# 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.

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