厨房窗台边的小火山

家里的厨房窗台一直是我的秘密实验室。周六早上，我决定把窗台边那一小块地方变成真正的实验台：一只透明杯子、一瓶没开封的老陈醋、半袋小苏打，还有我跟同桌磨了一早上才借到的一小瓶红墨水。

我照着《厨房里的三百六十五个小实验》里的样子，先往杯子里舀了满满三勺小苏打。粉末细得像雪，我用指头弹了弹杯底，看它落平、落实，又在里面滴了两滴红墨水。白粉末里绽开几小片淡红，像谁把桃花瓣撒进了雪地里。

最关键的一步是倒醋。我捏着醋瓶沿，把醋贴着杯壁往下倒，倒得极慢，生怕它提前激动起来。清亮的液体一碰到粉末，先是轻轻地噗了一声，紧接着整只杯子哗地闹开了——泡泡挤着泡泡往上涌，涌着涌着就染成了红色，漫过杯沿，一个叠一个地往外淌。

喷发了！真的喷发了！我忍不住大喊出声。泡沫在窗台上堆起来，滋滋作响，越堆越高，像一座正在长个儿的红色小山。醋的酸味顺着热气散开，整个厨房都是那股冲鼻子的清香，我吸一吸，眼睛都亮了。

妈妈从客厅跑过来，以为我打碎了什么，结果看见的是满窗台的红色泡沫，和我一张沾着泡泡的脸。她愣了两秒，笑出了声：你这是在做醋还是在做酱油？我一本正经地把醋瓶递给她：妈妈你倒，再让它喷一次。

妈妈也蹲了下来，往泡沫里又添了一点醋。果然，已经慢下来的冒泡又哗地热闹了一回。我们俩蹲在杯子前，看泡泡破了又起、起了又破，看到泡沫自己不再长高，才一起直起酸痛的腰。

收拾窗台花的时间比实验本身还长，可我一点也不觉得累。晚上妈妈包饺子，我蘸醋的时候，耳朵里又响起那阵滋滋的冒泡声。原来一瓶普普通通的醋里，藏着一个小火山，只等一个周六的早上，把它叫醒。

The Little Volcano by the Kitchen Window

The little corner of our kitchen counter has always been my secret laboratory. On Saturday morning I decided to turn that patch by the window into a real lab bench: a clear cup, an unopened bottle of aged vinegar, a half-empty bag of baking soda, and a small bottle of red ink I had begged my deskmate for all morning to borrow.

Following the steps in 365 Little Kitchen Experiments, I first scooped three heaping spoonfuls of baking soda into the cup. The powder was as fine as snow. I tapped the bottom of the cup with my finger and watched it settle flat and firm, then added two drops of red ink. Pale red blossoms opened in the white powder, as if someone had scattered peach petals into the snow.

The most important step was pouring the vinegar. Pinching the rim of the bottle,

I let the vinegar run down the inside wall of the cup, as slowly as I could, afraid it might get excited too early. The moment the clear liquid touched the powder, there was a soft pop, and then the whole cup burst into commotion - bubbles crowding against bubbles, surging upward, turning red as they rose, spilling over the rim one on top of another.

It erupted! It really erupted! I shouted without meaning to. The foam piled up on the counter, hissing, growing taller and taller, like a little red mountain in the middle of growing. The sour smell of vinegar spread with the warmth until the whole kitchen was filled with that sharp, clean scent. I breathed it in and my eyes lit up.

Mom came running from the living room, thinking I had broken something, only to find a counter full of red foam and my face dotted with bubbles. She froze for two seconds, then laughed out loud: are you making vinegar or soy sauce? I handed her the bottle with a straight face: Mom, you pour - let it erupt one more time.

She crouched down too and added a little more vinegar into the foam. Sure enough, the bubbling that had slowed down roared back to life. The two of us squatted in front of the cup, watching the bubbles break and reform, reform and break, and only straightened our aching backs when the foam stopped growing on its own.

Cleaning the counter took longer than the experiment itself, yet I did not feel tired at all. That evening when Mom made dumplings and I dipped one in vinegar, the hissing sound rose in my ears again. So an ordinary bottle of vinegar had been hiding a little volcano all along, waiting only for a Saturday morning to wake it up.

儿子在厨房里炸了一锅醋

儿子最近迷上了厨房。起因很简单：科学课上老师演示了小苏打和醋，回家路上他就一路宣布，他要把咱家厨房改成实验室。我嘴上说胡闹，心里却悄悄把抹布和拖把提前备好了。

周日下午，他真的开工了。他把餐桌擦了三遍，摆上碗、勺子、量杯，又郑重其事地从调料架上取下那瓶我舍不得用的香醋，宣布这是他的实验醋。我站在厨房门口没插手，看他像模像样地用量勺舀了小苏打，数着一、二、三，倒进碗底。

接着是见证奇迹的时刻。他屏住呼吸，把醋一点一点往小苏打上淋。碗底先是安静了几秒，忽然嗤的一声，白色的泡泡从粉末中间拱了出来，越拱越快，越拱越密，眨眼间整碗都冒着泡，泡泡顺着碗沿往外爬，有几滴溅到了他鼻尖上。

他尖叫起来，声音大得吓了我一跳：冒泡了！妈妈你快看，它冒泡了！那语气，像亲眼看见火山开口说话。我走过去，故意装作惊讶：哦？这是怎么回事，你能给我讲讲吗？他挺起胸脯，把课堂上听来的那套酸碱反应讲给我听，讲得磕磕绊绊，却一个字都不肯错。

讲完他还不过瘾，拉着我做第二次。这回他学乖了，把碗放进托盘里防溢，醋倒得也更稳。泡泡照样涌出来，照样滋滋响，他蹲在桌子边，下巴搁在胳膊上，看得眼睛都不眨。那一刻厨房里的醋味冲得我直皱眉，他倒觉得那是胜利的味道。

收拾残局的时候，他主动擦桌子、洗碗、拖地，干得比哪次都勤快。我拧抹布的时候忽然想笑：平时叫他捡个袜子都要讨价还价，为了他的实验室，他倒是不惜卖力。

晚上他睡了，我闻着厨房里若有若无的酸味，想起自己小学时也这样疯玩过。原来一瓶醋、一勺小苏打，就能让一个孩子蹲在桌边不肯走。厨房还是那个厨房，只是从那天起，它在我们家多了一个名字：儿子的实验室。

My Son Blew Up a Pot of Vinegar in the Kitchen

Our son has recently become obsessed with the kitchen. The cause was simple: his science teacher demonstrated baking soda and vinegar in class, and on the way home he announced nonstop that he would turn our kitchen into a laboratory. I said he was being ridiculous, but quietly I got the rags and mop ready in advance.

On Sunday afternoon he truly started work. He wiped the dining table three times, set out bowls, spoons, and a measuring cup, then solemnly took down the bottle of fragrant vinegar I had been too stingy to use, declaring it his experiment vinegar. I stood in the kitchen doorway and did not interfere, watching him scoop baking soda with the measuring spoon like a professional, counting one, two, three as he poured it into the bottom of the bowl.

Then came the moment to witness the miracle. Holding his breath, he drizzled the vinegar onto the soda little by little. The bowl stayed quiet for a few seconds, then with a sudden hiss, white bubbles pushed up from the middle of the powder, faster and faster, denser and denser, until the whole bowl was frothing. Bubbles crawled up the rim, and a few drops splashed onto the tip of his nose.

He screamed, loud enough to startle me: it's bubbling! Mom, look, it's bubbling! The tone was like someone who had watched a volcano learn to speak. I walked over and pretended to be astonished: oh? How does that work - can you explain it to me? He puffed out his chest and recited the acid-base reaction he had picked up in class, stumbling over the words but refusing to get a single one wrong.

Still not satisfied, he pulled me into a second round. This time he had learned better, placing the bowl on a tray against overflow and pouring the vinegar more steadily. The bubbles surged out just the same, hissing just the same, while he squatted at the table edge, chin on his arms, eyes unblinking. The vinegar fumes made me frown, but to him they smelled like victory.

When it was time to clean up, he wiped the table, washed the bowls, and mopped the floor all by himself, working harder than ever before. As I wrung out the rag I suddenly wanted to laugh: normally he would haggle with me just to pick up a pair of socks, yet for the sake of his laboratory he was willing to slave away.

At night after he fell asleep, I smelled the faint sourness lingering in the kitchen and remembered my own wild childhood games. So a bottle of vinegar and a spoonful of baking soda were enough to keep a child crouched at a table, unwilling to leave. The kitchen was still the same kitchen, but from that day on it had one more name in our family: our son's laboratory.

小苏打的冒泡日记

我是一勺小苏打，住在厨房吊柜的白袋子里，日子过得又白又安静。我的邻居是面粉、淀粉和糖，我们各占一格，谁也不理谁。直到那个周六，一个小男孩把袋子拎了起来，用勺子把我舀进一只透明玻璃杯。

杯子是新的家。他往我身上滴了两滴红墨水，凉凉的，我身上立刻开出了几朵小红花。我有点紧张，又有点期待——听袋子里的老面粉讲过，这个年纪的孩子手里，往往攥着一场大事。

大事果然来了。他端起一瓶老陈醋，贴着杯壁往下倒。醋落到我身上的那一瞬间，我浑身一麻，像有一百只小蚂蚁同时从我身体里往外跑。我知道，我要开始冒泡了。

泡泡从我身体里涌出来，一个接一个，挤着往上跑。我变成了一座会响的山，滋滋滋，响得我自己都吃惊。红色的泡沫漫过杯沿，我听见小男孩在外面大喊：喷发了！原来我的冒泡，在别人眼里是一场喷发。我忽然觉得自己不是一勺粉末，而是一座攒了一整个冬天火气的小火山。

后来，一位系围裙的女士也蹲了下来，往杯子里又添了些醋。我的火气重新旺了一次，泡泡们再次哗地站起来。我们隔着玻璃，被两张笑脸照着。那一刻我想，做一勺小苏打真值：我这一辈子能冒这么两次泡，够本了。

泡沫渐渐平息，我瘫在杯底，变成一汪温吞吞的、没什么用的灰水。小男孩用勺子搅了搅我，把我倒进水槽，水龙头哗啦一声，我顺着下水口走了。走之前我闻了闻自己，浑身都是醋味，酸得很痛快。

现在偶尔路过厨房，我还会想起那只玻璃杯，想起红色泡沫堆成的小山，想起小男孩鼻尖上挂着的那滴泡泡。如果有人问我这辈子最得意的事是什么，我会说：在一个周六的早上，我在厨房里，结结实实地冒过一次泡。

A Bubbling Diary Written by Baking Soda

I am a spoonful of baking soda, living in a white bag inside the kitchen wall cabinet, my days as white and quiet as powder. My neighbors are flour, starch, and sugar, each in its own shelf slot, none speaking to the others. Until one Saturday a little boy lifted the bag and scooped me with a spoon into a clear glass cup.

The cup was my new home. He dropped two drops of red ink onto me - cool little touches - and instantly small red flowers bloomed across my body. I felt nervous and a little expectant. The old flour in the next bag had once told me that children of this age usually hold a great event in their hands.

The great event came indeed. He lifted a bottle of aged vinegar and poured it down the inside wall of the cup. The instant the vinegar landed on me, a tingle ran through my whole body, as if a hundred tiny ants were all running out of me at once. I knew it: I was about to bubble.

Bubbles surged out of me, one after another, crowding upward. I became a mountain that made noise - hiss, hiss, hiss - loud enough to astonish even myself. Red foam spilled over the rim, and I heard the boy shouting outside: it erupted! So my bubbling looked, in someone else's eyes, like an eruption. Suddenly I felt I was not a spoonful of powder at all but a little volcano that had stored up its fire all winter long.

Later, a lady in an apron crouched down too and added more vinegar to the cup. My fire blazed up once again, and the bubbles rose to their feet with a roar a second time. Through the glass, two smiling faces lit us up. In that moment I thought: what a worthwhile life for a spoonful of baking soda - to bubble like this twice is enough for a lifetime.

The foam slowly calmed. I collapsed at the bottom of the cup, turned into a lukewarm, useless gray water. The boy stirred me with a spoon and poured me into the sink; the faucet roared, and I slid away down the drain. As I left I sniffed myself - all over vinegar, sour in a thoroughly satisfying way.

Now and then, passing the kitchen in memory, I still think of that glass cup, of the little mountain piled from red foam, of the single bubble hanging on the tip of the boy's nose. If anyone asks me what I am proudest of in this life, I will say: on a Saturday morning, in a kitchen, I bubbled with all my heart.