周六傍晚，车轮滚了起来

2026年10月24日 星期六 晴

今天下午，爸爸终于把储藏室里那辆旧自行车修好了。链条上了油，铃铛一按叮当作响。爸爸说，我都六年级了，该学会骑它了。

放学后，我把车推到楼下的小广场。天还亮着，太阳已经斜到西边，把广场的地面照成橘黄色。妈妈拿着水壶跟下来，坐在长椅上说看着我练。

我先练推车。跨上去，坐垫太高，脚尖刚够着地，车把东扭西扭，像不听我使唤。头一回把脚放上脚踏，车子一下子往右歪，膝盖磕在地上，牛仔裤磨破了一个小口。我坐在地上想打退堂鼓。妈妈没过来拉我，只说，起来，先把脚放稳，再蹬。

我重新爬起来，拍掉裤子上的土。爸爸教我先看前方，别看脚。眼睛一盯地面，车就跟着往地上栽。我又试了三次，两次脚忙乱地去找地，第三次车子晃晃悠悠往前走了五六米，铃铛被我碰响了一声，清脆得很。

这回爸爸蹲在后面，一只手扶着后座。他在我身后跑，我感觉车子慢慢变直了。风开始吹到脸上，广场两边的路灯一盏一盏亮起来。我大声问，你还扶着吗？爸爸站在远远的地方，手插在兜里，朝我挥手。

我会骑了！链条轻轻响，夕阳低低地挂在居民楼顶上，把我的衣服照成橘红色。自行车的影子在地上拉得很长，两个轮子像两个歪着的金圈。我绕着广场骑了一圈，回来的时候心口砰砰跳。

妈妈掏出手机说，来，再骑一圈，我给你拍一张。我从她面前慢慢骑过去，快门咔嚓响了一声。照片里我微微弓着背，攥着车把，身后是一整片夕阳。

睡觉前，我把那张照片看了好几遍。照片里的车轮是往前滚的，夕阳就落在它们后面。今天我才弄明白，什么叫风吹在脸上的感觉。

Wheels Rolling Into the Sunset

October 24, 2026, Saturday, sunny.

This afternoon, Dad finally repaired the old bicycle from the storeroom. The chain had fresh oil, and the bell went ding-dong when pressed. He said I was in sixth grade now and should learn to ride it.

After school, I wheeled the bike to the small plaza downstairs. The sun had slanted west and dyed the ground orange-yellow. Mom came along with a water bottle and sat on the bench, saying she would watch me practice.

I started by pushing the bike. The seat was too high, my toes barely touched the

ground, and the handlebars twisted as if they did not belong to me. The first time my feet went on the pedals, the bike tipped right, and my knee hit the ground, tearing a small hole in my jeans. I sat down wanting to quit. Mom did not come to lift me up. She only said, stand up, put one foot down, then push.

I got up again and brushed the dust off my pants. Dad told me to look ahead, not at my feet. Once my eyes dropped to the ground, the bike followed them down. I tried three more times. Twice my feet scrambled for the ground; the third time the bike wobbled forward five or six meters, and I accidentally rang the bell. It sounded clear and bright.

This time Dad crouched behind and held the back rack with one hand, running along. The bike slowly straightened. Wind began to brush my face, and the lamps around the plaza lit up one by one. I shouted, are you still holding it? Dad was far behind, hands in his pockets, waving at me.

I was riding. The chain hummed softly. The setting sun hung low over the buildings, turning my clothes orange-red. The shadow of the bicycle stretched long on the ground, its two wheels like two tilted golden rings. I made one lap around the plaza, my heart pounding when I got back.

Mom took out her phone and asked me to ride one more lap while she took a photo. I rode slowly past her, and the shutter clicked. In the photo I leaned slightly forward over the handlebars, with a whole sky of sunset behind me.

Before bed I looked at that photo many times. The wheels were rolling forward, and the sunset was right behind them. Today I finally know what wind in the face feels like.

那张夕阳里的照片

11月3日 星期二 晴

睡前，妈妈把手机递给我看。屏幕上是昨天傍晚的照片：一个男孩骑着一辆旧自行车，身子有点歪，车把上挂着的书包一鼓一鼓。背景是整条河堤路，夕阳把河水照得发亮。

照片是昨天放学后拍的。那天放学早，爸爸推着车，我们走回家旁边的河堤路。路上人少，两边的梧桐叶子黄了，风一吹，叶子贴着地面跑。太阳悬在河对岸的楼群上头，红得不刺眼。

头一回上车，我就摔了。右脚去够脚踏，够空了，车子往河那边歪，我跳下车，手掌蹭破了皮，膝盖陷进路边的草丛里。爸爸过来看我的手，说疼不疼。我说不疼。其实疼，可我不想说疼。

挪的过程中，对面来了一位骑车的老奶奶，她的车篮里放着两把青菜，铃铛都没按，从我身边稳稳地过去了。我盯着她的背影看了好久。她的背有点驼，可骑得笔直，像路上只有她一个人。我学着她的样子把腰挺直，手放松，车把居然不那么犟了。

后来我不再急着蹬，改成扶着车把往前挪，一只脚踩着地滑。挪了半个钟头，脚掌都磨热了。爸爸忽然说，上车，我看着你。他扶着后座跑起来，数着数，一、二、三，数到二十几的时候，我发现河面的光一直往前铺，风把刘海吹得翘起来。我不知道他什么时候松的手。

我骑到了妈妈跟前才刹住，手心里全是汗。妈妈蹲下来，手机对着我，说看前面，别看我。咔嚓一声，就是现在这张照片。照片里夕阳正好落在我骑过来的方向，把我的影子投在河堤路上，长长的。

现在看着这张歪歪扭扭的照片，我还能想起手掌蹭破的地方碰水时的那点疼，想起数到二十几时忽然变轻的车尾。昨天那一圈，我骑得不算好，可车轮是自己在往前走的。

睡觉。明天放学，我还要去河堤路。

The Photo in the Sunset

November 3, Tuesday, sunny.

Before bed, Mom handed me her phone. On the screen was yesterday evening's photo: a boy riding an old bicycle, body a little crooked, his schoolbag puffing out on the handlebars. Behind him ran the whole embankment road, the river shining under the sunset.

The photo was taken after school yesterday. School let out early. Dad pushed the bike, and we walked to the embankment road beside our neighborhood. Few people were out, the plane trees on both sides had yellowed, and the wind made leaves skim along the ground. The sun hung over the buildings across the river, red without glaring.

The first time I got on, I fell. My right foot missed the pedal, the bike tipped toward the river, and I jumped off. My palm scraped, and my knee sank into the roadside grass. Dad checked my hand and asked if it hurt. I said no. It did hurt, but I did not want to admit it.

While I was shuffling along, an old lady on a bicycle came from the opposite direction. Her basket held two bunches of greens; she did not even ring her bell as she passed me. I watched her back for a long time. Her shoulders were slightly bent, yet she rode straight, as if she were the only person on the road. I straightened my own back the way she did, loosened my grip, and the handlebars suddenly stopped being stubborn.

After that I stopped rushing to pedal. I held the handlebars and pushed forward,

one foot sliding on the ground. Half an hour passed, and the soles of my feet were hot. Suddenly Dad said, get on, I am right behind you. He held the back rack and started running, counting, one, two, three. When he reached the twenties, I noticed the light on the river stretching out ahead and the wind lifting my bangs. I never knew when he let go.

I did not brake until I reached Mom, my palms sweaty. She crouched, phone aimed at me, saying, look ahead, not at me. One click, and that is the photo I have now. In it the sunset sits exactly behind the direction I came from, throwing my long shadow onto the embankment road.

Looking at this crooked photo now, I can still feel the sting of my scraped palm touching water, and the moment the back of the bike suddenly went light around the count of twenty-something. Yesterday's lap was not perfect, but the wheels were moving on their own.

Time to sleep. Tomorrow after school, I am going back to the embankment road.

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.