

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.