写给陈屿的半封信

陈屿：这封信我写了一半就打算寄给你，因为剩下的一半，我想留到明年再写。

先说去年十一月那个晚上。我物理竞赛初赛失利，坐在台阶上想，明年不报了。

你没劝，也没讲道理，只把一张纸条翻过来，在背面写了一行日期，从那天起往后一百天，每天一道竞赛题，一道你的弱项函数题，谁断一天，谁给全班买冰棍。

你说，想退出可以，一百天以后再说。

那一百天里，你的监督准得像闹钟。我断过两次，一次值日一次发烧，你都记在纸条角上，用铅笔，没划掉。

三十七天那天我烦了，把题摔在桌上，说你这是拿友情押赌。你想了半天，说，不是押赌，是我信你，先把信写成日子。

第九十一天，你忽然跟我说，函数你彻底通了，月考数学一百一十七，全班第五。

我愣住。我这才发现，一百天里你每天做的那道函数题，才是你自己的竞赛。你嘴上陪我补竞赛，手上自己在补最难的功课。

一百天到期，我报了复赛，拿了省三。你的名次从三十开外进了前十。

颁奖那天你只说了一句，你看，谁也没给谁买冰棍。

陈屿，我要反思的事有三件。

一桩，我那时把鼓励理解成安慰，你把它做成了日程。一句我信你，要拆成一百天里每天的一道题，才算数。

二桩，我一直以为那一百天是你帮我，直到第九十一天才明白，共同进步不是一个人拉一个人，是两个人各自爬坡，偶尔回头喊一声。你的坡，比我的陡。

三桩，是我对你的亏欠。你断过的两次，我用铅笔记着没划掉；我断的每一次，你都替我补了题。友情里欠下的账，要用同样的认真还。

所以这封信只写一半。剩下的一半，留给明年的一百天，留给你的数学竞赛，留给我们谁也不给谁买冰棍的日子。

如果明年这半封也写完了，我就把它和这半封钉在一起，钉在我们都够得着的地方。

你的同桌，卢小航。

Half a Letter to Chen Yu

Chen Yu, I will send this letter to you when it is only half written, because I want to keep the other half for next year.

Let me begin with that evening in November last year. I failed the first round of the physics contest, sat on the steps, and thought, I will not sign up next year.

You did not console me and did not preach. You only turned a slip of paper over and wrote one line of dates on the back: one hundred days starting that day, one contest problem a day plus one function problem from my weak subject, and whoever breaks a day buys popsicles for the whole class.

You said, if you want to quit, fine, but say it again after one hundred days.

In those hundred days your supervision was as exact as an alarm clock. I broke it twice, once on cleaning duty and once with a fever; you penciled both into the corner of the note and never erased them.

On day thirty-seven I got fed up, slammed the problems on the desk, and said you were staking friendship on a bet. You thought a long time and said, not a bet; I believe in you, and first I write that belief into days.

On day ninety-one you suddenly told me that functions had fully opened up for you, one hundred seventeen on the monthly math test, fifth in the class.

I froze. Only then did I notice that the function problem you did every day was your own contest. With your mouth you paced my contest; with your hands you were mending your hardest subject.

When the hundred days ended I signed for the second round and won a provincial third prize. Your rank moved from outside the top thirty into the top ten.

On the awarding day you said only one line: see, neither of us bought anyone popsicles.

Chen Yu, there are three things I want to reflect on.

The first: I used to understand encouragement as comfort; you made it into a schedule. One sentence of I believe in you only counts when it is broken into one problem a day for a hundred days.

The second: I always thought those hundred days were you helping me, until day ninety-one I understood that mutual progress is not one person pulling another, but two people climbing their own slopes, occasionally turning back to call out. Your slope was steeper than mine.

The third is what I owe you. The two days you broke, I kept penciled and never erased; every time I broke, you made up the problems for me. Debts owed in friendship must be repaid with the same seriousness.

So this letter stays half written. The other half is left for the hundred days of

next year, for your math contest, for the days when neither of us buys the other popsicles.

If next year this half gets finished too, I will staple it to this half, and staple them where we can both reach.

Your deskmate, Lu Xiaohang.