计划表上的自由块

暑假第一天，我趴在凉席上写了一张计划表：上午八点半到十点半写作业，下午读书加午休，傍晚跟爸爸去游泳，晚上自由活动。写完我举起来给妈妈看，她笑了，说我像个布置作业的老师。我把计划表贴在书桌上方，觉得自己已经把整个暑假安排明白了。

头一周确实顺。每天上午两页数学、两页语文，中午抄几行好词好句，傍晚的游泳也一次没落下。可是第二周热起来，客厅的风扇呼呼地转，电视里正好播我最爱看的动画片。我对自己说，就看一集，作业晚上写也一样。一集变成两集，晚上九点半我才坐到桌前，字写得比平时潦草，妈妈检查时皱了好几次眉。

七月底的一天，妈妈指着墙上的计划表问我：打卡格怎么只勾到七月十二号？我嘟囔着说后面几天也写了，只是没打勾。她没接话，把当天的计划表翻给我看：上午写作业，下午自由，晚上读书。那天下午我确实玩了一整个下午，可心里总不踏实，听见钟摆滴答，就想起还有两本练习册没碰。玩是玩了，玩得一点也不痛快。

那天晚上我重画了一张计划表，把下午整段改成自由块，只在最下面加了一行：八月二十号之前，作业全部写完。这样前面是任务，后面才是玩。八月十几号我赶得凶，每天多写两页，傍晚的游泳改成晚上去。八月十九号晚上，我合上最后一本作业本，喊了一声，把隔壁的狗都惊得叫了两声。第二天我带着同学去游泳，在水里泡到天擦黑。

最后十几天是真玩。跟表哥去河堤捉知了，帮爸爸从车上往下搬西瓜，晚上在院里数星星，没有一次心里惦记着没写完的作业。我慢慢明白，计划表不是把我捆住，是替我把玩护住。先把该做的做完，后面的快乐才不打折扣。

开学前一天，我把那张画了两次的计划表从墙上取下来，夹进语文书。第二周那张被风扇吹得卷了边的，我留着没扔。它提醒我：假期的快乐不是等来的，是先安排、后痛快的。

The Free Block on My Plan

On the first day of summer vacation, I lay on the cool mat and wrote myself a plan: homework from eight thirty to ten thirty in the morning, reading and a nap in the afternoon, swimming with my dad in the evening, free time at night. I held it up for my mother to see, and she laughed, saying I looked like a teacher handing out assignments. I taped the plan above my desk and felt I had the whole vacation figured out.

The first week did go smoothly. Two pages of math and two pages of Chinese every morning, a few lines of good sentences copied at noon, and not a single swimming session missed. Then the heat came. The fan in the living room spun with a steady hum, and my favorite cartoon was on TV. I told myself just one episode, and homework could wait until night. One episode turned into two, and I only sat down at nine thirty, writing sloppier than usual. My mother frowned several times while checking

my work.

One day at the end of July, my mother pointed at the wall and asked why the check boxes stopped at July twelfth. I mumbled that I had done those days too, just without checks. She said nothing, just turned the plan over to show me the daily rows: homework in the morning, free in the afternoon, reading at night. That afternoon I did play the whole afternoon, but my heart was not at ease. Every tick of the clock reminded me that two workbooks were still untouched. I played, but not happily at all.

That night I redrew the plan. I changed the whole afternoon into one free block and added a single line at the bottom: finish all homework before August twentieth. Tasks first, play after. In mid August I pushed hard, two extra pages a day, swimming moved to night. On the evening of August nineteenth I closed the last notebook and shouted, startling the dog next door into two barks. The next day I took my classmates swimming and stayed in the water until dusk.

The last ten days were pure play. I went catching cicadas on the river dike with my cousin, helped my dad carry watermelons off the truck, and counted stars in the yard at night, never once worrying about unfinished homework. I came to understand that the plan did not tie me up; it protected my play. Finish what must be done first, and the joy after it comes in full.

The day before school opened, I took the twice-drawn plan off the wall and slipped it into my Chinese textbook. The one from the second week, its edges curled by the fan, I kept as well. It reminds me that the joy of vacation is not waited for; it is arranged first, then enjoyed fully.