

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.