门后的计划表

我家巷子口有个叫林小北的伙伴，他管时间的本事，是我这个暑假亲眼看着学来的。他家的门后贴着一张计划表，是他自己画的，字歪歪扭扭，格子却画得笔直。他跟我说，这张表他贴了又撕、撕了又贴，前后改了四回，最后连他爸妈想给他加两页口算，都得先来跟他讲理，讲赢了才能往格子里填。

七月的第一个星期，我们约好傍晚去池塘边钓龙虾。下午四点我喊他，他站在门后看了一眼表，说四点二十行不行，他的读书格子还差十分钟。我在楼下等那十分钟，听见他在屋里翻书，一点不着急。到了池塘边，他钓得比我稳，说反正作业上午写完了，坐一下午也不亏。

他的计划表上有两样东西让我眼馋。一样是打勾的铅笔印，做完一样划一个勾，碰过不算，做完才算。有一回他中午抄课文，只抄了一半就去接电话，回来补完才打勾。另一样是表最下边的自由格，整整齐齐写着星期几到星期几干什么：跳棋、骑车、去奶奶家。他妈妈说那是他最宝贝的一栏，谁也不许动。

八月头一场雨下了两天，我们出不了门，他就把跳棋摆到我家来教我们下。他一边跳一边讲他定的规矩：每天晚饭后半小时棋，多出来的时间归自己，想下几盘下几盘。那两天我们杀得昏天黑地，他输了也不掀棋盘，因为他第二天的作业格子早就勾满了，输赢都不耽误事。

开学前几天，他提前把作业清完，剩下的日子真按自由格过日子：骑车去镇上书店，回来给邻居送西瓜，傍晚在院里支起跳棋等人。八月底我再去他家，门后那张表已经画满勾，铅笔印淡的淡、深的深，像一层一层的年轮。他妈说，这表今年没用上第二张。

这个暑假过去，我学到的不是照抄他的格子，而是他那句话：做完了才能打勾，碰过不算。我也在门后贴了一张自己的表，头几天就勾满了三格。勾上去的那一刻，比玩什么都亮堂。

The Plan Behind the Door

At the mouth of our lane lives a friend named Lin Xiaobei, and his way with time is something I watched and picked up this summer. Behind his door hangs a plan he drew himself, the characters crooked but the boxes ruled straight. He told me he had stuck it up, torn it down, and redone it four times. Now even his parents, if they want to add two pages of mental math, must first argue their case with him, and only if they win may they fill a box.

In the first week of July we planned to fish for crayfish by the pond at dusk. I called him at four, and he stood by the door, checked the plan, and asked whether four twenty would do, since his reading box still had ten minutes to go. I waited downstairs those ten minutes and heard him turning pages inside, not in a hurry. At the pond he fished steadier than I did, saying his homework was finished by morning anyway, so a whole afternoon sitting cost him nothing.

Two things on his plan made me envious. One was the pencil checks: one task done,

one check drawn; merely touching it does not count, only finishing does. Once he copied a text at noon, got halfway through, went to answer the phone, and came back to finish before making the check. The other was the free block at the bottom of the plan, neatly listing which days were for Chinese chess, biking, or a visit to his grandma at her house. His mother says that is the column he treasures most, and no one may touch it.

The first big rain of August kept us indoors for two days, so he brought the chess board over to teach us. While jumping his pieces he explained the rule he set: half an hour of chess after dinner each day, and any time left over belongs to himself, as many games as he likes. We played fiercely those two days. When he lost he did not flip the board, because the homework boxes for the next day were already full, and winning or losing interfered with nothing.

In the days before school opened, he cleared his homework early and lived the rest exactly by the free block: biking to the bookshop in town, delivering watermelons to neighbors, setting up the chess board in the yard at dusk and waiting for players. When I visited his home at the end of August, the plan behind his door was covered with checks, the pencil marks light and dark in layers, like tree rings. His mother said this year they never needed a second sheet.

With the summer over, what I learned was not to copy his boxes but his line: you may only check it when it is done; touching it does not count. I taped my own plan behind my door, and in the first few days three boxes were already full. The moment a check goes on, it feels brighter than any game.