

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.