我哥是个笨蛋

我哥是个笨蛋。这是我四年级整个暑假见人就说的话。原因很简单：他教我骑自行车，教出来的办法除了吼还是吼。

那辆车是爸爸给他买的，小轮，他上三年级时骑正好，如今腿长了，嫌挤，就传给我。第一天我上去，他在后头攥着后座，蹲下身子跟着跑，嘴里喊看前头。我一抬头，他又喊别低头。被他喊得晕头转向，一头栽进柴火垛。

我哥定了条规矩：摔了不许他扶，他自己数数。他喊一、二，数到三我要是自己爬不起来，他能笑我一整天。我在车底下挣了两下，数到二自己爬起来了，浑身是土。他别别扭扭说了句还行，那就是他的最高表扬。

第二周他偷偷松了手。我以为他还扶着，一路蹬到了巷子口，一回头，他双手插兜站在院门口。我一惊捏了死闸，连人带车拖出去半米。他跑过来，不帮我拍土，先说：你刚才自己骑了整整一条巷子。我缓过神，膝盖那一下好像也没那么疼了。

他还给我设了个考试：从家门口骑车到巷口小卖部，打一瓶酱油回来，做到了就算毕业。第一次我打回来了，瓶子半路颠得只剩半瓶。第二次我把围巾解下来裹住瓶子，原样打回来。他掏零花钱给我买了一根冰棍，说算毕业礼物，咬了一口又嫌甜。

五年级开学，他上初中，自行车又在院角闲下来。有一回我骑它上学，他背着书包在前头走路，听见车铃回头，就说了一个字：慢。我冲他按了一下铃，超过了他，风灌进袖子，凉丝丝的。

后来很多人问我谁教的骑车，我都说我哥是个笨蛋。人家问为什么，我说：因为他从来不肯扶我起来，可他又是第一个发现我会骑的人。这话我没当着他面说过。他要是听见了，肯定又吼我：看前头！

My Brother Is an Idiot

My brother is an idiot. That is what I told everyone the whole summer of fourth grade. The reason is simple: he taught me to ride a bicycle, and his only method was shouting.

The bike was one Dad had bought him, small-wheeled, a perfect fit in his third-grade year. Now his legs had grown and it felt cramped, so he handed it down to me. On the first day, as soon as I got on, he gripped the rear rack, crouched, and ran along, shouting look ahead. The moment I raised my head, he shouted do not look down. Shouted into a daze, I fell headfirst into the firewood pile.

He set a rule: when I fell, he would not help me up, and he would count. He called one, two; if by three I could not climb up myself, he would laugh at me all day. Under the bike I struggled twice, and by two I got up on my own, covered in dust. He grudgingly said not bad, which was his highest praise.

In the second week he let go without telling me. Thinking he still held on, I pedaled all the way to the mouth of the lane. I turned my head, and he stood at the gate with both hands in his pockets. Startled, I clamped the brake shut, and bike and body dragged half a meter. He ran over, and instead of brushing off my dust he said first: you just rode a whole lane all by yourself. I came to my senses, and the knock on my knee somehow hurt less.

He also set me an exam: ride from our door to the little shop at the lane mouth and bring back a bottle of soy sauce; do it and I graduated. The first time I brought it back, but the road shook it down to half a bottle. The second time I unwound my scarf and wrapped the bottle, and brought it back whole. He spent his own pocket money on a popsicle for me, calling it the graduation gift, then took a bite and complained it was too sweet.

When fifth grade began and he entered middle school, the bicycle again sat idle in the corner of the yard. Once I rode it to school while he walked ahead with his schoolbag. Hearing the bell he turned and said one word: slowly. I rang once at him and passed him, the wind filling my sleeves, cool.

Later many people asked who taught me to ride, and I always said my brother is an idiot. Asked why, I say: because he never once helped me up, yet he was the first to notice that I could ride. I have never said this to his face. If he heard it, he would surely shout again: look ahead!