闹钟没有响的那个暑假

期末最后一天，我带回一张自己画的纸。暑假作息表贴在床尾的墙上，早上六点半被红笔圈了出来。我以为有了计划，暑假就会自己走上轨道。

第一个早晨，闹钟在六点半响了。我伸手把它按掉，心想就躺五分钟。再睁眼，已经快十点。第一周，墙上的作息表像个摆设：早读的时间填着睡过头，上午的作业填着下午，下午的运动填着明天。

转折在第一周结束的那个晚上。我看着那张纸，只有头两行后面打了勾，心里有点发慌。我把它撕下来，重新画了一张。这回我没有排全天，只排了三行：每天第一件事做最难的事，数学作业，一小时；第二件事读书；剩下的时间自己安排。我把闹钟从床头挪到对面的书桌上，起身才能按掉它。

第二个早晨，我迷迷糊糊走过去按掉闹钟，顺势坐到了书桌前。数学那一小时在彻底清醒之前做完了。那一个小时里，我把最头疼的几何题放在了开头，笔尖一动，人就醒透了。中午妈妈下班回来，看见桌上摊开的作业本，什么也没说，只给我多加了一个菜。到了中午，我觉得自己像换了个人。早上读书这件事，我小学都没做到过，那个暑假却做到了。

八月里我照着第二张表过日子，早读从一篇课文变成了半本小说，运动从十分钟变成了半小时。暑假作业全部做完，我还自己读完了四本推荐书目。回头看第一张纸和第二张纸，差别不在排了多少行，而在顺着自己的性子安排还是跟自己的性子较劲。第一张表想管住一整天，结果连起床都管不住；第二张表只管最难的一件事，一整天反倒跟上了。

现在我明白，自主规划不是画一张表贴在墙上，而是知道自己软肋在哪里，把最难的事交给最清醒的那段时间。闹钟在那个暑假没有响，却把我叫醒了。

That Summer, the Alarm Did Not Ring

On the last day of term, I carried home a sheet of paper I had drawn myself. The summer vacation timetable was pasted on the wall at the foot of my bed, with half past six in the morning circled in red pen. I believed that once a plan was on the wall, the summer would fall into place by itself.

On the first morning, the alarm went off at half past six. I reached out and silenced it, thinking I would lie down for just five minutes. When I opened my eyes again, it was nearly ten. During the first week, that paper on the wall was only a decoration. The morning reading slot was filled with overslept, the morning homework slot was filled with in the afternoon, and the afternoon exercise slot was filled with tomorrow.

The turning point came on the night at the end of the first week. I looked at the

paper and saw check marks beside only the first two lines, and I felt a little afraid. I tore it off and drew a new one. This time I did not schedule the whole day, only three lines. The first thing of each day was the hardest thing, one hour of mathematics homework; the second was reading; the rest of the time was my own. I moved the alarm from the bedside to the desk across the room, so that I had to stand up to silence it.

On the second morning, I walked over to silence the alarm while still half asleep, and sat down at the desk on the way. That hour of mathematics was finished before I was fully awake. In that hour I put the geometry problems I feared most at the beginning, and as soon as my pen started moving, I was fully awake. At noon my mother came home from work, saw the exercise book open on the desk, said nothing, and just added one more dish to my lunch. By noon I felt like another person. Reading aloud in the morning was something I had never managed in primary school, yet that summer I did it.

Through August I lived by the second chart. Morning reading grew from one textbook passage to half a novel, and exercise grew from ten minutes to half an hour. All the summer homework was done, and I had read four books from the recommended list on my own. Comparing the first sheet with the second one, the difference is not how many lines were scheduled but whether the plan followed human nature or fought against it. The first chart tried to manage the whole day and failed to manage even getting up; the second chart managed only the hardest thing, and the whole day followed.

Now I know that self-directed planning is not drawing a chart and sticking it on the wall. It is knowing where your own weak point is and giving the hardest thing to the clearest hour of the day. The alarm did not ring that summer, but it woke me up.

两个星期的实验

初二的暑假前，我给自己定了个小计划：两个星期里，每天晚上读书三十分钟，绕着小区跑两圈。我没告诉爸妈，也没写在表上贴墙，只在笔记本最后的一页空白上画了十四个小方格，每天完成一个，就填一个。

头几天顺风顺水。晚饭后读一章书，下楼跑两圈，回来在格子上一勾。方格一个个被填上，我开始觉得这事太容易了。读到第三本书的一半时，我发现晚饭后的半小时过得比以前快，手机好像也没那么好玩了。

第九天，傍晚下大雨。我望着窗户想，雨这么大，就算了吧。手机都拿在手上了，才想起那十四个方格，空着五个会很难看。我披上雨衣下楼，小区跑不成，就在楼道里上上下下跑了六层。

楼道里声控灯一层层亮起来，我的脚步声在楼里回响，像有人在跟着我跑。回来鞋全湿了，可那个格子填上了。

第十四天，最后一个格子填完。回头看，读书的三十分钟让我读完了整本书，跑步从一圈喘成三圈不停。更让我意外的是，两个星期到期以后，我还是想每天读书、每天跑。实验结束了，事情自己长了出来。妈妈是在第十六天发现的，她看见笔记本上的方格，问我这是什么，我说是一个实验，已经到期了。她笑着说那再续两个星期呀，我想了想，又画了十四个格子。

以前我总以为自我提升要搞得很隆重，做一张大表，向全家宣布，然后三天热度。这两个星期教会我另一件事：目标不用大，定一个小到不肯断的目标，让习惯从小事里长出来。真正的敌人不是雨，也不是懒，是那句算了吧。

如今我想开始什么事情，先问自己：能不能坚持两个星期？能，就去做。那页十四个方格还留在笔记本后面，我没有撕掉。

The Two-Week Experiment

Before the summer of my second year in junior high, I made a small plan for myself: for two weeks, read for thirty minutes every evening and run two laps around my neighborhood. I told neither my mother nor my father, and I did not write it on a chart for the wall. I simply opened to a blank page at the back of my notebook and drew fourteen small squares. Each day I finished, I filled one square.

The first days went smoothly. After dinner I read a chapter of a book, ran two laps downstairs, and came back to tick a square. The squares filled up one by one, and I began to think this was far too easy. Halfway through the third book, I noticed that the thirty minutes after dinner passed faster than before, and the phone seemed less interesting.

On the ninth day it rained hard in the evening. I stared at the window and thought, the rain is this heavy, let us call it a day. The phone was already in my hand when I remembered the fourteen squares, and five empty ones would look too obvious. I put on my raincoat and went down. Since I could not run around the neighborhood, I ran up and down the six floors of the building. The motion-controlled lights in the stairwell came on floor by floor, and my footsteps echoed through the building as if someone were running along with me. My shoes were soaked when I came back, but that square was filled.

On the fourteenth day I filled the last square. Looking back, the thirty minutes of reading had carried me through the whole book, and my running had grown from one lap out of breath to three laps without stopping. What surprised me more was that after the two weeks ended, I still wanted to read and to run every day. The

experiment was over, but the habit kept growing. My mother found out on the sixteenth day. She saw the squares in my notebook and asked what they were. I said it was an experiment, and it had already expired. She laughed and said, then continue for two more weeks. I thought about it and drew fourteen more squares.

I used to think self-improvement had to be a grand declaration: a big chart, an announcement to the whole family, and then giving up after three days. This two-week experiment taught me something else. Set no big goal; set a small one you refuse to break, and let the habit grow out of it. The real enemy is not rain or laziness but the single thought of calling it a day.

Now, whenever I want to start something, I ask myself first: can you hold on for two weeks? If yes, go ahead. That page of fourteen squares is still at the back of my notebook, and I have not torn it out.

自己管自己的那个夏天

爸妈出发出差的前一天，又问我能不能管好自己。我拍着胸脯说能。他们要出去整整五十天，走之前把冰箱里的菜塞得满满当当。那个暑假，我真的要自己管自己了：作业先过二十天，再预习新学期的物理十天，最后一周自由活动。我把这三段写在冰箱门上，用的是白板笔。

前二十天过得不错。每天上午两页作业，下午去小区图书角。图书角的管理员阿姨都认识我了，见我来了就把靠窗的位置留给我。预习阶段才出了岔子。物理对我像外语，三天之后我听不懂，心思开始乱飘。第四天，我打开电脑想看讲解视频，一抬头已经是下午五点。那一整周，我一章没看完，游戏等级倒升了两级。

那天晚上，我给妈妈发了一条很长的消息，把这一周的事全招了。过了一会儿，妈妈回了一句：别怪自己，想想接下来怎么办。我盯着那行字看了很久，把手机扣在桌上，第一次觉得认错没那么难。

我把冰箱门上的三段擦掉，重新写：物理学习时间从一下午改成每天上午四十分钟，四十分钟走完才能开电脑；看不懂的地方做上记号，早上九点发到物理学习群里去问。第二天一早，我发出了第一个问题。一个同学回了语音，我当场就懂了。再后来，群里的问题越来越多，原来听不懂的不止我一个。

爸妈回来时，我预习完了两章物理，游戏两个星期没打开。爸爸看着冰箱门笑，说这张表改的次数比家务表还多。冰箱门上还留着擦不干净的白板笔印子，一道一道的，像那个暑假的划痕。

那个暑假我弄明白一件事：自主不是没人看着，而是自己答应自己的事要算数。断了的时候，不装没事，也不逃跑，把板擦干净，重新来过。

The Summer I Managed Myself

The day before my parents left for their business trips, they asked me one more time whether I could take care of myself. I answered yes with my chest puffed out. They would be away for fifty days in all, and before leaving they packed the fridge full of food. That summer I would truly be in charge of myself: twenty days for the homework first, ten days for previewing the new physics course, and the last week free. I wrote these three stages on the fridge door with a whiteboard marker.

The first twenty days went well. I did two pages of homework every morning and spent afternoons at the reading corner of our community. The lady who looked after the reading corner knew me by sight and kept the seat by the window for me. The preview stage is where things went wrong. Physics looked like a foreign language to me, and after three days I stopped understanding and my mind began to wander. On the fourth day I opened the computer to watch an explanation video, and when I looked up it was five in the afternoon. That whole week I finished no chapter, while my game level went up by two.

That night I wrote a long message to my mother and admitted everything from that week. After a while she replied with one line: do not blame yourself, work out what to do next. I stared at that line for a long time, put my phone face down on the table, and felt for the first time that admitting a mistake was not so hard.

I wiped the three stages off the fridge door and rewrote them. Physics study time changed from a whole afternoon to forty minutes every morning, and the computer could only be opened after those forty minutes were done; anything I did not understand I marked, and at nine in the morning I sent it to the physics study group to ask. The next morning I sent out my first question. A classmate answered with a voice message, and I understood it on the spot. After that the questions in the group grew more and more, and I was not the only one who did not understand.

When my parents came back, I had gone through two chapters of the preview, and the games had been untouched for two weeks. My father looked at the fridge door and joked that this sheet had been rewritten more times than the housework roster. Faint marker traces that never wiped off completely stayed on the fridge door, line after line, like the scratches of that summer.

That summer I learned one thing. Self-management is not about nobody watching; it is about keeping the promise you made to yourself. When the promise is broken, do not pretend nothing happened and do not run away. Wipe the board clean and start again.