

500字读后感范文：浮板上的二十分钟

读《我学会了游泳》这篇文章，最让我停下来的情节在第四段：作者第一次抱浮板漂在水面，教练规定必须漂满二十分钟才能上岸。她前十分钟一直数池底的瓷砖缝，第十五分钟腿开始发抖，第十八分钟她差点松手，最后还是撑到了二十分钟，上岸时腿是软的，但她笑了。

这个情节打动我的地方在于，作者并不是不害怕。她腿抖、差点松手，害怕一直在，只是她没有让害怕替她做决定。坚持原来不是把恐惧赶跑，而是带着恐惧继续数分钟。回想起来，教练定的那二十分钟其实是个笨办法：它不要求你不怕，也不要求你游得多好，只要求你把手臂搭在浮板上，把时间熬完。对初学者来说，能执行的要求才是好要求，因为它把一件做不到的大事，换成了勉强够得着的小事：漂住，呼吸，数到二十。数着数着，恐惧自己就退了半格。

我想起自己第一次漂足二十分钟的那个下午。少年宫的泳池水深一米二，我抱着浮板，脸埋在水里，耳朵里全是水声。前五分钟我数瓷砖，数到第三十七块时开始慌，想喊教练。后来我换了办法：不看池底，只看前面那条泳道线，每漂过一条线就告诉自己又过了五分钟。第十五分钟我的肩膀发酸，像有人往下按我的背。第十八分钟手指真的想松开，我把指甲掐进浮板边缘撑了过去。二十分钟的哨声响起时，我扶着池边喘气，心里想的不是我真棒，而是原来我可以。

文章里作者数瓷砖，我数泳道线，我们都在把二十分钟切成一小段一小段。这就是这篇读后感留给我的东西：害怕一件大事的时候，别盯着整件事，把它拆成能数得清的分钟和线段，一段一段过完，坚持就不是口号，而是数到二十的过程。

A 500-Word Reading Response: Twenty Minutes on the Kickboard

Reading 'I Learned to Swim', the scene that made me stop is in paragraph four: the author's first time floating on a kickboard, and the coach requires a full twenty minutes before getting out. She spent the first ten minutes counting the grout lines of the tiles on the pool bottom. At the fifteenth minute her legs began to shake. At the eighteenth she nearly let go, but she held on until twenty. When she climbed out her legs were jelly, yet she smiled.

What moves me about this scene is that the author was not fearless. Her legs shook, she nearly let go, and the fear was there the whole time. She simply refused to let fear make the decision. Perseverance, it turns out, is not driving fear away but going on counting the minutes while carrying it. Looking back, the twenty minutes the coach set was actually a plain, honest method: it never asked you to be unafraid or to swim well, only to rest your arms on the board and see the clock out. For a beginner, a requirement you can actually execute is a good requirement, because it trades an impossible big thing for a small one you can just reach: float, breathe, count to twenty. Count your way through and the fear retreats half a step on its own.

This reminds me of the afternoon I first floated a full twenty minutes. The pool at the youth center was 1.2 meters deep. I hugged the kickboard with my face in the water, my ears full of splashing. For the first five minutes I counted tiles, and when I reached thirty-seven I began to panic and wanted to call the coach. Then I changed tactics: stop looking at the bottom, look only at the lane rope ahead, and tell myself another five minutes had passed each time I drifted past one. At the fifteenth minute my shoulders ached, as if someone were pressing down on my back. At the eighteenth my fingers truly wanted to loosen, and I dug my nails into the edge of the board to get through it. When the whistle sounded at twenty minutes, I was gasping at the pool edge, and what I thought was not 'I am great' but 'so I can.'

The author counted tiles; I counted lane ropes. We were both cutting twenty minutes into small pieces. That is what this article left me with: when a big thing scares you, do not stare at the whole of it. Break it into minutes and lines you can count, get through them one by one, and perseverance stops being a slogan and becomes the process of counting to twenty.