成绩提升之后，我想明白的几件事

从初一下学期到初二结束，一年多一点，我的成绩从班里中游爬到了前十五，朋友的英语从常年在及格线下面变成了稳定的中上。老师家长都问我们怎么提上来的，要我说，起点特别不体面：是被一次考砸逼出来的，是被朋友一句把不会的题拿出来一起看拽起来的。这份心得不写计划表怎么写，写成绩提升之后我才想明白的几件事。

第一件想明白的事：动力不一定非得从自己心里长出来，也可以从别人那里接过来，再接回去。我以前觉得，真正的努力应该靠自己想通，靠别人鼓励是虚的。这一年我改了看法。我考砸那几天，是陈默把我从床上拽到书桌前的；他英语想放弃那半年，是我每天早读拉他背十五个单词。我们俩谁也没想通什么大道理，我们只是互相把对方按回座位上。动力这个东西，接过来不丢人，接过来之后自己接着走，才是真的。

第二件想明白的事：努力必须看得见，看不见的努力靠不住。我以前也努力，但我的努力是一团模糊的感觉，坐在桌前两小时，走神一小时半。后来我们把努力改成了看得见的东西：今天弄透哪道错题，背了哪十五个词，写了哪篇短文，全记在一张表上，每周日对账。表上有没有字，比我觉得自己努不努力诚实多了。成绩提升不是突然发生的，是那张表一格一格填出来的。

第三件想明白的事：进步最大的奖励不是表扬，是不再害怕。以前我害怕很多东西，害怕周测，害怕老师点我回答问题，害怕卷子发下来。现在这些害怕小了很多。不是因为我变聪明了，是因为我知道错了题我有办法，卡住了我有地方问。安全感是自己攒出来的，但攒的过程里有人在旁边，攒得快一些。陈默现在英语课敢举手了，我现在考砸一次当天就能去翻错题，我们俩攒的都是这个。

第四件：友情没有耽误学习，反而成了学习的底座。有人担心好朋友一起玩会分心。这一年我们的确一起玩，打球、聊天、放学顺路。但我们的玩是有底线的，晚自习那二十分钟互相问题目，周日对账，谁也没破过例。玩和学分开，感情反而更好。他帮我的每一次，我都记着；我帮他的每一次，他也不客气。这种账算得越清楚，友情越结实。

最后说一句给同龄人的话：如果你现在成绩平平，别急着怀疑自己。找一个靠得住的朋友，互相鼓励一句，一起定一个能检查的目标，把每天的努力记到看得见。这三步都不难，难的是开始和坚持。我们俩用一年验证过了，这条路是通的。成绩提升是结果，友情是路上白捡的宝贝，两样都拿到，我觉得这笔买卖特别值。

After My Grades Improved, Several Things Finally Made Sense

From the second semester of seventh grade to the end of eighth grade, a little over one year, my grade climbed from the middle of the class into the top fifteen, and my friend Chen Mo's English changed from always being below the passing line to a stable upper-middle score. Teachers and parents all ask us how we improved. If I am honest, the beginning was not dignified at all: it was forced on me by one failed

exam, and I was pulled up by my friend's single sentence, take out the problems you cannot do and let us look at them together. This reflection will not describe how to make a study plan. It describes several things I only understood after my grades had already improved.

The first thing I understood: motivation does not have to grow entirely out of your own heart. You can receive it from another person and then pass it back. I used to believe that real effort must come from your own realization, and that relying on someone else's encouragement was fake. This year changed my mind. During the days after my failed exam, it was Chen Mo who pulled me from my bed to my desk. During the half year when he wanted to give up English, it was I who dragged him into reciting fifteen words every morning reading period. Neither of us figured out any grand philosophy. We simply kept pushing each other back into our seats. Receiving motivation from someone is not shameful. What matters is that after receiving it, you keep walking on your own legs.

The second thing I understood: effort must be visible, and invisible effort cannot be trusted. I used to work hard too, but my effort was a vague feeling. I would sit at my desk for two hours and drift away for an hour and a half of it. Later we turned effort into visible things: which wrong problem I mastered today, which fifteen words I memorized, which short passage I wrote, all recorded on one sheet, checked every Sunday. Whether the sheet has ink in its boxes is far more honest than how hard I feel I am working. The improvement in our grades did not happen suddenly. It was filled in box by box on that sheet.

The third thing I understood: the greatest reward of progress is not praise, it is the disappearance of fear. Before, I was afraid of many things: weekly quizzes, the teacher calling on me, papers being handed back. Now those fears are much smaller. Not because I became smarter, but because I know that when I get a problem wrong I have a way to fix it, and when I get stuck I know where to ask. A sense of security is saved up by yourself, but if someone is beside you while you save it, it comes faster. Chen Mo now raises his hand in English class. If I fail one exam, I can open my mistake notebook the same day. What we are both saving up is exactly this.

The fourth thing: friendship did not distract from studying; it became the foundation under studying. Some people worry that good friends playing together will pull attention away. This year we really did play together, basketball, chatting, walking home the same way. But our playing had a bottom line: the twenty minutes of problem exchange in evening study hall and the Sunday check were never broken by either of us. When play and study are separated, the friendship actually grows stronger. I remember every time he helped me; he never stands on ceremony when I help him. The clearer this kind of account is kept, the sturdier the friendship becomes.

One last word to students my age: if your grades are ordinary right now, do not rush to doubt yourself. Find one dependable friend, encourage each other with one sentence, set one goal that can be checked, and record your daily effort where it can be seen. None of these three steps is difficult. What is difficult is starting and continuing. The two of us have tested this road for a year, and it works. Improved grades are the result; friendship is the treasure you pick up for free along the way. Getting both, I think, is the best bargain of all.