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.