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.