三栏错题本和互相罚值日

这个学期，我的数学从七十多分爬到了九十多分。要写学习心得，我第一个要谢的人，是同桌陈一诺。可心得写到这儿，我不想只写感谢，我想写点真话：一开始，我根本不服他。

期中考试后换座位，老师把我跟陈一诺调到一起，说「你俩互补」。我心里嘀咕：他数学回回满分，我回回拖班级后腿，互补个什么。头两个星期，我俩一句话没说。

转折是一次作业。那道应用题我列错式子，他看了一眼，没说「错了」，只问：「你这个式子，算出来的是什么？」我念了一遍，自己愣住了——我算的根本不是题目问的东西。他接着说：「以后你每列一个式子，就大声念一遍，念给自己听。」

这就是他给我的第一个方法：念式子。听起来简单，做起来才知道多有用。以前我做题快得像抢，念完式子才发现十道题错了四道。现在念一遍，错一半就少一半。

第二个方法是他硬塞给我的：错题本。他把自己的错题本借我抄格式，三栏：原题、我错在哪、下次怎么防。他监督我每周日抄一遍当周错题，他监督我，我也监督他——他语文差，我盯着他每周背两首古诗。谁没完成，另一人有权罚对方值日一次。

互相监督这件事，头一个月我们各罚了对方两次。第二个月只剩一次。到期末，我们谁也没被罚，因为都完成了。我数学九十六，他语文从七十多到了八十八。

这个心得我反思最深的不是分数，是那句「互补」。我以前觉得学习是自己的事，别人帮是情分。现在明白不是这样：我给他背诗时，我自己把诗记得最牢；他给我讲题时，他比自己做题想得还深。教别人的人，自己学了两遍。

抄错题本也有讲究。头一个月我抄得像抄课文，原题抄一遍、错处写一句「粗心」就完事。陈一诺翻了我的本子，直接在「我错在哪」那栏写：不许写粗心，要写清楚是看错了符号，还是公式记串了。我照他的改，第二个月发现我的错有六成出在去括号变号上。找到病根，补起来才有地方下手。

和朋友一起进步，不是两个人并排走，是两个人互相当镜子。我照见他粗心的地方，他照见我浮躁的地方。下学期我们还做同桌，错题本已经换新的一本了。

The Three-Column Mistake Notebook and the Duty Penalty

This term my math crept up from seventy-some points to ninety-some. If I write a study reflection, the first person I want to thank is my deskmate Chen Yinuo. But as I write, I do not want to only say thanks. I want to tell the truth: at first, I was not willing to admit him.

After the midterm, the teacher moved me next to Chen Yinuo and said: "You two balance each other." I grumbled inside: he gets full marks in math every time, and I drag the class down every time—balance my foot. For the first two weeks, we did not exchange a single sentence.

The turning point was one homework assignment. I wrote the wrong equation for a word problem. He glanced at it, did not say "wrong," and only asked: "What does your equation actually calculate?" I read it aloud and froze—I had calculated something the problem never asked for. Then he said: "From now on, every time you write an equation, read it out loud. Read it to yourself."

That was the first method he gave me: read the equation aloud. It sounds simple, but you only see its use when you do it. I used to race through problems like snatching food; after reading aloud I found four mistakes in ten problems. Now one reading removes half the errors.

The second method he forced on me: a mistake notebook. He lent me his own notebook to copy the format—three columns: the original problem, where I went wrong, how to prevent it next time. He supervised me copying the mistakes of that week every Sunday; I supervised him too—he is weak in Chinese, and I made him recite two classical poems a week. Whoever failed their task owed the other one duty shift.

In the first month of this mutual supervision, we each punished the other twice. In the second month, only once. By the final test neither of us owed a punishment, because both finished. My math was ninety-six; his Chinese rose from seventy-some to eighty-eight.

What I reflect on most is not the scores but the word "balance." I used to think studying was my own business, and help from others was a favor. Now I see it differently: while making him recite poems, I learned the poems best myself; while explaining problems to me, he thought deeper than when solving his own. The one who teaches learns twice.

Copying the mistake notebook has its own rules. In the first month I copied it like copying a text: write the problem once, write "careless" in the mistake column, done. Chen Yinuo flipped through my notebook and wrote directly in the column "where I went wrong": no writing careless—write clearly whether you misread a sign or mixed up two formulas. I followed him, and in the second month I found that sixty percent of my errors came from forgetting to flip signs when removing brackets. Once you find the root, fixing has a place to start.

Making progress with a friend is not two people walking side by side. It is two people serving as mirrors for each other. I see his carelessness in the mirror; he sees my impatience. Next term we are deskmates again, and the mistake notebook has already been replaced with a new one.