那次考砸以后，朋友的一句话把我拉了回来

这份学习心得，我想从初一分班考试后的一次失败说起。那之前我一直觉得自己学习还行，小学没怎么用力，成绩也过得去。初一第一次期中考试，数学卷子发下来，我盯着卷面上七十几的分数，耳朵嗡嗡的。那段时间我其实也写作业，也听课，可我从没真正想过自己哪里不会。卷子上一道一道红叉，我连错在哪一步都说不清。

那几天我整个人是泄的。上课听不进去，作业也拖，心里老冒出一个念头：反正努力也没用，我就是到了初中就不行了。这种念头现在回头看很危险，它不是难过，它是给自己找躺下的理由。我同桌陈默看在眼里，没跟着我叹气，也没讲什么失败是成功之母的大道理。晚自习他把自己桌子挪过来，就说了一句：别想了，把不会的题拿出来，一起看。

那天晚上我们干的事特别具体。我把期中卷上错的题一道一道摊开，他一道一道问我是怎么想的。他发现我的问题不是笨，是跳步，是草稿乱，是应用题不画图。他数学好，可他没给我讲整道题，他只在我卡住的那一步上点一下，剩下的让我自己接上。那道行程问题我卡了二十分钟，他就在草稿纸上画了条线段，把甲乙两个点标上去，说你自己走一遍。我自己走出来了。

从那以后我们有个固定安排：每天晚自习最后二十分钟，互相问题目。我问他数学，他问我英语，谁也不许直接要答案，必须先说自己卡在哪。这个安排看着小，作用却大。以前我不会的题就空着，第二天抄同学的，现在当天就弄明白，考试的时候那些题真的出现了，我做得出来。

期末考试，我数学考了九十几，不算拔尖，但对我是一次实打实的翻身。比分数更重要的是，我再也没有冒出努力没有用那种念头。我慢慢明白，考砸最伤人的不是分数，是你开始怀疑自己。朋友那句话值钱，不是因为它安慰了我，是因为它把我从想挪到了做。难过的时候人最容易停在原地，有人拉你去做一件具体的事，你就走出来了。

这份心得我总结成三句话。第一，遇到考砸，先别评价自己，先去看错题，问题比情绪小得多，也好解决得多。第二，别一个人硬扛，朋友不一定要多厉害，肯陪你把不会的题摊开看，就是好帮手。第三，友情变成学习动力，不是两个人比着学，而是他拉我一把、我拉他一把，谁掉队了另一个喊一声。我现在的成绩还在往上走，我知道路上有个人一起走，这就够踏实了。

After That Failed Exam, My Friend's Words Pulled Me Back

This study reflection begins with a failure I had after being placed into my junior high class. Before that, I had always thought my studying was fine. In primary school I never pushed myself very hard, and my grades were still passable. So when the first midterm exam of junior high came, I walked in full of confidence. When my math paper was handed back, I stared at the score in the seventies, and my ears were buzzing. During those weeks I had done my homework and listened in class, but I had never once seriously asked myself what I actually did not understand. The paper was covered with red crosses, and I could not even explain at which step each mistake had

happened.

For the next few days I was completely deflated. I could not follow the lessons, I kept putting off my homework, and one thought kept rising in my mind: effort is useless, I am simply someone who fails once he reaches junior high. Looking back now, I can see how dangerous that thought was. It was not sadness. It was an excuse I was building for giving up. My deskmate Chen Mo noticed. He did not sigh along with me, and he did not give me any lecture about failure being the mother of success. In the evening study hall, he simply moved his desk closer to mine and said one sentence: Stop thinking. Take out the problems you cannot do, and we will look at them together.

What we did that evening was extremely concrete. I spread out every wrong problem from my midterm paper, and he asked me, one by one, how I had been thinking when I solved it. He discovered that my problem was not stupidity. My problems were skipping steps, messy drafts, and never drawing diagrams for word problems. He was good at math, but he never explained a whole problem to me. He only touched the exact step where I got stuck and let me carry the rest myself. On one distance-and-speed problem I was stuck for twenty minutes. He drew a line segment on the draft paper, marked the two points for the two travelers, and said: Now walk through it yourself. I did, and I got it out on my own.

After that, we set a fixed routine. For the last twenty minutes of every evening study hall, we would quiz each other with problems. I asked him math questions, he asked me English questions, and neither of us was allowed to ask for the answer directly. We had to say first where we were stuck. This routine looks small, but its effect was large. Before, when I could not do a problem, I left it blank and copied a classmate's answer the next morning. Now I understood it the same day. In the final exam, problems of exactly that kind appeared, and I could solve them.

In the final exam my math score went above ninety. It was not the top of the class, but for me it was a real comeback. More important than the score was that the thought effort is useless never came back. I slowly understood that the most damaging part of a failed exam is not the number itself. It is that you begin to doubt who you are. My friend's words were valuable not because they comforted me, but because they moved me from thinking to doing. When a person is sad, the easiest thing is to stay frozen in place. If someone pulls you into one concrete task, you start walking again.

I summarize this reflection in three sentences. First, after a bad exam, do not judge yourself first; look at the wrong answers first. The problem is always smaller than the emotion, and far easier to fix. Second, do not carry it alone. A friend does not have to be a genius. A friend who is willing to spread out your mistakes with you

is already a great helper. Third, friendship becomes study motivation not when two people compete, but when one pulls the other up, and the other pulls back, and whoever falls behind gets called. My grades are still climbing now. I know someone is walking the road with me, and that alone makes every step steady.

和朋友一起定目标：我们互相监督的一年

初二开学那阵子，我忽然意识到一个问题：我每次开学都下决心，可下完决心没几天就忘。光想我要努力，没有用，因为努力这两个字没法检查。朋友陈默也碰到同样的事，他英语一直不及格，年年说要补，年年没动。开学第二周，我们商量出一个办法：一起定目标，而且定的必须是能检查的目标。

我们定目标那天晚上，在草稿纸上写写画画，规则定了三条。第一条，目标要具体到数字。我不能写数学进步，要写数学进前二十名；他不能写英语提高，要写英语下次及格。第二条，目标要拆到每周。我把数学拆成每周弄透一类错题，他把英语拆成每天背十五个单词、每周写两篇短文。第三条，每周日晚上视频对账，谁没完成，下周罚给对方讲三道题。三条规则定下来，目标忽然就从口号变成了任务。

头一个月最难。我周三晚上想偷懒，单词他那边也想断。我们约过一条：想放弃的当天，必须跟对方说一声为什么。结果我发现，说出来之后大多数的理由都不成立，就是懒。他有一次连续三天没背单词，视频里他支支吾吾，说打游戏忘了。我没骂他，我把我们定的那张表在镜头前举起来，他自己笑了，第二天补了四十个单词，比欠的还多。

互相监督还有个意外的好处：为了对账，你得真的弄明白自己学了什么。每周日检查他的单词，我得看着中文说英文，他得反过来考我。有几次我故意挑长得像的词考他，他被我考倒，回去就把那几个词抄了五遍。检查别人比自己学还费脑子，可两个人的底子都扎实了。他的英语期中考了及格线上面十二分，我的数学从三十名开外进了前二十。

现在回头看，这一年我学到的最重要一课是：目标不是许愿，是设计。许愿靠一时的热血，设计靠具体的数字、每周的步子、定好的检查。人和人不一样，有的人能自己管自己，我不行，我需要一个人每周日问我一句这周怎么样。这不丢人。承认自己需要监督，本身就是了解自己的一部分。

这份心得最后写一句实在话：和朋友一起定目标，最要紧的不是两个人比谁完成得好，而是谁没完成的时候，另一个人不嘲笑、不放弃，把表举起来提醒他一下。我们下个学期还会接着定，目标已经想好了，他的物理，我的语文。学习这条路长，路上有人对账，就不容易走丢。

Setting Goals with My Friend: A Year of Mutual Supervision

Around the start of the eighth grade year, I suddenly noticed a pattern in myself. Every semester I made up my mind to study hard, and every semester I forgot that resolution within a few days. Pure determination is useless, because the words study hard cannot be checked. My friend Chen Mo had the same problem. His English had been failing for years. Every year he said he would fix it, and every year nothing happened. In the second week of the new term, we worked out a method together: set goals together, and make sure every goal can be checked.

That evening when we set our goals, we wrote and crossed things out on draft paper, and we agreed on three rules. Rule one: a goal must be specific down to a number. I could not write improve my math. I had to write get into the top twenty in math. He could not write improve my English. He had to write pass the next English exam. Rule two: a goal must be broken down week by week. I split my math goal into mastering one type of wrong problem each week. He split his English goal into memorizing fifteen new words every day and writing two short passages each week. Rule three: every Sunday evening we would video call and check each other's progress, and whoever failed would have to explain three problems to the other person the following week. Once these three rules were written down, our goals suddenly changed from slogans into tasks.

The first month was the hardest. On Wednesday nights I wanted to slack off, and on his side he wanted to break his word list. We had made one more agreement: on any day you feel like quitting, you must tell the other person why. What I discovered was that after saying the reason out loud, most reasons did not survive. They were just laziness. Once he missed three days of vocabulary in a row. On the video call he mumbled and admitted he had been playing games and forgot. I did not scold him. I simply held our goal sheet up in front of the camera, and he laughed at himself. The next day he made up forty words, more than what he owed.

Mutual supervision brought an unexpected bonus: to check someone else, you have to genuinely understand what you have learned. Every Sunday, when I checked his vocabulary, I would read the Chinese and say the English, and then he would test me in reverse. Several times I deliberately picked words that looked similar to trap him. When I caught him out, he went back and copied those words five times. Checking another person is harder work than studying alone, but the foundations of both of us became solid. In the midterm exam his English finished twelve points above the passing line, and my math climbed from outside the top thirty into the top twenty.

Looking back now, the most important lesson of this year is this: a goal is not a

wish, it is a design. A wish runs on temporary excitement, but a design runs on concrete numbers, weekly steps, and scheduled checks. People are different. Some people can govern themselves. I cannot. I need someone to ask me one question every Sunday: how did this week go? There is no shame in that. Admitting that you need supervision is itself part of understanding yourself.

I will end this reflection with one honest sentence. When you set goals with a friend, the point is not for the two of you to compete over who finishes better. The point is that when one of you fails, the other neither mocks nor gives up, but simply holds up the sheet and reminds him. We will keep doing this next term. Our goals are already decided: his physics, my Chinese. The road of studying is long, and if someone checks the map with you along the way, it is much harder to get lost.

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.