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.

那本折了角的小册子

《学会骑车》是上周从图书馆借的小册子里的一篇。册子只有二十几页，讲一个孩子在一个暑假学会骑车的事。我那天一口气读完，晚上睡觉前又读了一遍。第二天是星期六，我做的第一件事，是把阳台角落那辆落了灰的自行车推了出来。

那辆车搁了半年。三年级下学期我学过一阵，摔过两回，一次蹭破小腿，一次车把撞在花坛沿上，歪了。后来车就一直在阳台上，链条生了锈，坐垫上落满灰。册子里的男孩也想过放弃，他在石渣路上第四次摔倒以后，把车扔在路边，自己走回了家。他走了半路，回头看见车还立在那儿，孤零零的，忽然就跑回去把车推起来了。

我读到他跑回去那一段，脸上有点热。因为我连走回那半路都没有。我把车扔在阳台上，一扔就是半年，连看都不看它。册子里写，他后来才明白，摔在路上的不是车，是人心里那点胆子，胆子捡起来，车就还能骑。

星期六上午，我推着车下楼，在小区后面的空地上重新练。锈链条蹬起来哗啦哗啦响。头一圈还是歪的，脚还是忙。可这一次，摔了我没有停下来想「算了」。我扶起车，擦擦手，接着上去。练到中午，我能绕着空地骑一整圈了。风从车把上过去的时候，我忽然想起册子里那句「胆

子捡起来」。

下午我把册子放回书桌，翻开到有折角的那一页，又读了一遍结尾。男孩骑车的背影被夕阳拉得很长。我在心里把他的话和我的事排在一起：他摔了四次，我摔了两次；他走回半路又跑回来，我在阳台上搁了半年。他比我勇敢，可我比他幸运——我读到了他的故事，等于借了他的胆子用了一次。

星期一上学，我骑车去的。车筐里放着那本小册子，它颠了一路。到教室我把它塞进书包最里层，想着还书那天，要在借书卡旁边的小本子上写一句：这本书帮我把没学完的事学完了。

The Booklet with a Folded Corner

Learning to Ride was one piece in a booklet I borrowed from the library last week. The booklet had barely twenty pages, telling how a boy learned to bike over one summer vacation. I read it in one sitting that day, then read it again before bed. The next morning, a Saturday, the first thing I did was wheel the dusty bicycle out of its corner on the balcony.

That bike had sat there half a year. I took a few lessons in the spring of third grade, fell twice, scraped my shin once, and once slammed the handlebars into the flower bed's edge, bending them. After that the bike stayed on the balcony, chain rusting, seat covered in dust. The boy in the booklet thought of quitting too. After his fourth fall on the gravel road, he left the bike by the roadside and walked home. Halfway, he looked back and saw it standing there alone, and suddenly ran back to fetch it.

When I read the part where he ran back, my face went warm. I had not even walked halfway back. I abandoned my bike on the balcony for six months and refused to look at it. The booklet says he understood later that what lay fallen on the road was not the bike but the small courage inside a person; pick the courage up, and the bike can still be ridden.

Saturday morning I wheeled the bike downstairs and practiced again on the open ground behind our buildings. The rusty chain clattered as I pedaled. The first lap still wobbled, my feet still scrambled. But this time, when I fell, I did not stop to think, forget it. I lifted the bike, wiped my hands, and got back on. By noon I could ride a full lap around the ground. As the wind ran over the handlebars, that line from the booklet came back: pick the courage up.

In the afternoon I put the booklet back on my desk, opened it to the folded page, and read the ending again: the boy riding away, his shadow stretched long by the sunset. I lined his story up against mine in my head. He fell four times, I fell

twice. He walked halfway and ran back; I left my bike on a balcony for half a year. He was braver than me. But I was luckier, because I read his story, which is like borrowing his courage for one use.

On Monday I biked to school. The booklet rode in the basket, bouncing the whole way. In the classroom I tucked it into the innermost pocket of my schoolbag, thinking that on the day I return it, I will write one line in the little notebook beside the lending card: this book helped me finish what I had left unfinished.

读给弟弟听，也读给自己

语文老师推荐我们读《学会骑车》。文章不长，讲一个男孩在村口的土路上学车，摔得膝盖全是血印，坐在土里哭了一场，哭完把车扶起来接着练，最后骑着车去镇上给奶奶送药。我在房间里读，读到男孩摔倒的地方，门外咣当一声，是弟弟连人带车摔在楼道里。

弟弟上四年级，这星期开始学车，爸爸扶了三天，他还骑不出直线。我拿着书出去，他坐在地上揉手腕，看见我就说，姐，书里那个人是不是也这样摔。我说摔了四回。他把揉手腕的手放下了，说，四回，那我还差得远。

我把书里那段念给他听。男孩摔倒以后，蹲在路边想，要是这条路再长一点，我就真的不骑了。可他看见远处的奶奶在门口张望，就扶起车继续蹬。弟弟听完，自己把车从地上拎起来，说，再来一圈。这一圈他骑出去十几米，车头晃，人没晃。

我靠在墙上看他练，忽然想起自己去年学车摔的那一下。手心蹭在水泥地上，破了巴掌大一片，血渗出来，我攥着拳头不敢张开。妈妈给我上药，疼得我直抽气。上完药我做的第一件事，是又出去骑了半圈。当时不明白自己为什么还要骑，现在读到了书里那句话，摔了以后还愿意再上去，原来那就是坚持的样子，不是喊口号，是上完药还肯出门。

弟弟练到天黑，能骑一小段了。收车的时候他问我，书里那个人后来怎么样了。我说，骑着车去给奶奶送药了。他想了想，说，那我明天学会了，骑车去给姥姥买她爱吃的桃酥。

晚上我把书放回书包，在页边写了一行小字：道理不在书里，在摔的那一下和爬起来的那一下之间。弟弟在客厅比划骑车的姿势，膝盖一高一低。我笑他，他不知道，他今天这一摔一爬，比我读十遍这篇文章学到的都多。

Reading It to My Brother, and to Myself

Our Chinese teacher recommended Learning to Ride to the whole class. The piece is short, about a boy learning on the dirt road at the village entrance, falling until

both knees were covered in scabs, sitting in the dust and crying, then lifting the bike and practicing on, until at last he rode all the way to town to bring medicine to his grandmother. I was reading in my room when something crashed outside the door. My little brother had gone down with his bike in the hallway.

He is in fourth grade and started learning this week. Dad had held the bike for three days, and he still could not ride straight. I came out with the book. He sat on the floor rubbing his wrist, and the moment he saw me he asked, did the man in your book fall like this too. I said he fell four times. He lowered his hand from his wrist and said, four times, so I am still far behind.

I read that passage aloud to him. After the boy fell, he crouched by the road thinking, if this road were any longer, I would truly stop riding. Then he saw his grandmother peering out of her gate in the distance, so he lifted the bike and kept pedaling. When my brother heard that, he hoisted his own bike off the floor and said, one more lap. This lap took him ten or fifteen meters out. The handlebars wobbled. He did not.

I leaned against the wall watching him practice, and suddenly remembered my own fall last year. My palm scraped across concrete, a palm-sized patch torn open, blood welling, and I kept my fist clenched shut, afraid to open it. Mom dressed the wound and I gasped with the pain. The first thing I did afterward was go out and ride half a lap. I did not know then why I still wanted to ride. Now I have read the line in the book, still willing to get back on after falling. That is what perseverance looks like. Not a slogan. Going out the door after the bandage goes on.

My brother practiced until dark and managed short stretches. As we parked the bikes he asked what happened to the man in the book. I said he rode to town with medicine for his grandmother. He thought a moment and said, then when I learn tomorrow, I will bike over to Grandma Liu's and buy the almond cookies she likes.

At night I put the book back in my schoolbag and wrote one small line in the margin: the lesson is not inside the book; it lives between the fall and the getting up. In the living room my brother was miming the riding posture, one knee higher than the other. I laughed at him. He does not know that today's one fall and one rise taught him more than my ten readings of that article.