

骑车上学这条路，教会我排计划

我家离学校四公里，初一起我骑车上学。一年骑下来，我发现这条路每个季节是一副不同的样子，而它偷偷教会了我一件事：什么事该提前准备。

夏天，五点四十天就蒙蒙亮，路上有风，凉快，骑起来舒服。可夏天人也容易晚上拖，作业磨到十一点，早上起不来，就得掐着点出门，一路抢红灯，到学校心怦怦跳，早读根本进不去。冬天正相反，七点出门天还黑，路面有一层薄冰，车骑不快，必须提前二十分钟，可冬天晚上困得早，九点半就想睡。春天路两旁杨絮飞，得戴面罩，骑得慢；秋天最好骑，不冷不热，脑子也最清楚。

初二开学，我干脆把上学路当闹钟，按季节排作息。夏天：既然五点四十天就亮，那我把起床线定在六点，早起的那点时间不写作业，只背书，路上抢红灯的慌乱就没了，因为时间提前挪出来了。冬天：提前二十分钟出门，路上黑的那一段我不再害怕，反而用来在脑子里过一遍昨天数学课的例题，到校坐下就能写。秋天脑子清楚，我把每周最难的两套理综卷排在十月的周末。春天犯困，晚饭后先跳绳十分钟再坐下写作业，比硬坐着强。

执行里最难的是冬天。头一年冬天我试过赖床，晚出门二十分钟，结果在校门口推着车等冰化，迟到了两次，被记在黑板角落的名字很难看。从那以后我在床头放两样东西：前一晚装好的书包，和写着一句路滑早出门的纸条。冬天再没迟到过。这个小小的动作后来我用到别处：前一晚把第二天的计划写在便签上贴桌角，早上看一眼就知道今天干什么。一年下来，我的便签攒了厚厚一沓。

期末我想了很久，这条路到底教会我什么。它教会我提前看见变化。季节从不通知谁，它直接改天亮的时间、路面的冰、风的温度。聪明的人不是跟它吵，是提前把日子改成适应它的样子。学习也一样，我知道自己哪个季节清醒、哪个季节发困，就把硬仗排在清醒的季节，把复习排在发困的季节。换季那几天，我提前三天调作息，像提前加一件衣服。这个习惯让我一整年没跟自己的状态打过仗。省下来的力气，全都用在题目上了。

The Road I Bike to School Taught Me to Plan

My home is four kilometers from school, and since seventh grade I have biked there. After a year on that road, I found it wears a different face each season, and it secretly taught me one thing: whatever matters should be prepared ahead.

In summer, the sky turns gray-bright by five forty. There is wind on the road, cool and pleasant to ride in. But summer also makes people linger at night. Homework drags to eleven, mornings become a scramble, you leave at the last second, run red lights all the way, and arrive with a pounding heart, unable to get into morning reading. Winter is the opposite. At seven it is still dark, the road has a thin sheet of ice, the bike cannot go fast, and you must leave twenty minutes early. But winter makes you sleepy early; by nine thirty you want bed. In spring the poplar fluff flies on both sides and you ride slowly with a face mask on. Autumn is the best riding,

neither cold nor hot, and my mind is clearest then.

At the start of eighth grade, I simply turned my commute into an alarm clock and set my routine by season. Summer: since the sky brightens at five forty, I set my wake-up line at six, and the extra morning time is not for homework but only for recitation. The red-light panic on the road disappeared, because the time had been moved forward. Winter: leave twenty minutes early, and in the dark stretch I no longer feel uneasy; instead I replay the example problems from the day before in my head, so I can start writing the moment I sit down at school. Autumn is when my mind is clear, so I schedule the two hardest science test sets of the month on October weekends. In spring I get drowsy, so after dinner I jump rope for ten minutes before homework, which beats sitting down stiffly.

The hardest part to carry out was winter. The previous winter I tried sleeping in, leaving twenty minutes late, and ended up straddling my bike at the school gate waiting for the ice to melt. I was late twice, and my name on the corner of the blackboard was ugly to see. After that I kept two things by my bed: the backpack packed the night before, and a note reading road is slippery, leave early. I was never late again that winter. I later applied this small gesture elsewhere: each night I write the plan for tomorrow on a sticky note on my desk corner, so one glance in the morning tells me what today holds. By the end of the year my sticky notes had piled into a thick stack.

At the end of term I thought for a long time about what that road had really taught me. It taught me to see changes ahead of time. The seasons never notify anyone. They simply change the hour of dawn, the ice on the road, the temperature of the wind. Smart people do not argue with them. They reshape their days in advance to fit them. Studying is the same. I know which season I am clear-headed and which season I drag, so I place the hard battles in the clear season and the review in the drowsy one. In the days when the season turns, I shift my routine three days ahead, like adding a layer of clothing before the cold. This habit kept me from fighting my own state all year. Every ounce of strength I saved went into the problems.