教室里的火山，是我们四个喂大的

科学课前三天，我们小组四个人就开始忙那座火山了。火山是糊出来的：先拿一个空矿泉水瓶当火山口，瓶身上糊报纸，一层一层，糊出山坡的形状。李多多负责撕报纸，我负责调浆糊，王响把报纸按在瓶子上抹平，坐在最后一排的赵一诺手最巧，山坡的纹路都是她压出来的。

糊好的火山晾在教室后墙，第二天干了，灰扑扑的，像一座真的小山。李多多拿红颜料在山坡上刷了几道，说这是岩浆流过的痕迹。王响说那得先让它流出来才算。我们四个对视一眼，都等着科学课那天。

科学课终于来了。老师把小组的材料一样一样摆上桌：白醋、小苏打、洗洁精、红色食用色素，还有一把小勺。我们组的火山摆在桌子正中间，全班四十多双眼睛围着它。老师朝我们点头，意思是开始吧。

我往火山口里倒白醋，咕咚咕咚，醋味冲上来，前排几个女生捏住了鼻子。李多多逗她们：憋住，好戏在后头。王响把小苏打倒进纸槽，赵一诺往醋里滴了两滴色素、挤了一滴洗洁精，搅了一下。然后王响把小苏打顺着纸槽倒进火山口。

一秒，两秒，火山口里先是鼓起一个泡，接着咕嘟咕嘟响起来，红色的泡沫涌上来，漫过火山口，顺着报纸糊的山坡往下流。全班哗地一声惊呼，后排有人喊：喷了喷了！有人从座位上站起来，凳子刮得地板响。老师拍了一下桌子说安静，可他自己也在笑。我们四个手忙脚乱，我扶火山，李多多递纸巾，王响举着手机拍，赵一诺喊流到桌子边了快接住。

泡沫流了火山半山坡，慢慢停了。全班还围着不肯散，隔壁班的人都扒着门框看。老师问我们：知道为什么冒泡吗？李多多抢着说：醋跟小苏打打架了！全班大笑。老师也笑：差不多，它们反应生成二氧化碳，泡泡就是气体跑出来。李多多得意地环视一圈，像真的打赢了一架。

下课铃响了，我们四个舍不得拆火山，把它抬到后墙放好。那座灰扑扑的报纸山，山坡上还留着干掉的红色印子。后来每次路过，李多多都要拍它一下说：喂，你什么时候再喷一次。它当然不回答。可我们四个都记得那个上午，记得醋的味道、红色的泡、全班整齐的惊呼。科学原来不是书上的字，是冒出来的泡，是大家一起喊出来的那一声。

The Volcano in Our Classroom, Fed by the Four of Us

Three days before science class, the four of us in the group had already been busy with the volcano. We built it by pasting: an empty plastic bottle as the crater, layers of newspaper pasted over the bottle into the shape of a slope. Li Duoduo tore the paper, I mixed the paste, Wang Xiang pressed the paper onto the bottle and smoothed it, and Zhao Yinuo, who sat in the last row, had the cleverest hands. Every ridge on the slope was pressed out by her.

The finished volcano dried against the back wall overnight, gray and dusty, like a real little mountain. Li Duoduo brushed a few red streaks down its slope and said these were traces of lava. Wang Xiang said it would only count once the lava actually

flowed. The four of us looked at each other, all waiting for science class.

Science class finally came. The teacher laid out the group materials one by one: white vinegar, baking soda, dish soap, red food coloring, and a small spoon. Our volcano sat in the middle of the table, more than forty pairs of eyes circling it. The teacher nodded at us. Begin.

I poured white vinegar into the crater, glug glug glug, the sour smell rushed up, and a few girls in the front row pinched their noses. Li Duoduo teased them: hold your breath, the good part comes after. Wang Xiang poured baking soda into a paper trough. Zhao Yinuo dropped two drops of coloring and one drop of soap into the vinegar and stirred. Then Wang Xiang tipped the baking soda down the trough into the crater.

One second, two. A bubble swelled in the crater, then it began to gurgle, red foam rising over the rim, running down the newspaper slope. The whole class burst into a gasp. Someone in the back shouted: it's erupting! Chairs scraped the floor as kids stood up. The teacher slapped the desk for quiet, but he himself was grinning. The four of us scrambled: I steadied the volcano, Li Duoduo handed tissues, Wang Xiang held up his phone to film, and Zhao Yinuo shouted that the foam had reached the edge of the table, catch it.

The foam ran halfway down the slope and slowly stopped. The class still would not scatter; kids from the next class pressed against the doorframe to watch. The teacher asked us: do you know why it bubbled? Li Duoduo blurted: the vinegar and the baking soda had a fight! The class roared with laughter. The teacher laughed too: close enough. They react to make carbon dioxide, and the bubbles are the gas escaping. Li Duoduo looked around smugly, as if he had truly won a fight.

The bell rang, and we could not bear to take the volcano apart, so we carried it back to the wall. The gray paper mountain still had dried red streaks on its slope. Ever since, whenever Li Duoduo passes it, he gives it a pat: hey, when will you erupt again? Of course it does not answer. But all four of us remember that morning, the smell of vinegar, the red bubbles, the whole class gasping at once. Science, it turns out, is not words in a book. It is bubbles rising, and that one shout everyone lets out together.