车,这一回走下来,惹的他十分难受。早上刚吃过的

湮没的岁月

高2015届27班 赵晓玲

就这样,不疾,不徐,不轻,不重,不思,不想,不惊,不作,像翡冷翠的一夜,像淅淅沥沥的冷雨;每一个字符就这样震颤着我,感动着我,融化着我。把心化成雪一般无滓的洁白,化成上善若水的柔软。心,一阵阵悸动;泪,一滴滴下流;情,一片片蔓延。或许是为了飘散在风中的人性中的至善;或许是为了隐匿在大山中的无欲无利的真爱;或许是为了倒映在水底的天然无雕饰的皎美的容颜。只觉得自己像被抽空了一般,再没有名利的羁绊,再没有假装的坚强,再没有软弱的屈服,这种感觉好久都没有过了。

A Little Incident

高2015届27班 张许瑞

I spent my primary school life by travelling back and forth between Lintong County and Xi'an city. I usually spent my weekends with my grandma and my little cousin in Xi'an while I studied in my hometown, Lintong. Thus, I had to spend at least 4 hours per week on the bus.

Once on a cold winter morning, I was alone on the bus back home. Everyone on the street walked in a hurry and it seemed that they cared nothing about this world. It was so early that I was still sleepy. There was an uncle sitting next to me, who looked very kind and had a farmer's look. It was so cold that there were some pieces of ice on the window and I felt I was in the Winter Wonderland.

Gradually, I felt the sleepy feeling hit me and I could hardly open my eyes, so I decided to have a rest. I even missed my lovely bed. "Only a few minutes will be OK," I murmured to myself, "just sleep for a while."

"Oh no!" When I woke up, I suddenly found my body was leaning on that uncle's left shoulder. I jerked my heads up, feeling embarrassed. However, to my surprise, the uncle was looking at me with a benign look.

I felt sorry because the uncle shouldered my head for almost one and a half hour, and he also put his overcoat on my body so that I did not get cold.

I was touched by his gentle caring, which was as warm as the sunshine. Though it was a cold winter morning with flying snowflakes and biting winds, I felt warm inside my heart because a strange man made me feel like home.

During my primary school life, there happened many things to me. But this little incident must be the most impressive one for me. The power of the warmth is so strong that it still influences me a lot now. Since then, I have been trying my best to help other people whenever and wherever it is possible. Such a little incident has caused such a big effect. It's really amazing. As an old song goes, "As long as everyone can offer some love, the world will become the heaven of love." Wherever we meet women with little kids and the old who cannot stand straight on the bus, then why not give them a seat?—that is easy for us, but pretty necessary for them. Pay less but get more -- I think it's a precious experience for everyone.

In the past 5 years, more and more bad events have hit people. Tainted milk and poison bean sprouts even made people terrified of everything in the world. But why don't we change our view and discover something warm around us? Actually, the world we live in is full of love. What we need is a pair of bright eyes to find love in every corner. This kind of love will also be a great power to construct a harmonious society, and with the accumulation of love, our Chinese Dream will get an earlier realization.

六月,南方正是梅雨季节。空气中似都逸着淡淡的霉味,暧昧不清。密密缠绵的雨丝,不似北方夏季的倾盆大雨般爽落,却却也别有一番风情。路旁人家花架上有大簇蔷薇开得烂熟,不复五月青涩的鲜活,隐隐显出颓败之势但却有十分的成熟韵味。雨滴在蔷薇上,缓缓滑落,似乎不舍,但终也是落下去了。

沈子西走在街上,感受雨丝一点点浸染她的发,抿起唇无声地笑着。六月,又是六月。

六月的味道,在她的记忆里清晰可闻。

那个六月,大株植物迅疾生长,从嫩绿到浅绿再到深绿。树木葱茏,浓浓的荫蔽遮得只能看到稀疏光线从缝隙中射下。沈子西觉得世界都成了绿色的,空气中漂浮着阳光与植物的味道。

懒懒的挪着小步去上学,在心中计算着距离高考的天数。沈子西觉得阳光有点儿让人发晕。她不知道为什么要高考,心里也没有什么明确的目标。只是觉得无聊,没有事情做,所以也就在别人眼里是一个刻苦努力的好学生。

挪到了学校,沈子西站在操场前面发了会儿呆,她看见一群低年级男生在打篮球,汗水浸润了身上的衣衫。她看着他们,觉得真好。再看看自己,脸色苍白,身体羸弱,虽然没有什么疾病,但总是让人感觉弱不禁风。自嘲地笑笑。又羡慕地看了一阵儿,沈子西的脚步开始朝着教学楼挪去。

高三是一座单独的教学楼,里面的气息真压抑啊。无论多晚,也总有教室亮着灯,有人在学习。他们的心里到底是充斥着理想目标,还是虚荣呢?沈子西不知道。她能够知道的只有自己心中充斥的只有荒芜,一望无际。她无味地给大脑强加着各种公式定理模板,没有任何感觉。就好像一个人站在一片荒漠中间,她明明还记得花馥然的香气,树木在夏天随着水分蒸腾的草木味道,她分明还记得。可是在一望无际的荒漠里面她开始怀疑,曾经所见的一切是真或假。可那些现在已经不重要了,不是么?她的身边,毕竟只有荒漠啊。

至于那种遥远的清香,告诉自己从未存在过就可以了,告诉自己世

昨夜宛若风飘絮,旧时吹离曲。

月·秦

秦扫六合,霸业横跨东亚。

“六王毕,四海平;

蜀山兀,阿房出。”

浑浊着浑浊,神秘着神秘,一缕秦时明月

于混沌后显现。

“赵高乱贼指鹿为马,欺君罔上,祸国殃民,不去何以息天下!”

“汝言多矣。”

手起刀落,风刃咬破了夜的唇。

“项羽已过秦巴,直逼咸阳。”

“龙体欠佳,改日再议。”

次日,二世胡亥病死,子婴接位,号秦王,未称皇,只因不知项王何日破咸阳!

手在颤抖,心在颤抖,赵高贼人休矣!子婴想起了歌舞升平,想起了父亲扶苏,想起了自己的流亡生活,想起了又进咸阳的欣喜,他低下头去,哭了,伤心的哭了。

历史的天空充斥着雨水的色彩,润了乌云,伤了明月。谁又说得清,道得明雨水背后是血水?是汗水?亦或是泪水。

棋子未落,大局已定。月隐出了秦。

历史与青春

高2015届27班 耿越

夜·宋

“太祖现在何处?”

“偏殿内批阅奏折。”

“你下去吧!”

宫房内,六颗星天外,那一轮明月已不知隐向何处?一纸空窗,映出刀光斧影。

次日,太祖赵匡胤因病驾崩,赵光义继位,宋史谓之太宗。

历史的天空充斥着迷雾一般的色彩,淡了星辰,隐了日月。谁又说得清,道得明这雾后是清新?或是浑浊?人道是,世事沧桑,几许陈仓。寄情于水,情郁于中。月隐出了宋。

星·明

冷月无声,露出几道愁云。这里是紫禁城中,此时是月至中天,熟睡中的人们不知道在接下来的一个时辰中,大明的国运将由此改变。

“若回来,就做‘人’,若不回,就做鬼。”徐

有贞说。

“回是不回?”朱祁镇问。

“吾皇必济!”

东华门是宫城的大门,阴谋党只要进去,敲响朝拜的晨钟,那么,皇权就会被重新掌握到朱祁镇的手中。

门开了,迎来了一个崭新的明天。暮鼓逝,晨钟起,余音绕梁,荡在耳旁。因为一个土木堡,朱祁镇离开了这里,因为一个徐有贞,他又陷入了紫禁棋局。

历史是一局棋,是一场戏,在这局棋里,每个人都是棋子,在这场戏里,每个人都是演员。这局棋叫烂柯棋,这幕戏叫百年孤独。

历史的天空,看得到,猜得出,却悟不透。因为历史,有谜,有憾,有泪,有血,却无解。一代一代的我们,试图去走赢这场烂柯棋;一世一世的青春,奋力去诠释这场万年戏。但历史总在发展,一个时代不会破译整个历史的密码,却又码整着这一世的编排。

重要的是,历史这片无垠的夜空下,总有璀璨的明星闪烁,总有一代青春的绽放光芒。而我们,就是这片青春。