

把懂事用在学习上：考砸之后我做的三件事

上个月数学单元测，我考了七十三分。卷子发下来那一刻，我第一反应是把卷子塞进书包最底层，别让妈妈签字。这个念头本身，就是这篇心得要反思的起点：我以前以为“懂事”是考个好成绩让妈妈高兴，后来才明白，懂事是考砸之后不让妈妈替我操心。

那天晚上我还是把卷子拿出来了。妈妈看完没骂，只问了一句“错的都是不会的，还是粗心的”。我数了一遍：计算错四道，应用题不会两道。妈妈没再说话，去厨房热了牛奶。那个晚上我想了很久，决定做三件事。

第一件，把错题抄成清单。不是抄题，是把错误类型写清楚：四道计算全是“进位忘了加”，两道应用题是“没看懂‘比……多几’”。清单贴在书桌台灯杆上，每天写作业前先看十秒。这一步的作用是把“我数学差”这种大结论，拆成两个能改的小毛病。

第二件，定一个两周能检验的小目标。目标不是“下次考九十分”，那是结果，不是目标。我的目标是：连续两周，每天做五道计算题，做完自己核对，错的那道当场重算一遍。两周后算总账：五道乘十四天，七十道，错多少一目了然。

第三件，主动请妈妈检查。以前都是妈妈追着我问作业，这周改成我每周日把计算本递给她，让她翻给我看哪几天漏了。让妈妈放心不是瞒着她，是让她不用追。

第二张单元成绩单出来，我八十六分。妈妈看成绩单的时候笑了，说“计算全对了吧”。我说是。其实我在意的是另一件事：这两周她没催过我一次写作业。把懂事用在学习上，说白了就是把“让妈妈少操心”变成每天五道题的具体动作。动作能坚持，笑就不止那一次。

Turning Maturity Into Study Habits: Three Things I Did After Failing a Test

Last month on a math unit test, I scored 73. The moment the paper came back, my first instinct was to bury it at the bottom of my schoolbag so Mom would not have to sign it. That instinct is exactly the starting point of this reflection: I used to think 'being considerate' meant scoring well to make Mom happy. I later understood that being considerate means not making Mom worry after you fail.

That night I still brought the paper out. Mom read it without scolding, and asked one question: 'Are the mistakes ones you did not know, or careless ones?' I counted: four calculation errors, two word problems I could not do. Mom said nothing more and went to heat milk in the kitchen. I thought for a long time that evening and decided to do three things.

Thing one: turn the wrong answers into a list. Not copying the problems, but writing the error types clearly: all four calculation errors were 'forgot to add the carried digit', and the two word problems were 'did not understand 'how many more

than...'. The list is taped to the lamp stem on my desk, and I read it for ten seconds before homework every day. This step turns a big verdict like 'I am bad at math' into two small fixable habits.

Thing two: set a small goal checkable in two weeks. The goal is not 'score 90 next time' — that is a result, not a goal. My goal was: for two weeks straight, do five calculation problems a day, check them myself, and redo each wrong one on the spot. Total after two weeks: five times fourteen days, seventy problems, and the error count speaks for itself.

Thing three: ask Mom to check on purpose. Before, Mom chased me about homework. This week I switched it: every Sunday I hand her my calculation notebook, and she flips through it to show me which days I skipped. Putting Mom at ease is not hiding things from her; it is making chasing unnecessary.

The second unit report came back: 86. Mom smiled when she read it and said 'All the calculations right, huh?' I said yes. What I actually cared about was something else: for two weeks she never once urged me to do homework. Putting maturity into studying means turning 'make Mom worry less' into the concrete act of five problems a day. If the act lasts, the smile will not stop at that one time.