散场后我总想起那句「再试一次」

那部讲跳水运动员的片子，最打动我的不是夺冠的一场。是训练馆里，少年第一百次从十米台摔进水里，教练在岸上喊：再试一次。少年爬上来，浑身是红印，站在台边发愣，又转身跳了下去。影院里掌声响起来，我手心全是汗。散场以后，那句「再试一次」一直在我耳朵里。

我学游泳那年，卡在换气这一关整整两个月。教练说头要抬、气要吐净，我都懂，可一到水里，鼻子一进水就慌，慌了就沉。泳池的水天天一个温度，我的慌却一天比一天重。和我同班的小宇游得飞快，我看着他一圈一圈过去，把头埋得更深。有一回我干脆跟教练说，我不学了。教练没劝，只说，今天最后一趟，再试一次。

那趟我闭着眼蹬壁，在水里把气吐成一串泡泡，抬头，吸到了一口完整的空气。就一口。我扶着池边咳了半天，笑了。回家路上我想，电影里那个少年爬回十米台边上的时候，是不是也刚吸到那么一口。

后来我学会换气，学会踩水，暑假结束能游完整个泳池。再后来我参加校运会八百米，跑到第五百米的时候耳边嗡嗡的，只想走。最后一圈腿像灌了铅，看台上同学喊我的名字，我脑子里响的却是那句台词。我没有冲得多快，只是没有停。撞线以后我弯着腰喘气，觉得自己也站在十米台边上。

现在遇到难处，我会自己对自己说那四个字。背不下的课文，解不出的题，练不顺的曲子。上周弹琴卡在一段反复，我把节拍器打开，一小节一小节地过，过到第十遍才顺。不是给自己打气，是我知道那一口完整的空气就在下一次。电影散场那么久，那句台词还在我身体里，像池水一样托着我。

After the Film Ended, That Line Kept Echoing: Try Once More

The film about the diver moved me most not in the champion scene but in the training hall. The young man fell into the water from the ten-meter platform for the hundredth time, and the coach shouted from the shore: try once more. The boy climbed out, his body covered in red marks, stood dazed at the edge, then turned and jumped again. Applause rose in the cinema, and my palms were all sweat. After the film ended, that line stayed in my ears.

The year I learned to swim, I was stuck at breathing for two whole months. The coach said to lift the head and empty the lungs, and I understood it all, yet the moment I was in the water, a drop in the nose made me panic, and panic pulled me down. The water in the pool held the same temperature every day, but my panic grew heavier day by day. Xiao Yu from my class swam fast, and as I watched him pass lap after lap, I buried my head deeper. Once I told the coach flatly that I would quit. He did not argue, and said only: one last lap today, try once more.

On that lap I pushed off the wall with my eyes shut, blew my breath out underwater into a string of bubbles, lifted my head, and drew in one full breath of air. Just one. I coughed by the pool edge for a long time, holding the side, and laughed. On the way home I wondered whether the boy in the film, climbing back to the edge of the platform, had just drawn in one such breath too.

After that I learned to breathe and to tread water, and by the end of summer I could cross the whole pool. Later I ran the eight hundred meters at the school sports meet. At five hundred meters my ears buzzed and I only wanted to walk. On the last lap my legs felt filled with lead, classmates shouted my name from the stands, and what rang in my head was that line. I did not sprint fast; I simply did not stop. After crossing the line I bent over gasping, feeling that I too stood at the edge of the ten-meter platform.

Now when I meet a difficulty, I say those four words to myself: a lesson I cannot memorize, a problem I cannot solve, a piece I cannot play smoothly. Last week my piano kept failing at one repeated passage, so I started the metronome and went measure by measure, and only on the tenth pass did it flow. It is not cheering myself up; it is knowing that the one full breath waits in the next try. The film ended long ago, but that line is still inside me, holding me up like pool water.

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