摔倒了，再上去

周末下午，我在书桌前读完了《学会骑车》这篇短文。书里那个男孩在石渣路上学车，摔了四次，最后一次膝盖渗出血珠，他坐在地上喘了一会儿气，又扶着车站起来，跨上去接着蹬。读到这儿，我把书合上，低头看了一眼自己膝盖上那个早就淡了的疤。

那个疤是四年级暑假留下的，和书里的男孩一样，也是学车摔的。我们小区有一片草坪，草坪中间有条水泥小路。爸爸扶着后座，我在小路上蹬。头几天，车头不是往左偏就是往右偏，我摔了三次，第三次膝盖磕在路沿上，渗了一点血。我坐在草坪上，心里冒出一个念头：不学就不学呗，走路也挺好。

书里的男孩也有这个念头。他坐在地上想，这条路这么难，别人都骑得那么顺，我是不是天生就不会。可是他看见他爸爸的手，扶车扶得青筋都出来了，还没有松开。他忽然觉得，再试一次，就一次。就是这「一次」，让他后来骑得越来越远。

我那天没看见爸爸的手。我是后来听我妈说的，说我摔倒那次，爸爸其实心疼得不行，手都在抖，还是把车给我扶起来了。我回想当时，他蹲在我旁边，只说了一句，还上不上车，你自己定。我爬起来，拍拍草屑，说上。跨上去那一脚，膝盖碰到车座，疼得我龇牙，可我还是蹬出去了。

书读到后面，男孩终于不用人扶了，他绕着村子骑了一圈，风灌进他的衬衫。我想起自己学会的那个傍晚，也是这样的风。书里写，坚持不是不害怕，是摔了之后还愿意再上去。这句话我原本不太懂，现在懂了。我坐在草坪上想「不学了」的时候，离学会其实只差一次跨上去。

合上书，我把短文折了个角。下次骑车上学，路过那片草坪，我打算慢一点骑，让车轮替我看一眼那条小路。它现在平平的，一点也不凶。

Fall Down, Get Back On

On a weekend afternoon, I finished reading the short piece Learning to Ride. The boy in it learned on a gravel road, fell four times, and the last fall drew blood from his knee. He sat there catching his breath, then lifted the bike, swung a leg over, and kept pedaling. When I read that, I closed the book and looked down at the old scar on my own knee, long faded.

That scar came from the summer of fourth grade, from learning to ride, just like the boy's. Our neighborhood had a lawn with a concrete path running through it. Dad held the back rack while I pedaled. For the first few days the handlebars lurched left and right, and I fell three times. The third time my knee hit the curb and bled a little. I sat on the grass thinking, maybe I just will not learn. Walking is fine too.

The boy in the book had the same thought. He sat on the ground wondering if the road was too hard, if everyone else rode smoothly while he was simply born unable.

Then he saw his father's hands on the bike, veins standing out, still not letting go. Suddenly he felt like trying once more, just once. That single once carried him farther and farther afterward.

I never saw my father's hands back then. Mom told me later that when I fell, his hands were shaking with worry, yet he still lifted the bike for me. I remember him crouching beside me and saying only one thing: get back on or not, you decide. I stood up, brushed off the grass, and said, I will get on. The moment I swung over, my knee touched the seat and stung so much I gritted my teeth, but I pedaled off anyway.

Near the end of the piece, the boy rides without help, loops around the village once, wind stuffing his shirt. I remembered my own evening of learning, the same kind of wind. The book says perseverance is not being unafraid; it is still willing to get back on after falling. I did not quite understand that sentence before. Now I do. When I sat on the grass thinking I would quit, I was only one mounting away from learning.

I closed the book and folded a corner. Next time I bike to school past that lawn, I plan to ride slowly and let the wheels take one more look at the path. It lies flat now, not fierce at all.