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.