葡萄干在我杯子里跳舞

周末的作业是做一个小实验，写观察日记。我翻遍零食袋，找到半袋葡萄干，冰箱里还有爸爸喝剩的半瓶雪碧。做实验的材料就这么凑齐了：两只玻璃杯，雪碧，葡萄干，一根筷子，还有一张我打算用来记时间的草稿纸。妈妈路过厨房，瞟了一眼说，葡萄干泡雪碧，这是什么怪吃法。我说这是实验，不是吃法。

我倒雪碧的时候学着大人的样子，把杯子歪着，让雪碧顺着杯壁下去，这样泡泡少。雪碧倒到大半杯，杯子里全是细泡，往上冒，像下反着走的雨。我挑了七粒最大的葡萄干丢进去。它们沉到杯底，躺平了，一动不动，像七粒小石子在睡觉。我用筷子捅了捅其中一粒，它翻个身，还是不上来。我等了一分钟，两分钟，有点泄气，心想这实验怕不是假的。

就在第三分钟，沉在最边上的那粒葡萄干忽然变了样：它浑身贴满了小泡，像穿了一件毛茸茸的白外套。接着它慢吞吞地立起来，摇摇晃晃往上升，升到杯口，浮在水面上，停了一下，又沉了下去。我屏住气盯着它。它沉到底，歇一会儿，又升上来。上来，下去，再上来，真像在跳舞。我蹲在桌子前，鼻子差点贴上杯子。妈妈被我喊过来，她看了一眼，也睁大了眼睛。

我拿草稿纸记数：两分钟里，那粒葡萄干上去了九次，掉下来九次。为什么？我去问爸爸。爸爸说，雪碧里藏着一种气，叫二氧化碳，它爱往葡萄干皱巴巴的皮上贴，贴多了就把葡萄干托上去；到了水面，泡破了，气跑了，葡萄干就掉下来；掉到底，气又慢慢攒够，就又上去。我听了个半懂，但我记住了一个说法：葡萄干是被泡泡一次次举上去的。

那天晚上我把实验写进作文，结尾写了一句：一杯看着普通的雪碧里，藏着科学。写完我还不甘心，又试了把葡萄干泡进凉白开，它躺着一动不动，一个泡也不贴。我把这个也写进了日记。做实验最好玩的地方，不是知道答案，是你亲眼看见葡萄干跳舞的那一下。

My Raisins Danced Inside the Glass

The weekend homework was to do a small experiment and keep an observation diary. I rummaged through the snack bags and found half a packet of raisins, and the fridge still held half a bottle of Sprite my father had left. That was the whole kit: two glasses, Sprite, raisins, one chopstick, and a scrap of draft paper for timing things. My mother walked past the kitchen, glanced over and said, raisins in Sprite, what a strange way to eat. I said this was an experiment, not a recipe.

When I poured the Sprite I copied the grown-ups: tilt the glass and let the liquid run down the wall so fewer bubbles form. Filled to three-quarters, the glass was full of fine bubbles rising like rain falling upward. I dropped in the seven biggest raisins. They sank to the bottom, lay flat, and did not move, seven little stones asleep. I poked one with the chopstick; it rolled over and stayed down. I waited a minute, two minutes, and started to lose heart, thinking maybe this experiment was fake.

Then, in the third minute, the raisin nearest the edge suddenly changed: its whole body was plastered with tiny bubbles, as if it had put on a fuzzy white coat. Slowly it stood up, wobbled upward, reached the rim, floated on the surface for a moment, then sank back down. I held my breath and stared. It rested at the bottom, then rose again. Up, down, up again, it was truly dancing. I crouched in front of the table with my nose almost touching the glass. I called my mother over; she took one look and her eyes went wide too.

I tallied on the draft paper: in two minutes that raisin went up nine times and fell nine times. Why? I asked my father. He said Sprite hides a gas called carbon dioxide inside it; the gas likes to cling to the raisin's wrinkled skin, and when enough clings, it lifts the raisin up; at the surface the bubbles burst, the gas escapes, and the raisin falls; back at the bottom the gas gathers again and lifts it once more. I understood about half of it, but I kept one phrase: the raisin was lifted up again and again by bubbles.

That night I wrote the experiment into my composition and ended with one line: an ordinary glass of Sprite hides science inside. Not satisfied, I also tried soaking raisins in cooled boiled water; they lay perfectly still, not one bubble sticking to them. I wrote that into the diary too. The best part of an experiment is not knowing the answer; it is the moment you see the raisins dance with your own eyes.