

我把作息表按季节调了四次

初一下学期期中考试，我考砸了。不是不努力，是每天下午第二节课后就犯困，晚上写作业到十一点，早上六点二十起床，一天到晚脑子像蒙着一层布。我妈说我作息有问题，我没当回事，直到有天晚自习打瞌睡被老师叫醒，我才坐下来认真看自己的时间表。

那张表是初一开学时定的，一年没动过：早上六点半起，晚上十点半睡，傍晚跑步四十分钟。可夏天天黑得晚，晚上十点我根本睡不着，翻来覆去半小时，第二天早上自然起不来。冬天天不亮，六点半的闹钟响时屋里还是黑的，我带着没睡醒的脑子去上学，上午的课全在硬撑。我这才明白，作息表是死的，季节是活的，天黑的早晚、温度的高低，都在改我的身体状态。

我开始按季节调表。入夏，我把背诵全挪到早上五点半到六点，那会儿天已经亮了，凉快，背得快；傍晚跑步改到七点以后，太阳落了再跑；晚上十点半上床改成十点四十，允许自己多躺二十分钟，反正夏天觉少。入秋，我把最难的数学大题练习挪到晚饭后第一段精神最好的时间。入冬，跑步换成屋里的跳绳和拉伸，早上闹钟推迟到六点五十，起床难就不硬起，把晨读改成站着读，站着不容易困。每一季换表，我都先在日历上圈出换季那一周，提前把下一季的安排写好。

执行下来，收获是一点点显出来的。夏天早晨背英语，一个假期我把初一的课文全过了一遍；冬天不再带着困意上第一节课，上午的听课效率肉眼可见地回来了。期末考试我的名次前进了二十多名，但我知道真正的变化不是名次，是我第一次觉得计划是自己定的、合身的，不是抄来的枷锁。

这一年我最大的思考是：规划不是把一天排满，而是认清自己一天里什么时候清醒、什么时候发沉，再把要紧的事放进清醒的时段。季节会替我们改变身体，聪明的人跟着季节调，而不是跟自己的身体硬扛。换季先换作息，这是我用一次考砸换来的经验。现在每次换季前一周，我都会重新排一次表，像给学习换季添衣。这个动作不大，但它让我一整年都站在自己状态最好的那一格里。

I Adjusted My Daily Schedule Four Times, One for Each Season

I failed the midterm exam in the second term of seventh grade. It was not for lack of effort. After the second period in the afternoon I got sleepy every day, I did homework until eleven at night, and got up at six twenty in the morning, so my brain felt covered with a cloth all day. My mother said my daily routine was off. I did not take it seriously, until one evening I was woken up by the teacher for dozing off in study hall. Only then did I sit down and really look at my schedule.

That schedule had been made at the start of seventh grade and had not changed in a year: up at six thirty, bed at ten thirty, forty minutes of running in the evening. But in summer it gets dark late, and at ten I simply could not fall asleep, tossing for half an hour, so of course I could not get up the next morning. In winter it was

still dark at six thirty when the alarm rang. I went to school with an unwoke brain and dragged through the morning classes. Only then did I understand: the schedule is dead, but the seasons are alive. How early it gets dark, how high or low the temperature is, all of it changes the state of my body.

I began adjusting the schedule by season. When summer came, I moved all recitation to the morning, from five thirty to six, when it was already light and cool and I memorized fast. I moved evening running to after seven, once the sun was down. Bedtime shifted from ten thirty to ten forty, allowing myself twenty more minutes in bed, since summer sleep is short anyway. In autumn I moved the hardest math problem practice to the first block of prime time after dinner. In winter, running became jump rope and stretching indoors, the alarm moved back to six fifty, and if getting up was hard I did not force myself upright; I changed morning reading to reading while standing, because standing makes it harder to doze off. Each season, I circle the changeover week on my calendar in advance and write out the plan for the next season ahead of time.

The gains showed up little by little. Reciting English on summer mornings, I went through the whole seventh-grade textbook over one vacation. In winter I no longer dragged into first period sleepy, and my focus in morning classes came back visibly. My rank in the final exam moved up more than twenty places, but I know the real change is not the rank. For the first time I felt the plan was mine, tailored to me, not a borrowed set of shackles.

My deepest thought after this year: planning is not packing a day full. It is knowing when in the day you are clear-headed and when you drag, then putting the important things into the clear hours. The seasons change our bodies for us. Smart people adjust along with the seasons instead of wrestling with their own bodies. When the season changes, change your routine first. That is the lesson I bought with one failed exam. Now, one week before each change of season, I rebuild my schedule, like dressing my studies for the new weather. The gesture is small, but it has kept me standing in my best hour all year long.