从第一遍数到二十六遍

5月1日 星期五 上午雨，下午晴

今天本来学不成车了。早上一睁眼，窗外哗啦哗啦的，雨下得跟倒水一样，我趴在窗台上看，楼下的车棚顶上积了一坑一坑的水。我把自行车头盔放回柜子里，心里闷闷的。爸爸说，等。等到中午雨小了，下午三点，太阳从云后面钻出来，地上一块深一块浅。爸爸说，走，就现在。

我们推车去小区后面的水泥坪。地上还湿，水泥缝里存着亮亮的水。我坐上车，爸爸扶着后座。头几遍根本不成样子，车头晃，我的屁股也在车座上晃，鞋还滑，有一次脚蹬子从鞋底滑脱，差点磕到小腿。我有点烦，说，地是湿的，明天再学吧。爸爸说，那你今天想不想会？我想了一秒钟，说想。

后来就一遍一遍地骑。我数着呢，从第一遍数到二十六遍。中间有一遍车头压过水洼，泥水溅了我一裤腿，我差点又说不骑了。数到十几遍的时候，爸爸的手什么时候撤走的，我根本不知道。我是骑到水泥坪那头，听见爸爸在那边拍手，才知道的。他一边拍手一边说，自己骑的，全自己骑的！我站在车旁边，胸口砰砰跳，忍不住也跳起来，两只手举高，大喊，我会啦！喊完自己都不好意思，看看四周，还好，只有晾衣服的王奶奶在笑我。王奶奶说，这孩子喊得比她家收衣服喊孙女还响。

晚上我在日记本上写：今天最厉害的一刻，是爸爸松手我都不知道的那一刻。妈妈检查日记，看到这句，用红笔在旁边画了一个大拇指，还写了一行小字，说她闺女胆子比她大。睡觉的时候我把日记本放在枕头边上，梦里还在骑车，梦里的车把特别听话，怎么骑都不晃。

5月2日 星期六 晴

昨天太累了，今天腿一弯就酸，下楼梯都得扶着栏杆。可是我不怕了。下午我又去水泥坪骑了二十分钟，会刹车了，还会拐弯。回家路上我按铃，叮铃，叮铃，整条路都听见我会骑车了。

Counting from the First Try to the Twenty-Sixth

May 1st, Friday. Rain in the morning, sunny in the afternoon.

Today I was not going to be able to learn. When I opened my eyes the rain outside the window was roaring like water being poured down. I lay on the windowsill and watched the bike shed downstairs filling pit after pit with water. I put my helmet back into the cupboard, feeling stuffy. Father said, wait. We waited until the rain softened at noon, and at three in the afternoon the sun crawled out from behind the clouds, the ground dark in patches and light in patches. Father said, let us go, right now.

We pushed the bike to the concrete pad behind the compound. The ground was still wet, bright water stored in the seams of the concrete. I sat on the bike with father holding the rear seat. The first tries were hopeless: the front wheel wobbled, my

bottom wobbled on the seat, my shoes slipped, and once a pedal slid off the sole of my shoe and nearly hit my shin. I got annoyed and said the ground is wet, let us learn tomorrow. Father said, but do you want to be able today? I thought for one second and said I do.

After that I rode try after try. I was counting, from the first to the twenty-sixth. In between, one try ran the front wheel through a puddle and mud water splashed all down one leg of my trousers, and I nearly said I would stop again. Somewhere around the teens, I had no idea when father took his hand away. I only knew when I reached the far end of the pad and heard him clapping over there. He clapped and said, you rode it yourself, all by yourself! I stood beside the bike, my chest pounding, and I could not help jumping with both arms up, shouting, I can do it! After shouting I felt shy, so I looked around. Luckily only grandmother Wang hanging laundry was laughing at me. She said this child shouted louder than she shouts at her own granddaughter to bring in the laundry.

At night I wrote in my diary: the greatest moment today was the moment father let go and I did not even know. My mother checked the diary, saw this sentence, and drew a big thumb beside it with a red pen. I put the diary on the edge of my pillow at bedtime. In my dream I was still riding, and in the dream the handlebars obeyed perfectly, never wobbling however I rode.

May 2nd, Saturday, sunny.

Yesterday was so tiring that today my legs ache whenever I bend them, and I have to hold the railing going down the stairs. But I am not afraid anymore. In the afternoon I went back to the pad and rode for twenty minutes. Now I can brake, and I can turn corners too. On the way home I rang the bell, ding ling, ding ling, and the whole road heard that I can ride a bicycle.