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.