

第一次做饭小故事：鸡蛋饼翻车记

童童在冰箱前站了三分钟，最后决定摊鸡蛋饼。理由很简单：她看过妈妈摊饼，手腕一抖，饼就在锅里翻了个身，像变魔术。她觉得难的不是做饼，是那个翻身。

她舀面糊的时候手比脑子大方。碗里说好的「两勺」，她舀成了六勺，又打进去三个鸡蛋，牛奶咕咚咕咚倒了小半盒，筷子搅一搅，碗里的面糊稀得像下了一场面糊雨。她没多想，端起碗往锅里倒——锅里「哗」一声，面糊漫过锅底，一直漫到锅边，整口锅变成一锅稠粥。

妈妈路过厨房探头看了一眼：「面糊放多了，这张饼会很大。」童童嘴一撇：「大饼更好吃！」她攥着锅铲等饼底定型，等到边缘翘起一圈金黄，才深吸一口气，把锅铲插进饼底，往上一抬——饼没起来，整张饼像一块湿地毯，铲子只铲起一小块。她不甘心，把锅斜起来想让它滑进铲子，饼出溜一下滑出了锅，「啪叽」扣在灶台上，边缘还冒着热气。

厨房里安静了两秒。童童看看灶台上的饼，又看看锅，说了句只有她自己听见的话：「再来。」她把失败的饼铲进垃圾桶，擦干净锅，重新调面糊——这回两勺面、两个蛋，牛奶沿着碗边慢慢倒，搅到筷子提起来面糊连成一条不断的线。小火，锅烧热，舀一勺面糊转一圈摊开。

等边缘再次翘起金黄，她把锅斜过来，手腕轻轻一抖。饼在锅里打了个滚，居然翻了个面，露出另一张金黄的脸。童童「啊」地一声跳起来，差点撞到抽油烟机。第二张饼出锅时又圆又黄，边上还有一圈焦脆的花边。

吃早饭时，爸爸咬了一口说：「这张饼有股不服输的味道。」童童不知道什么叫不服输，她只知道第一张饼扣在了灶台上，而第二张饼在她手里翻过身。她把这两件事都记住了。

练笔可以从「声音清单」开始：让孩子先写下家里厨房的十种声音——水龙头、抽油烟机、锅铲碰锅、塑料袋、冰箱门吸紧的「啵」。挑三种声音写进翻车现场。声音写准了，读者就站在厨房里了。

My First Egg Pancake: A Flip That Went Wrong

Tongtong stood in front of the open refrigerator for three whole minutes, and in the end she decided to make egg pancakes. The reason was simple. She had watched her mom make pancakes a hundred times: one flick of the wrist and the pancake turned over in the pan like a magic trick. She felt the hard part was not making the pancake. The hard part was the flip.

When she scooped the batter, her hand was far more generous than her head. The recipe in her memory said two spoonfuls, and she scooped six. She cracked in three eggs, poured in nearly half a carton of milk with a glug-glug-glug, and stirred with chopsticks until the batter in the bowl was as thin as a batter rainstorm. She did not think twice. She lifted the bowl and poured it into the pan. The pan said whoosh, and the batter spread across the bottom and kept spreading to the rim, turning the whole pan into a pot of thick porridge.

Mom walked past the kitchen and peeked in. Too much batter, she said. That pancake is going to be huge. Tongtong twisted her mouth. Big pancakes taste better! She gripped the spatula and waited for the bottom to set, waiting until the edges curled up in a ring of gold. Then she took a deep breath, slid the spatula under the pancake, and lifted. The pancake did not rise. The whole thing lay there like a wet carpet, and the spatula had only caught a small corner. Not willing to give up, she tilted the pan, trying to slide the pancake onto the spatula. The pancake slipped off the pan entirely and landed on the stove top with a wet slap, its edges still steaming.

The kitchen went quiet for two seconds. Tongtong looked at the pancake on the stove, then at the pan, and said something only she could hear: Try again. She scraped the failed pancake into the trash, wiped the pan clean, and mixed fresh batter. This time: two spoonfuls of flour, two eggs, milk poured slowly along the rim of the bowl, stirred until the batter ran off the chopsticks in one unbroken line. Low heat, warm pan, one ladle of batter swirled into a circle.

When the edges curled gold once more, she tilted the pan and gave her wrist a light flick. The pancake rolled over in the air and landed flipped, showing its other golden face. Tongtong shouted and jumped, nearly head-butting the range hood. The second pancake came out of the pan round and yellow, with a lacy ring of crisp brown around its edge.

At breakfast, Dad took a bite and announced, this pancake tastes like refusing to give up. Tongtong did not know what refusing to give up meant. She only knew that the first pancake had slapped down onto the stove, and the second pancake had turned over in her own hand. She remembered both things.

A good writing drill starts with a sound list. Have the child first write down ten sounds from the family kitchen: the faucet, the range hood, the spatula knocking the pan, a plastic bag tearing, the soft pop of the fridge door sealing shut. Then choose three of those sounds and place them inside the disaster scene. When the sounds are accurate, the reader is standing in the kitchen too. Try the same drill twice in one week. The first list is usually dull, all faucet and stove. The second list gets strange and specific: the tick of the cooling pan, the bubble pop of thick batter, the small squeak of a wet floor mat. Strange details are where a young writer's own voice begins to show.