10月18日，星期日：换我扶车了

10月18日 星期日 晴转多云

今天下午，姑姑把表弟那辆粉红色的自行车从后备箱里搬出来。表弟刚上二年级，个子矮，坐在车座上脚悬着，离地有一拃高。姑姑说，你姐会骑，让她带你。

于是换我扶车了。我在花园的小路上跟着跑，一只手搭在后座架上。表弟两只手把车把攥得死紧，指节都白了，车扭得像条不肯听话的蛇。我喊，眼睛看前面，别低头。他偏要低头看脚踏，一看脚踏，车就往花坛那边靠。

第一次摔，是车头碰上了路牙。表弟从车上滑下来，坐在地上看了看膝盖，没哭，自己把车扶起来。第二次摔，他自己跳车跳得急，手掌蹭红了。他还是没哭，倒是我心疼得不得了，蹲下去吹了半天。姑姑坐在长椅上，一句话没说，就看着。

太阳往西边落，花园里那排香樟的影子一条一条横在路上。表弟骑过去的时候，影子从他腿间穿过来，一格一格的。他忽然喊，姐姐你是不是松手了。我回头，我确实松了手，正站在七八米外。他不知道什么时候自己骑出去的。

他绕着花坛骑了半圈，链条咔啦咔啦响，粉红色的车轮转过一格又一格。姑姑赶紧掏出手机，蹲在长椅边上，等他骑过来时按下快门。她说，发给你妈看，你姐当年也是这么学的。

照片里表弟仰着脸，下巴抬得高高的，像打赢了什么仗。夕阳从他背后照过来，香樟叶子边缘亮成金色。我看这张照片的时候，忽然想起半年前的傍晚，我也是这副表情，我妈妈也蹲在同一个位置拍过我。

晚上表弟睡着了，嘴角还翘着。我把照片存进手机相册，起名叫「第二辆自行车」。原来教别人骑车，比自己学车还紧张，手心全是汗。

October 18, Sunday: Now It Is My Turn to Hold the Bike

October 18, Sunday, sunny then cloudy.

This afternoon, my aunt carried my little cousin's pink bicycle out of the car trunk. He just entered second grade, short, sitting on the seat with his feet dangling a hand-span above the ground. His mom said, your sister can ride, let her teach you.

So it was my turn to hold the bike. I ran along the garden path with one hand on the back rack. He gripped the handlebars so hard his knuckles went white, and the bike twisted like an uncooperative snake. I shouted, eyes forward, do not look down. He insisted on staring at the pedals, and every time he did, the bike leaned toward the flower bed.

The first fall happened when the front wheel hit the curb. He slid off, looked at

his knee, did not cry, and lifted the bike up by himself. The second fall was his own fault, jumping off in a hurry, scraping his palm red. Still no tears. I was the one who felt bad, crouching down and blowing on his hand for ages. His mom sat on the bench the whole time, watching, saying nothing.

The sun sank west, and the row of camphor trees threw long shadows across the path. As he rode through them, the shadows passed between his legs, stripe by stripe. Suddenly he yelled, sister, did you let go? I turned around. I really had let go and was standing seven or eight meters back. He never knew when he started riding on his own.

He made half a lap around the flower bed, the chain clattering, the pink wheels turning one notch after another. His mom hurried out her phone, crouched at the end of the bench, and clicked when he rode toward her. She said, I will send it to your mother. Your sister learned exactly the same way.

In the photo his chin was lifted high, as if he had won a battle. The sunset shone from behind him, gilding the edges of the camphor leaves. Looking at it, I suddenly remembered the evening half a year ago. I wore that same look, and my mother crouched in that same spot to take my picture.

By nightfall my cousin was asleep, the corners of his mouth still turned up. I saved the photo in my album under the name The Second Bicycle. Turns out teaching someone to ride is more nerve-wracking than learning yourself. My palms were soaked with sweat.