# 后轮离地的那三秒

如今我骑车从河堤的大坡上冲下来，两只手稳稳搭在车把上，风把刘海吹成一条线。可每次下坡，我总会想起后轮离地的那三秒。

那年我上六年级，小区里的小伙伴一人一辆车，只有我站在单元门口看。舅舅把他那辆山地车借给我，车身高，横梁硌腿。出门就出了洋相：电梯里车把卡住门，楼道太窄，前轮先撞在消防栓箱上，哐的一声，整层楼的声音都醒了。我推着车跟在舅舅后面，车往东我往西，像牵一头不听话的牛。邻居开门探头，我赶紧把车把往怀里收，耳朵烫。

小区后面的水泥坪上，舅舅扶着后架。我蹬起来，车头就开始画龙。左边晃一下，我往右掰，右边晃回来，我又往左掰，越掰越厉害，车把像有了自己的主意。舅舅喊，别乱掰，眼睛看远处。我盯着远处的电线杆，车头却越晃越大，最后猛地一歪，后轮翘起来，离了地。就那三秒，我觉得自己腾起来了，肚子磕在横梁上，脚蹬子空转，然后连人带车侧着倒下去，小拇指蹭掉一块皮。水泥坪上留下一道黑黑的刹车印。

舅舅没扶我，只说，再来一遍。我扶正车，把手掌在裤子上蹭了蹭，重新坐上去。一遍，两遍，十遍。中间歇了一次，我坐在长椅上，看舅舅把那道黑黑的刹车印用脚蹭了蹭，没蹭掉。他递给我一瓶水，说脚蹬子要踩圆，别踹。我把水放下，没喝，又上车了。手掌心磨得有点发热，指头缝里全是水泥坪上的灰。不知道第几遍的时候，晃动感忽然变轻了，像车把上的弹簧被谁拧紧了。我骑到水泥坪尽头，捏闸，下车，腿有点抖，但是笑着。舅舅在长椅那边按了一下手机，说拍到了，我学会的那一遍，从头到尾没晃。

现在想起那三秒，我还是会摸一下小拇指上那道浅浅的印子。它不疼，也不显眼，可它提醒我，有些时刻看着是摔下去，其实是离地的那一下。第二天我把车骑去了学校，锁在车棚里，车把上还留着我手心蹭上去的汗印。

# The Three Seconds the Rear Wheel Left the Ground

Now I ride down the long slope of the river dike with both hands steady on the handlebars, the wind combing my bangs into a line. But every time I go downhill I remember the three seconds when my rear wheel left the ground.

That year I was in sixth grade, and every kid in our compound had a bike except me, standing at the building entrance just watching. My uncle lent me his mountain bike, tall enough for the crossbar to press my leg. Getting it out was a disaster: the handlebars caught the elevator door, the corridor was too narrow, and the front wheel banged into the fire hydrant box, one clang waking the whole floor. I pushed it behind my uncle, the bike going east while I went west, like leading an ox that would not obey. When a neighbor opened a door I pulled the handlebars close to my chest, my ears burning.

On the concrete pad behind the compound my uncle held the rear rack. As I

pedaled, the front wheel began to weave. I corrected left, then right, then worse, as if the handlebars had a mind of their own. My uncle shouted that I should stop twisting and look far ahead. I stared at a distant pole, and the wobble grew until the bike lurched, the rear wheel rose off the ground, and for three seconds I felt I was flying, my stomach hitting the crossbar, the pedals spinning empty. Then I fell sideways and scraped the skin off my little finger. A black brake mark stayed on the concrete.

My uncle did not help me up. He only said, once more. I righted the bike, wiped my palms on my trousers, and sat on again. Once, twice, ten times. In between I rested once on the bench and watched my uncle try to rub the black brake mark off the concrete with his foot, without succeeding. He handed me a bottle of water and said the pedals should be pushed in circles, not kicked. I put the water down, did not drink it, and got back on. My palms were warm from friction, and the gaps between my fingers were full of concrete dust. Somewhere among the tries the wobbling grew light, as if a spring on the handlebars had been tightened by someone. I rode to the end of the pad, braked, and got off with shaking legs, smiling. My uncle pressed his phone on the bench and said he had filmed it, the run when I learned it, steady from start to finish.

Even now I touch the pale mark on my little finger when I think of those three seconds. It does not hurt and it is hardly visible, yet it reminds me that some moments which look like falling are really the moment your wheel leaves the ground. The next day I rode the bike to school and locked it in the shed, my palm prints still on the handlebars.