

被雨没收的星期六

那个星期六早上，我是被雨声吵醒的。睁眼第一件事是冲向窗户，心一下子沉到底：雨帘子一样挂在楼底下，水泥地全白了。可我和张阳约好了，九点在小区球场打球，练了两周的三步上篮，就等着今天实战。更糟的是，数学练习册的最后一页也打算上午写完，下午去他家一起对答案。

我给张阳打电话，他那边也在下雨，两个人对着话筒唉声叹气。挂了电话，我在屋里转了三圈，把书包往沙发上一扔，觉得整个星期白等了。我妈在厨房喊我吃早饭，语气平常得像没下雨：球打不成，日子不过啦？去把你这周欠下的事列一列，列完一项划一项。

我嘴上嘟囔，手却诚实。撕了半张挂历纸，趴在茶几上写：一、英语单词第三单元背完；二、数学练习册最后一页；三、自行车链条掉了两周，跟着视频接上；四、给张阳讲那道追及题，他上周说没听懂；五、阳台的绿萝浇水换盆。写完一数，五项，全是早就该做却一直没做的。雨把球场收了去，倒把这些事推到我眼前。

上午背单词，背到一半听见雨小了点，心里发痒想出去玩，手却先划掉了第一项。那支笔划过去的声音特别解气。中午前后修自行车，链条卡在齿轮上，我蹲在楼道里跟着手机视频弄了四十分钟，手上全是黑油，装回去那一圈转起来的时候，我差点在楼道里喊出来。下午给张阳讲题，电话里讲了二十分钟，他在那头忽然说懂了懂了，比我自己考满分还美。

傍晚雨停了，天边裂开一条金缝。我站在阳台上，看楼下球场的水洼反着光，球是打不成了。可挂历纸上五项全划了线，练习册最后一页也写满了。那个晚上我想了很久：我原本以为，计划被打乱就是这一天完了；结果这一天不但没完，还干成了平时拖着不干的一堆事。

这个被雨没收的星期六，教会我一件事：计划表管得住晴天，管不住天。天变了不要紧，把能做的事列出来，一项一项划掉，雨天照样是自己的。现在我的抽屉里常备一沓挂历纸，下不下雨，都列。

The Saturday Confiscated by Rain

That Saturday morning, I was woken by the sound of rain. The first thing I did upon opening my eyes was to rush to the window, and my heart sank straight to the bottom: the rain hung like a curtain below the building, and the concrete was all white. But Zhang Yang and I had agreed to play ball at the compound court at nine; I had practiced the three-step layup for two weeks and was waiting to use it today. Worse, I had also planned to finish the last page of the math workbook in the morning and go to his house in the afternoon to check answers together.

I called Zhang Yang. It was raining on his side too, and the two of us sighed into the receiver. After hanging up, I paced three laps around the room, flung my schoolbag onto the sofa, and felt the whole week of waiting had been wasted. My

mother called me to breakfast from the kitchen, her voice as ordinary as if it were not raining: So the ball is off, does life end too? Go list everything you have been putting off this week, and cross off each item as you finish it.

My mouth grumbled, but my hands were honest. I tore off half a sheet of calendar paper and lay on the coffee table writing: one, finish memorizing Unit Three of English vocabulary; two, the last page of the math workbook; three, the bicycle chain has been off for two weeks, reattach it following a video; four, explain that catch-up problem to Zhang Yang, since he said last week he did not understand it; five, water and repot the pothos on the balcony. When I finished I counted: five items, all things long overdue. The rain took the court away, but it pushed these things right in front of me.

In the morning I memorized words. Halfway through I heard the rain lighten, and my heart itched to go out, but my hand crossed off the first item first. The sound of the pen crossing the line was deeply satisfying. Around noon I fixed the bicycle. The chain was jammed on the gears; I squatted in the stairwell following a phone video for forty minutes, my hands covered in black grease, and when the wheel finally spun after reassembly, I nearly shouted in the stairwell. In the afternoon I explained the problem to Zhang Yang over the phone for twenty minutes, and suddenly he said on the other end: Got it, got it. That felt better than scoring a perfect mark myself.

By evening the rain stopped, and a golden crack split open at the edge of the sky. I stood on the balcony watching the puddles on the court below reflect the light. No ball game, after all. Yet all five lines on the calendar paper were crossed, and the last page of the workbook was filled. That night I thought for a long time: I had assumed that a disrupted plan meant the day was over; instead the day not only survived, it accomplished a pile of things I had been putting off.

This Saturday confiscated by rain taught me one thing: a schedule can manage sunny days but not the weather. When the weather changes, it does not matter; list what can still be done and cross them off one by one, and a rainy day is still yours. Now a stack of calendar paper sits in my drawer year-round. Rain or no rain, I make the list.

清单救了我的研学日

初一上学期的研学活动定在周五，我前一天晚上把零食装好了，水壶灌满了，结果早上到校，广播通知：暴雨，研学延期。整层楼哀嚎，我们班的走廊里有人拿脚踢垃圾桶，有人说老天爷偏心。班主任老周站在教室门口，等我们吵完，说了一句：研学挪到下周五，今天照常上课，但下午两

节课改成自习，你们自己安排。

下午第一节课，教室里像开了锅。有人传纸条，有人钻到桌子底下补觉，我同桌把魔方拧得咔咔响。我本来也打算混过去，反正计划全乱了。可老周走进来，在黑板上写了四个字：今日清单。他说：把你们这周欠的作业、没背的书、想读的书、想收拾的东西，全列出来，两节课，自己安排顺序，下课我抽查。

我趴在桌上想，这周我欠了什么呢？语文的《春》没背熟，英语听写有六个词错了，科学观察日记拖了三天，还有抽屉里那团乱糟糟的卷子。我把它们一条条写上，又给自己加了一条：把错题本前十页重新做一遍。列完才发现，原来我欠了这么多，只是平时没看见。

第一节课我背《春》，读到盼望着，盼望着，窗外正好在下雨，朱自清写春草那段，我忽然想起研学去不成的小山包，雨里它大概也绿了吧。那一段背得特别快。第二节课做错题，做到一半同桌凑过来问第三题，我给他讲了一遍，讲完自己反而更明白了——这是那天最意外的收获。

下课铃响，老周抽查，我过了，同桌也过了。他举着那张皱巴巴的清单给全班看：都看看，这就是你们今天干的事。教室里安静了几秒。说实话，那两节课比我上过的任何一节自习都满。

后来我在周记里写：那天我真正学会的不是背《春》，而是明白了一个理——计划被打乱时，最舒服的做法是抱怨和等待，最亏的也是抱怨和等待。雨我们管不了，研学延期我们也管不了，但欠下的事不会因为延期就自己消失。清单这个东西，说白了不是列给老师看的，是把乱掉的一天重新捡起来。现在每次计划泡汤，我不再先唉声，我先撕纸列清单。列完，天就晴了一半。

The Checklist Saved Our Field Trip Day

Our field trip for the first term of Grade Seven was set for Friday. I packed my snacks and filled my water bottle the night before. Then I arrived at school that morning to an announcement over the loudspeaker: torrential rain, the trip postponed. The whole floor groaned. In our classroom corridor someone kicked a trash bin, and someone said the sky plays favorites. Our homeroom teacher, Mr. Zhou, stood at the classroom door, waited for the noise to die down, and said one thing: The trip moves to next Friday; classes run as usual today, but the two afternoon periods become self-study, and you arrange your own time.

In the first afternoon period, the classroom boiled over. Notes flew across rows; someone crawled under a desk to catch up on sleep; my deskmate twisted his Rubik's cube click-click-clicking. I had planned to drift through it too, since all plans were ruined anyway. But Mr. Zhou walked in and wrote four characters on the blackboard: Today's Checklist. He said: List every assignment you owe this week, the passages you have not memorized, the book you want to read, the things you want to tidy. Two periods, set your own order, and I will spot-check at the bell.

I leaned on my desk and wondered: what do I owe this week? I had not finished

memorizing Spring in Chinese class, I missed six words on the English dictation, my science observation journal was three days behind, and there was that ball of crumpled test papers in my drawer. I wrote them down one by one, then added a line for myself: redo the first ten pages of my mistake notebook. Only after listing did I realize how much I owed; I had simply never looked.

In the first period I memorized Spring. When I reached the line Waiting, waiting, it happened to be raining outside, and when Zhu Ziqing wrote about the spring grass, I suddenly thought of the little hill we had hoped to visit on the trip; in the rain it was probably green too. I memorized that passage faster than any other. In the second period I worked through my mistakes. Halfway through, my deskmate leaned over to ask about problem three, and I explained it once. Explaining it made me understand it better myself, the most unexpected gain of the day.

When the bell rang, Mr. Zhou did his spot-check. I passed, and my deskmate passed too. He held up my crumpled checklist for the class: Look, this is what you did today. The room went quiet for a few seconds. Honestly, those two periods were fuller than any self-study hour I had ever had.

Later I wrote in my weekly journal: what I truly learned that day was not memorizing Spring. It was this principle, when plans fall apart, the most comfortable response is to complain and wait, and the most costly one is also to complain and wait. We cannot command the rain, and we cannot command a postponed trip, but the things we owe do not vanish just because things are postponed. A checklist, plainly speaking, is not made for the teacher to see; it is how you pick a scattered day back up. Now whenever a plan drowns, I do not sigh first. I tear off a sheet and make a list. Once the list is done, half the sky has cleared.

雨天的第二张课表

现在我的书桌玻璃板下面压着一张铅笔写的课表，右上角写着：雨天专用。那是上个月一个星期三排的，那天暴雨，下午的补习班停课，周末的博物馆之行也改期，我一下子从早到晚全空了。

空下来反而慌。我坐在沙发上，把遥控器拿起来又放下，刷了二十分钟电视，心里越来越虚，像偷来的时间不认账。后来我盯着学校课表看了半天，忽然来了主意：既然空了，为什么不照它的样子排一张？我找出一张硬纸片，横着画格子：一点半到两点，预习下周的几何，只看不写，把看不懂的画圈；两点十分到两点四十，跳绳一百五十个，客厅跳，别砸花瓶；两点五十到三点半，整理书架最下面两层，把五年级的旧课本擦出来给楼下弟弟；三点四十到五点，读那本借了半个月只看了三十页的《海底两万里》；五点以后自由，但睡前要把几何里画圈的三个地方写成一页

问题，带去问老师。

排完我有点想笑，给自己上课？可铃一响——我自己定的闹钟——我还是坐下了。怪事发生了：预习几何那段，平时老师讲我走神的地方，自己看反而看懂了两处，画圈的三个地方越看越清楚，因为它们是我自己找出来的坑。跳绳跳到一百二十个的时候窗外雷响了，我照样跳完，落地时心口咚咚的，分不清是绳还是雷。整理书架时从旧课本里掉出一张我三年级画的地图，我蹲在地上看了好久。《海底两万里》读到鹦鹉螺号缺氧那段，天正好黑下来，雨打在窗上，我大气不敢出，那三十页的欠账一口气还清了。

晚饭后我照表把三个问题写成一页。第二天去补习班，老师讲到那个定理，我举手把问题问了，老师说我这个问题问得好，全班安静了一下。同桌用胳膊肘捅我：你昨天干嘛了？我说，昨天雨把课冲掉了，我自己补了一张课表。

这张雨天课表让我明白：被动等安排，一天是空的；主动排一张，一天就满了。而且自己排的学习，记得比老师塞的牢，因为坑是自己挖的，也是自己填的。从那以后，只要计划落空，我就给自己排第二张课表。雨天的时间不是被偷走的，是白捡的，白捡的东西，更得记好账。

A Second Timetable for a Rainy Day

Under the glass on my desk there is now a timetable written in pencil, with four characters in the upper right corner: rainy-day edition. I made it on a Wednesday last month. That day the storm poured, my afternoon tutoring class was canceled, and the weekend museum trip was rescheduled, and suddenly my entire day, morning to night, stood empty.

Being empty made me uneasy instead. I sat on the sofa, picked up the remote and put it down, watched television for twenty minutes, and felt more and more hollow, as if stolen time refused to be accounted for. Then I stared at my school timetable for a long while, and an idea struck me: since the day is empty, why not build one just like it? I found a piece of stiff cardboard and drew a grid across it: from one-thirty to two, preview next week's geometry, only look, do not write, circle whatever I cannot follow; from two-ten to two-forty, one hundred and fifty jump ropes, in the living room, do not knock over the vase; from two-fifty to three-thirty, tidy the bottom two shelves of the bookcase and stack the old Grade Five textbooks to give to the little boy downstairs; from three-forty to five, read that copy of *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* I borrowed half a month ago and had reached only page thirty; after five, free time, but before bed, write up the three circled spots in geometry as a page of questions to take to the teacher.

When I finished I almost laughed at myself, taking classes from myself? But when the bell rang, my own alarm, I sat down anyway. And a strange thing happened: while previewing geometry, the very places where I normally space out in class made sense

on my own in two spots, and the three I circled grew clearer the more I looked, because they were holes I had dug myself. When I reached jump number one hundred and twenty, thunder cracked outside, and I finished the set anyway; landing, my chest pounded, and I could not tell whether it was the rope or the thunder. While tidying the shelves, a map I had drawn in Grade Three fell out of an old textbook, and I squatted on the floor looking at it for a long time. When I read the part in *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* where the *Nautilus* runs out of air, the sky happened to darken, rain hammering the window, and I barely dared breathe; thirty pages of debt were paid off in one breath.

After dinner I wrote the three questions into a page, exactly as scheduled. The next day at tutoring, when the teacher reached that theorem, I raised my hand and asked. The teacher said that was a good question, and the whole class went quiet for a moment. My deskmate nudged me with an elbow: What did you do yesterday? I said: Yesterday the rain washed my classes away, so I drew myself a second timetable.

This rainy-day timetable taught me: wait passively for arrangements and a day is empty; draw up your own and a day is full. And the learning you schedule yourself sticks better than what a teacher packs in, because the holes are ones you dug, and you fill them yourself. Ever since, whenever a plan falls through, I draw myself a second timetable. Time on a rainy day is not stolen; it is picked up for free, and what you pick up for free deserves the tightest accounting.