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.