害怕的那一下，脚没有停

暑假里妈妈批准我看一部成长题材的电影，是在家里用平板看的，看到一半我把灯关了，像电影院那样。片里的女孩要每天骑车过一座桥去上学，桥没有栏杆，下面是河。她第一次上桥那段拍得极慢：她站在桥头，推着车转了两圈，最后咬咬牙骑上去，两条腿在发抖，可脚一直在蹬。到桥中间风一吹，车晃了一下，她没下来，弓着背慢慢骑过去了。

看到腿抖那一下，我手心忽然出汗。我摔车是在晚自习以后的车棚。那天我非要试自己骑夜路，出校门拐进小巷，轮子压上一摊水，车把一滑，我整个人摔在车棚外的台阶边上。更糟的是车链掉了，我蹲在路灯底下捡链条，手上全是油，晚自习迟到了，第二天还被班主任叫去问。那天晚上我推着车走回家，两公里，一句话没说。

电影里的女孩也推过车。她有一段在桥下推着车上台阶，旁白问她怕不怕，她说怕，怕得想绕路，可是绕路要多走四十分钟。所以她选桥。她说这句话的时候脸上没什么表情，像在说今天吃什么一样平常。我忽然觉得她比我大很多，虽然她演的是初一学生。

影片后段，女孩过桥越来越稳，有一段她单手扶着车把、后座载着同学，桥下的河水反着光。导演没有拍她学会的那一刻，只拍她有一天过桥时忽然唱起歌来。我盯着那段想，会骑车不是某一个瞬间学会的，是害怕的次数一次比一次少。

看完我把平板放下，在客厅站了一会儿。我妈问我电影好看吗，我说好看，讲一个怕桥的女孩。我妈说那你怕什么，我想了想，说怕黑，怕一个人走夜路。我妈没劝我别怕，只说，明天晚自习结束我去接你，你自己骑回来一次试试。

第二天我真的一个人骑回来了。巷子那摊水还在，我绕开了，心跳得很快，脚没停。进小区门的时候我发现自己在笑。电影里的女孩过桥时唱歌，我进楼道时哼了半句跑调的歌。害怕的那一下，脚没有停，这大概就是我在那部电影里看到的、也终于在自己身上找到的东西。

That Moment of Fear, and Feet That Kept Pedaling

Over summer break Mom allowed me to watch a coming-of-age film, on the tablet at home. Halfway through I turned off the lights, like a cinema. The girl in it bikes over a bridge to school every day; the bridge has no railing, and a river runs under it. Her first crossing is filmed in extreme slowness: she stands at the bridge head, pushes the bike around in two circles, then grits her teeth and mounts. Her legs shake, yet her feet keep pedaling. Midway the wind gusts, the bike sways, she does not get off — she hunches over and rides through.

At the shaking legs my palms broke out in sweat. My own crash happened at the bike shed after evening study. That night I insisted on trying the dark road alone. Out of the school gate into the lane, a wheel hit a patch of water, the handlebar slipped, and I fell against the edge of the steps by the shed. Worse, the chain came off. I crouched under the streetlamp picking up links, hands covered in grease, late

for study hall, questioned by my head teacher the next day. That night I pushed the bike home, two kilometers, without a word.

The girl in the film pushed her bike too. One scene has her hauling it up the steps under the bridge. The narration asks if she is afraid. She says yes, afraid enough to detour — but a detour means forty extra minutes. So she chooses the bridge. She says it with no expression, as ordinary as saying what's for dinner. Suddenly she felt much older than me, though she plays a seventh grader.

In the later part, she crosses the bridge more and more steadily. One shot has her steering with one hand, a classmate on the back seat, river light glinting below. The director never films the moment she learns — only a day when she suddenly starts singing mid-crossing. I watched that and thought: learning to ride is not one instant; it is fear happening a little less each time.

After it ended I set down the tablet and stood in the living room. Mom asked if the film was good. I said yes, about a girl afraid of a bridge. Mom asked what I am afraid of. I thought a moment and said the dark, riding the night road alone. She did not tell me not to be afraid. She only said: I will pick you up after study hall tomorrow — but try riding back yourself once.

The next day I really did ride back alone. That puddle in the lane was still there; I steered around it, heart pounding, feet not stopping. Passing the compound gate I caught myself smiling. The girl sings crossing her bridge; I hummed half a tune, off-key, entering my stairwell. In that moment of fear my feet did not stop — that is the thing I saw in the film and finally found in myself.