计划墙

放假第一天，孩子把一张白纸贴到墙上，宣布要做暑假计划。我坐在旁边准备领导，先报了自己的主张：先把作业写完，再读两本书，抽空把钢琴练起来。孩子摆手，说这是他自己的计划，要他自己写。我到了嘴边的安排咽了回去，把笔递给他。

他趴在小桌上，写得比写作业还认真。计划里有看蚂蚁搬家，有抓蜥蜴，有踩水洼，还有一项是吃一整个西瓜。我忍住没纠正。在我眼里这些不算正事，可看蚂蚁在他看来是顶顶要紧的大事，既然做计划，就该把要紧的事放进去。

计划写好，他请我帮忙贴到墙上，又郑重其事地在纸角签了名，笔画歪歪扭扭，力气倒足，还要求我也签名作证。我签了，他检查一遍，确认我没有替他多写一笔。作业被挤在中间，前后都是玩。钢琴那一项排在末尾，他给它画了个哭脸，说练琴的事晚上再商量。他仰着头看了半天，满意了，说这个计划是他的。

计划贴上去的第二天，他就蹲在墙根看蚂蚁，一看一个钟头，回来告诉我蚁后比蚂蚁胖。作业十五分钟写完，比我守在旁边催着快得多。计划上原本没有踩水洼这一项遇雨生效，他自己补了一行，等下雨，踩水洼。有天午后落了雨，他穿着雨鞋就冲出去，我在窗后给他拍照留证。邻居撑伞路过，看他在雨里蹦，也仰头笑了一声。

那面墙上的计划纸，边角被他摸得起了毛。每天完成一项，他就用红笔划掉一项，划得用力，像把一件大事办妥了，划完还要把笔帽盖好、挂回笔筒，仪式一样不缺。我原本怕计划太松，荒一个暑假；结果他一天也没荒，荒的是我。我坐在旁边刷手机，看他看蚂蚁、踩水洼，笑得没心没肺，忽然意识到自己已经很多年没那样笑过。

陪孩子过暑假，我头一回明白，计划属于他，暑假才属于他。大人要做的不是替他安排，是把纸贴正，再退后一步，看他把日子过得有模有样。

The Plan Wall

On the first day of vacation my son taped a blank sheet to the wall and announced he was making a plan for summer. I sat beside him ready to lead, and stated my agenda first: finish the homework, read two books, and find time for the piano. He waved his hand and said this was his own plan and he would write it himself. I swallowed the arrangements that had reached my lips and handed him the pen.

He bent over his little desk, writing more earnestly than any homework. His plan listed watching ants move house, catching lizards, jumping in puddles, and one item about eating a whole watermelon. I held back from correcting him. In my eyes these were not serious business, but in his eyes watching ants was the most important matter of all, and a plan should hold the important things.

When the plan was written he asked my help to post it on the wall, then signed his name at the corner with great ceremony, the strokes crooked but the pressure

full. He also asked me to sign as a witness; I signed, and he checked the line once to make sure I had not added a stroke for him. Homework was squeezed in the middle, with play on both sides. The piano item sat at the bottom, and he drew a crying face beside it, saying the matter of practice could be discussed at night. He tilted his head and studied it for a long while, satisfied, and said the plan belonged to him.

The day after the plan went up, he crouched by the wall watching ants for a full hour, then came back to report that the queen ant is fatter than the workers. His homework took fifteen minutes, far faster than when I stand over him urging him on. The plan had no clause about puddles, so he added a line himself: wait for rain, then jump in puddles. One afternoon the rain came, and he dashed out in his rain boots while I photographed him from the window, as evidence. The neighbor passed by under an umbrella, watched him jumping in the rain, and laughed out loud too.

The corners of the plan paper on that wall grew fuzzy from being touched. Each finished item he crossed out with a red pen, hard, as if closing a great affair; after crossing it out he capped the pen and hung it back on the holder, missing not one step of the ceremony. I had worried the plan was too loose and the summer would go to waste; in the end he wasted not one day, and the one wasting time was me. I sat beside him on my phone, watching him watch ants and jump puddles, laughing without a care, and it struck me that I had not laughed like that for years.

Spending summer with my son, I understood for the first time that the plan belongs to him, and only then does the vacation belong to him. What grown-ups must do is not arrange for the child, but keep the paper straight on the wall, step back, and watch the little one run the days in fine order.