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.