那辆蓝色旧自行车

上周物业清地下室，一辆锁了八年的蓝色旧自行车被抬了出去。车把上缠着一圈旧T恤，我一眼就认出来了。抬车的师傅问谁要，没人应。车被装上三轮车，颠颠簸簸地拉走了，我不知道拉去了哪里。

那辆车是陈叔的。陈叔是住一楼的退休工人。六年级春天，全班就剩我不会骑车，下课他们比谁骑得快，我在旁边看，看得心里发堵。陈叔看我可怜，把这辆蓝车推到院里：你练，别怕，这车矮，摔不着。车旧，漆皮都起了，链子却擦得亮，一看就是常上油的车。

他怕我手打滑，特意剪了件旧T恤，一圈一圈缠在车把上，缠得密实，边角都用胶带粘死了。车铃按起来声音发闷，他也给修利索了。他扶着我练，只提一个要求：眼睛看前头，别看脚。我摔了三次，三次都在同一个拐角，车把拧不过去。后来陈叔不扶了，站在拐角外头冲我喊：别捏死闸，带一点，带一点。

第五天我学会了。学会那天傍晚，陈叔在楼下抽烟，我骑给他看，绕院子一圈。他烟都忘了抽，就说了一句：慢点，再绕一圈。我绕了第二圈，他笑了，烟灰掉在裤子上也没拍。

那年暑假陈叔搬去儿子那里，车留在了地下室，上了锁。一锁就是八年，链子锈死了，轮胎瘪了，车把上那圈布条晒得发白。谁也不动它，像院里搁着一个没人提的老熟人。

车被拉走那天，我站在窗口看了很久。院子里空荡荡的，花坛还是那个花坛，拐角还是那个拐角，只是再没有人蹲在拐角外头，冲我喊带一点，带一点。我下楼，在原地站了一会儿。风穿过院子，我忽然觉得，那辆车被拉走的不是一堆铁，是我整个六年级。

The Old Blue Bicycle

Last week the property office cleaned the basement, and an old blue bicycle, locked there for eight years, was carried out. Its handlebars were wrapped with an old T-shirt, and I recognized it at a glance. The men asked who wanted it; nobody answered. It was loaded onto a tricycle cart and jolted away. I do not know where it went.

The bike belonged to Uncle Chen, a retired worker who lived on the first floor. In the spring of sixth grade, I was the only one in class who could not ride. At break the others raced to see who rode fastest while I watched, my chest tight. Uncle Chen took pity on me and pushed this blue bike into the yard: practice on it, do not be afraid, it is low, you cannot fall hard. The bike was old, its paint flaking, but the chain was wiped bright, clearly a bike regularly oiled.

Afraid my hands would slip, he cut up an old T-shirt and wound it round and round the handlebars, tight and dense, the ends glued down with tape. He even fixed the muffled bell until it rang clean. He held me while I practiced and made only one demand: keep your eyes ahead, not on your feet. I fell three times, all three at the

same corner, unable to twist the handlebars through. Later Uncle Chen stopped holding and stood beyond the corner, shouting at me: do not clamp the brake shut, ease it, just ease it.

On the fifth day I learned. That evening, while Uncle Chen smoked downstairs, I rode for him, one lap around the yard. He forgot his cigarette and said only: slowly, one more lap. I rode a second lap, and he smiled, letting ash fall on his trousers without brushing it off.

That summer Uncle Chen moved to the home of his son, and the bike stayed in the basement, locked. Locked for eight years: the chain rusted solid, the tires flat, the cloth on the handlebars bleached white by time. Nobody touched it, as if an old acquaintance sat in the yard that no one mentioned.

The day it was hauled away, I watched from the window for a long time. The yard was empty. The flower bed was still the flower bed, the corner still the corner, only nobody crouched beyond the corner anymore, shouting ease it, just ease it. I went downstairs and stood in place for a while. The wind crossed the yard, and it struck me that what the cart took away was not a heap of iron, but my whole sixth grade.