你走进我生活以后

四年级以前，我是个爱一个人蹲在角落的孩子，放学背着书包回家，在家里跟墙上的壁虎说话。

你走进我生活以后，我慢慢懂得了什么叫快乐。

我们先从那趟自行车的事说起。

那个周六下午，我在巷子里学骑自行车，你蹲在井台边替我扶着后座。

我不知道你什么时候悄悄松了手，一路骑到巷口，看见一只大狗站在墙角，我慌忙一拐，连人带车摔进了路边的草地里。

车筐飞出去，妈妈让我买的番茄和黄瓜滚了一地。

我坐在草里，手掌擦破了皮，眼泪在眼眶里打转，你满身是土地跑过来。

你先去捡黄瓜，一根一根擦干净放回筐里，再去捡番茄，两只手捧着，一个一个检查有没有压坏。

有一个番茄裂了一道小口，你举起来看了看，说不碍事，回家先吃它。

你把草叶从我手心里拍掉，咂了咂嘴，说，走，我背筐，你骑。

你背着筐走在马路外边，我骑着车跟在你里边。

太阳把我们的影子拉得很长，一个走，一个骑，速度却一样。

到了我家门口，你才抬手擦额头上的汗，袖子在脸上一抹，画出一道土印子。

你说，下次学车还叫我，我松手之前会先喊你。

那天我心里忽然明白，摔破的手掌也可以是一件值得骄傲的事，因为有一只手替我捧过番茄。

后来我们经常一起玩。

夏天我们举着绑了面筋的竹竿，去榆树下粘知了，你负责举竿，我负责网兜。

粘到一只，我们就把头凑在一起数，粘到七只，你忽然说知了也会想妈妈，我们把它全放了。

秋天我们在厂门口的秋千上轮流玩，数到五十下就换人，谁也不许偷偷多数。

冬天放学，我们分一个烤红薯，掰开时热气扑在两个人脸上，眼镜都蒙了一层白。

慢慢地，我变了。

我开始举手回答问题，开始去运动会给全班喊加油，开始在楼道里先跟别人打招呼。

妈妈说我的声音变大了，我听了不但不恼，反而笑出声。

我懂得了一个道理，快乐分给别人，会变成两份，悲伤分给别人，只剩下一半。

友情不是大事，是你手里一个一个检查过的番茄，是秋千上数到五十的数数声，是掰开的那个烤红薯。

友情让我变勇敢，也让我变快乐。

下一次学骑自行车，我还想让你替我松手。

我还想对你说，谢谢你走进我的生活。

After You Walked Into My Life

Before fourth grade, I was a child who liked to crouch in a corner alone, going home after school with my schoolbag on my back, talking to the gecko on the wall at home.

After you walked into my life, I slowly understood what happiness means.

Let us begin with the bicycle.

That Saturday afternoon, I was learning to ride a bicycle in the alley, and you crouched by the well holding my back seat.

I did not know when you quietly let go. I rode all the way to the mouth of the alley, where a big dog stood at the corner; I swerved in panic, and the bicycle and I fell together into the grass by the road.

The basket flew off, and the tomatoes and cucumbers my mother had sent me to buy rolled all over the ground.

I sat in the grass, my palm scraped raw, tears turning in my eyes, and you came running over, covered in dust.

You picked up the cucumbers first, wiping each one clean and putting it back in the basket, then you picked up the tomatoes, holding them in both hands, checking each one for bruises.

One tomato had a small crack; you held it up, looked at it, and said it was fine, we would eat that one first at home.

You brushed the grass blades out of my palm, clicked your tongue, and said, come on, I will carry the basket, you ride.

You walked on the outer side of the road carrying the basket, and I rode on the inner side behind you.

The sun stretched our shadows long, one walking, one riding, yet moving at the

same speed.

Only when we reached my door did you raise your hand to wipe the sweat from your forehead, dragging your sleeve across your face and drawing a streak of dirt.

You said, call me again next time you learn to ride, and I will shout before I let go.

That day it suddenly dawned on me that a scraped palm can also be something to be proud of, because one pair of hands once held tomatoes for me.

After that we often played together.

In summer we carried bamboo poles tipped with wheat gluten and went under the elm trees to catch cicadas; you held the pole, I held the net.

Each time we caught one, we put our heads together to count; when we had seven, you suddenly said cicadas miss their mothers too, and we released them all.

In autumn we took turns on the swing by the factory gate, switching at the count of fifty, and nobody was allowed to sneak extra counts.

In winter after school we shared one baked sweet potato, and when we broke it open the steam fogged both our faces and whitened our glasses.

Little by little, I changed.

I began to raise my hand in class, to cheer for the whole class at the sports meet, to greet people first in the corridor.

My mother said my voice had grown louder, and instead of being embarrassed I laughed out loud when I heard it.

I learned one truth: happiness shared with others becomes two portions, and sadness shared with others is left with only half.

Friendship is not a big thing. It is the tomatoes you checked one by one in your hands, the counting up to fifty on the swing, the sweet potato broken in two.

Friendship made me braver, and it made me happier.

Next time I learn to ride a bicycle, I still want you to let go for me.

And I want to say to you, thank you for walking into my life.