

我把期末复习排成了八十一难

10月18日 星期五 晴

昨天读《西游记》，我数了数，唐僧师徒一共过了八十一难。我盯着课程表想：我的期末复习，难的地方也就那么几个——数学的分数应用题、英语的单词拼写、语文的古诗默写。既然八十一难都能一难一难过，我的复习也可以拆成一关一关。

我拿出一张纸，把三门弱项当成三场“劫”。分数应用题是黄风岭，单词拼写是通天河，古诗默写是火焰山。每场劫再拆成每天的小任务：数学每天十道计算加一道应用题，英语每天背二十个单词、听两遍课文录音，语文每天背一首古诗、默写一遍。任务写在纸条上，贴在书桌前的日历格子里，做完一天就用红笔画一颗星。

我的奖励也学孙悟空：攒满十五颗星，周六下午可以痛痛快快地玩，不用被妈妈催。第三天的时候我差点坚持不住，数学应用题连着错两道，我把笔一扔，心想唐僧要是孙悟空的筋斗云，早把经取回来了，谁耐烦走十四年。妈妈没批评我，只说了一句：“你先只做一道。”我就只做那一道，做完顺手又做了一道，那天晚上居然把十道计算全写完了。第二天画星的时候我才明白，妖怪不是一个一起来的，是一道一道来的；我怕的从来不是整座山，是站在山脚下抬头看整座山的那个瞬间。

现在我的日历上已经有九颗星。八十一难过了一半不到，期末考试就是灵山，它还在前面等着，但我已经不打算翻筋斗云抄近路了。每天划掉一格，一格一格往前走，走到哪天算哪天，反正经书不会长腿跑掉。

今天读《西游记》读到“功到自然成”五个字，我在旁边用铅笔写：复习到自然会。写完把这句话也贴到了日历上，贴在最上面那一格，一抬头就能看见。

I Turned My Final Review into Eighty-One Trials

Friday, October 18. Sunny.

Yesterday I read part of *Journey to the West* and counted: Tang Seng and his disciples passed eighty-one trials in total. I stared at my class schedule and thought—my weak points for the final review are only a handful: fraction word problems in math, spelling in English, and writing classical poems from memory in Chinese. If eighty-one trials could be crossed one by one, my review could be broken into levels too.

I took a sheet of paper and treated my three weak subjects as three tribulations. Fraction word problems were Yellow Wind Ridge, spelling was the River of Heaven, and poem dictation was Flaming Mountain. Each tribulation was then split into daily tasks: ten calculations plus one word problem in math, twenty new words and two

listens to the textbook recording in English, one poem recited and one round of dictation in Chinese. I wrote each task on a slip of paper, stuck it on the calendar square by my desk, and drew a red star for every day I finished.

My reward followed Sun Wukong's style: fifteen stars earned, and Saturday afternoon was mine to play freely without Mom nagging. On day three I nearly gave up. I got two word problems wrong in a row, threw down my pen, and thought: if Tang Seng had the Cloud Somersault, he would have fetched the scriptures long ago instead of walking for fourteen years. Mom didn't scold me. She only said, "Just do one problem first." I did that one, then casually did another, and that night I finished all ten calculations. When I drew the star the next day, I finally understood: demons never come all at once; they come one at a time. What scares me is never the whole mountain, but the moment I stand at its foot and look up at the whole mountain.

My calendar now has nine stars. Less than half of the eighty-one trials are done. The final exam is Vulture's Peak, still waiting ahead, but I no longer plan to somersault for a shortcut. Cross off one square a day, walk one square at a time, and see how far I get. The scriptures won't grow legs and run.

Today, reading Journey to the West, I came across five characters meaning "success comes when effort is done." I wrote next to them in pencil: mastery comes when review is done. I stuck that sentence on the calendar too, in the top square, where I can see it whenever I look up.

错题本是我的紧箍咒

11月6日 星期三 阴

复习进入第二周，我开始专门对付难题。读《西游记》时我发现，孙悟空打妖怪从来不是抡起棒子就打：他会先摸清妖怪的来历，再找对应的办法。打白骨精变的那三个样子，他是一次一次识破的。难题也一样，得允许自己错几次。

昨天那道行程题就是只白骨精。甲乙两人相距两千四百米，同时出发相向而行，甲每分钟走六十米，乙每分钟走四十米，带狗来回跑的那种变式我全会，可题目把“相向”改成“同向追及”，我就乱了。第一遍列式，把时间算成了负数；第二遍画图，画到一半发现两条线段长短画反了。我想起孙悟空请观音之前先查妖怪住哪个洞，于是回去把“相遇”和“追及”两个公式各抄了三遍，又画了一张标准线段图贴在墙上。第四遍重做那道题，对了。四十分钟错三次才对，要是在以前我早就跳过去了，现在我觉得值——打死的妖怪不会复活，打死的难题也不会。

粗心是另一只妖怪，像猪八戒，力气不大但天天捣乱。我的办法是给它念紧箍咒：错题本。每道错题一页，左边抄错误做法，右边写正确做法，最下面用红笔写一句“错在哪”。“把65写

成56””忘记写单位””答句没写”，都算。这个本子我起名叫紧箍咒，因为一到考试前，我就只翻它，它一翻开，我的粗心就抱头蹲下。上周单元测验前我只翻了四页紧箍咒，卷子上一个数字都没抄错，这种安静连我自己都意外。

第三场劫是作文，我把它留到最后打，因为它最费时间，像狮驼岭，得挑精神最好的一天打。这周我打算写两篇，写完拿给老师改，老师改过的地方就是我下一棒的落点。八十一难没有一难是躺着过的，我也不躺着。

My Mistake Notebook Is the Golden Fillet

Wednesday, November 6. Cloudy.

Review week two: I started going after hard problems on purpose. Reading Journey to the West, I noticed Sun Wukong never just swings his staff. He first finds out where the demon came from, then matches it with the right remedy. The three disguises of the White Bone Demon—he saw through them one at a time. Hard problems are the same: you have to allow yourself to be wrong a few times.

Yesterday's travel problem was a White Bone Demon. Two people 2,400 meters apart set off at the same time walking toward each other; one walks 60 meters a minute, the other 40. I could do every variation with a dog running back and forth, but the moment the question changed "toward each other" to "same direction, catching up," I got tangled. First attempt: my time came out negative. Second attempt: halfway through my diagram I realized I had drawn the two line segments the wrong lengths. I remembered that before fetching Guanyin, Sun Wukong first checked which cave the demon lived in. So I went back and copied the meeting formula and the catch-up formula three times each, then taped a standard line-segment diagram to the wall. On the fourth try, I solved the problem. Forty minutes, three wrong attempts, then right. The old me would have skipped it long ago. Now I think it was worth it—a slain demon doesn't come back, and neither does a slain hard problem.

Carelessness is another demon, more like Zhu Bajie: not strong, but always causing trouble. My remedy is the Golden Fillet—a mistake notebook. One page per mistake: the wrong method on the left, the right method on the right, and one red line at the bottom saying what went wrong. "Wrote 65 as 56," "forgot the unit," "no answer sentence"—all count. I named the notebook the Golden Fillet, because before every exam I only flip through it, and the moment it opens, my carelessness crouches down holding its head. Before last week's unit test I flipped through only four pages of the Fillet, and I copied not a single number wrong on the paper. The quietness surprised even me.

The third tribulation is essay writing. I'm saving it for last because it takes

the longest—like Lion Camel Ridge, it needs the day when I'm freshest. This week I plan to write two essays and hand them to my teacher for corrections; every mark she makes is where my next swing lands. Not one of the eighty-one trials was passed lying down, so I won't lie down either.

我借过孙悟空的七十二变，没用

11月20日 星期三 小雨

先讲件丢人的事。上周我借了班里第一名的复习笔记，打算像孙悟空七十二变那样，变成“好学生”的样子去考试。抄是抄来了，可三天后数学小测，笔记上那道“单位‘1’是谁”的题，我照样错。七十二变失灵了。

我把这次失败拆开看，找出了三个错处，像照妖镜照出三个小妖。

第一个错：只抄不消化。第一名的笔记是他想明白之后写下的，我抄的时候根本没想过“为什么先除以五分之三”。抄别人的经，取不到自己的真经。改法：笔记借来后，合上它，用自己的话在另一张纸上重讲一遍，讲不通的地方回去翻课本，讲通了才算抄完。

第二个错：只用眼睛看。复习时我把书从头看到尾，看得很顺，一合上什么也想不起。孙悟空打架从来不是站在旁边看。改法：看十行就合上，在草稿纸上默写要点，写不出的地方画圈，第二天先写圈里的。

第三个错：临时抱佛脚。以前我总想考试前一晚把一学期的东西塞进脑子，像唐僧一夜之间到灵山，根本不可能。改法：把复习拆成两周，每天的任务提前写在日历上，前一晚只翻错题本，不学新东西。

这三个办法都很笨，笨得像沙师弟挑担子，一天也飞不起来。但小测重考那天，那道单位“1”的题我做了三遍全对。我在日记本上写：孙悟空一个筋斗十万八千里，可经书必须一步步背回来。学习没有咒语，硬要说有，就是“自己做一遍”这五个字。妖怪打一个少一个，错处改一个少一个，我账上的“妖怪”还剩最后几个，留给这周。

I Borrowed Sun Wukong's Seventy-Two Transformations — It Didn't Work

Wednesday, November 20. Light rain.

First, an embarrassing story. Last week I borrowed the top student's review notes, planning to use Sun Wukong's Seventy-Two Transformations—turn myself into a

"good student" for the test. I copied everything, but three days later in the math quiz, I missed the very problem his notes explained: "Which quantity is the unit '1'?" The Seventy-Two Transformations failed.

I took the failure apart and found three mistakes, like a demon-revealing mirror exposing three little imps.

Mistake one: copying without digesting. His notes were written after he understood; while copying, I never once asked "why divide by three-fifths first." Copying someone else's scripture gets you nothing of your own. The fix: after borrowing notes, close them and re-explain everything in my own words on a fresh sheet; wherever I stumble, go back to the textbook; the copy only counts once the explanation flows.

Mistake two: reviewing with only my eyes. I read the book cover to cover; it felt smooth, but the moment I closed it, nothing stayed. Sun Wukong never fights by standing aside and watching. The fix: after ten lines, close the book and write the key points from memory on scratch paper; circle what I can't produce; the next day, write the circled ones first.

Mistake three: cramming the night before. I used to try stuffing a whole term into my head in one evening—like expecting Tang Seng to reach Vulture's Peak overnight. Impossible. The fix: spread review over two weeks, write each day's task on the calendar in advance, and the night before a test only flip through the mistake notebook—no new material.

All three fixes are clumsy, as clumsy as Sha Wujing carrying the luggage on his shoulder—never flying a day. But on the retake, I solved that unit-"1" problem three times and got it right every time. I wrote in my diary: Sun Wukong covers 108,000 li in one somersault, but the scriptures must be carried back step by step. Studying has no magic spell; if it does, it's five words: "do it yourself once." Every demon fought is one less demon; every mistake fixed is one less mistake. My account has a handful of demons left, and this week is theirs.