

# 一千米跑道上的四个季节

初一的体测，我跑一千米用了五分二十秒，全班倒数。体育老师摇摇头说，这孩子不是体力不行，是从来没坚持过。那天放学，我站在操场边，看着红色的跑道，做了一个决定：从明天起，每天放学跑一圈，只跑一圈。

秋天是容易开始的季节。风不冷不热，跑道边的梧桐叶一片一片落下来，我绕着操场跑第一圈，居然不觉得太难受。第一周，我天天来；第二周，下雨停了两天，雨一停我又来了。我给自己定了个规矩：可以慢，可以走一段，但不许整周不来。

冬天才是真正的考试。天一黑得早，风灌进领口，像吞了小刀子。第一个零下温度的早晨，我在被窝里挣扎了十分钟，最后还是穿上鞋去了操场。那个我瘦了，可有一件事让我吃惊：有一次体育课重新测一千米，我跑进了四分五十秒。原来冬天偷偷攒下的力气，会在某一天突然还给你。

最难的是冬末春初，成绩不再进步，腿还总酸。我一度觉得每天的圈白跑了，干脆连着三天没去。第四天我路过操场，看见体育老师一个人在跑道上一圈一圈走。他没在训练，只是走着。我忽然明白，坚持不是每天都热血沸腾，而是在不想来的日子里还是来。那天晚上，我重新系紧了鞋带。

春天来了以后，变化像草一样冒出来。我能跑完两圈不停，再变成三圈。跑道边的玉兰花开了又谢，我的呼吸越来越稳，最后两百米甚至有力气冲刺。夏天体测，我跑出了四分十秒，及格线之上，全班进步奖有我一个。

回头看这四个季节，秋天给我开始，冬天给我磨炼，春末给我动摇后的选择，夏天给我答案。我从前以为坚持是一句喊出来的话，现在知道它是一圈一圈跑出来的账：每一天都记在腿上，从不赖账。

我也把跑道的道理用到了学习上。背单词从每天十个开始，像每天一圈，寒假断过，开学接上。一个学期过去，我的英语从七十多分爬到九十多分。原来任何一门功课，都怕一个每天多跑一圈的人。

新的学期，我打算把三圈变成四圈，把跑步和学习的节奏都保住。我更想告诉一年前的自己：别怕开始得晚，别怕冬天，只要季节转完一整圈，跑道总会把答案交到你手上。

## Four Seasons on the Thousand-Meter Track

In the fitness test of Grade 7, I ran the thousand meters in five minutes twenty seconds, the worst in class. Our PE teacher shook his head and said the boy was not weak; he had simply never persisted at anything. That afternoon I stood beside the playground, looked at the red track, and made a decision: starting tomorrow, one lap after school, only one lap.

Autumn is a season easy to begin in. The wind was neither cold nor hot, plane-

tree leaves fell one by one beside the track, and my first lap was surprisingly bearable. The first week I came every day; in the second week rain kept me away for two days, and I returned the moment the rain stopped. I set my own rule: I may go slow, I may walk a stretch, but I must not miss an entire week.

Winter was the real examination. It got dark early, and the wind poured into my collar like swallowing little knives. On the first morning below zero, I struggled under the quilt for ten minutes and still put my shoes on and went to the playground. That month I grew thinner, but one thing astonished me: at a retest in PE class I ran the thousand meters inside four minutes fifty seconds. It turns out the strength quietly saved up in winter gets paid back all at once one day.

The hardest stretch was late winter and early spring. My time stopped improving and my legs always ached. I decided the daily laps were wasted and stayed away three days in a row. On the fourth day I passed the playground and saw the PE teacher walking lap after lap on the track alone. He was not training; he was just walking. It hit me then: persistence is not being hot-blooded every day; it is showing up on the days you do not want to. That evening I tied my shoelaces tight again.

After spring arrived, the changes sprouted like grass. I could finish two laps without stopping, then three. The magnolia blossoms beside the track opened and fell, my breathing grew steadier, and in the last two hundred meters I even had strength to sprint. In the summer fitness test I ran four minutes ten seconds, above the passing line, and one class progress award was mine.

Looking back across the four seasons: autumn gave me a beginning, winter gave me grinding, late spring gave me a choice after wavering, and summer gave me the answer. I used to think persistence was a slogan shouted out loud; now I know it is an account run lap by lap: every day is recorded in your legs, and it never skips a debt.

I also applied the lesson of the track to studying. I started memorizing ten words a day, like one lap a day, broke off during winter vacation, and picked it up when school reopened. One term later my English climbed from the seventies to the nineties. It seems no school subject can resist a person who runs one more lap every day.

In the new term I plan to turn three laps into four and keep the rhythm of both running and studying. More than anything I want to tell the me of one year ago: do not fear starting late, do not fear winter; once the seasons complete a full circle, the track will always hand the answer to you.