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.