爸爸陪你点亮那颗小灯泡

儿子上四年级，科学课学到了电。周五一回家他就缠着我：爸爸，我想让小灯泡自己亮起来。我说好，周末咱们就动手。说这话时我心里也没底——毕业这么多年，物理早还给老师了。

准备材料花了一个周六上午。我们骑车去五金店，挑了两节五号电池、一个电池盒、一小卷带鳄鱼夹的导线，又在一堆灯座里认了半天，才找到合适的小灯泡。售货员笑我们：做实验的孩子真多。儿子把材料一样样放进纸盒，像收藏家清点宝贝。

回到家，餐桌变成实验台。我们把导线一头夹在电池盒上，另一头捏着，试着碰灯泡的金属壳。第一次，没亮。第二次，夹子松了，还是没亮。儿子的手有点抖，我假装没看见，只说再试一次。

第三次，指尖刚碰到，灯泡忽然嗡地亮起一小团橘黄色的光。儿子猛地从凳子上弹起来：亮了！亮了！他围着桌子转了半圈，又趴下来盯着那颗灯泡看，像怕它跑掉。那声惊叹撞在我耳朵里，比任何一次工资到账都响。

晚上我们坐在书桌前一起查原理。平板电脑上翻开电路图，电流从电池出发，经过灯丝，再回到电池，绕成一个圈。儿子用手指沿着线比划，比到一半忽然抬头：怪不得夹子松开就不亮——圈断了！我趁热打铁，又让他猜为什么电池会发热。我们一页一页往下翻，看到十点半才合上。

熄灯前儿子忽然说：爸爸，你刚开始是不是也不会？我承认了。他满意地点点头，说没关系，咱们一起学的。那一瞬间我心里有点发烫。大人总想当孩子的答案本，可孩子其实更想要一个一起找答案的同伴。

那颗小灯泡后来一直挂在儿子的书桌旁，用一根铁丝固定着，成了他的小夜灯。每次路过，我都想起那个周六：一盒子材料，一声亮了，一张电路图。陪伴原来不复杂，不过是蹲下来，跟他一起把那个断掉的圈接上。

Dad Helps You Light That Little Bulb

Our son is in fourth grade and just learned about electricity in science class. The moment he got home on Friday he pestered me: Dad, I want to make a little bulb light up by itself. I said all right, we'll do it this weekend. Saying that, I had no confidence either - years after graduation, I had long returned my physics to the teacher.

Preparing the materials took a whole Saturday morning. We biked to the hardware store and picked out two AA batteries, a battery box, a small roll of wires with alligator clips, and after a long search among the lamp holders we found a matching little bulb. The shopkeeper laughed at us: so many kids doing experiments these days. My son placed each item into a paper box one by one, like a collector inventorying treasures.

Back home, the dining table became the lab bench. We clipped one wire to the battery box and pinched the other end, trying to touch the metal shell of the bulb. The first time, nothing. The second time, the clip slipped loose - still nothing. My son's hands were shaking a little. I pretended not to notice and just said, try once more.

The third time, the instant the clip made contact, the bulb hummed into a small orange glow. He sprang up from his stool: it's lit! It's lit! He circled half around the table, then crouched back down to stare at the bulb as if afraid it would run away. That cry of wonder rang in my ears louder than any payday ever had.

That evening we sat at the desk looking up the principle together. On the tablet we opened a circuit diagram: current leaves the battery, passes through the filament, returns to the battery, and closes into a loop. My son traced the lines with his finger, then suddenly looked up halfway: no wonder it goes out when the clip loosens - the loop breaks! Riding the momentum, I asked him to guess why the battery gets warm. We turned page after page and only closed the tablet at ten thirty.

Before the lights went out he said: Dad, you didn't know this at the start either, did you? I admitted it. He nodded, satisfied, and said it's okay - we learned it together. In that instant my heart felt warm. Grown-ups always want to be the answer key for their children, but what children really want is a companion to search for answers with.

The little bulb now hangs beside his desk, fixed with a piece of wire, serving as his night light. Every time I pass it, I remember that Saturday: a box of materials, one shout of it's lit, one circuit diagram. Companionship turns out to be simple - just crouch down and close the broken loop together with him.