作文课上念到的那篇学车文章

星期三第二节是作文课。老师进教室没直接出题，先说，念一篇文章给你们听，是上一届一个学生写的，题目叫《第一次骑自行车》。她念得不快：写那个学生学车的巷子，写车把怎么歪的，写他摔进沙土里，写他爸爸站在三步外不伸手。念到「车一歪我就跳下来，脚落地了车还往前跑」，我手里的铅笔停了。

这句话我熟。太熟了。去年秋天我就是这么学的车：先拆了脚踏滑巷子，滑了十几个来回才敢把脚收起来一寸。我摔的那一下比文章里还狠，轮子蹭上砖堆的角，我半边身子栽进沙土，手掌蹭破，沙子嵌在红印子里。我坐在沙土里看我爸，我爸说，坐在地上灰要沾身，起来。这些我从来没跟人讲过。

老师念完，在黑板上写了题目：《第一次骑自行车》。她说，写你自己真摔过的那一下，写你记得最清楚的一个地方，别的都可以不要。全班开始沙沙地写。我趴在桌上，笔尖悬在格子纸上，眼前全是巷子底那些槐花的白点点。

我先写车。我家那辆老车横梁低，黑漆剥了露铁锈，车铃按下去只闷闷响一声。写它的时候我鼻子有点酸，好像又闻见院子里拆链条时的机油味。然后写摔。我写得很慢，砖堆、沙土、红印子里的沙子，一笔一笔，像把那天重新摔了一遍。写到爸爸站在三步外，我停了很久，最后写的是他裤子上擦手的动作——那是学会那天傍晚，他站在巷子口，两只手在裤子上擦。

下课前老师收本子。她走到我跟前看了一眼，没念出来，只说了句，这一段留着。晚上回家我妈翻我书包看见了，念给我爸听。念到「坐在地上灰要沾身，起来」，我爸笑了一声，说这句子写得像他。我妈白了他一眼，他就不笑了。

那篇作文后来贴在教室后墙的板报上，贴了一整个学期。有同学指着问我，沙子嵌在红印子里是不是真的。我说真的，手掌上现在还有那道印。他们凑过来看，看完各自回去。放学我推着车出校门，按了一下铃，铃很响。我想起那辆靠墙的老车，哑铃，闷闷的一声。板报上那篇文章是我写的，可巷子、砖堆、三步外的爸爸，都不是文章里的，是我自己的。

The Essay About Learning to Ride That Was Read Aloud in Class

Wednesday's second period was composition class. The teacher walked in without giving the topic right away; first she said she would read us an essay written by a student from last year, titled My First Time Riding a Bicycle. She read slowly: the lane where that student learned, how the handlebar twisted, the fall into the sand, the father standing three steps off with no hand extended. When she reached 'The bike tilted and I jumped off; my feet landed but the bike kept running ahead,' my pencil stopped.

I knew that line. Knew it too well. Last autumn I learned exactly that way: pedals off first, gliding the lane a dozen round trips before I dared lift my feet an

inch. My own fall was worse than the one in the essay — my wheel grazed the corner of a brick pile and half my body pitched into the sand, palms scraped, grit set in the red marks. I sat in the sand looking at my dad; he said, sitting down only gathers dust — get up. I had never told anyone this.

When she finished, the teacher wrote the topic on the blackboard: My First Time Riding a Bicycle. Write the fall you really had, she said, write the one detail you remember clearest, and you may drop everything else. The class filled with the rustle of pens. I hunched over my desk, pen tip hovering over the grid paper, and all I saw were the white locust-blossom dots at the bottom of the lane.

I wrote the bike first. Our old bike had a low crossbar, black paint flaked to rust, a bell that gave one muffled grunt. Writing it stung my nose a little, as if I could smell the machine oil from the yard when we stripped the chain. Then the fall. I wrote slowly — the brick pile, the sand, the grit in the red marks — stroke by stroke, falling all over again. When I got to Dad standing three steps off I stopped for a long time, and what I finally wrote was him wiping his hands on his trousers — that evening when I learned, standing at the lane mouth, wiping his hands on his trousers.

The teacher collected the notebooks before the bell. She passed my desk, glanced at it, did not read it aloud, and only said: keep this paragraph. At home that night Mom found it in my schoolbag and read it to Dad. At 'sitting down only gathers dust — get up,' Dad laughed and said that sentence sounds like me. Mom shot him a look and he stopped laughing.

That essay hung on the bulletin board at the back of the classroom all semester. A classmate pointed at it and asked me if the grit in the red marks was real. I said real — the scar is still on my palm. They crowded to look, then went back to their seats. After school I wheeled my bike out of the school gate and rang the bell; it rang loud. I thought of that old bike leaning on the wall, its mute bell, one muffled grunt. The essay on the board was mine, but the lane, the brick pile, the father three steps off were not from the essay — they were mine.