

Snowfall in Almaty

Liu TingTing

Almaty in February 2025 is being embraced by a heavy snow. When the plane landed at the airport, the world outside the porthole was vast, and the snow on both sides of the runway was like white satin. Walking out of the terminal, the cold air penetrated into the collar of the down jacket in an instant, and the white gas I exhaled dissipated in the wind. Look at the mobile phone Russian address, the fingertips are a little stiff. The taxi passed through the snow-covered streets. The poplar trees on both sides were wrapped in silver, and the snow on the branches shone in the sun, which suddenly reminded me of Mount Tai, which was covered with snow in winter in my hometown Shandong, which was towering and quiet.



The tutor, Professor Gu Linar, is waiting for me at the gate of Kazakhstan State University. She was wrapped in a camel-colored wool coat and a burgundy scarf. When she saw me get out of the car, she quickly walked up. The snowflakes on the scarf fell on my suitcase: "Welcome, Liu. Thank you for your hard work on the road." Her English with a gentle Russian tone, every word is like a heater falling on the palm of your hand. Entering the campus, the snow under your feet creaked, and there were ice flowers on the glass window of the teaching building. Through the ice flowers,

you can see the snow peaks of Alatau Mountain in the distance, looming in the clouds. Professor Gu Linar pointed to the laboratory not far away: "There is enough heating there. Let's put things down first."

As soon as the door of the laboratory was opened, the warm air mixed with a faint smell of coffee came to my face. Be similar Study They stood up and greeted one after another. Aida held a cup of hot cocoa and handed it to me. The girl, who studied for a master's degree in education, curled her eyes into a crescent moon: "Liu We Kazakhs say that hot tea can drive away the cold of winter. She taught me to wrap the scarf around my neck three times, saying that this is the secret of keeping warm on the grassland for a hundred years. "Look, the wind can't get in." The snow outside the window was still falling, and large snowflakes fell like feathers, turning into winding water marks on the glass window.

When Professor Gu Linar took me to familiarize myself with the laboratory, he deliberately pointed to the world map on the wall: "You see, Shandong and Almaty both have a unique charm in the vast land, and it will snow in winter. She drew a line between the two cities with a red pen. "Although the line is long, the snow is just as gentle." She took out a pair of plush gloves from the cabinet and handed them to me: "The winter here is China Leng, put this on. It's knitted by my daughter. She's about the same age as you. There is still a faint smell of wool in the gloves, and the palms gradually warm up when they are put on.

On the first weekend, Aida took me to visit the Bazaar. The bazaar after the snow was particularly lively. Merchants set up windproof canvases in front of the stalls, and the stalls selling hot steamed buns exuded an attractive aroma. Aida took me to shuttle through the crowd and bought me a string of baked buns. The crust was so crispy that it was steaming when I bit it open: "This is Naren steamed buns, with mutton and onions in it. It is the warmest to eat in winter." She pointed to the stalls selling handicrafts in the distance, where there were many tapestries embroidered with sheep horns. "Next month is the Naurus Festival, and the whole city will be bustling." The sun shines through the gap of the snow on the tapestry, and the red silk thread jumps in the light, like a beating flame.

On the eve of Naurus Day, the laboratory's Study They began to put pottery jars on the table. Professor Gulinal brought a large copper tray, which contained seven kinds of grains neatly: wheat, barley, millet, millet, oats, peas and flaxseeds. This is the New Year of the Kazakhs," she explained to me while loading the grain in the pottery jar.

"If you want to cook Naurus porridge, the family will gather together to eat it and pray for a good harvest in the coming year." Timur took out a tablecloth embroidered with horns from his bag and spread it on the table. This silentLiving thingAt this moment, the doctor's eyes flashed: "LiuCome to my house for the holiday tomorrow. My mother's Naurus porridge is the most delicious. The snow outside the window began to fall again, falling on the windowsill and piling up, like a silver rim on the window sill.

In the early morning of Naurus Day, I followed Aida through the snow-covered block. Every household has red silk ribbons hanging in front of their doors, which is particularly bright against the white snow. The children are chasing in the snow in new clothes, holding colorful windmills in their hands. The sound of windmills turning mixed with laughter echoes in the alley. TimUr's wooden house has a faint smell of butter. His mother was busy in the kitchen with a woolen shawl. When she saw us coming in, she brought out steaming Naurus porridge. The porridge in the pottery jar had an amber luster, sprinkled with raisins and almonds. " "Try it," the old man said in Russian, "There are seven kinds of grains in it, representing seven kinds of blessings." When the porridge slipped into the throat, it was warm and sweet. The sunlight outside the window shone in through the glass window with ice flowers, casting fine light spots in the porridge bowl.

After dinner, Timur's father took out the Dongbu pull-up and sang. At the moment when the strings vibrated, I suddenly remembered the erhu pulled by my uncle during the Spring Festival in my hometown. Two completely different musical instruments have the same heart-warming rhythm. Professor Gu Linal beat gently, AidaPulling me to dance the Kazakh dance, my steps were as clumsy as a chick who had just learned to fly, but when I rotated, I saw the smile in everyone's eyes. The gap caused by the lack of language gradually melted in the sound of the piano and laughter.

The first summer of the doctoral career is particularly precious. When the snow on campus melted and the poplar trees pulled out fresh green, my project encountered a bottleneck. Soaked for three consecutive weeksBooksIn the museum, I was at a loss for the Russian literature. One evening, Professor Gu LinarComfort me:"When I was young, I studied for a doctorate in Moscow," she sat opposite me, and the sunset outside the window was falling on her silver hair. "On a time, I couldn't write a thesis for three months. The tutor took me to the Red Square to see the snow, saying that research was like waiting for spring, and I couldn't be in a hurry." She took out a few yellowed notes from her bag, which were her annotations in Russian and Kazakh:

"These may help you. Don't forget that we are all with you." That night, I held those notes. Look afterIn the early morning, the moonlight outside the window sprinkled on the pages of the book, like a layer of silver shine on the words.

In July of Almaty, at the end of the first semester, I can't wait to plan my trip back to China. I came to the airport with my classmates and my Shandong hometown Zeng and Yang. At the moment of take-off, I opened the poetry collection, and the title page jumped in English handwritten by Professor Gu Linal: "Every road we walk side by side will turn into the spring of life." Outside the porthole, the sandbox with the narrowing image of Alam slowly retreated, and the snowy mountains loomed in the clouds. The steam of cooking porridge together, the bright lights of staying up late, and the laughter of enjoying the snow suddenly popped up in my mind, as if it had just happened yesterday.

After returning to China, IOr occasionallyCan cookA fewNaurus porridgeGive your family a taste., put seven kinds of grains according to the recipe in the memory, plus some Shandong dates. Whenever the fragrance of porridge floats all over the kitchen, I always think of the snow in Almaty, the heating in the laboratory, and the people who accompanied me through my doctoral career. The so-called study abroad is never a long-distance journey alone, but a road paved by a group of people with true feelings. Those times spent together have long been like grains in Naurus porridge, which have become the warmest concern over the years.

阿拉木图的降雪

刘亭亭

2025年2月的阿拉木图，被一场大雪温柔拥抱。飞机在机场降落时，舷窗外一片莽苍，跑道两侧的积雪像铺开的白缎。走出航站楼，冷气瞬间钻进羽绒服的领口，我吐出的白雾被风一阵带散。低头看手机上的俄文地址，指尖有些僵硬。出租车穿过被白雪覆盖的街道，两侧的白杨披银挂素，树枝上的积雪在阳光下发亮，忽然让我想起故乡山东冬雪后的泰山，巍峨而静穆。

导师古丽娜尔教授在哈萨克斯坦国立大学门口等我。她裹着一件骆驼色呢大衣，围着酒红色围巾。看到我下车，她快步迎上来，围巾上的雪花落在我的行李箱上：“欢迎你，刘。一路辛苦了。”她的英语带着温柔的俄语腔调，每个字都像一只小暖炉落在手心。走进校园，脚下的积雪咯吱作响，教学楼的玻璃窗上结着冰花。透过冰花，能看见远处阿拉套山的雪峰，在云间若隐若现。古丽娜尔教授

指着不远处的实验室：“那里供暖很足。我们先把东西放下。”

实验室门一开，混合着淡淡咖啡香的暖气扑面而来。同门们起身逐一问候。阿依达端来一杯热可可递给我。这位学教育学硕士的女孩笑眼弯成一弯新月：“刘，我们哈萨克人常说，热茶能驱走冬天的寒意。”她教我把围巾在脖子上绕三圈，说这是草原百年传下的保暖秘诀。“你看，风就进不来了。”窗外的雪还在下，大片的雪花像羽毛一样飘落，在玻璃上化成蜿蜒的水痕。

古丽娜尔教授带我熟悉实验室时，特意指了指墙上的世界地图：“你看，山东和阿拉木图都在这片辽阔大地上各有风致，冬天都会下雪。”她用红笔在两座城市间划了一条线，“虽然这线很长，雪却同样温柔。”她从柜子里拿出一副毛绒手套递给我：“这里的冬天比中国冷，戴上吧。这是我女儿织的，她和你年纪差不多。”手套上还留着淡淡的羊毛气息，戴上后手心渐渐暖了起来。

第一个周末，阿依达带我去逛巴扎。雪后的集市格外热闹，商贩在摊位前支起防风篷布，卖热馒头的摊边飘出诱人香气。阿依达拉着我在人群里穿梭，给我买了一串烤包子。外皮酥脆，一口咬开还冒着热气：“这是纳仁蒸包，里面是羊肉和洋葱。冬天吃最暖和。”她指向远处卖手工艺品的摊位，那里有许多绣着羊角纹样的壁毯。“下个月就是纳乌鲁兹节，整座城都会热闹起来。”阳光从雪缝间照到壁毯上，红色丝线在光里跳动，像跃动的火焰。

临近纳乌鲁兹节前夜，实验室的同学们开始把陶罐摆上桌。古丽娜尔教授端来一个大铜盘，里面整整齐齐放着七种谷物：小麦、大麦、小米、黍、燕麦、豌豆和亚麻籽。“这是哈萨克人的新年。”她一边把谷物装进陶罐一边向我解释，“要煮纳乌鲁兹粥，一家人围坐在一起吃，祈愿来年丰收。”季穆尔从包里掏出一块绣着羊角纹的桌布，铺在桌上。此刻这间安静的屋子里，教授的眼睛一亮：“刘，明天到我家过节吧。我母亲煮的纳乌鲁兹粥最好吃。”窗外的雪又下了起来，落在窗台上越堆越厚，像在窗沿镶了一圈银边。

纳乌鲁兹节清晨，我跟着阿依达穿过覆雪的街区。家家户户门前都挂着红丝带，在白雪映衬下格外醒目。孩子们穿着新衣在雪地里追逐，手里拿着五彩风车。风车旋转的声音夹着笑声，在巷子里回荡。季穆尔家的木屋里隐隐有黄油的香气。他的母亲披着羊毛披肩在厨房忙碌，见我们进来，端出热气腾腾的纳乌鲁兹粥。陶罐里的粥泛着琥珀色光泽，点缀着葡萄干和杏仁。“尝尝吧。”老人用俄语说道，“里面有七种谷物，代表七种祝福。”粥滑过喉咙，温暖又甘甜。窗外的阳光透过带冰花的玻璃照进来，在碗里落下细碎的光点。

饭后，季穆尔的父亲取出冬不拉弹奏。弦音一响，我忽然想起故乡春节时叔叔拉的二胡。两种截然不同的乐器，却有同样暖人的节律。古丽娜尔教授轻轻打着拍子，阿依达拉着我跳起哈萨克舞。我步子笨拙，像刚学会扑棱的雏鸟，但旋

转之间，我看见每个人眼里的笑意。因为语言的隔阂而生的缝隙，渐渐在琴声与笑声里融化。

博士生涯的第一个夏天格外珍贵。校园里的雪融尽，白杨抽出新绿，而我的课题遇到瓶颈。连续三周泡在图书馆，我在俄文文献里无所适从。一天傍晚，古丽娜尔教授安慰我：“我年轻时在莫斯科读博，”她坐在我对面，窗外的夕阳落在她的银发上，“有一次三个月写不出论文，导师就带我去红场看雪，说科研像等春天，急不得。”她从包里拿出几页发黄的笔记，夹杂着俄文和哈萨克文批注：“这些或许能帮到你。别忘了，我们一直在你身边。”那夜，我抱着这些笔记看到了凌晨，窗外的月光洒在书页上，像给字句镀了一层银辉。

七月的阿拉木图，第一学期末，我迫不及待地计划回国之旅。我和同学，以及同样来自山东的曾、杨一起到了机场。起飞的瞬间，我翻开那本诗集，扉页上跳出古丽娜尔教授的英文手写：“Every road we walk side by side will turn into the spring of life.”（我们并肩走过的每一条路，都会化作生命的春天。）舷窗外，渐行渐远的阿拉木图像一幅缩小的沙盘缓缓后退，雪山在云间依稀可见。一起熬粥的蒸腾热气、挑灯夜读的亮光、观雪时的笑声，忽然一起浮现，恍如昨日。

回到中国后，我偶尔也会给家人煮上一锅纳乌鲁兹粥，按记忆里的配方放入七种谷物，再加几枚山东红枣。每当粥香弥漫整个厨房，我总会想起阿拉木图的大雪、实验室的暖气，以及那些陪我走过博士岁月的人。所谓留学，从来不是一个人远行的漫长道路，而是一条被一群真挚之人用情意铺就的路。那些共同度过的时光，早已像纳乌鲁兹粥里的谷粒一样，沉淀为岁月里最温暖的牵念。

（编辑部翻译）

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