我把家里的零食都丢进了雪碧

科学老师布置了雪碧泡葡萄干的实验。我按老师说的做，葡萄干果然跳舞了。可我心里冒出一个老师没讲过的问题：除了葡萄干，还有谁会被雪碧举起来？第二天放学，我把家里的零食柜翻了个底朝天，摆出一排候选：蓝莓干、绿豆、大米、爆米花，还撕了几小片作业纸。我妈看见厨房台面上摆成这样，问我是不是要开饭馆。我说我在挨个面试。

我学着第一次的样子，杯子歪着倒雪碧，一种材料放几粒，单独一杯，免得混在一起说不清。第一个上场的是蓝莓干。它比葡萄干胖，皮也皱，下去以后也裹泡，也往上走，可是它太重了，上去一半又滑下来，在杯底一鼓一鼓，像没跳利索的胖墩儿。第二个是绿豆。绿豆皮光溜溜的，泡贴不住，躺底下一动不动。我拿筷子把它捞出来，用指甲在皮上刮出几道印子再丢回去，这一回它身上挂住泡了，晃晃悠悠上去了半截。我把这个发现写在纸上：皮皱巴巴的才挂得住泡。

大米和碎纸片都太轻，一下去泡还没攒够，就被水面托着不下来了，漂在上面装没事。爆米花最滑稽，下去两秒就软了，散成一团糊，跳舞的事提都不用提。我在表格上挨个画勾画叉：蓝莓干，跳得笨；绿豆，不跳，刮破皮才跳半截；大米，漂着；纸片，漂着；爆米花，出局。写到这儿我看明白了：要跳舞，得皮能挂住泡，身子还得不轻不重，太重跳不动，太轻下不去。

最意外的是放了一晚上没管的那杯葡萄干。第二天早上去看，雪碧没气了，葡萄干全鼓胖了，软软地沉在底，一个也不跳了。我尝了一口那杯雪碧，甜得像糖水，一点不杀口。我把这个也记下来：气用完了，舞就停了。原来泡泡不是无限的，雪碧开了就得赶紧做实验，不然它偷懒。

那张表格我贴在了冰箱上。我妈每天开门拿东西都看一遍，现在她路过零食柜会顺手把雪碧买回来，说别断了货。一个老师布置的实验，我顺着往下问了一个问题，结果家里厨房变成了实验室。科学老师要是看见这张画满勾叉的表格，应该会承认我这个问题问得不坏。

I Dropped Every Snack in the House into Sprite

Our science teacher assigned the Sprite-and-raisin experiment. I did exactly what she said, and the raisins danced. But a question she had never mentioned popped into my head: besides raisins, who else could Sprite lift up? After school the next day I turned the snack cupboard upside down and lined up the candidates: dried blueberries, mung beans, rice, popped corn, and a few torn scraps of homework paper. My mother saw the kitchen counter laid out like that and asked if I was opening a restaurant. I said I was holding interviews, one by one.

I copied the first run: tilt the glass for the Sprite, a few pieces of each material, one glass per material, so nothing gets mixed up and nothing can be explained. The first to try was the dried blueberry. Fatter than a raisin, skin just as wrinkled, it gathered bubbles and started up too — but it was too heavy, slid back down halfway, and puffed up and sank at the bottom like a clumsy dancer who never got the steps right. The second was the mung bean. Its skin was slick, bubbles would not stick, and it lay at the bottom motionless. I fished it out, scraped a few

marks into its skin with my nail, and dropped it back. This time the bubbles caught, and it swayed up halfway. I wrote the discovery on paper: only wrinkled skin holds bubbles.

Rice and paper scraps were too light. Before bubbles could gather enough, the surface held them up and they never came down, floating there pretending nothing was happening. The popped corn was the funniest: two seconds in the glass it went soft and dissolved into a mush — dancing completely out of the question. On my table I ticked and crossed each one: blueberry, dances clumsily; mung bean, no, only half-dances once its skin is scratched; rice, floats; paper, floats; popcorn, eliminated. By then I saw the rule: to dance, the skin must hold bubbles, and the body must weigh just right — too heavy to lift, too light to sink.

The biggest surprise came from the raisin glass I left sitting overnight. Next morning the Sprite had gone flat, the raisins swollen plump and soft at the bottom, not one dancing. I tasted that flat Sprite: sweet as sugar water, no tingle at all. I wrote this down too: when the gas runs out, the dance stops. So the bubbles are not endless — once Sprite is opened, run the experiment fast, or it starts slacking off.

I taped that table on the refrigerator. My mother reads it every time she opens the door, and now she grabs Sprite at the shop without being asked, saying don't let us run out. One assigned experiment, one extra question from me, and our kitchen became a laboratory. If my science teacher saw that table of ticks and crosses, she would have to admit my question was not bad at all.