那条游出银幕的大鱼

电影里那条大鱼住在深谷的池塘里，一辈子不出谷口。它见过谷口外面的云，见过顺水漂来的外地叶子，可它每次游到谷口就掉头。银幕上的小鱼们都笑它：外面的海有什么好？大鱼不答，只是夜里浮在水面上，朝着谷口的方向一动不动。放映厅里很安静，我盯着那条鱼的背，背上的鳞片一块一块都是暗的。

后来它跃出去了。不是在一个阳光很好的早晨，是在暴风雨里，谷口的瀑布涨成白茫茫一片，它借着那股水跃了出去，尾巴扫过崖壁，鳞片崩掉几片。它落在谷外的大水里，翻了个身，水花里有星星点点的光。我这才发现自己在屏息，手心里全是汗，旁边同学递过来半包纸巾，也没接。

我想起三年级暑假学自行车。小区后面的路是下坡，我捏着刹车不敢松，爸爸在后面扶着后座说，眼睛看前面，别看轮子。我骑得歪歪扭扭，车头一偏就跳车。有天下午我回头，发现爸爸站在二十米开外，两只手插在兜里。他什么时候松的手，我不知道。那一下我慌得捏死刹车，摔了，膝盖破了皮。可我也知道了：车原来一直是我自己在骑。

电影放完，字幕滚起来，我还坐着没动。我在想那条大鱼崩掉的鳞片。它跃出去不是不疼，是疼也跃。我摔那一下膝盖疼了一个星期，走路都瘸，可第二个星期我就敢自己骑车上学了，还学会了在下坡的时候不捏死刹车。

放学路上我特意绕到小区后面那条下坡路，推着车走了一遍，又骑了一遍。车头还是会偏，偏了我这次没跳，歪着骑过去，骑到坡底自己笑了。风把刘海吹得乱七八糟，我想起大鱼尾巴扫过崖壁那一下，也是歪的。

银幕上的深谷后来成了传说，大鱼再也没回去过。我合上本子，心里那句话没有写下来，但我记住了：谷口外面确实有水花里的光。要去看，得先让车骑出我自己抓刹车的那只手。

The Big Fish That Swam Out of the Screen

In the film, the big fish lives in a pond deep in a valley and never leaves the valley mouth its whole life. It has seen the clouds beyond the mouth, has seen leaves from other places drifting in with the water, yet every time it swims to the mouth it turns back. The small fish on the screen laugh at it: what is so good about the sea outside? The big fish does not answer. It only floats on the water at night, motionless, facing the direction of the mouth. The hall was very quiet. I stared at the back of the fish, scale after scale dark upon it.

Then it leapt out. Not on a bright morning, but in a storm. The waterfall at the valley mouth swelled into a white blur, and it rode that water outward, its tail sweeping the cliff, a few scales breaking off. It landed in the great water beyond the valley, rolled over, and there were specks of light in the splash. Only then did I notice I had been holding my breath, my palms all sweat. A classmate held out half a pack of tissues; I did not take it.

I remembered learning to ride a bicycle in the summer of third grade. The road behind our compound ran downhill, and I gripped the brake, afraid to let go. My father held the back seat from behind and said: eyes forward, do not look at the wheel. I rode crooked, and jumped off whenever the handlebar swung. One afternoon I looked back and found my father standing twenty meters away, both hands in his pockets. When he had let go, I did not know. That moment I panicked and squeezed the brake to death, fell, and scraped my knee. But I also learned this: the bike had all along been ridden by me alone.

The film ended, the credits rolled, and I still sat without moving. I was thinking of the broken scales of the big fish. It leapt out not because there was no pain, but leaping in spite of pain. My fall hurt for a week, and I walked with a limp, yet in the second week I dared to ride to school alone, and I learned not to lock the brake on a downhill.

In the film the deep valley later became a legend, and the big fish never went back. I closed my notebook. I did not write down the sentence in my heart, but I remembered it: beyond the valley mouth there really is light inside the splash. To see it, I must first let the bike ride out of my own hand on the brake.

On the way home from school I deliberately detoured along the downhill road behind our compound, walked my bike along it once, then rode it once. The handlebar still swung, and this time I did not jump off; I rode it out crooked, and at the bottom of the slope I laughed at myself. The wind messed up my bangs, and I thought of the moment the tail of the big fish swept the cliff wall. That, too, was crooked.