8月1日，星期五，晴：戴护膝的那一天

8月1日，星期五，晴。

今天上午，妈妈买菜回来，手里拎着一个塑料袋，里面是一副粉色的护膝，边上还有一圈花边。我说不戴这个，谁学车戴花边护膝，小区里的男生要笑话的。妈妈说，让他们笑话，或者你摔破了膝盖让他们看，你自己挑。我接过来，下楼时塞在口袋里，到了小区花园才拿出来戴上。

下午花园里没什么人，只有槐树的影子在地上晃。我骑着车沿小道走，第一次摔是在拐角，拐得太急，后轮一滑，我直接坐了下去，护膝替我挨了一下，膝盖只有点酸。我有点意外，摔下去的时候心里咯噔一下，结果不疼。

第二次摔是为了躲遛狗的老奶奶。老奶奶牵着一只小白狗迎面走，我不会捏闸，慌得往旁边一歪车把，摔进草地里。小白狗跑过来对着我的护膝闻了两下，又跑了。老奶奶问我有没有事，我说没事，声音比平时大，因为摔得不重，护膝还端端正正戴在膝盖上。

第三次摔是我自己大意。我觉得自己会骑了，松开一只手去冲远处放风筝的小孩喊话，车马上扭起来倒了。这回落在一块水泥棱上，护膝滑歪了半边，膝盖压在护膝边上，疼，但是没破。我坐在地上想，要是没戴护膝，这一下膝盖非磕破不可。我自己爬起来，把护膝上的土拍掉，重新戴正，拉紧了搭扣。

歇下来的时候，花园凉亭里有两位老爷爷在下棋。其中一个抬头问我摔疼了没有，我说没疼，护膝软。老爷爷说，那就好，骑车跟下棋一样，输了再来一盘。我在心里把这句话念了一遍，输了再来一盘，那我就再来三盘。

后来我再没松开过车把。我绕着槐树骑，一圈，两圈，一直骑到十圈，树影在我身上晃过来晃过去。回家我跟妈妈说，护膝今天替我挨了三回。妈妈问，那还觉得它丢人不？我说不了，明天我还戴着它去花园。

睡前我在日记里写：护膝上的花边是有点丢人，可是摔了三回之后，丢人就不叫丢人了。这副粉色护膝我要一直留着，等表妹长大了也不给她。

August 1, Friday, Sunny: The Day I Put On Knee Pads

August 1, Friday, Sunny.

This morning Mom came back from the market carrying a plastic bag, and inside was a pair of pink knee pads with a ring of lace around them. I said I would not wear these, who wears lace knee pads to learn a bicycle, the boys in the community would laugh. Mom said, let them laugh, or let them watch you scrape your knee open, you choose. I took them, stuffed them in my pocket on the way down, and only put them on when I reached the community garden.

The garden was nearly empty in the afternoon, only the shade of the scholar tree swaying on the ground. I rode along the path, and the first fall was at the corner. I

turned too fast, the rear wheel slid, and I sat straight down. The knee pad took the hit for me, and my knee only felt a little sore. I was surprised. My heart jumped when I went down, but it did not hurt.

The second fall was while avoiding an old lady walking her dog. She came toward me with a little white dog, I did not know how to squeeze the brake, panicked and jerked the handle aside, and fell into the grass. The little dog ran over, sniffed my knee pad twice, and ran off. The old lady asked whether I was all right, and I said I was, louder than usual, because the fall was not bad and the knee pad was still sitting neat on my knee.

The third fall was my own carelessness. I thought I could ride, and let go of one hand to shout at a child flying a kite in the distance. The bicycle twisted and tipped at once. This time I landed on a cement edge, the knee pad slid half aside, and my knee pressed against the edge of the pad. It hurt, but nothing broke open. Sitting on the ground I thought, without the knee pads my knee would have been scraped bloody this time. I got up by myself, patted the dust off the pads, put them straight, and pulled the straps tight.

During the break, two old grandpas in the garden pavilion were playing chess. One of them looked up and asked whether the fall hurt. I said it did not, the pads are soft. The old grandpa said, good then, riding a bicycle is like chess, if you lose you start another round. I repeated this sentence in my heart, if you lose you start another round, then I will start three more rounds.

After that I never let go of the handle again. I rode around the scholar tree, one circle, two circles, all the way to ten, the tree shade swinging across me. At home I told Mom the knee pads took three falls for me today. She asked whether they still seemed embarrassing. I said no, tomorrow I will wear them to the garden again.

Before bed I wrote in my diary: the lace on the knee pads is a little embarrassing, but after three falls embarrassment is no longer embarrassment. I will keep this pair of pink knee pads forever, and not even give them to my cousin when she grows up.