# 没赶上的科技馆

十二月九号，星期三，大雪。我记这个日子，是因为我盼了一个星期的科技馆研学，泡汤了。

昨天下午放学回家，我就把书包收拾好了：水壶灌满，两个面包，一包纸巾，还有老师说要带的记录表，我夹在硬纸板上压平。晚上我把校服熨了，鞋擦了，闹钟定在六点。躺下以后翻来覆去，脑子里全是馆里那个静电球——手放上去头发会一根根立起来。我同桌去过，他说他头发立起来像海胆，全班笑趴了。我今天也要立一次。

早晨六点我就到了窗边。雪下得正紧，我一开始根本没往坏处想，雪越大越好玩，大巴车上的游戏环节会更热闹。我吃了两碗粥，六点四十出门，伞都懒得打，顶着雪往学校走，雪落在睫毛上，我一路都在笑。

校门口围了一圈人。值班老师举着手机喊：停课！都回去！大巴不来了！我站在雪里，书包带还勒在肩上，人没回过神。旁边五班一个女生直接喊出声：啊？我离得近，看见她眼圈一下就红了。我也难受，难受得说不出话，雪顺着脖子往里钻，我都没管。那个静电球，我连摸都没摸到。

回到家我把湿书包往地上一放，回屋关门。妈妈在门外说饭在桌上，我应了一声没动。群里老师发了自学任务：科学课预习第七单元，火山喷发那一课，读完做课后实验，拍照片发群里。实验？我坐起来。书上写的：小苏打、白醋、洗洁精、红墨水。这些我家厨房全有。

我翻出一个小玻璃瓶，装了两勺小苏打，滴洗洁精，又拿红墨水调了一杯红红的醋。倒进去的那一瞬间，红色的泡沫呼啦一下涌出瓶口，顺着瓶壁往下爬，真像岩浆。我哇地叫出来，跑到客厅喊我妈来看，我妈看了三遍，比我还兴奋，说再试一次换大碗。我们试了四次，厨房台面黏糊糊一片，我妈一边擦一边笑，说这是她今年看过最好的实验。

晚上我把实验照片发进群里，配了一行字：科技馆去不了，火山在家喷了。老师回了一个大拇指，同学们排队点赞。同桌私信我：你的火山比我的头发好看。

躺在床上的时候，我还是有点想那个静电球，想得心口发酸。但我又想起今天红色的岩浆爬下瓶壁的样子。计划被大雪没收了，可乐趣没被没收，它自己从厨房里长了出来。老师说研学顺延到一月。行，那就一月见。在那之前，我家的火山还想再喷几次。

# The Science Museum I Missed

December 9th, Wednesday, heavy snow. I remember this date because the science museum field trip I had longed for all week fell through.

Yesterday after school I packed my bag right away: water bottle filled, two buns, a pack of tissues, and the record sheet the teacher told us to bring, pressed flat between two pieces of cardboard. At night I ironed the uniform, polished my shoes, and set the alarm for six. After lying down I tossed and turned, my head full of the static ball in the museum. Put your hand on it and every hair stands up. My deskmate

has been there. He said his standing hair looked like a sea urchin, and the whole class collapsed laughing. Today I was going to stand up too.

At six I was already at the window. The snow was falling hard, and at first I did not think of any bad possibility. The heavier the snow, the more fun, I thought; the games on the bus will be livelier. I ate two bowls of porridge, left at 6:40, could not be bothered with an umbrella, and walked to school under the snow. It landed on my eyelashes, and I kept smiling the whole way.

A ring of people stood at the school gate. The teacher on duty held up a phone and shouted: school canceled, everyone go back, the buses are not coming. I stood in the snow with the bag straps still on my shoulders, not back in my body yet. A girl from Class 5 nearby cried out loud: what? I was close enough to see her eyes go red all at once. I felt bad too, too bad to speak. Snow slid down my neck into my collar and I did not even care. That static ball, I did not even get to touch it.

Back home I dropped the wet bag on the floor and shut my door. Mother said dinner is on the table; I answered and did not move. Then the teacher posted the self-study tasks in the group: preview Unit 7 for science, the lesson on volcanic eruptions, read it and do the experiment after the lesson, take a photo and send it to the group. Experiment? I sat up. The book listed: baking soda, white vinegar, dish soap, red ink. My kitchen had every one of them.

I found a small glass bottle, put in two spoons of baking soda, added dish soap, and mixed a cup of red vinegar with red ink. The instant I poured it in, red foam surged out of the bottle mouth and crawled down the glass walls, just like lava. I shouted wow and ran to the living room to drag Mother to look. She watched it three times, more excited than me, and said try again with a bigger bowl. We tried four times. The kitchen counter turned sticky everywhere, and Mother wiped it while laughing, saying this was the best experiment she had seen all year.

In the evening I sent the photo into the group with one line: museum canceled, volcano erupted at home. The teacher replied with a thumbs-up, and classmates lined up to like it. My deskmate messaged privately: your volcano looks better than my hair.

Lying in bed I still missed that static ball, missed it with an ache in my chest. But then I remembered the red lava crawling down the bottle today. The snowstorm confiscated my plan, yet it did not confiscate the joy. Joy grew out of my own kitchen. The teacher said the trip is postponed to January. Fine, see you in January. Until then, the volcano at my home wants a few more eruptions.