

一张贴在墙上的四季学习地图

初二开学那天，我在墙上贴了一张大白纸，画了四个格子，分别写春夏秋冬。我要把这一年像地图一样走一遍。这个想法来自地理课，老师说气候决定农事，什么季节种什么。我一想，学习也一样，什么季节就该干什么季节的事。

我在四个格子里写不同的事。春天格子：把数学的几何基础补牢，每天晚饭后四十分钟，只啃这一件事；顺便每周去公园一次，观察物候，当放松。夏天格子：英语是弱科，暑假整块时间全给它，上午听课，下午做题，傍晚游泳，游完冲个澡回来背单词，脑子凉快的时候记东西快。秋天格子：物理新开的课，跟上就行，不许熬夜补；十月有运动会，那几天书放一放，跑完步回来睡觉比什么都重要。冬天格子：不学新东西，把一年的错题从头过一遍，过完在纸上打一个勾。

计划贴在墙上，执行才是难的地方。开春头两周我做得很好，第三周学校搞月考，几何断了四天。断了之后我差点放弃，觉得计划破了就没用了。后来我改了办法：断了就接上，不补欠的，只做当天的。这个改动救了我。整个春天，几何真正完整的晚自习其实只有三十多天，但三十多天足够把三角形全等的几种情形啃下来。

夏天最险。七月我有两天热得什么都不想干，躺在凉席上听风扇转。第三天早上四点半天还没全亮，凉快，我爬起来学了两个小时，发现热天的出路在早上。从那以后暑假的英语全挪到清晨，下午热就做题，做错的题抄下来，晚上凉快了再重做一遍。游泳一天没断，游完那半小时背单词，是我一年里效率最高的时段，这个时段是泳池给我的。

到冬天复盘时，墙上那张纸已经贴满了小纸条，勾画得乱七八糟。错题本过了两遍半，没到三遍，我在冬天格子里写：完成七成，及格。英语期末比期中高了二十二分。我盯着那个及格两个字看了很久，忽然明白，计划不是用来完美执行的，是用来在乱掉之后还能找回方向的。季节的好处是它自带节奏，春天适合打基础，夏天适合集中攻坚，秋天适合稳住，冬天适合回头。跟着这个节奏走，一年的长路就被切成四段，每段都不长，走完一段，下一段自己就来了。

A Four-Season Study Map Pinned on My Wall

On the first day of eighth grade, I pinned a big white sheet on my wall and drew four boxes, labeled spring, summer, autumn, and winter. I wanted to walk this school year the way you walk a map. The idea came from geography class. Our teacher said climate decides farm work: you plant what the season allows. I thought, studying is the same. Each season should hold the things that season is for.

I wrote different things in the four boxes. Spring box: shore up the geometry basics, forty minutes after dinner every night, only this one thing; plus one trip to the park each week to watch the signs of the season, as rest. Summer box: English is my weak subject, so the whole summer block belongs to it. Listen to lessons in the morning, do exercises in the afternoon, swim in the evening; after a shower post-swim, memorize vocabulary, because the brain absorbs fast when it is cool. Autumn box: physics is a new subject, just keep up, no staying up late to catch up; the

sports meet is in October, and on those days put the books down, because sleeping after running matters more than anything. Winter box: learn nothing new; go through a year of wrong answers from the start, and tick the paper when done.

Pinning the plan on the wall was the easy part. Carrying it out is where it gets hard. The first two weeks of spring went well. In the third week the school held a monthly exam, and my geometry streak broke for four days. After the break I nearly gave up, thinking a broken plan was a useless plan. Then I changed my rule: when it breaks, restart; do not repay the debt; just do the share of today. That change saved me. In all of spring, geometry really had only thirty-something complete evenings, but thirty-something evenings were enough to chew through the cases of triangle congruence.

Summer was the riskiest. In July there were two days so hot I wanted to do nothing, lying on the cooling mat listening to the fan turn. On the third morning, half-light before dawn, cool air, I got up and studied for two hours, and found the way through a hot season is early morning. After that, all summer English moved to early morning. When afternoons were hot I did exercises, copied out the wrong ones, and redid them in the cool of evening. I did not miss a single swim, and the half hour after swimming for vocabulary became my most efficient stretch of the whole year. The pool gave me that stretch.

By the winter review, the white sheet was covered with little slips, ticks and scribbles everywhere. The wrong-answer book had gone through two and a half rounds, not three, so I wrote in the winter box: seventy percent done, passing. My final English score was twenty-two points higher than the midterm. I stared at the word passing for a long time, and suddenly understood: a plan is not meant to be executed perfectly. It is meant to help you find your direction again after things fall apart. The gift of the seasons is that they carry their own rhythm. Spring suits foundations, summer suits concentrated attack, autumn suits holding steady, winter suits looking back. Follow that rhythm, and the long road of a year is cut into four stretches, none of them long. Finish one, and the next arrives by itself.