牛奶里的彩虹，写进了我的作文

我以前最怕写作文。老师一说题目，我就咬着笔头发呆，觉得没什么可写。这个学期发生了一件小事，让我对作文没那么怕了。我把做实验的事写进了作文，还被老师念给了全班听。

事情要从那个周末说起。科学老师布置了一个小实验：盘子里倒一层牛奶，在牛奶中间滴红、黄、蓝三种食用色素，再用棉签蘸一点洗洁精，轻轻点在色素上。我按着做，色素一开始不动，棉签一碰，颜色忽然炸开了，红的往边上跑，黄的追着蓝的转圈，像盘子里放了一挂烟花。

妈妈提醒我：别忘了记录。我拿出一个本子，把每一步都写下来：倒了多少牛奶，色素滴了几滴，棉签点下去以后颜色怎么跑，跑了多久。我还画了一张图，把颜色跑的样子画成一条条弯弯的线。写的时候我尽量写我看到的，不写我想的。比如我不写颜色真美，我写蓝色追着黄色转了两圈才停。

第二周作文课，题目是写一件有趣的事。我翻开本子，把实验那天的记录一段一段整理成句子。因为记录写得细，作文也顺：先写牛奶平平整整躺在盘子里，再写色素滴下去不动，急得我喊妈妈，最后写棉签一点，颜色全活了。写完六百多字，我自己读着都笑。

第二天，老师把我的作文念给全班听。念完她说：这篇作文好就好在写得细，颜色怎么跑的都写出来了。我坐在座位上，耳朵有点热。下课好几个同学过来问：你那个实验真能做？我说能，本子借你看。

现在我懂了一个以前不懂的道理：不是生活里没有东西可写，是我没把它记下来。做实验的时候手在动，眼睛在看，本子上的字把这些都留住了。写作文的时候，只要回到本子里，事情就重新发生在眼前。这个办法我自己试过了，是真的管用。

The Rainbow in the Milk Went Into My Essay

I used to dread essays most of all. The moment the teacher gave a topic, I would chew my pencil and stare, feeling I had nothing to write. This term a small thing happened that made me less afraid. I wrote about an experiment in my essay, and the teacher read it aloud to the whole class.

It started that weekend. Our science teacher assigned a small experiment: pour a layer of milk into a plate, drip red, yellow, and blue food coloring into the middle, then dip a cotton swab in a little dish soap and touch it gently to the coloring. I did exactly that. At first the colors sat still. The instant the swab touched them, they burst outward - red ran to the edges, yellow chased blue in circles - like a string of fireworks going off inside the plate.

My mother reminded me: do not forget to record it. I took out a notebook and wrote down every step: how much milk I poured, how many drops of coloring, how the colors moved after the swab touched them, and for how long. I even drew a picture, tracing the paths of the colors as curving lines. When writing, I tried to record

what I saw, not what I felt. Instead of writing the colors were beautiful, I wrote that blue chased yellow for two full turns before stopping.

The next week in writing class, the topic was to write about something interesting. I opened the notebook and turned the experiment notes into sentences, paragraph by paragraph. Because the notes were detailed, the essay came easily: first the milk lying flat and calm in the plate, then the coloring dropping in and refusing to move, me calling for my mother in a panic, and finally one touch of the swab bringing every color to life. I wrote over six hundred words, and laughed at it myself while reading.

The next day the teacher read my essay to the class. When she finished, she said: this piece is good because it is detailed - it even shows how the colors moved. I sat at my desk with hot ears. After class several classmates came to ask: can you really do that experiment? I said yes, and you can borrow my notebook.

Now I understand something I never got before: it is not that life has nothing to write about; it is that I never wrote it down. During an experiment the hands move and the eyes watch, and the words in the notebook keep all of it. When writing an essay, I only have to go back to the notebook, and the event happens again right in front of me. I have tested this method myself, and it truly works.