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.