我的杯子在冒泡

今天，我在厨房桌上摆开我的小实验室/一只透明的杯子，一把小勺/还有一小罐白苏打，戴着尖尖的纸帽/妈妈说，今天我是小科学家

妈妈给我倒半杯白醋/醋安安静静的，不动，也不响/我凑近闻一下，鼻子一酸/伸出舌头摇摇头，这水太酸

我用小勺舀起一勺白苏打/屏住呼吸，倒进去/噼里啪啦，噼里啪啦/像小雨落在窗台上/白粉末沉到杯底，安安静静睡着

看哪，冒泡了/泡儿大的小的，挤挤挨挨/有的抱在一起，有的松开就破/整整一杯，都在叽叽喳喳

一个泡儿爬上杯壁，又滑下来/一个泡儿顶到最上面，啪的一声响/像在给我表演它的新帽子/我蹲下来，和它互相望一望

我再舀一勺，倒进去/这回杯子叮叮当当/冒泡的声音，像小手在鼓掌/我的心呀，也扑通扑通地忙

我用勺子搅一搅，转圈圈/泡儿追着勺子跑/我停下来，它们也停下来/像是趁空歇一口气

醋味偷偷爬上我的鼻子/我捏着鼻子继续看/白色的沫子一层叠一层/杯子里长出一座小小的雪山

同桌来我家，趴在杯口看/她睁大眼睛说，我也想试/我递给她一把干净的小勺/我们一起数，一、二、三，冒泡

奶奶端着菜过来，笑我们/说这像一锅就要开的水/我们不让奶奶碰，护着杯子/像护着一窝刚出壳的小雏

妈妈问我，知道为什么冒泡吗/我摇摇头，眼睛说，我想想知道/我要去翻图画书，查一查/泡儿里面藏着什么气体

爸爸举起手机，咔嚓一声/照片里我的鼻子酸酸的/可是我的笑，比杯子还高/这张照片，我要贴在书桌上

下一次，我要试新的/柠檬、盐、糖、还有豆油/它们都想跳进我的杯子/我猜，它们也会冒出别的泡

一只杯子，一把勺子，一串泡/这就是我有趣的实验/自己动手做，才是真好玩/我把这个冒泡的日子，记在心里

My Cup Is Bubbling Away

Today I set my little lab on the kitchen table. One clear cup, one small spoon, and a little jar of white baking soda wearing a pointed paper hat. Mom says today I am the head scientist.

Mom pours half a cup of white vinegar for me. The vinegar sits quiet, not moving, not making a sound. I lean in for a sniff and my nose stings. I stick out my tongue and shake my head: this water is too sour.

I scoop one spoonful of baking soda with the small spoon. I hold my breath and pour it in. Pitter-patter, pitter-patter, like light rain on a windowsill. The white powder sinks to the bottom and sleeps there quietly.

Look, it is bubbling! Big bubbles and small ones crowd and push. Some hug each other, some let go and pop. The whole cup is full of chattering.

One bubble climbs the cup wall and slides back down. One bubble reaches the top and goes pop, loud and clear, as if showing me its new little hat. I crouch down and we look at each other.

I scoop another spoonful and pour it in. This time the cup clatters noisily. The bubbling sounds like tiny hands clapping. My heart goes thump-thump, even busier.

I stir with the spoon, round and round. The bubbles chase my spoon. When I stop, they stop too, as if taking a rest.

The vinegar smell climbs onto my nose. I pinch my nose and keep watching. The white foam stacks up layer by layer, like a little snowy mountain growing inside the cup.

Mom asks me if I know why it bubbles. I shake my head, but my eyes say I want to know. I will open my picture book and look up the answer: what gas hides inside the bubbles.

Dad lifts his phone and snaps a photo. In the photo my nose is full of vinegar smell, but my smile is taller than the cup. I will stick this photo on my desk.

Next time I will try new things: lemon, salt, sugar, cooking oil. Every one of them wants to jump into my cup. I bet they will bubble up something else too.

A cup, a spoon, a string of bubbles. That is my fun experiment. Doing it with my own hands is the real fun. I will remember this bubbling day.

杯子唱起歌的那天

科学课铃一响，我们两人一组/桌上摆好一只杯子，一把小勺/杯子里装着白醋，安静得像睡着/谁也不许碰，等老师喊开始

老师喊开始的那一秒/我同桌的手先伸出去/我按住她的小勺，说轮流来/她吐吐舌头，把勺子让给我

我的勺子装满白苏打/沿着杯壁，慢慢往下送/屏住呼吸，全班都安静/连窗外的小鸟也不叫

咕嘟，咕嘟，冒泡了/泡儿从杯底往上跑/一个追着一个，一个挤一个/杯子唱起歌来了

我们俩趴在桌边看/你数大的，我数小的/数到二十就乱了套/大的小的全混成一片

同桌的头发垂下来/她顾不上吹，眼睛不离开杯子/我提醒她记录，她赶紧抓笔/字写得歪歪扭扭，像泡儿在跳

后排的男生喊，我们的也冒了/左边一组喊，我们的更大/老师笑着摆手，小点声/可老师自己的嘴角也翘起来

我又加一勺，再加一勺/沫子爬出杯口，像下雪/我们紧张得不敢喘气/它到底会不会溢出来

它没有溢，停在杯沿上/像给杯子戴了一圈白围巾/全班哇的一声，好整齐/比早读的声音还齐

老师走过来，问我们看到了什么/同桌抢着说，泡儿会排队/我说泡儿还会唱歌/老师点头，说这就叫观察

记录本上我们画下杯子/泡儿画了一整排，大大小小/老师在我们的本子上画了一颗星/同桌把那颗星描了一遍又一遍

收拾桌子的时候我们舍不得/用勺子把杯沿的沫子刮干净/杯子亮得能照见我们的脸/我们把杯子举起来，互相照一照

下课铃响的时候我们还不想走/同桌说，明天再带柠檬来/我说好，我带盐，你带糖/我们的杯子等着它们

杯子，勺子，冒的泡/都是我们自己动手做的/科学课的快乐装在杯子里/咕嘟咕嘟，一直冒到我家里

The Day the Cup Started Singing

The moment the science bell rings, we pair up. On each desk sit one cup and one small spoon. The cup holds white vinegar, quiet as sleep. Nobody is allowed to touch it until the teacher says start.

The second the teacher says start, my deskmate's hand shoots out. I hold down her spoon and say we take turns. She sticks out her tongue and hands the spoon over to me.

My spoon is heaped with baking soda. I send it down along the cup wall, slowly. I hold my breath, and the whole class goes silent. Even the birds outside stop singing.

Bloop, bloop, it is bubbling! The bubbles run up from the bottom, one chasing another, one squeezing past another. The cup has started to sing.

We lean on the desk edge and watch. You count the big ones, I count the small ones. By twenty we lose track completely, big and small mixed into one crowd.

My deskmate's hair falls forward. She is too busy to blow it away; her eyes never leave the cup. I remind her to record, and she grabs her pen. Her letters come out wiggly, like dancing bubbles.

The boy in the back row shouts that his cup is bubbling too. The group on our left shouts that theirs bubbles bigger. The teacher waves for quieter voices, but the corners of her own mouth are turning up.

I add one more spoonful, then another. The foam climbs over the rim like falling snow. We are too nervous to breathe. Will it overflow or not?

It does not overflow. It stops at the rim, like putting a white scarf around the cup's neck. The whole class says wow at once, so together, more together than our morning reading.

The teacher walks over and asks what we saw. My deskmate blurts that the bubbles line up in a queue. I say the bubbles can also sing. The teacher nods and says that is what observing means.

In our notebooks we draw the cup, a whole row of bubbles, big and small. The teacher draws a star on our page, and my deskmate traces that star again and again.

When we tidy the table we are reluctant to pack up. We scrape the foam off the rim with the spoon until the cup shines bright enough to show our faces. We hold the cup up and take turns looking at ourselves in it.

When the ending bell rings we still do not want to leave. My deskmate says she will bring a lemon tomorrow. I say deal, I will bring salt, you bring sugar. Our cup is waiting for them.

A cup, a spoon, and all the bubbles: we made it all with our own hands. The joy of science class lives inside the cup, blooping and blooping, all the way home with me.

阳台上的杯子实验室

星期六的早晨，我把小桌搬到阳台上/桌上摆一只玻璃杯，一把小勺/杯子排排站，一共三只/今天我要一只一只地试

五岁的弟弟先来报到/他搬自己的小板凳，坐得笔直/他说他要当小助手/我说好，你负责喊开始

第一只杯子，倒白醋/弟弟喊，开始/我的勺子送进白苏打/咕嘟，泡儿挤出来，一层又一层

弟弟吓得往后坐/屁股跌下板凳，他也不哭/他瞪着杯子问，它生气了吗/我笑着说，它在打哈欠

第二只杯子，倒温水/弟弟喊，开始/这一回的泡儿跑得急/噼里啪啦，像锅里下了饺子

第三只杯子，倒凉水/泡儿慢吞吞，像没睡醒/弟弟把鼻子贴在杯口/睫毛上挂了一个小泡，他也不躲

我们比一比，三杯排一排/哪杯的泡儿最勤快/弟弟用手指点，点来点去/最后选了温水那一杯

我的勺子忙个不停/一会儿舀苏打，一会儿搅/勺柄上沾了白沫，亮晶晶/弟弟抢过去，也要舀一勺

他舀得太急，洒了半勺/白粉落在桌面上，像下小雪/我们俩一起用勺子收/一勺一勺，倒回罐子里

弟弟学着我的样子/捏着小勺，屏住呼吸/往大泡那只杯里加了一小勺/泡儿又冒起来，他高兴得直跳

阳台的风吹过来/杯里的泡儿轻轻晃/弟弟打了一个哈欠，正好/跟杯子里打哈欠的泡儿一模一样

太阳照到杯子上/泡儿亮晶晶，像一串小灯/弟弟说要给杯子起名字/一只叫大泡，一只叫小泡，一只叫慢慢泡

妈妈来收桌子的时候/三只杯子空了，勺子洗干净/弟弟说，明天还玩这个/我说好，杯子不搬家，等我们

一只杯子，一把勺子，一串泡/阳台上的实验室，今天关门/我和弟弟击了一个掌/冒泡的快乐，装进梦里继续

The Cup Lab on Our Balcony

Saturday morning I carried my little table out to the balcony. On it I set one glass cup and one small spoon. Three cups stand in a row. Today I will try them one

by one.

My five-year-old brother reports first. He carries over his own little stool and sits up straight. He says he wants to be the assistant. I say fine, you get to shout start.

In the first cup I pour white vinegar. My brother shouts, start! My spoon sends baking soda in. Bloop, bubbles squeeze out, layer after layer.

My brother falls back in fright, bottom tumbling off the stool. He does not even cry. He stares at the cup and asks if it is angry. I laugh and say it is only yawning.

In the second cup I pour warm water. My brother shouts, start! This time the bubbles run in a hurry, crackling and popping like dumplings dropped into a boiling pot.

In the third cup I pour cold water. The bubbles move slowly, like they just woke up. My brother presses his nose to the cup rim. A tiny bubble hangs on his eyelash, and he does not dodge it.

We compare the three cups in a row: which one bubbles the hardest? My brother points with his finger, left and right, and finally picks the warm-water cup.

My spoon never rests, scooping soda, then stirring. The handle glitters with white foam. My brother snatches it away; he wants a scoop too.

He scoops too fast and spills half. The white powder lands on the table like light snow. We gather it up together with the spoon, one scoop at a time, back into the jar.

My brother copies exactly what I do: he pinches the small spoon, holds his breath, and adds one scoopful into the cup named Big Bubble. The bubbles rise again, and he jumps for joy.

The balcony wind blows through, and the bubbles in the cups sway gently. My brother lets out a yawn, right on time, exactly like the bubbles yawning inside the cups.

The sun shines onto the cups, and the bubbles glitter like a string of tiny lamps. My brother says the cups need names: one he calls Big Bubble, one Little Bubble, and one Slow Bubble.

When Mom comes to clear the table, the three cups are empty and the spoon is washed clean. My brother says we play this again tomorrow. I say okay, the cups are not moving; they will wait for us.

A cup, a spoon, a string of bubbles. The balcony lab closes for today. My brother and I slap high-fives, and the bubbling joy travels with us into our dreams.