

雨天里重写的清单

贴在书桌角上的那张清单，边角有一圈淡淡的水渍。每次看到它，我都会想起那个下雨的午后。

那是个星期三，雨从上午第二节课下起。午饭铃一响，带伞的人呼啦啦冲向操场，我因为没带伞走不了，一个人留在教室里。教室里安静得反常，雨点顺着窗户往下爬，雨声把街上的喧闹全捂住了。我掏出一直拖着没写的数学，就在那份安静里，第一次把大题一口气做完没有抬头，连最后那道几何题也做了出来。做完我把笔放下，听见雨声，才发现自己出了一层薄汗。

从那以后我开始喜欢雨天。别人嫌它麻烦，我知道一下雨，世界就替我放慢了速度。放学路上听得见自己的脚步声，回家翻开书，一个字也不会跳走。雨天读书和平时不一样，雨声像一层幕布，雨越大，心越稳，连以前读两页就放下的书也能接着往下读。同桌问我为什么一到下雨天写作业特别快，我想了半天，只说了一句：因为雨把别的声音都挡在外面了。

也是那天我发现，自己原来的学习计划形同虚设：计划上写着各科复习，可我一次也没照着做过。那个午后，我从文具盒里翻出一张空白纸重写：每天数学计算三道，英语朗读一篇，睡前自由阅读二十分钟，每一项都标上时间，做完就在后面打勾。清单写到最后一行时雨停了，可那份安静没有停。这份在雨天重写的清单，我一直用到了现在。

雨会停，可那个午后留下的安静一直陪着我。上个月有个大晴天，我在家吵得坐不住，索性拉开窗帘坐着，心里默数窗外的鸟叫，数到二十几只的时候，我又回到了那种状态。如今不管有没有雨，只要坐到书桌前，我就能把那种专注的感觉找回来。这是雨天送给我的本事，它比一时的热情靠得住。

The List I Rewrote on a Rainy Day

The list taped to the corner of my desk has a faint ring of water stain along its edge. Every time I see it, I am back on that rainy afternoon.

It was a Wednesday, and the rain began during the second morning class. When the lunch bell rang, everyone with an umbrella rushed out toward the playground. I had forgotten mine, so I stayed behind alone in the classroom. The room was strangely quiet: raindrops crawled down the window, and the sound of rain muffled all the noise from the street. I took out the math homework I had been putting off, and in that stillness I finished the long problems in one sitting without once looking up. I even solved the final geometry question. When I set my pen down and heard the rain, I noticed a thin film of sweat on my hands.

After that day I began to like rainy weather. Others find it a nuisance. I know that once it rains, the world slows down for me. On the walk home I can hear my own footsteps; at home I open a book and not one character slips away. Reading on a rainy day is different from any other day: the rain hangs like a curtain, and the heavier

it falls, the steadier my heart gets. Even books I used to give up on after two pages keep pulling me forward. My deskmate once asked why I finish homework so fast on rainy days. I thought for a long time and could only say one thing: because the rain keeps every other sound outside.

That same afternoon I realized my old study plan was a decoration: it said review every subject, yet I had never once followed it. I fished a blank sheet out of my pencil case and rewrote it: three math calculations every day, one English passage read aloud, twenty minutes of free reading before bed, each item marked with a time, each checked off when done. The last line was finished just as the rain stopped, but the quiet did not stop with it. I have used that rainy-day list ever since.

The rain always stops, but the quiet that afternoon left behind has stayed with me. Last month, on a blazing sunny day, I could not settle at home, so I threw open the curtains, sat down, and silently counted the birds outside the window. By the time I reached twenty-something, I was back in that state. Now rain or no rain, the moment I sit down at my desk, I can call back that feeling of focus. That is the gift the rain gave me, and it is more dependable than any burst of enthusiasm.