

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.