

告别粗心：我的三步检查法

我的作业本以前满是红叉：把36抄成63，应用题漏写问号，看拼音写词语时多写了一笔。妈妈看了不骂我，只是叹气。那声叹气比挨骂还难受。后来我自己琢磨出三步检查法，红叉才一点点变少。

第一步是读题。写完作业后，用手指着把每道题读一遍，看数字有没有抄错、条件有没有漏。这一步刚开始最难，我总想读完赶紧去玩。我给自己定了规矩：不读题不许出去玩。坚持了两个星期，它变成了习惯，也不再觉得是负担。同桌笑我多此一举，我没理他，因为红叉不会骗人。

第二步是查答案。数学把答案代回题目里看合不合理，语文逐字检查错别字和标点。我准备了一个小本子，专门记自己犯过的错误类型：忘进位、拼音写错、漏单位。每个周末把这个错题本看一遍，同一类错误就很少再出现第二次。

第三步是对照。把作业跟课本或黑板上的题逐字对照，尤其是英文字母和拼音。我以前觉得对照浪费时间，后来发现错一个红叉改起来更费时间，弄不好还要在老师面前重做一遍。

上周语文测验发下来，我只扣了两分小分。妈妈看着卷子笑了，眼角皱起细细的纹路。我在学习心得里写：妈妈脸上的笑，是我重新拿起笔、多检查一遍换来的。进步不是考一百分，而是同一个错误不再犯第二次。现在我的作业本上偶尔还会有红叉，但一星期也就一两个，妈妈看到的时候不再叹气了。

Saying Goodbye to Carelessness: My Three-Step Checking Method

My homework notebook used to be full of red X marks: I copied 36 as 63, forgot the question mark in a word problem, and added an extra stroke when writing words from pinyin. Mom looked at it and did not scold me, she just sighed. That sigh was heavier than being scolded. Later I worked out a three-step checking method, and the red X marks slowly decreased.

Step one is reading the problem. After finishing homework, I point at each problem with my finger and read it once, checking whether I copied the numbers wrong or missed any conditions. At first this step was the hardest, because I wanted to finish and go play outside. I set a rule for myself: no playing until I have read the problems through. After two weeks it became a habit, and it no longer felt like a burden. My deskmate laughed at me for doing something unnecessary. I ignored him, because red X marks never lie.

Step two is checking the answer. For math I put the answer back into the problem to see if it is reasonable; for Chinese I check character by character for wrong

characters and missing punctuation. I keep a small notebook recording the kinds of mistakes I make: forgetting to carry, wrong pinyin, missing units. Every weekend I review this mistake notebook, and the same kind of mistake rarely appears twice.

Step three is comparison. I compare my homework with the textbook or the problems on the blackboard, especially English letters and pinyin. I used to think comparison wasted time, but one red X takes even more time to correct, and you may end up redoing it in front of the teacher.

Last week my Chinese test paper came back with only two small deductions. Mom looked at the paper and smiled, the fine lines at the corners of her eyes crinkling. I wrote in my learning reflection: Mom's smile was earned by me picking up my pencil again and checking once more. Progress is not about scoring a hundred; it is about not making the same mistake twice. There are still occasional red X marks in my notebook, but only one or two a week, and Mom no longer sighs when she sees them.

一张卷子的故事：妈妈笑的那天晚上

发卷子那天是星期四。数学测验我考了九十二分，分数不算低，但卷子上三个红叉全跟粗心有关：计算题把减号看成加号，填空题漏了单位，还有一道选择题明明算对了却涂错了格子。老师在卷子上批了两个字：可惜。

回家路上我一直在想怎么跟妈妈说。上次她看到红叉时叹的那口气，我到现在还记得。我把卷子放在桌上，没有藏。妈妈放下菜篮子过来看，她没有马上说话，先把三道错题各问了我一遍：这道题你是不会做，还是看错了？我说是看错了。她点点头，让我把这三道题抄到错题本上，再各做一道同类型的题。

错题本是我上个月开始用的，前面已经记了十几条错误类型。妈妈翻了两页，发现我记录的粗心错误从每周五六次降到了两三次。她指着其中一页问我：这一周怎么只有一次？我说因为每天写完作业都按读题、查答案、对照三步检查一遍。妈妈没夸我，但嘴角往上弯了一下，眼睛里有光。

晚饭后她让我把那道看错符号的计算题再讲一遍思路。我讲到一半发现又差点漏单位，自己先停住补上了。妈妈在旁边笑了，这次是出声的笑，说：你自己能抓住自己的错误了，这比考一百分值钱。

我在周记里写：妈妈的笑不是卷子给的，是错题本一页一页换来的。粗心不是天生的毛病，它怕认真，你每天多检查一遍，它就少一次机会。那天晚上我把错题本放在枕头边，想着下星期让它再干净一点。

The Story of One Test Paper: The Evening Mom Smiled

Papers came back on a Thursday. I scored ninety-two on the math quiz, not a low score, but all three red X marks on the paper were about carelessness: I read a minus sign as a plus sign in a calculation, left out the unit in a fill-in blank, and on one multiple-choice question I had the right answer but filled in the wrong bubble. The teacher wrote two words on the paper: what a pity.

On the way home I kept thinking about how to tell Mom. I still remember the sigh she let out when she saw red X marks last time. I put the paper on the table instead of hiding it. Mom put down her grocery basket and came over. She did not speak right away. She asked me about each of the three wrong problems: did you not know how to do this one, or did you misread it? I said I misread it. She nodded and asked me to copy the three problems into my mistake notebook and then do one similar problem for each.

I started using the mistake notebook last month, and it already had more than a dozen error types recorded. Mom flipped through two pages and noticed my carelessness entries had dropped from five or six a week to two or three. She pointed at one page and asked: why only once this week? I said because every day after homework I check with the three steps: read the problem, check the answer, compare with the textbook. Mom did not praise me, but the corner of her mouth lifted a little, and her eyes lit up.

After dinner she asked me to explain my thinking on the calculation where I misread the sign. Halfway through I almost missed the unit again, but I stopped myself and added it. Mom laughed out loud beside me and said: you can catch your own mistakes now, and that is worth more than a hundred points.

I wrote in my weekly journal: Mom's smile was not given by the test paper; it was earned page by page in the mistake notebook. Carelessness is not a born flaw. It is afraid of seriousness. Check one more time every day, and it loses one more chance. That night I put the mistake notebook by my pillow, thinking about making it a little cleaner next week.

改粗心的五个误区：我踩过的坑

为了把红叉从作业本上赶走，我走过的弯路比改正的做法还多。把这些坑写出来，同学们可以绕着走。

误区一：只在心里说下次注意。我每次考砸都暗暗发誓下次细心，结果下次照样错。后来才

明白，注意不是一个动作，检查才是。现在我靠读题、查答案、对照三步落地，不靠发誓。

误区二：以为多做题就能治好粗心。有段时间妈妈给我买了两本练习册，我埋头做了半个月，红叉没见少。粗心不是练得少，是做完不看。同样的时间，我改成每天少做五道题、多检查一遍，效果反而好。

误区三：检查时用眼睛扫一遍。我原来检查就是从头到尾看一遍，两分钟搞定，什么也查不出来。有效的检查要动手：数学把答案代回去算，语文用手指着逐字读，英语把单词拼写跟课本对。扫一眼等于没检查。

误区四：错题本只抄不看。我一开始把错题抄得漂漂亮亮，抄完就扔一边，错误照犯。错题本的价值在复习：周末把本周的错重做一遍，考前把整本翻一遍。抄题只花一分钟，重做才长记性。

误区五：把粗心当万能借口。不会做也说自己粗心，这样永远不知道真正的弱点在哪。我现在给每个错误分两类：真不会，还是看错写错。真不会的去问老师，看错写错的进错题本。分清之后，进步才看得见。

这五个坑我用了大半年才爬出来。上个月妈妈看我的成绩单时笑了，笑得很轻，但我看得清清楚楚。她不知道我掉进过多少坑，我只知道坑填平了，路就顺了。

Five Traps in Fixing Carelessness: Pits I Fell Into

To drive the red X marks off my homework notebook, I took more wrong paths than right ones. Writing these pits out may help classmates go around them.

Trap one: just promising yourself to be careful next time. Every time I failed a test I secretly swore to be more careful, and I still made mistakes next time. I finally understood that paying attention is not an action; checking is. Now I rely on the three steps of reading the problem, checking the answer, and comparing, not on oaths.

Trap two: thinking more practice cures carelessness. For a while Mom bought me two workbooks, and I buried myself in them for half a month, but the red X marks did not decrease. Carelessness is not about doing too little; it is about finishing without looking back. With the same amount of time, I switched to doing five fewer problems a day and checking one extra round, and the result was better.

Trap three: scanning with your eyes when checking. My old checking method was glancing through everything in two minutes and catching nothing. Effective checking uses your hands: for math, substitute the answer back; for Chinese, point at each character and read; for English, compare each spelling with the textbook. A glance is the same as no check.

Trap four: copying mistakes into the notebook but never reviewing them. At first I copied wrong problems neatly and then left them aside, and kept making the same errors. The value of a mistake notebook is in review: redo this week's mistakes on the weekend, and flip through the whole book before an exam. Copying takes a minute; redoing is what makes it stick.

Trap five: using carelessness as a universal excuse. Even when I did not know how to do a problem, I called it carelessness, so I never found my real weak points. Now I sort every mistake into two kinds: truly did not know, or misread and miswrote. The first kind goes to the teacher; the second goes into the mistake notebook. Once sorted, progress becomes visible.

It took me most of a year and a half to climb out of these five pits. Last month Mom looked at my report card and smiled, a quiet smile, but I saw it clearly. She does not know how many pits I fell into; I only know that once the pits are filled, the road gets smooth.