

雨夜点醒我的一课

期中成绩出来，数学又退步了。妈妈没有骂我，只说了一句：你坐在桌前的样子，像是在做样子。那天夜里下起了雨，我在床上翻来覆去睡不着，干脆爬起来坐到窗边。

雨落在院子里的桂花树上，落在不同的地方声音不一样：落在叶子上是沙沙的，落在水泥地上是啪啪的，落进桶里是咚咚的。我数着数着就想：我到底有没有认真学过？每天晚上我在书桌前一坐两小时，可一会儿转笔，一会儿发呆，还半戴着耳机听歌。两小时里真正动脑的时间，加起来可能不到三十分钟。妈妈那句做样子，说得一点不冤。我一直以为学习拼的是时长，那个雨夜把这句话推翻了。

第二天是周末，雨一直下。我没有出门，把拖了很久的小小说读完了，又把数学三章的错题从头整理了一遍，错在哪一步都用红笔标出来。那个安静的午后，我做的事情比一整周做样子加起来还多。合上本子的时候雨还在下，我心里却是轻的，有一种很久没有的踏实。

我改了计划：不再熬时间，改成每次四十五分钟的高专注，到点就休息，起来喝水、看窗外；每周日下午整理一周的错题，能给别人讲清楚才算过关。新计划跑了三个星期，分数还没看到变化，但我已经能把以前两分钟就放弃的题，安安稳稳地做到底。前天晚饭，我给爸爸讲那道二次函数的错题，讲到 he 听懂为止。爸爸放下筷子说：你以前可从来讲不明白这些。我嘴上没说，心里想起了那个坐在窗边听雨的夜里。

现在下雨我不再嫌烦。那个夜晚的大雨把我点醒了：我缺的从来不是时间，是沉下心把一件事做透。这一课不在课堂上，它在一扇听雨的窗户旁边。

The Lesson a Rainy Night Woke Me Up To

The midterm results came out, and my math had slipped again. Mom did not scold me. She only said one thing: the way you sit at your desk looks like a performance. That night it began to rain, and I tossed in bed until I gave up on sleep, got up, and sat by the window.

The rain landed on the osmanthus tree in the yard, and it sounded different wherever it fell: a soft hush on the leaves, sharp taps on the concrete, hollow drums inside the bucket. Counting the sounds, I caught myself wondering: have I ever really studied? Every night I sit at my desk for two hours, but I spin my pencil, drift off, or half-listen to music. The time I actually spend thinking in those two hours probably adds up to less than thirty minutes. Mom's remark about the performance was not unfair at all. I had always believed studying was a contest of hours. That rainy night overturned the idea.

The next day was the weekend, and the rain did not stop. I stayed in. I finished the novel I had been dragging along, then went through three chapters of math mistakes from the beginning, marking each wrong step in red. In that quiet afternoon

I accomplished more than a whole week of pretending ever added up to. When I closed my notebook, the rain was still falling, but something inside me felt light, settled in a way I had not felt for a long time.

I changed my plan: no more counting hours. Instead, forty-five minutes of full focus at a stretch, then a real break, standing up to drink water or look out the window; every Sunday afternoon I sort the week's mistakes, and an item only counts once I can explain it to someone else. The new plan has run for three weeks. My scores have not changed yet, but I can now sit calmly through problems I used to abandon after two minutes.

When it rains now, I no longer find it a bother. That night's downpour woke me up: what I never lacked was time. What I lacked was the depth to take one thing all the way through. This lesson did not come from a classroom. It came from beside a window where I listened to the rain.