10月5日，星期日，晴：我会骑车啦

10月5日 星期日 晴

今天发生了一件大事：我终于会骑自行车了！我要赶紧记下来，不然是不是会忘呀。其实也不会忘啦，腿现在还酸着呢。

早上一起床我就看见阳台上那辆红色的自行车，是爸爸答应我考进班里前十名的奖励。车比我想的大，车座高高的，我站在旁边只到车把那么高。爸爸说，今天天气好，楼下小广场没人，去学。我抱着头盔下楼，心里又高兴又害怕。高兴的是车是我的了，害怕的是上个星期我试过一次，摔破了手心。

到了小广场，太阳暖暖的，风一吹，地上的落叶滚过来滚过去。爸爸扶住后座，让我坐上去。我两只手把车把抓得紧紧的，指头都白了。脚蹬子踩下去，车就往前去，可是车头一会儿往左扭，一会儿往右扭，像一条不听话的蛇。我喊，爸爸你扶稳呀。爸爸说，扶着呢扶着呢。中间我下来歇了一次，坐在台阶上看别人放风筝。有个风筝挂树上了，一个大哥哥去爬树，我给他喊加油。看了一会儿，爸爸拍拍我的肩膀，说，再来。我重新坐上去，手心在裤子上蹭了两下才敢抓车把。

后来发生的事，我是回家想了好久才想明白的。我骑出去好长一段路，风在耳朵边上呼呼地响，我光顾着高兴了。骑到广场那头，我回头想跟爸爸说说话，结果看见爸爸站在原来的地方，离我好远好远，两只手插在口袋里。他不知道什么时候松的手！我一点都不知道！

我停下来，愣了一会儿，然后跳起来，大喊，我会骑车啦！声音大得广场那边下棋的老爷爷都回头看我。我又喊了一遍，会骑车啦！爸爸在那边笑，说，小声点，人家以为你捡到钱了。我才不管呢，我又绕着广场骑了一圈，这一圈骑得稳稳的。

晚上妈妈问我日记写了什么，我念给她听，念到爸爸松手那一段，妈妈也笑了。睡觉前我又去阳台看了一眼我的红车，它靠在墙边，车座还高高的。明天我还要学刹车，老师说下个星期要骑车上学的人排个队，我也要排进去。今天真是这个月最好的一天。

October 5th, Sunday, Sunny: I Can Ride!

October 5th, Sunday, sunny.

Something big happened today: I can finally ride a bicycle! I must write it down quickly, or maybe I will forget. Actually I probably will not forget, because my legs still ache right now.

When I got up I saw the red bicycle on the balcony. It was the prize my father promised me for getting into the top ten of the class. The bike is bigger than I thought, with a tall seat; standing beside it I only reach the handlebars. Father said the weather is good and the little square downstairs is empty, so let us go learn. I carried my helmet downstairs, happy and scared at the same time. Happy because the bike is mine now, scared because last week I tried once and scraped my

palm open.

At the square the sun was warm, and a wind rolled the fallen leaves back and forth on the ground. Father held the rear seat while I sat on the bike. I gripped the handlebars so hard my fingers turned white. The pedals went down and the bike moved forward, but the front wheel twisted left, then right, like a snake that would not obey. I shouted, father, hold it steady! He said, I am holding, I am holding. In between I got off and rested once, sitting on the steps watching other people fly kites. A kite got caught in a tree and a big brother climbed up after it, and I cheered him on. After a while father patted my shoulder and said, once more. I sat on again, and I wiped my palms twice on my trousers before I dared to grip the handlebars.

What happened after that, I thought a long time at home before I understood it. I rode a long stretch, the wind roaring by my ears, too glad to notice anything. At the far end of the square I turned my head to say something to father, and I saw him standing where we started, far, far away, both hands in his pockets. He let go at some point without me knowing at all!

I stopped, stood there for a moment, then jumped up and shouted, I can ride! So loud that the old men playing chess across the square turned to look. I shouted again, I can ride! Father laughed over there and said, keep it down, people will think you found money. I did not care. I rode one more loop around the square, and this loop was steady.

At night my mother asked what I wrote in my diary, and I read it to her. When I read the part about father letting go, she laughed too. Before bed I went to the balcony once more to look at my red bike. It leaned against the wall, its seat still tall. Tomorrow I will learn to brake. Our teacher said those who will ride to school next week should sign up, and I am going to sign up too. Today was truly the best day of this month.