9月16日，星期六，晴转多云：花园里的三跤记

9月16日，星期六，晴转多云。

今天我又去小区花园学骑车。上回摔了两跤，今天摔了三跤。我把三跤都记进日记，等我学会了，翻出来看看自己是怎么摔的。

出门前爸爸给我戴护膝，是去年那副旧的，魔术贴有点松，爸爸用一根绳子又绑了一道。我说爸爸，我都三年级了，戴护膝有点那个。爸爸说，等你摔了就知道谁那个了。

第一跤是回头摔的。爸爸在后头喊了一声他撒手了，我扭头去看，车把跟着我的头一起歪，我摔进花园草皮的边上。第一跤我马上爬起来，因为爸爸在旁边看着。

第二跤是躲篮球摔的。花园里有个大哥哥在拍球，球滚到我前轮跟前，我往旁边一让，连人带车摔在小道上。这跤我坐在地上好一会儿，膝盖隔着护膝发疼，心里说，学骑车真难，我是不是学不会。可我想起学校里停在学校楼前的那些自行车，想起我也想过有一天骑车上学，就爬起来了。

歇第二跤的时候，花园的喷泉开了，水柱一跳一跳的。我坐在石凳上揉膝盖，看一个比我小的弟弟骑四轮车，他摔了一下，爬起来接着蹬，谁也没扶他。我心想，他都不怕，我怕什么。歇了没一会儿，我就又上车了。

第三跤是最后一跤。我自以为骑得不错了，想从花园门口那个小坡上溜下去，坡底前轮一栽，我往前扑出去，两个护膝都杵在地上，我跪在了地上。这一下我在草地上趴了好一会儿，差点哭出来。我想，一天摔三跤，摔三跤还敢往上骑的人，才是勇敢的人。我也想当勇敢的人。于是我爬起来，把车从地上扶起来，重新坐上去。

天慢慢暗下来，快要下雨了，爸爸说回家吧。回去的路上我骑得很慢，贴着小道走，爸爸在后头跟着，我们谁也没说话。可是进楼道的时候，爸爸伸手拍了拍我的脑袋。

我在日记里写：摔了三跤，三跤我都爬起来了。第三跤我起得最慢，可我还是起来了。护膝我放在门后头，下星期六还要去花园。

September 16, Saturday, Sunny then Cloudy: Three Falls at the Garden

September 16, Saturday, Sunny then Cloudy.

Today I went to the community garden to learn the bicycle again. Last time I fell twice, today I fell three times. I wrote all three falls into my diary, so that when I have learned, I can look back and see how I fell.

Before going out Dad put the knee pads on me, the old pair from last year, the velcro a bit loose, so Dad tied one more string around them. I said, Dad, I am already in Grade Three, knee pads are a bit something. Dad said, after you fall we

will see who is something.

The first fall came from looking back. Dad shouted behind me that he had let go, I turned my head to check, the handle turned along with my head, and I fell at the edge of the garden grass. I got up right away from the first fall, because Dad was watching.

The second fall was about a basketball. A big brother in the garden was bouncing a ball, and the ball rolled up to my front wheel. I swerved to give way and fell with the bicycle onto the path. From this one I sat on the ground for a while. My knee ached through the pad, and my heart said, learning a bicycle is really hard, maybe I cannot learn it. But I thought of the bicycles parked in front of the school building, and of how I had wished to ride one to school one day, and I got up.

While resting after the second fall, the fountain in the garden turned on, its water column jumping up and down. I sat on the stone bench rubbing my knee, and watched a little brother younger than me riding a four-wheeled scooter. He fell once, got up, and kept pushing along, and nobody helped him. I thought, if he is not afraid, what am I afraid of. After a short rest I got back on the bicycle.

The third fall was the last one. I thought I was riding well, and wanted to coast down the small slope at the garden gate. At the bottom the front wheel dipped, I pitched forward, both knee pads stabbed into the ground, and I landed on my knees. This time I lay on the grass for a long while and nearly cried. I thought, falling three times in one day, and still getting back on after three falls, that is what a brave person does. I want to be a brave person too. So I got up, lifted the bicycle off the ground, and sat on it again.

The sky slowly darkened, about to rain, and Dad said let us go home. On the way back I rode very slowly, hugging the path, Dad following behind, and neither of us said a word. But when we walked into the stairway, Dad reached out and patted my head.

I wrote in my diary: three falls, and I got up from all three. From the third fall I stood up the slowest, but I still stood up. I put the knee pads behind the door, and next Saturday I am going to the garden again.