陪我站三节课的朋友

上初二以后我成绩滑过一次，是好友刘洋把我拽回来的。这篇学习心得写他，也写我自己走过的弯路。

初一暑假我迷上手机游戏，初二开学上课打瞌睡，第一次月考全班三十八名。那阵子我自己也慌，可就是管不住手。刘洋没劝我，他做了一件让我当时特别恼火的事：他去找班主任，说我们俩想坐第一排，还说自己监督我上课不趴桌子，趴一次他陪我一节课站着听。

头一个星期，他真陪我站了三节课。我脸上挂不住，他也挂不住，可他站着还不忘在纸条上写题给我看：「这道题辅助线在角平分线上。」我一边站一边把题做了，做得还挺顺。

这就是他的辅导方式：不讲大道理，只递纸条。后来纸条越写越厚，攒了大半本。我考前翻那半本纸条，比翻课本还管用，因为他写的全是我当时没听懂的点。

互相监督的部分在晚上。我们约好九点半各自把作业拍照互发，谁先写完谁检查另一人的。有一回我十点半才发，他秒回：「超时，记上。」第二天他真在我本子上画了个叉。我恼过，后来才明白那个叉比任何唠叨都重——唠叨会停，叉不会。

进步是一点一点来的。期中考到三十名，期末到十九名，这学期我进了前十五。刘洋的英语也从八十多到了九十多，因为我每晚给他听写。我俩谁也没给谁补课费，就是一人盯一科，盯了四个学期。

纸条攒到一半的时候，我干过一件后悔的事。有天晚上我嫌烦，把纸条撕了两张扔进纸篓。刘洋第二天没说什么，只是那天开始，他写的纸条变少了。我这才慌了——比成绩下滑更让我难受的，是那个每天递纸条的人不递了。我把纸篓里的两张捡出来贴回本子上，跟他说了对不起。他点点头，第二天纸条照旧。

我的反思有三层。第一，朋友帮你的方式可能你不爱听，递纸条比劝你难听一百倍，可管用。第二，监督不是管人，是替你把住那个会松手的时刻。第三，也是最要紧的：别人拽你，你得自己抬腿。刘洋陪我站了三节课，腿是我自己抬的。

现在我们的纸条本写满了第三本。下个学期，换我给他写：他物理弱，我盯他。一起进步这条路，我们打算一直走下去。

The Friend Who Stood Three Lessons with Me

After entering eighth grade my grades slipped once, and my good friend Liu Yang pulled me back. This study reflection is about him, and about the wrong road I took.

During the summer after seventh grade I became addicted to mobile games. When eighth grade opened I dozed off in class, and in the first monthly test I placed thirty-eighth in a class of thirty-eight. I panicked myself, yet I could not control my hands. Liu Yang did not lecture me. He did something that made me furious at the time: he went to our homeroom teacher and said the two of us wanted to sit in the

first row, and that he would supervise me not to put my head on the desk—if I did once, he would stand with me for that whole lesson.

In the first week he really stood with me for three lessons. I could not save face, and neither could he, yet while standing he still wrote problems to me on slips of paper: "The auxiliary line for this one lies on the angle bisector." I stood and solved the problem, and it went quite smoothly.

That was his way of tutoring: no big lectures, only slips of paper. The slips piled up thicker and thicker, more than half a notebook. Before exams I read that half-notebook more usefully than the textbook, because everything he wrote was a point I had missed in class at the time.

The mutual supervision happened at night. We agreed that at nine-thirty each of us photographs our homework and sends it to the other, and whoever finishes first checks the work of the other one. Once I sent mine at ten-thirty. He replied instantly: "Over time. Recorded." The next day he really drew a cross in my notebook. I was angry, and later understood that the cross weighed more than any nagging—nagging stops, the cross does not.

Progress came bit by bit. Midterm I reached thirtieth, final nineteenth, and this term I entered the top fifteen. the English of Liu Yang also rose from eighty-some to ninety-some, because I dictated vocabulary to him every evening. Neither of us ever paid the other for tutoring. One watched one subject, the other watched another, and the watching lasted four terms.

When the slips had piled up halfway, I did something I regret. One evening, annoyed, I tore up two slips and threw them into the waste basket. Liu Yang said nothing the next day; he simply wrote fewer slips from that day on. Then I truly panicked—worse than falling grades was that the person who passed me a slip every day stopped passing. I fished the two torn slips out of the basket, pasted them back into the notebook, and said sorry to him. He nodded, and the next day the slips came as usual.

My reflection has three layers. First, the way a friend helps may not sound pleasant to you; a slip of paper is a hundred times harsher than advice, but it works. Second, supervision is not managing a person; it holds the moment when your grip would loosen. Third, and most important: when someone pulls you, you must still lift your own leg. Liu Yang stood three lessons with me, but the legs were lifted by me.

Our slip notebook is now filling its third volume. Next term it is my turn to write slips for him: he is weak in physics, and I will watch him. This road of making progress together, we plan to keep walking.