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.