箱子里的蓝色自行车

六月一号一睁眼，客厅里多了一个大纸箱，箱子上系着红绸带，绸带打了两个蝴蝶结，一颤一颤的。

我光着脚跑过去，蹲下来摇了摇，箱子沉甸甸的，里头哗啦哗啦响。妈妈从厨房探出头，围裙都没来得及解，冲我笑：自己拆。

我蹲在箱子旁边，先解开绸带，绸带滑下来，缠在手腕上。我抠开胶带，掀开纸板盖子，一层报纸底下，露出一个亮闪闪的车把手。我把报纸扒拉开，一辆蓝色的自行车整个儿站在箱子里，车把上挂着一只小铃铛，一碰，叮铃，声音又脆又亮。

我伸手进去握住车把，把车推出来，轮子磕在门框上，咚咚地响。妈妈走过来，蹲下身，眼睛亮亮的：儿童节快乐，妈妈挑了好几个晚上。

我推着车就要下楼，鞋都穿反了。妈妈笑着帮我把两只鞋换过来，又蹲下把裤脚卷了一道，说卷起来链条会咬裤子。

小区花园的空地上，妈妈把车扶正，让我坐上去，双手握紧车把。我蹬了一圈，车身一歪，我赶紧用脚撑住地，心里有点慌。妈妈在后面扶着后座：别怕，妈妈扶着呢。

我蹬了一圈又一圈，车轮慢慢转顺了，风从耳朵边上吹过去。骑到拐弯的地方，我喊：妈妈你还扶着吧？妈妈的声音从后面传过来：早松开啦。

我吓了一跳，手一抖，车往花坛那边歪，脚赶紧落地撑住。回头一看，妈妈站在十几步开外，两只手举在胸前，冲我竖大拇指。

我又骑了出去。这一回不晃了，铃铛一路叮铃叮铃地响，花园里的麻雀扑棱棱飞起来。我绕着花坛骑了一圈，又一圈，影子在地上转着圈跑。

骑到妈妈跟前，我跳下车，扑过去抱住妈妈。妈妈的围裙上有厨房的味道，我把脸埋在那儿，搂着妈妈的脖子不撒手。妈妈拍拍我的背：骑得真好。

那只小铃铛还挂在我的车把上。后来每天放学，我都按一路的铃。六月一号这一天，是我过得最开心的一天。

The Blue Bicycle in the Box

On the morning of June 1st, I opened my eyes and found a big cardboard box in the living room. A red ribbon was tied around it, with two bows fluttering on top.

I ran over barefoot, squatted down, and shook it. The box was heavy, and something rattled inside. Mom poked her head out of the kitchen, her apron still on, and smiled at me: Open it yourself.

I untied the ribbon first. It slid down and wrapped around my wrist. I peeled off the tape, lifted the cardboard lid, and under a layer of newspaper I saw a shiny handlebar. I pushed the newspaper aside, and a blue bicycle stood right there in the box, with a little bell hanging on the handlebar. One touch and it went ding-ling, bright and clear.

I reached in, gripped the handlebar, and pushed the bike out. The wheel knocked against the door frame, thump thump. Mom walked over, squatted down, her eyes shining: Happy Children's Day. I picked it out over several evenings, she said.

I pushed the bike toward the stairs and nearly ran downstairs with my shoes on the wrong feet. Mom laughed, swapped them for me, then rolled up my trouser cuffs, saying the chain would bite the fabric.

In the open space of the neighborhood garden, Mom held the bike upright and let me sit on it, both hands on the handlebar. I pedaled one round, the bike tilted, and I quickly put my foot down. My heart went a little shaky. Mom was holding the back seat behind me: Do not be afraid. I have you.

I pedaled round after round. The wheel turned smoother, and wind brushed past my ears. At the corner I shouted: Mom, you are still holding it, right? Her voice came from behind: I let go a long time ago.

I got a start, my hands trembled, and the bike leaned toward the flower bed. My foot hit the ground and steadied it. I looked back, and Mom was standing more than ten steps away, both hands raised in front of her chest, giving me a thumbs-up.

I rode out again. This time it did not wobble. The bell rang ding-ling all the way, and the sparrows in the garden fluttered up. I rode one lap around the flower bed, then another, my shadow spinning on the ground.

When I got back to Mom, I jumped off the bike and threw my arms around her. Her apron smelled like the kitchen. I buried my face there and hugged her neck tight. Mom patted my back: You ride really well.

The little bell still hangs on my handlebar. After school every day, I ring it all the way home. June 1st was the happiest day I have ever had.

黄昏那一下拥抱

路灯一盏一盏亮起来的时候，小意突然从自行车上跳下来，扑过去抱住了妈妈的腰。妈妈正往后退着，两只手还半张在空中，被她撞得往后趔趄了半步，才站稳。

这辆自行车是那天清早才到小意手里的。她一出房门就看见客厅门口立着一个大纸箱，箱子上系着红绸带。她蹲在箱子前拆了半天，胶带粘着纸板，她用手指甲一点点抠。报纸掀开，一个车把手露出来的时候，她整个人蹦了一下，尖叫的声音把正在倒垃圾的邻居都惊动了。

蓝色的自行车，车把上挂着一只小铃铛。妈妈靠在门框上看她拆，围裙还没解，说这辆车她在车行挑了好几个晚上，颜色挑来挑去，最后选了小意画画最爱用的那种蓝。

下午，妈妈把车推到小区花园的空地上，扶着后座，让小意坐上去。小意两只手攥着车把，攥得指节发白，脚蹬得歪歪扭扭，车身左一晃右一晃。妈妈在后面跟着跑，嘴里说着眼睛看前面，别看脚。

骑到第三圈，妈妈悄悄松了手。小意自己骑出去七八米，回头发现，手一慌，车一头歪向路牙，她连人带车摔在地上，膝盖蹭破了一块，渗出血珠。她坐在地上哼了两声，没哭。妈妈蹲下来，从口袋里掏纸巾，把她膝盖上的沙粒一点点沾掉，说，能上车，就能再骑。

小意扶正车，又坐了上去。这一回车轮转顺了，风从耳边过去，铃铛叮铃叮铃地响，花园里的麻雀扑棱棱飞起来。她绕着花坛骑了一圈又一圈，妈妈站在原地看，手插在口袋里，又拿出来，又插回去。

所以路灯亮起来的时候，才有那一下拥抱。小意搂着妈妈的腰，把脸贴在妈妈衣服上，说谢谢妈妈。妈妈愣了半秒，手落下来，放在她背上，一下一下地拍。

回家的路上，小意推着车，妈妈走在旁边。电梯在八楼停下，门开了，小意先把车推进去，再回头拉妈妈的手。铃铛一路叮铃叮铃，从花园一直响到了楼道。

The Hug at Dusk

When the streetlights came on one by one, Xiaoyi suddenly jumped off the bicycle and threw her arms around her mother's waist. Her mother was stepping back, both hands still half open in the air, and the bump made her stagger half a step before she steadied herself.

The bicycle had only reached Xiaoyi's hands that morning. The moment she came out of her room, she saw a big cardboard box standing by the living room door, tied with a red ribbon. She squatted in front of it and picked at it for a long time, the tape holding the cardboard down, and she dug at it with her fingernails bit by bit. When the newspaper lifted and a handlebar appeared, she jumped and let out a scream that startled even the neighbor taking out the trash.

A blue bicycle, with a little bell on the handlebar. Her mother leaned against the door frame watching her unpack, apron still on, and said she had spent several evenings choosing at the bike shop, comparing colors, and finally picking the same blue Xiaoyi loved most in her drawings.

In the afternoon, her mother pushed the bike to the open space in the garden and held the back seat while Xiaoyi sat on it. Xiaoyi gripped the handlebar until her knuckles went white, pedaling crookedly, the bike swaying left and right. Her mother jogged behind, saying keep your eyes on the road, not on your feet.

On the third lap, her mother quietly let go. Xiaoyi rode seven or eight meters on her own, looked back, panicked, and the bike veered into the curb. She fell, scraping her knee, beads of blood welling up. She grunted twice on the ground but did not cry. Her mother squatted down, took a tissue from her pocket, and dabbed the sand off her knee bit by bit, saying: if you can get on the bike, you can ride again.

Xiaoyi righted the bike and sat back on. This time the wheel ran smooth, wind went past her ears, the bell rang ding-ling, and the sparrows in the garden fluttered up. She looped the flower bed again and again, while her mother stood watching, hands in her pockets, then out, then back in.

That is why, when the streetlights came on, that hug happened. Xiaoyi held her mother's waist, pressed her face to her mother's clothes, and said thank you, Mom. Her mother froze for half a second, then let her hand down onto her back, patting, once and again.

On the way home, Xiaoyi pushed the bike and her mother walked beside her. The elevator stopped at the eighth floor, the doors opened, and Xiaoyi pushed the bike in first, then turned back to pull her mother's hand inside. The bell rang ding-ling all the way, from the garden to the corridor.

妈妈挑礼物的那些晚上

多年以后我才知道，那辆蓝色自行车，妈妈在车行挑了好几个晚上。这话是我听见她跟姨妈在阳台上说的，那天我刚把车胎打足气，正拿着扳手站在楼道里。

不过那是后来的事。六月一号那天清早，我只知道客厅门口立着一个大纸箱，系着红绸带。我围着箱子转了两圈，伸手想拆，又把手缩回来，跑去拉妈妈。妈妈被我拽到客厅，自己却靠着门框不动，说：你自己拆。

我蹲下来抠胶带，抠不开，就用牙咬。纸板盖子掀开，报纸一层一层扒拉开，先露出一个亮闪闪的车把手，再是车筐，再是整个车身。蓝色的，跟我水彩笔里那支天蓝一个颜色。我整个人从地上蹦起来，回头冲妈妈喊：是自行车！

妈妈靠在门框上笑，眼睛弯弯的，说喜欢吗。我扑过去抱了她一下，抱着她的胳膊晃了两圈，又跑回去摸车。车把上挂着一只小铃铛，我按了一下，叮铃，声音又脆又亮。

上午我们就下了楼。小区花园的空地上，妈妈扶着后座，我坐上车，脚刚够到脚踏板。我蹬了一圈，车身往左歪，我拿脚撑地，不敢再蹬了。妈妈在我后面说：眼睛看前面，妈妈扶着呢。

我一圈一圈蹬，车轮从歪歪扭扭慢慢转顺了。风从耳朵边上吹过去的时候，我听见妈妈在后面喘气——她一直跟着跑。骑到拐弯，我喊妈妈你还扶着吧，没人应。我回头，妈妈站在十几步开外，两只手举起来冲我竖大拇指。

我手一抖，车歪向花坛，脚落地撑住了。心口咚咚跳，我居然自己骑了那么远。我又骑出去，这一回稳稳的，铃铛一路响，麻雀扑棱棱飞。绕到妈妈跟前，我跳下车，一把抱住妈妈，脸埋在她的胳膊弯里，搂着不撒手。妈妈拍着我的背，一下一下。

阳台上，姨妈问妈妈：你那时候天天晚上去车行干什么？妈妈说：挑车呀，红的怕她嫌土，白的怕脏，比来比去，就她画里老用的那个蓝顺眼。姨妈笑我：你那时候还摔了一跤吧。妈妈说：膝盖破了，愣是没哭，回来抱着我说谢谢。

我站在楼道里，扳手还攥在手里。车胎气打足了，铃铛一按，还是那声叮铃。原来我过得最开心的那个儿童节，妈妈在纸箱到来之前，就已经陪着我了。

The Evenings Mom Spent Choosing the Gift

Years later I learned that Mom had spent several evenings choosing that blue bicycle at the bike shop. I heard it from her own mouth, talking to my aunt on the balcony, while I stood in the corridor holding a wrench, having just pumped up the tire.

But that was later. On the morning of June 1st, all I knew was a big cardboard box standing by the living room door, tied with a red ribbon. I circled it twice, reached out to open it, pulled my hand back, and ran to fetch Mom. I dragged her into the living room, but she leaned against the door frame and would not move, saying: Open it yourself.

I squatted down and picked at the tape; when my fingers could not pry it loose, I bit it with my teeth. The cardboard lid came up, and I peeled the newspaper aside layer by layer. First a shiny handlebar appeared, then the basket, then the whole frame. Blue - the same blue as the sky-blue pen in my watercolor set. I sprang up from the floor and shouted back at Mom: A bicycle!

Mom leaned on the door frame and smiled, her eyes curving: Do you like it? I threw my arms around her for a second, shook her arm twice, then ran back to touch the bike. A little bell hung on the handlebar. I pressed it once - ding-ling, bright and clear.

Downstairs we went that morning. In the open space of the garden, Mom held the

back seat while I sat on the bike, my feet barely reaching the pedals. I pedaled one round, the frame tilted left, and I stamped my foot down and dared not pedal again. Mom said behind me: Eyes on the road ahead. I am holding you.

I pedaled lap after lap, and the wheel went from crooked to smooth. When the wind brushed past my ears, I heard Mom panting behind me - she had been running the whole time. At the corner I shouted: Mom, you are still holding it, right? Nobody answered. I turned around, and she stood more than ten steps away, both hands raised, thumbs up at me.

My hands trembled, the bike leaned toward the flower bed, and my foot hit the ground. My chest was pounding. I had actually ridden that far alone. I rode out again, steady this time, the bell ringing all the way, sparrows fluttering up. When I reached Mom, I jumped off and hugged her hard, burying my face in the crook of her arm, holding on. Mom patted my back, one pat after another.

On the balcony, my aunt asked: What were you doing at the bike shop every evening back then? Mom said: Choosing a bike. Red, I feared she would find it tacky; white, too easily dirty. Comparing and comparing, the blue she always used in her drawings was the one that looked right. My aunt laughed: And you took a fall, did you not? Mom said: Scraped her knee, and she stubbornly did not cry. She came back and hugged me and said thank you.

I stood in the corridor, wrench still in my hand. The tire was firm, and one press of the bell still made that ding-ling. It turns out that on the happiest Children's Day I ever had, Mom had already been with me long before the box arrived.