全班惊呼的那一秒，我在扶我的火山

分组做火山实验的时候，组长分活：陈晨捏模型，刘子洋倒醋，孙嘉嘉加小苏打。分到我，她说：周小舟，你扶着火山，别让它倒。我说好。我话本来就少，组里说什么都说好。

模型是用橡皮泥裹纸杯做的，陈晨捏得很快，山坡、沟壑，连山脚的石头都捏出来了。等待晾干的那节课，我们组三个人围着模型商量谁倒醋谁加粉，商量得很热闹。没有人问我。我在旁边把抹布叠了又叠，把桌角的水渍擦了三遍。

科学课那天，火山架在托盘里。刘子洋捏着量杯沿杯壁倒白醋，倒得很慢，很稳，像在做一件了不起的事。醋味散开，前排有人咳嗽。孙嘉嘉用小勺舀小苏打，一勺，两勺，第三勺倒进去的时候手抖了一下，粉末洒在山坡上一小片。

然后，火山口开始冒泡。先是小小的，像烧开的米汤，然后泡泡连成串，橙红色的泡沫漫出杯口，顺着山坡淌下来。全班炸开了，惊呼，鼓掌，有人喊我们组的火山最猛。陈晨举手跟老师报告：我们加了洗洁精！刘子洋举着空量杯到处给人看。孙嘉嘉跳起来，马尾一甩一甩。

而我，在扶我的火山。泡沫涌上来的时候火山晃了一下，我双手扣住杯身，稳稳按在托盘上，一直按到泡沫平息。没有人喊周小舟真棒，也没有镜头对着我。可我按着那座滚烫的、湿漉漉的火山，听着全班整齐的惊呼从头顶罩下来，心里有什么东西跟着那些泡泡一起涌上来了。

收器材的时候，组长陈晨忽然说：幸好小舟一直扶着，不然火山早倒了，泡沫都喷到桌上了。组里三个人一起回头看我。刘子洋说：对，多亏你。我说不客气，耳朵还是热了。原来我做的不是扶火山，我做的，是让火山可以安心喷发。

后来科学老师讲二氧化碳，我在下面听，想起那天的泡泡。我不爱说话，可我那双手扣得住一座摇晃的火山。教室里的欢乐像一场喷发，人人都在喊，而我知道，喷发的那一刻，总得有人稳稳地扶着。下一次实验，我还是会坐在组里，等那只分给我的活。

The Second the Class Gasped, I Was Holding Up My Volcano

When our class split into groups for the volcano experiment, the group leader handed out jobs: Chen Chen shaped the model, Liu Ziyang poured the vinegar, Sun Jiajia added the baking soda. My turn came, and she said: Zhou Xiaozhou, you hold the volcano steady so it does not tip. I said okay. I am a quiet person. In a group, I say okay to everything.

The model was a paper cup wrapped in clay. Chen Chen worked fast: the slope, the gullies, even the stones at the foot. During the waiting period while it dried, three of our group chatted busily about who would pour the vinegar and who would add the powder. Nobody asked me. Beside them, I folded the rag over and over and wiped the water stain on the table corner three times.

On the day of science class, the volcano stood in its tray. Liu Ziyang pinched

the measuring cup and poured white vinegar down the inner wall, slow and steady, like a man doing something great. The sour smell spread; someone in the front row coughed. Sun Jiajia scooped baking soda with a small spoon: one scoop, two. On the third her hand trembled, and a little powder scattered across the slope.

Then the crater began to bubble. First small, like boiling rice soup, then the bubbles came in strings, orange-red foam spilling over the rim and running down the slope. The class exploded: gasps, applause, someone shouting that our volcano was the fiercest. Chen Chen raised her hand to report to the teacher: we added dish soap! Liu Ziyang waved his empty cup at everyone. Sun Jiajia jumped, her ponytail swinging.

And I was holding up my volcano. When the foam surged, the volcano rocked, and I clamped both hands around the cup, pressing it firm against the tray, holding until the foam settled. Nobody shouted that Zhou Xiaozhou did great; no camera pointed at me. But I held that warm, wet volcano, listening to the whole class gasp above me, and something inside my chest rose along with those bubbles.

While packing up, Chen Chen suddenly said: luckily Xiaozhou held it the whole time, or the volcano would have tipped and sprayed the whole table. The three in our group turned to look at me. Liu Ziyang said: right, thanks to you. I said you are welcome, my ears still hot. So what I did was not just holding a volcano. What I did was let the volcano erupt with peace of mind.

Later, when the science teacher explained carbon dioxide, I listened from my seat and thought of those bubbles. I do not talk much, but these two hands of mine can hold a rocking volcano steady. The joy in a classroom is like an eruption: everyone shouts, and I know that in the moment of eruption, someone must always be holding on firmly. Next experiment, I will still sit in the group and wait for the job that comes to me.