# 摔倒在第三十公里的她

十二月四日，星期五，天气小雨。

今晚这部电影，我攥着拳头看完的。电影讲一个跑马拉松的姑娘，是她那个小县城里第一个练长跑的女孩。比赛那天她状态很好，一直咬在第二集团，可是第三十公里，路边下坡的碎石让她摔了，膝盖磕开一道口子，血把裤腿洇湿了。镜头对着她停了很久，她坐在地上喘气，后面的人一个一个超过她。我以为她要退赛了，她把手指插进草里撑了一下，站起来，一瘸一拐地继续跑。最后一名，比冠军慢了四十多分钟，可是她冲线的时候，全场站起来鼓掌，比给冠军的还久。

电影里有一句话我记到了日记本上，是她的教练说的：比赛不是问你赢没赢，是问你敢不敢站在起跑线上。听到这句，我脸上像被雨浇了一下，因为我的初中两年，起跑线上从来没有我。

上学期的运动会，体育老师问我报不报一千五百米，我说肚子疼。其实我不肚子疼，我上周体育课跑八百米还拿了第三。班级演讲报名，我犹豫了三天，最后跟课代表说我不行，我嘴笨。数学竞赛也是，我明明喜欢做题，报名表交上去的前一天，我把它从桌肚里抽了出来。两次肚子疼，一次我不行，一次我把它抽了出来。这两年我给自己找的理由一个比一个像样，可我心里清楚，我怕的从来不是跑不过别人，我怕的是站在起跑线上，让所有人看见我可能不行。

电影里那个姑娘摔倒以后，镜头给过她一个特写，她的表情不是疼，是一种我看不懂的东西。现在我懂了，那是她终于不用怕了，因为最坏的事已经发生了，剩下的每一步都是白赚的。她一瘸一拐跑完的那四十多分钟，反而是她这辈子最自由的四十分钟。

我的打算写在今天：下周班级要推人参加朗诵比赛，我不躲了，我报名。我大概率拿不到名次，声音也可能抖，可是第三十公里摔过的人都能跑完，我读一首诗总可以。就算读砸了，那也是我的起跑线，我自己站上去的。

窗外的雨还在下。我在日记最后写：输不丢人，没站上过起跑线，才可惜。

# She Fell at the Thirtieth Kilometer

December fourth, Friday, light rain.

Tonight I watched this film with my fists clenched the whole way. It tells of a girl who runs marathons, the first girl in her small county town to train for long distance running. On race day she was in fine shape, holding on in the second group, but at the thirtieth kilometer the loose stones on a downhill slope threw her down. Her knee split open, and blood spread through the leg of her trousers. The camera stayed on her for a long time. She sat on the ground gasping while runner after runner passed her. I thought she would quit. She pressed her fingers into the grass to push herself up, stood, and kept running, limping. She finished last, more than forty minutes behind the champion, yet when she crossed the line the whole stadium rose, and the applause lasted longer than the one given to the winner.

One line in the film I copied into this diary, said by her coach: a race does not ask whether you won, it asks whether you dare to stand on the starting line. Hearing it, my face felt as if rain had poured over it, because in my two years of middle school, the starting line has never held me.

At the sports meeting last term the PE teacher asked whether I would enter the fifteen hundred meters, and I said my stomach hurt. My stomach did not hurt. The week before I had run eight hundred meters in PE class and came third. For the class speech sign-up I hesitated three days and finally told the class officer I could not, that my mouth is clumsy. The math contest was the same. I love solving problems, yet the day before the form was due I pulled it out of my desk. Two stomachaches, one I cannot, one pull from the desk. In two years the excuses I built for myself grew more and more presentable, but deep down I knew clearly that what I feared was never losing to others. What I feared was standing on the starting line and letting everyone see that I might not be good enough.

After the girl in the film fell, the camera gave her one close-up. Her face was not showing pain but something I could not read. Now I understand. It was that she no longer had to be afraid, because the worst had already happened, and every step left was earned for free. Those forty-some minutes she limped to the end were the freest minutes of her life.

My plan is written on the page of today: next week the class will choose someone for the recitation contest, and I will not hide. I will sign up. I will most likely win no prize, and my voice may shake, but a person who fell at the thirtieth kilometer can finish a marathon, so I can surely finish one poem. Even if I ruin it, that starting line will be mine, and I stood on it myself.

Outside the window the rain keeps falling. My last line reads: losing is no shame; what is a pity is never having stood on the starting line at all.