爸爸扶着的后座

那辆自行车是邻居家的旧车，链条锈得发暗，车铃只响得出一半的声音。爸爸把它推进院子的时候，后座还歪着，我围着它转了两圈，心里又痒又怕。

头一天我不敢坐上车座，只敢两条腿跨着车架，推着车在院里走，脚蹬子一下一下磕在小腿肚上。爸爸说别急。一整个下午，车铃没响过，链条倒是咔哒咔哒转了许多圈。

爸爸蹲下来把车座往下调了两格，让我坐上去。我的脚尖刚好点着地。他一手扶着后架，一手按住车把，说眼睛看前面，别老盯着脚。我捏着车把往前蹬，链条咔哒咔哒地响，车身像一尾不听话的鱼，往左边歪，我赶紧往右边掰，车头又朝花坛扎过去。爸爸的手一直稳稳扣在后架上，他的影子跟着我一起挪。

练到第二趟，他悄悄松了手。我觉得车子忽然轻了，一慌，车把一扭，人从侧面摔了出去，膝盖磕在院口的碎石堆上，火辣辣的，手掌也蹭破了一层皮。我坐在地上不想起来。妈妈从屋里探出头，说要不今天就算了。爸爸没接话，把车扶起来，用湿毛巾给我擦膝盖上的灰，说再试一回。他的语气不重，倒像那跤摔在他自己身上。

再上车的时候，他扶得更紧了些。我盯着前方那棵歪脖子枣树，脚一下一下踩稳。不知什么时候，身后的脚步声没了，风从耳朵边过去。我听见爸爸在院子另一头喊我的名字，回头一看，他早就松了手，正站在原地冲我抬手。我独自骑了半圈，心口咚咚地跳，风把汗吹凉，我忽然觉得这辆旧车活了过来。

收车的时候，爸爸蹲在车旁边捏了捏链条，说这车以后归你练。我用袖子把车座上的灰擦掉，按了一下那个只响半声的车铃。那半声铃在院子里转了一圈才落下来。

后来我越骑越远，绕着花坛一圈接一圈。膝盖上那块疤到现在还在。再看见车把歪，我也不怕了，扶正，接着往前骑。

The Rear Rack Dad Held

The bicycle was an old one from our neighbor, its chain dark with rust, its bell able to ring only half a sound. When Dad pushed it into our yard, the rear seat was still crooked, and I walked around it twice, my heart itchy and afraid at the same time.

On the first day I did not dare sit on the seat. I only straddled the frame and walked the bike around the yard with my legs, the pedal knocking against my shin. Dad said no rush. The whole afternoon the bell stayed silent, and the chain clicked on and on.

Dad squatted down and lowered the seat two notches, then let me sit on it. My toes just touched the ground. One of his hands held the rear rack, the other pressed

the handlebar steady. He said: eyes forward, stop staring at your feet. I gripped the handlebar and pedaled. The chain clicked and clacked, and the bike behaved like a disobedient fish, leaning left, so I pushed right, and the front wheel dived toward the flower bed. The hand of my father stayed firm on the rear rack the whole time, his shadow moving along with me.

On the second round he quietly let go. The bike suddenly felt light, I panicked, the handlebar twisted, and I fell off sideways. My knee hit the pile of gravel at the yard gate, burning hot, and my palm scraped off a layer of skin. I sat on the ground and did not want to get up. Mom poked her head out of the house and said maybe we should stop for today. Dad did not answer her. He lifted the bike up, wiped the dust off my knee with a wet towel, and said: one more try. His voice was not loud, as if the fall had happened to him.

When I got back on the seat, he held the rack even firmer. I stared at the crooked jujube tree ahead and pushed the pedals down one stroke at a time. At some point the footsteps behind me were gone, and wind passed by my ears. I heard Dad call my name from the far end of the yard. I turned around. He had let go long ago and stood there raising a hand to me. I had ridden half a circle alone. My chest pounded, the wind cooled my sweat, and suddenly I felt this old bike had come alive.

When we put the bike away, Dad crouched beside it and pinched the chain, saying this bike was mine to practice on from then on. I wiped the dust off the seat with my sleeve and pressed that bell that only rang half a sound. That half-ring traveled once around the yard before it settled.

After that I rode farther and farther, circling the flower bed again and again. The scar on my knee is still there today. Whenever I see a crooked handlebar now, I am not afraid. I straighten it and keep riding.

风灌进后背的那一刻

车把从歪到直只有一瞬，链条的咔哒声忽然变得均匀，风灌进后背，我听见自己笑出了声。那是傍晚六点的光景，院口的路灯刚亮。可三天前，我还蹲在自家门槛上，赌气说这辈子不碰自行车。

事情得从那一声闷响说起。爸爸扶着后架，我蹬得飞快，以为学会了，就喊他松手。他真松了。车头猛地一摆，前轮碾上一颗石子，我连人带车栽进院墙根的沙堆里，车蹬子磕在小腿肚上，青了一大块。沙子嵌进掌心的破皮处，我咬着牙没哭，眼泪却先掉下来。那辆蓝漆掉光的旧车压在我腿上，我觉得它沉得像一头牛。

那天晚上我坐在门槛上剥毛豆，膝盖不敢弯。爸爸把车推进杂物间，没吭声。半间屋都是他擦链条的声音，油布在铁锈上蹭过去，一下，又一下。我剥毛豆的手停了停，耳朵一直听着。

第二天爸爸没提骑车的事，只把车擦了一遍，链条上了油。傍晚他把车推到院口，拍拍后座，说就练慢的，不求快。他两只手都扶在后架上，我骑得极慢，慢到脚能随时落地。他跟着我走，一步不落。拐过第二个弯时，他的一只手不知何时撤掉了，只剩一点风贴着后颈。我不敢回头看，怕一回头车就歪，只是踩，一下，又一下。

等我终于回头，爸爸站在十几步外，背着手，像什么都没做过。路灯把他的影子拉到车前轮底下。我又骑了一圈，这一圈我敢单手扶把，敢按那半响的车铃。铃声响出去，把墙根底下打盹的猫惊跑了。进院门时我把车支好，回头看他，他正弯腰擦车链子，头也没抬，可我看见他嘴角压不住地往上翘。

小腿上那块青紫一周才退。如今每次跨上车，我都会先想起那声闷响，再想起风灌进后背的那一瞬。摔的那一下和骑起来的那一下，原来是同一天学会的。

The Moment Wind Poured Into My Back

The handlebar straightened in a single moment. The clicking of the chain turned even, wind poured into my back, and I heard myself laugh out loud. It was six in the evening, the street lamp at the yard gate had just come on. But three days earlier, I had been squatting on our doorstep, stubbornly declaring that I would never touch a bicycle in my life.

It began with a dull thud. Dad was holding the rear rack while I pedaled fast, sure I had learned it, and I shouted at him to let go. He did. The front swung hard, the front wheel ran over a pebble, and I plunged bike and all into the sand pile by the yard wall. The pedal struck my calf and left a big bruise. Sand worked into the scraped skin of my palm. I gritted my teeth and did not cry, but the tears fell first. That old bike with its blue paint worn off lay on my legs, heavy as a cow.

That evening I sat on the doorstep shelling edamame, afraid to bend my knee. Dad pushed the bike into the storage room without a word. The whole half-room filled with the sound of him wiping the chain, the oily cloth rubbing over the rust, once, and once again. My shelling hand paused, and my ear kept listening.

The next day Dad never mentioned riding. He only wiped the bike down and oiled the chain. At dusk he pushed it to the yard gate, patted the seat, and said we would practice slow, no rush. Both his hands stayed on the rear rack. I rode extremely slowly, slow enough that my feet could drop to the ground at any moment. He walked along, one step behind me never lost. Around the second turn, one of his hands withdrew at some point without my noticing, leaving only a little wind against the

back of my neck. I did not dare look back, afraid the bike would tip if I turned my head. I just pushed the pedals, once, and once again.

When I finally looked back, Dad stood a dozen steps away with his hands behind his back, as if he had done nothing. The street lamp stretched his shadow under my front wheel. I rode one more circle. In this circle I dared hold the bar with one hand and press that half-ringing bell. The sound startled a dozing cat at the foot of the wall. At the yard gate I propped the bike up and turned to look at him. He was bending over, wiping the chain, head down, but I saw the corner of his mouth refusing to stay level.

The bruise on my calf took a week to fade. Now, every time I swing a leg over the seat, I first remember that dull thud, then the moment wind poured into my back. The fall and the riding, it turns out, were learned on the same day.

歪了一整个秋天的车把

我是从自家窗口看见那辆自行车的。楼下空地上，陈叔扶着一辆蓝漆掉光的旧车，他儿子磊子坐在车座上，两条腿绷得笔直，像踩在什么危险的东西上。

我趴在窗口看了一个傍晚。陈叔弯着腰，两只手扣在后架两侧，跟着儿子一圈一圈地走。磊子的车把抖个不停，一会儿贴左边的墙根，一会儿又斜向花坛。陈叔话少，只反复说两句：看前面，脚踩稳。他的白衬衫后背洇出一大片汗，也没见他用袖子擦。

摔是在第七八圈的时候。陈叔的手松了半秒，车头猛地一摆，磊子连人带车倒进沙堆，半天没起来。我在窗口攥紧了窗台。陈叔走过去，先把车搬开，再蹲下去看他的膝盖，拍了拍裤子上的沙，伸手把磊子从沙堆里拎出来，说，再来。磊子嘴唇哆嗦着，还是重新跨了上去。

后来的事我是一口气看完的。陈叔重新扶住后架，步子放得更慢。有一圈，他不知什么时候撤了手，站在原地没动，磊子自己骑过了那个弯，风把他额前的头发掀起来。绕到第二圈，磊子敢按铃了，那辆车铃只响得出半声，我在四楼都听见了。陈叔站在路灯底下，背着手，一动不动，像一截钉在地里的木桩。

天黑透之前他们收了车。陈叔走在前面，磊子推着车跟在后面，车轮碾过空地，发出细细的沙沙声。走到单元门口，磊子忽然小跑两步，撞了一下陈叔的后背，又赶紧跑开。陈叔没回头，只是抬手在后脑勺上拍了一下，像赶蚊子。

第二天磊子骑车上学，从我窗下一掠而过，喊了声再见。我往下看，陈叔站在院口，手里空着。有些手扶了一整个秋天，松开之后，就再也没扶过。

The Handlebar That Crooked All Autumn

I saw the bicycle from our own window. In the open ground downstairs, Uncle Chen held an old bike with its blue paint worn off, while his son Leizi sat on the seat, both legs stiff as if standing on something dangerous.

I leaned on the windowsill and watched one whole evening. Uncle Chen bent at the waist, both hands hooked on the two sides of the rear rack, walking lap after lap behind his son. The handlebar trembled without end, now hugging the wall on the left, now slanting toward the flower bed. He was a man of few words and repeated only two: eyes forward, feet steady. A wide patch of sweat spread across the back of his white shirt, and he never once wiped it with his sleeve.

The fall came around the seventh or eighth lap. His hand loosened for half a second, the front swung hard, and Leizi toppled into the sand pile, bike and all, and did not get up for a long while. Inside, I gripped the windowsill. Uncle Chen walked over, lifted the bike off first, then squatted to look at the knee, patted the sand off the trousers, and pulled the boy out of the sand with one hand. He said: again. Leizi sat on the seat with both legs stiff, and his lips were trembling, but he swung a leg back over the seat.

I watched the rest without blinking. Uncle Chen held the rack again, his steps slower than before. On one lap, at some point he withdrew his hands and stood still where he was, and Leizi rode through the turn by himself, the wind lifting the hair off his forehead. On the second lap the boy dared ring the bell. That bell could only produce half a sound, and I heard it all the way on the fourth floor. Uncle Chen stood under the street lamp, hands behind his back, motionless, like a post driven into the ground.

They put the bike away before the dark fully fell. Uncle Chen walked in front, Leizi following with the bike pushed beside him, the wheels grinding over the open ground in a thin rustling sound. At the entrance of the building, the boy suddenly broke into a short run, bumped once against the back of his father, then ran off again. Uncle Chen did not turn around; he only raised a hand and tapped the back of his own head, as if shooing a mosquito.

The next morning Leizi rode off to school, sweeping past under my window, calling out goodbye. I looked down. Uncle Chen stood at the yard gate with empty hands. Some hands hold on for an entire autumn, and once they let go, they never hold on again.