作文本上的那颗红星

我的作文本第十页上，有一颗老师画的红星。每次翻开本子，我都先看它一眼。这颗红星背后，是一杯盐水、一个鸡蛋和一张写满数字的记录纸。

那天科学课，老师端来一杯清水，把鸡蛋放进去，鸡蛋直直沉到杯底。老师问：有办法让它浮起来吗？教室里安静了几秒，有个同学喊：加盐！老师真的拿出一袋盐，请我们小组上台加。我负责加，李雨桐负责数，王浩负责搅拌。第一勺下去，鸡蛋没动；第三勺，没动；第五勺，鸡蛋晃了一下，慢慢离开了杯底，悬在杯子中间。全班哇的一声。我紧张得手心出汗，因为鸡蛋是我加的盐喂浮起来的。

下课前，老师让我们把过程记下来。我记的是数字：清水一杯约二百毫升，鸡蛋一个，盐每次一勺，加到第五勺鸡蛋离开杯底，第七勺浮到水面。我还记了鸡蛋的样子：沉底的时候横躺着，浮起来的时候头朝上歪着。老师说过，记数字比记感觉靠得住。

过了几天，作文课写《一次有趣的实验》。别的同学开始就写鸡蛋浮起来真神奇，我照着记录纸写：先写鸡蛋沉底时横躺的样子，再写第一勺到第四勺它一动不动，我们以为盐不管用，第五勺它忽然晃了一下。写到晃了一下这里，我想起当时王浩的搅拌棒都停了。我把这个也写了进去。

作文讲评课，老师把我的本子举起来，说这段写的是真的，因为加了几勺、鸡蛋怎么动，都有数。她在末尾画了一颗红星。我心里记着这句话：都有数。

从那以后我做实验都留一张记录纸，写数字，写东西的样子。我发现一个秘密：作文里数字越多，文章越像真的。一勺、五勺、第七勺，这些数字替我说话，比写一百个真有趣都有用。实验帮了我作文，不是因为它好玩，是因为它给了我一张写满数字的纸。

The Red Star in My Essay Notebook

On page ten of my essay notebook there is a red star drawn by my teacher. Every time I open the notebook, I look at it first. Behind that star sit a cup of salt water, an egg, and a sheet of notes covered in numbers.

That day in science class, the teacher carried in a cup of clear water, put an egg in, and the egg sank straight to the bottom. She asked: is there a way to make it float? The room went quiet for a few seconds, then a classmate shouted: add salt! The teacher really brought out a bag of salt and asked our group to come up and add it. I added the salt, Li Yutong counted, and Wang Hao stirred. One spoonful in - the egg did not move; three spoonfuls - no movement; at the fifth spoonful the egg wobbled and slowly lifted off the bottom, hovering in the middle of the cup. The whole class gasped. My palms were sweaty, because the egg was floated to life by the salt I added.

Before class ended, the teacher told us to write down the process. I recorded

numbers: one cup of clear water, about two hundred milliliters, one egg, one spoonful of salt at a time, and at the fifth spoonful the egg left the bottom; at the seventh it floated to the surface. I also recorded how the egg looked: lying on its side at the bottom, head tilted upward when it floated. The teacher had said numbers are more reliable than feelings.

A few days later, writing class asked for An Interesting Experiment. Other students opened with how magical it was that the egg floated. I followed my note sheet: first the egg lying sideways on the bottom, then spoonful one through four with no movement at all, us thinking the salt would not work, and at the fifth spoonful it suddenly wobbled. Writing that wobble, I remembered that Wang Hao had even stopped his stirring rod. I put that in too.

At the essay review class, the teacher held up my notebook and said this passage was real, because the number of spoonfuls and the egg's movements were all counted. She drew a red star at the end. I kept her words in my heart: all counted.

Since then, every experiment I do leaves behind a note sheet with numbers and descriptions of how things looked. I discovered a secret: the more numbers in an essay, the more real it reads. One spoonful, five spoonfuls, the seventh spoonful - these numbers speak for me, more useful than writing truly interesting a hundred times. The experiment helped my essay not because it was fun, but because it handed me a sheet covered in numbers.