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.

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.

雷阵雨后的第三圈

6月8日 星期六 雷阵雨转晴

今天的日记要写得快一点，因为手还没干，是淋着雨跑回来的。但是今天的事太值得记了。

今天是暑假里最凉快的一天。早上还热得蝉叫个不停，下午突然起风，天黑了一半，雷在云里头轰隆隆滚，雨砸下来，砸得院子里的鸡全钻到柴垛底下。我站在屋檐底下数雨点。爸爸今天没下地，他在屋里修锄头，修完了也出来站在屋檐下，跟我说，等雨停，教你骑车。我惊得差点跳起来。爸爸在广东打工，走了大半年，上个星期才回来，我还以为他回来光是办事的。

雨停了，院子里的水往门口流，天边亮得像洗过一样。爸爸把那辆旧车推到院子当中，车架子上的漆晒裂了几处，可是链条上了油，是爸爸提前上的。他扶着后座，我坐上去。院子里的地滑，车头晃得厉害，我死死抓着车把。爸爸的声音在背后，说，眼睛看前面那棵枣树。我就看枣树。枣树上还挂着雨后的水珠，一颗一颗亮亮的。有一圈水珠滴在我脖子上，凉得我缩了一下脖子，车也跟着歪了一下，爸爸在后面说，别管它，骑你的。

骑到第三圈，我忽然觉得背后轻了，回头一看，爸爸站在鸡窝边上，手背在身后，正弯腰看那只老母鸡。他松手了！他什么时候松的手！我这一圈没停，一直骑到院门口，刹住，跳下来，

冲着院子大喊，爸！我会了！爸爸直起腰，点头，说，好。他就说了一个好字，可是他自己也笑了，牙晒得特别白。隔壁的刘爷爷在墙那边鼓掌，说，娃儿会骑车喽，跟人家报信一样，一会儿全村都知道了。

晚上爸爸在屋里跟奶奶说话，我在院子里又骑了整整十圈。风把云缝里的太阳吹出来又盖上，盖上又吹出来。我在日记里写：爸爸回来了，还教会我骑车，这个暑假是最好过的暑假。写完我把本子压在枕头底下，怕明天一早忘了今天有多高兴。

The Third Loop after the Thunderstorm

June 8th, Saturday. Thunderstorm, then clear.

I need to write this diary fast, because my hands are not dry yet, and I ran home through the rain. But today is far too worth writing down.

Today was the coolest day of the summer holiday. In the morning the cicadas still cried without stopping, then in the afternoon the wind rose suddenly, half the sky went dark, thunder rolled inside the clouds, and the rain came down so hard that all the chickens in the yard hid under the woodpile. I stood under the eaves counting raindrops. Father did not go to the field today. He was inside fixing a hoe, and when he finished he came out to stand under the eaves with me and said, when the rain stops, I will teach you to ride. I nearly jumped. Father works in Guangdong and had been away most of half a year, coming home only last week. I thought he had come back just for errands.

When the rain stopped, water in the yard flowed toward the gate, and the edge of the sky shone as if washed. Father pushed the old bike into the middle of the yard. Its paint had cracked in a few places in the sun, but the chain had been oiled, oiled by father beforehand. He held the rear seat while I sat on. The ground in the yard was slippery, the front wheel wobbled badly, and I clutched the handlebars. Father spoke from behind me: look at the jujube tree ahead. So I looked at the jujube tree, its raindrops still hanging on it, one by one, shining. One drop of water fell onto my neck and made me duck my head from the cold, and the bike tilted with it, while father said behind me, do not mind it, just keep riding.

On the third loop I suddenly felt light behind me, and when I turned my head I saw father standing by the henhouse with his hands behind his back, bending down to look at the old hen. He had let go! When did he let go! I kept riding that loop all the way to the yard gate, braked, jumped off, and shouted toward the yard, Pa, I can do it! Father straightened up and nodded and said, good. He said only one word, good, yet he himself was smiling, his teeth very white in the sun. Grandpa Liu next door clapped over the wall and said, the child can ride now, and like a man spreading

news, soon the whole village will know.

At night father talked with grandmother inside, and I rode ten more loops in the yard. The wind blew the sun out of the cloud seams and covered it again, then blew it out again. I wrote in my diary: father came back, and he taught me to ride; this summer holiday is the best one ever. When I finished I put the book under my pillow, afraid that by tomorrow morning I would forget how glad today was.