# 那一段没有人扶的下坡

上周电影课放的那部成长片，我到现在还记得那个长镜头。片里的男孩住在一个坡多的镇上，他学骑车没人教，自己推着车一遍遍走上坡，再松脚滑下来。有一段是他终于敢踩踏板冲下坡，镜头从侧面跟着他，风把他洗得发白的衬衫灌成一个鼓，他的脚蹬得飞快，脸上不是笑，是一种咬紧了的认真。

全班都在为那段下坡欢呼，我却想起自己的摔车。学骑车那年夏天，小区旁边有一条新铺的路，我骑上去逞快，前面突然窜出一只猫，我一捏闸，车一歪，连人摔进路边的花坛里。膝盖磕在水泥沿上，血珠渗出来，裤子磨破了一大块。我坐在花坛边没哭，先去看车——车把歪了一点，轮子还转。那一刻我居然松了口气，比关心自己的腿还先。

后来我在那条路上接着练，摔了再扶起来，膝盖上的痂结了又裂。电影里的男孩比我更早明白一件事：下坡的时候，喊救命没有用，眼睛要看坡的尽头，身子往后坐，闸一下一下点着捏。这些没人教他，是摔出来的。

影片后半段我看得很安静。男孩的爸爸一直在远处看着，从不追上来。有一段爸爸终于走到他跟前，只说了一句，明天帮我送信到镇上。原来这孩子练车不是为了玩，是为了替家里跑腿。他冲下坡的那股认真，是有理由的。

散场时我在楼梯间想，我学车的时候，爸爸的手一直扶着车座后边，扶了整整两个星期，有一天他悄悄松了手，我骑出去二十米才发现，回头看他，他站在原地，手还保持着扶车的姿势。成长大概就是这样：那段下坡终究没有人扶，但身后那只手松开之前，已经扶了很久。

回家路上我特意绕到小区那条新铺的路边。花坛还在，水泥沿上有一小块磨掉皮的旧痕，不知道是不是我的。我站了一会儿，风过来，我好像又听见链条哗啦哗啦响，一个十三岁的自己蹬着车，冲下坡去。

# The Downhill Nobody Held

The coming-of-age film shown in class last week — I still remember its long take. The boy in it lives in a town full of slopes. Nobody teaches him to ride; he pushes the bike up each hill on foot, then coasts down. One stretch is him finally daring to pedal down a long slope. The camera tracks him from the side, wind filling his washed-out shirt like a balloon, his legs spinning fast, his face not smiling but set in a clenched seriousness.

The whole class cheered for that downhill, but I remembered my own crash. The summer I learned, there was a freshly paved road beside our compound. I went too fast showing off, a cat darted out ahead, I squeezed the brake, the bike wobbled, and I tumbled into the flower bed by the curb. My knee hit the concrete edge, beads of blood came out, a big hole worn in my trousers. I sat by the bed and did not cry; I

checked the bike first — the handlebar bent a little, the wheel still turned. In that moment I felt relief for the bike before I felt it for my own leg.

Afterward I kept practicing on that road, getting up after every fall, the scab on my knee forming and splitting again. The boy in the film understood something sooner than I did: on a downhill, shouting for help is useless; eyes on the bottom of the slope, weight back, squeeze the brake in taps. Nobody taught him. The falls did.

I watched the second half quietly. The boy's father always watched from afar and never caught up. Near the end he finally walks over and says only: deliver letters to town for me tomorrow. So the boy practiced not for play but to run errands for the family. That seriousness on the downhill had a reason.

At the end, in the stairwell, I thought: when I learned, Dad's hand stayed on the back of my seat for two whole weeks. One day he quietly let go, and I only noticed twenty meters out. I turned to look — he stood in place, his hand still shaped as if holding. Growing up is like that: the downhill ends with nobody holding, but the hand behind you held for a long time before it let go.

Walking home I detoured past that new road. The flower bed is still there, with a worn patch of scraped concrete on the edge — maybe mine. I stood a while. The wind came, and I could almost hear the chain clattering again, a thirteen-year-old me pedaling hard, charging down the slope.

## 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.

# 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.