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.