影片里的车铃，和我车把上的旧铃

班级观影课上放的那部成长电影，别的片段我都记不太清了，只记得结尾。主人公是个高中男生，影片里他骑着一辆旧车穿过整个小镇，上学、送信、去见朋友。结尾他家搬去城里，父亲把旧车推到集市上卖了。男生站在集市口没说话。卖出去那一刻，风把车把上的铃碰响了一声，买主的孩子骑上车走了，铃声一路远去。整场电影没有配乐，只有那一声铃。

写观后感这几天，我家储藏室也有一辆旧车——不，昨天已经没有车了，只剩车把上那只铃。那辆车是我五年级摔坏的：下坡刹车太急，前轮抱死，我从车把上翻出去，摔在路肩上，车架歪了。爸爸推着去修车铺，师傅拿大钳子把车架掰回来，焊了两处，说还能骑。车把上的铃就是那次换的，旧铃瘪了，新铃是师傅从一堆旧件里挑的，声音哑哑的，不难听。

后来我长高了，车越骑越小，上个月爸爸把车送给了楼下的小弟弟。送走那天下午我下楼看了一眼，小弟弟扶着车把学蹬，那只哑铃叮叮当当响。我站了几分钟就上楼了，回到房间发现自己在难过。我难过的不是车没了，是我忽然意识到，那辆车替我记着所有摔过的地方：花坛、路肩、掉链子的台阶，它一坏我就修，它一响我就知道是我回来了。

电影里那个男生让我明白了这种难过。他站在集市口的样子，和我站在单元门口的样子是同一个样子。车不是交通工具，是几年的路。影片没有让他哭，也没有让铃停。导演让铃声跟着买主的孩子骑出画面，好像那些路没有断，只是换了一个人骑。

我把那只旧铃从车把上拆下来，擦干净，挂在书桌旁的钉子上。写作业写到烦的时候，风从窗户进来，铃会轻轻响一下。我想，学会骑车是长大，把车送走也是长大。影片里的车铃响在集市上，我的车铃响在我的书桌边，它们都在替我记着：我骑过一段路，摔过，修好了，然后把它交给了下一个人。

The Bell in the Film, and the Old Bell on My Handlebar

Of the coming-of-age film shown in our class movie session, most scenes have faded, but I remember the ending clearly. The hero is a high school boy who rides an old bike across the whole little town — to school, delivering letters, meeting friends. At the end his family moves to the city, and his father pushes the old bike to the market and sells it. The boy stands at the edge of the market saying nothing. The moment it is sold, the wind strikes the bell on the handlebar once. The buyer's child rides off, the bell fading down the road. The whole film has no score — only that one bell.

These days of writing my response essay, our storage room also held an old bike — no, yesterday there is no bike left, only its bell still on the handlebar. That bike broke my fifth-grade year: I grabbed the brake too hard downhill, the front wheel locked, and I pitched over the handlebar onto the road shoulder. Dad pushed it to a repair shop. The mechanic bent the frame back with big pliers, welded two spots, and said it rides fine. The bell on the handlebar was changed that day — the old one

dented, the new one picked from a bin of spare parts, its voice hoarse, not unpleasant.

Then I grew taller and the bike kept shrinking. Last month Dad gave it to the little boy downstairs. That afternoon I went down to look: he held the handlebar learning to pedal, and the hoarse bell jingled away. I stood a few minutes, went back upstairs, and found in my room that I was sad. Not sad that the bike was gone, but suddenly aware that it kept a record of every place I fell: the flower bed, the road shoulder, the steps where the chain dropped. When it broke I fixed it; when it rang I knew it was me coming home.

The boy in the film made that sadness legible. The way he stood at the market's edge is the same way I stood at my building's door. A bike is not transport; it is several years of road. The film did not make him cry, and did not silence the bell. The director let the bell ride out of frame with the buyer's child, as if those roads had not ended — only changed riders.

I took the old bell off the handlebar, wiped it clean, and hung it on a nail beside my desk. When homework grows tiresome and wind comes through the window, it gives a soft ring. Learning to ride was growing up; giving the bike away is growing up too. The bell in the film rang at the market; mine rings beside my desk. Both keep the record for me: I rode a stretch of road, fell, got it fixed, and handed it to the next rider.