土路上的车轮，和我的橡胶轮胎

星期五的观影课上，老师放了一部纪录片，叫《车轮上的童年》。片子里拍的是山里的孩子学骑自行车。镜头跟着一个瘦瘦的男孩，他的车是那种老式的二八大杠改小的，挡泥板缺一块，后座用铁丝绑过。路是村子里的土路，一下雨就成泥，晴天一层白灰。

片子里有一段我看了两遍。男孩学车摔了，车头一歪，连人带车翻进田埂边的草沟里。我以为他要哭。他从沟里爬出来，先扶车，再拍头发上的草，裤腿上的泥他随手抹了一把，然后跨上车接着蹬。镜头没有停，他晃晃悠悠骑远了，扬起一路白灰。旁白说，那条土路他每天走两趟，去镇上上学，单程九里。

坐在放映教室里的我，脸有点热。我学车是在小区的塑胶广场上，地面平得像桌面，爸爸扶着，妈妈在旁边递水，摔了最多蹭红一点皮。那个男孩摔进的是草沟，爬起来第一眼看的是车坏没坏，不是自己疼不疼。

纪录片后半段，男孩学会了，每天骑车驮着妹妹上学。有一段拍他从土坡上冲下来，旧车的链条哗啦哗啦响，两边是麦子。他的背挺得直直的，车把握得稳稳的。我忽然明白，他那辆车为什么看起来那么破，却骑得那么稳。因为会骑车的人不是车给的，是那条土路摔出来的。

我想起自己学会骑车那天，在塑胶广场上，风一吹我就觉得自己飞起来了，得意了一整个星期。可那个男孩的得意藏在别的地方，藏在冲下土坡时挺直的背上。我们都在学骑车，只是我的路上有人扶着，他的路上只有他自己。

观影结束，灯亮起来，屏幕暗下去之前，定格在男孩的车轮上，轮胎磨得平了，花纹快没了。我低头想了想自己那双崭新的运动鞋，还有楼下那辆一摔就喊停的车。这部纪录片没讲什么大道理，它就让我看见，同样的年纪，有的孩子的车轮是滚在土路上的，滚得又稳又远。

Wheels on the Dirt Road, and My Rubber Tires

At the movie class on Friday, our teacher showed a documentary called Childhood on Wheels. It follows children from the mountains learning to ride bicycles. One camera trails a skinny boy on an old-style bike shrunk down to his size, one fender missing, the back seat bound with wire. The road is the village dirt road, mud when it rains, a layer of white dust when it is clear.

There is a scene I watched twice. The boy falls while learning, the handlebars twist, and man and bike tumble into the grassy ditch beside the ridge. I thought he would cry. He climbs out, lifts the bike first, then pats the grass from his hair, wipes the mud off his trouser leg with one swipe, swings back on, and keeps pedaling. The camera does not cut. He wobbles away, raising a trail of white dust. The narration says he walks that dirt road twice a day to school in town, nine li each way.

Sitting in the screening room, my face felt hot. I learned on the rubber-tiled plaza in my neighborhood, flat as a tabletop, Dad holding, Mom passing water, and a fall meant a red scrape at worst. That boy fell into a ditch, and the first thing his eyes checked was whether the bike was broken, not whether he hurt.

In the second half, the boy has learned and bikes his little sister to school every day. One shot films him charging down an earthen slope, the old chain clattering, wheat on both sides. His back is straight, his grip on the handlebars steady. I suddenly understood why his bike looks so beat-up yet rides so sure. The rider is not given by the bike. He is knocked into shape by that dirt road.

I remembered my own day of learning, on that rubber plaza, convinced I was flying when the wind blew, proud for a whole week. The boy's pride hides somewhere else, in the straight back as he charges down the slope. We both learned to ride. Mine had a hand holding me; his road had only him.

When the lights came on, the last frame before the screen went dark was the boy's wheel, the tire worn smooth, its tread nearly gone. I thought of my brand-new sneakers and the bike downstairs that I stop crying over at every fall. This documentary preaches no grand lesson. It simply shows that at the same age, some children's wheels roll on dirt roads, and roll steady, and far.

补了又补的内胎，和我扔掉的旧车

纪录片《车轮上的童年》在学校观影课放过一次，周末我在家里又让妈妈陪我搜来看了一遍。这一遍我注意到的不再是摔倒，而是一个叫小凤的女孩。她和哥哥共用那辆旧车，谁值日谁骑，另一个在后面跑一段再换着骑。

有一段拍的是补车。车在路上没气了，小凤蹲在土路边，把内胎拆出来，接了半盆水，一段一段按进水里找漏气的眼子。找到以后，贴片、压平、装回去，动作熟练得像家里做饭的手艺。土路两边是收割过的稻茬，她手上的黑泥和车上的黑泥分不太清。

还有一段在坡上。小凤下坡时捏不住闸，车歪进路边的浅沟，她坐在沟里愣了几秒，自己爬起来，先把车从沟里推上去，再骑。整个过程没有哭，旁白也没有停，只听见她推车时链条的响声。

我看得坐不住。我学骑车是三年级暑假，爸爸买了辆亮闪闪的新车，学了两天，摔了三次，我就喊累不学了。那辆车后来一直立在储藏室里，坐垫上落了一层灰，去年搬东西才发现，轮胎早就没气了。小凤那条补了又补的内胎，天天在路上滚；我那条好端端的内胎，在储藏室里慢慢自己漏完了气。

妈妈在旁边问我，看出什么了。我说，她摔了以后先看车，我摔了以后等人来扶。妈妈没接

话。片尾小凤骑着车带哥哥过河，水漫过车轮一半，两个人都下来推，推过去再骑。那个画面我按了暂停，看了很久。

关掉视频，我上楼打开储藏室的门，把那辆落灰的旧车推了出来，拿到水龙头下面冲洗。坐垫的灰冲掉以后，露出上面还贴着一张我小时候写的名字贴纸。我想，它还能打气，我还没学会骑车，它还没旧，我们都不该停在储藏室里。

The Patched Inner Tube, and the Bike I Threw Away

The documentary Childhood on Wheels was shown once at our school movie class. Over the weekend I asked Mom to search it up at home and I watched it again. This time what caught me was not the falling but a girl named Xiaofeng. She shares the old bike with her brother: whoever has duty rides, and the other runs a stretch before they swap.

One scene is about mending. The tire goes flat on the road. Xiaofeng squats by the dirt roadside, takes the inner tube out, fills a basin halfway with water, and presses the tube under water section by section to find the leak. When she finds it, she patches it, presses it flat, puts it back, her hands as practiced as a kitchen skill. On both sides of the dirt road stand cut rice stubble; the black mud on her hands is hard to tell from the black mud on the bike.

Another scene is on a slope. Xiaofeng cannot hold the brake going down, and the bike tips into a shallow ditch. She sits in the ditch for a few seconds, gets up by herself, pushes the bike up the bank first, then rides. No crying in the whole scene, and the narration does not pause either, only the clatter of the chain as she pushes.

I could not sit still watching. I learned to ride in the summer of third grade. Dad bought a shiny new bike; after two days and three falls I cried that I was tired and quit. That bike stood in the storage room ever since, a layer of dust on the seat. Last year, moving things, we found its tire long gone flat. Xiaofeng's patched-and-repatched tube rolls on the road every day; my perfectly good tube leaked out all by itself in a storage room.

Mom asked beside me, what did you see. I said, when she falls she checks the bike first; when I fall I wait for someone to lift me. Mom did not answer. At the end, Xiaofeng bikes across a river with her brother, water halfway up the wheels, and both get off to push, then ride again on the far side. I paused on that frame and looked a long time.

I turned off the video, went upstairs, opened the storage room door, and wheeled the dusty old bike out under the faucet. When the dust washed off the seat, a name

sticker I wrote as a little kid showed underneath. It can still take air, I still have not learned to ride, it is not yet old. Neither of us should be parked in a storage room.

九里土路，和我校门口的三百米

寒假那天我去图书馆写作业，写完在电子阅览室戴上耳机看片子，随机点开的就是《车轮上的童年》。我本来只想看几分钟，结果从头看到了尾。片子里那对兄弟，哥哥骑一辆补了又补的旧车，每天带弟弟去镇上上学，土路单程九里。

让我停下来的是一段清晨的路。天还没亮透，哥哥跨上车，弟弟坐在后座上背语文，背到一半打瞌睡，脑袋歪在哥哥背上。土路坑多，车轮颠一下，弟弟就醒一下，醒了接着背。两边的草叶上有露水，镜头离车轮很近，泥水溅上裤腿，谁也不管。

片中也有摔倒。弟弟下车自己练，在村口的土路上摔了，膝盖破了点皮，哥哥蹲下看了一眼，说能走就能骑，弟弟拍拍土上车，两个人一前一后骑回家。没有大人出现，旁白说他们的爸妈在很远的地方打工。

我在阅览室里摘下耳机缓了一会儿。我每天上学是爸爸骑电动车送，从小区到校门三百米，我还总嫌远，嫌风大，嫌坐得屁股凉。九里土路，天不亮就出发，颠一路，人家背完了一篇课文，我在三百米路上刷完了半首儿歌。

片子快完时有一组镜头：放学，哥哥的车后座换成书包，兄弟俩逆着夕阳往回骑，影子在土路上拉得很长。哥哥到村口把车停下，让弟弟先骑一段，自己在后面跑。弟弟骑得歪歪扭扭，哥哥在后面喊，眼睛看前头，别看脚。

我合上笔记本离开图书馆，外面下着小雨，爸爸骑电动车来接我。车过校门那三百米的路，我坐在后座上想起那条土路。雨点打在头盔上，我第一次没有嫌这段路短。九里和三百米不一样长，可我知道，总有一天我也要自己骑一段更远的路，眼睛看前头，别看脚。

Nine Li of Dirt Road, and Three Hundred Meters to My School Gate

On a day in winter break I went to the library to do homework. When I finished, I put on headphones in the e-reading room and clicked a film at random: Childhood on Wheels. I meant to watch a few minutes and ended up staying to the last frame. The two brothers in it ride one patched-up old bike, taking the younger one to school in town every day, nine li of dirt road each way.

What stopped me was an early-morning stretch. Before the sky fully lights, the elder swings on and the little brother sits on the back seat reciting Chinese. Halfway through he dozes off, his head tipping onto his brother's back. The dirt road is full of holes; every jolt of the wheels wakes the boy, and he picks up the recitation where he left off. Dew sits on the grass on both sides, the camera close to the wheel, mud-water splashing onto trouser legs, nobody minding.

There is falling too. The little brother practices on his own at the village entrance and falls, scraping his knee. The brother crouches, glances at it, says if you can walk you can ride, and the boy pats off the dirt and mounts. The two ride home one behind the other. No adult appears; the narration says their parents work far away.

I took off the headphones in the reading room and sat for a while. Every day my dad shuttles me to school on an electric scooter, three hundred meters from our gate to the school gate, and I still call it far, too windy, the seat too cold. Nine li of dirt road, leaving before dawn, bouncing the whole way, and they finished a text recitation while I scrolled through half a song in my three hundred meters.

Near the end there is a sequence: school out, the back seat now holding schoolbags, the brothers riding home against the setting sun, their shadows stretched long on the dirt. At the village entrance the elder stops and lets the younger ride a stretch while he runs behind. The boy wobbles, and from behind his brother shouts, eyes on what's ahead, not on your feet.

I closed the laptop and left the library. It was drizzling outside, and Dad came for me on the scooter. Over those three hundred meters past the school gate, sitting on the back seat, I thought of that dirt road. Rain tapped my helmet, and for the first time I did not mind that the ride was short. Nine li and three hundred meters are not the same length, but I know one day I will ride a longer road myself, eyes on what's ahead, not on my feet.

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