书里的熊也怕松手

上个星期，妈妈给我读了一本绘本，叫《小熊学自行车》。书里的熊爸爸扶着小熊的后座，绕着树桩一圈一圈走。走到小熊忘了爸爸还在扶的时候，熊爸爸悄悄松了手。小熊回头一看，身后空空的，一慌，车一头扎进路边的草堆，四脚朝天。

读到这里我笑了，笑完又觉得脸上发烫。因为我学车的时候，跟小熊一模一样。

爸爸扶我练的那个星期，我最怕的就是松手。每骑十几米，我就扯着嗓子问，扶着没有。爸爸总说扶着呢。有一回他答慢了半拍，我耳朵里嗡的一声，脚一软，车歪进了花坛。坐在花坛边上我还嘴硬，说是花坛自己长出来的。爸爸没拆穿我，把我拉起来，拍拍土，说再来。

绘本里，小熊摔进草堆以后，熊妈妈没有扶它，只说了一句话：眼睛看前面，一直蹬。小熊从草堆里爬出来，头上顶着一根草，重新上车。这一回它不回头了，眼睛盯着前面的大树桩，一圈，两圈，它自己骑下来了。书翻到下一页，小熊骑得飞快，耳朵后面的毛都被风吹起来了。

那天晚上我躺在床上想，小熊不是不怕，它是把回头的劲儿省下来蹬车了。我总问爸爸扶没扶，其实是把眼睛长在了后面。第二天练车，我学着小熊的样子，眼睛死死盯着前面的路灯，心里数着圈。骑到平时该问的那几步，我把嘴闭得紧紧的。风起来了，我还在蹬。等我到路口刹住车，才发觉爸爸已经落在后面好远了。

我学会了。那天回家的路上，我给妈妈讲绘本里那根顶在小熊头上的草，讲我自己闭着嘴数圈的那个傍晚。妈妈笑，我也笑。原来书里的小熊和小孩，学的是同一件事：别老回头看，眼睛看前面，一直蹬。

The Bear in the Book Was Afraid to Let Go Too

Last week, Mom read me a picture book called Little Bear Learns to Ride. In it, Papa Bear holds the seat behind Little Bear, walking lap after lap around a tree stump. When Little Bear forgets Papa is still holding, Papa quietly lets go. Little Bear glances back, sees nobody behind him, panics, and the bike dives headfirst into the grass by the road, wheels in the air.

I laughed at that page, and then my face felt hot, because when I learned to ride, I was exactly like that bear.

During the week Dad held me while I practiced, the thing I feared most was him letting go. Every ten or fifteen meters I would shout, are you still holding. He always said, holding. Once he answered half a beat late. My ears buzzed, my legs went soft, and the bike veered into the flower bed. Sitting on the edge, I still talked tough and said the flower bed had grown out of its own accord. Dad did not expose me. He pulled me up, patted off the dirt, and said, again.

In the picture book, after Little Bear tumbles into the grass, Mama Bear does not

help him up. She says one sentence: eyes forward, keep pedaling. Little Bear crawls out with a blade of grass on his head and gets back on. This time he does not look back. His eyes stay locked on the big stump ahead. One lap, two laps, and he rides it all by himself. On the next page he is flying, the fur behind his ears blown up by the wind.

That night in bed I thought: the little bear was not unafraid. He simply saved the energy of looking back and spent it on pedaling. I kept asking Dad whether he was holding, which was like growing my eyes on the back of my head. The next day I copied the bear, staring hard at the streetlight ahead, counting laps in my head. At the spot where I would normally shout the question, I kept my mouth shut tight. The wind picked up and I kept pedaling. Only when I braked at the corner did I notice Dad had fallen far behind.

I had learned it. On the walk home I told Mom about the blade of grass on the bear's head, and about my own evening of counting laps with my mouth shut. She laughed, and I laughed. It turns out the little bear in the book and children learn the same one thing: stop looking back, eyes forward, keep pedaling.