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.