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.