

三年级日记范文：今天学会了骑自行车

5月23日 星期六 晴

今天我终于学会了骑自行车，这件事我从一年级盼到了三年级。

那辆车是过六岁生日买的，樱桃红，特别好看。可是我不会骑，它在储藏室角落里放两年，都落灰了。上周末，同学王六二都会骑车上学了，我羡慕得受不了，今天就缠着爸爸教我。

早上，爸爸扶着车后座，我在前面骑。爸爸跟在后面跑，我听见他的喘气声。车把一开始根本不听我的话，左边歪一下，右边歪一下，像一匹没驯服的小野马。我问他：你扶住了吗？爸爸说扶住了。可是等我回头，他站在离我好远的地方，手叉着腰。原来他早就松手了！我吓得一歪，连人带车摔在马路边。

膝盖擦破了一块皮，渗出血珠，火辣辣的。我想哭，可是四五个同学都在看，我就忍住了。王六二跑过来帮我扶车，说别怕别怕，眼睛看前面。爸爸蹲下来吹了吹，说：擦破皮学不会骑车，我像你这么大的时候摔过七八次。我爬起来，把车扶正，又坐上去。

第二次更糟，前轮撞上一颗小石子，我人先跳下来，车压在我脚上。这回我真想哭了，爸爸没安慰我，只说：再来。我揉了揉腿，又坐上去。

第三次，爸爸又偷偷松了手，这次我提前发现了，因为我没听见他的喘气声。我就装不知道，一直往前骑。风从耳朵边上过，我数着数，一、二、三，数到十的时候我才发现，我自己骑了十米还不止！车子一直往前，我都不知道怎么停下来的，捏了闸才跳下车。我大喊：爸爸我会了！爸爸在路口鼓掌，他的头发全湿了。后来我又骑了第二圈、第三圈，一次比一次远，王六二在旁边数，说这次有二十米！

晚上擦药的时候膝盖还疼，可是我心里甜。我把十米的事讲给妈妈听，妈妈说下次可以陪我骑去公园，我还把樱桃红的车擦了一遍才放好。原来摔跟头不是学不会，是还没学会。明天我要骑到小区门口的小卖部去买冰棍。

A Grade 3 Diary: Learning to Ride a Bike Today

May 23, Saturday, sunny.

Today I finally learned to ride a bike. I have been waiting for this since first grade.

In the morning, Dad held the seat from behind while I pedaled in front. I could hear him panting behind me. I asked: are you holding it? He said yes. But when I looked back, he was standing far away with hands on his hips. He had let go long ago! I got scared, wobbled, and fell with the bike at the roadside.

My knee scraped off a patch of skin, beads of blood coming out, burning. I wanted to cry, but four or five classmates were watching, so I held it in. Dad squatted

down, blew on the knee, and said: a scraped knee never stopped anyone from learning. When I was your age I fell seven or eight times. I got up, righted the bike, and sat back on it.

The second try was worse. The front wheel hit a small stone, I jumped off first, and the bike fell on my foot. This time I really wanted to cry. Dad did not comfort me, he only said: again. I rubbed my leg and got back on.

On the third try, Dad secretly let go again. This time I noticed early, because I could not hear his panting. I pretended not to know and kept riding. Wind passed by my ears. I counted: one, two, three. When I reached ten I realized I had ridden more than ten meters alone! I did not know how to stop, so I squeezed the brake and jumped off. I shouted: Dad, I can do it! Dad clapped at the corner of the street, his hair all wet with sweat.

At night, when I put medicine on my knee it still hurt, but my heart felt sweet. I told Mom about the ten meters, and she said next time she could ride to the park with me. I also wiped my cherry-red bike clean before parking it. So falling down does not mean you cannot learn; it only means you have not learned yet. Tomorrow I will ride to the shop at the gate of our neighborhood and buy an ice pop.