墙角下的蚂蚁在搬家

放学那天下午，我走在回家的路上，看见巷子口王大妈家的墙角有一条黑线。黑线在动，可又很整齐。我放下书包，蹲到旁边去看。

黑线是从墙根的一个小洞里出来的。那个洞就是蚂蚁的家。洞口只有米粒那么大，周围堆着一圈细细的黄土。蚂蚁从洞里出来，沿着墙根走，一个跟一个，谁也不撞谁。出去的蚂蚁和回来的蚂蚁迎面碰上，侧侧身子就让过去了，谁也不挡路。

我伸出手指想去碰那条线，前面的蚂蚁立刻停下来，原地转圈。隔壁的爷爷说，你别挡它们的路，它们会乱的。我把手指收回来，蹲在原地接着看。

我发现，两只蚂蚁碰面的时候，会用头上的触角碰碰对方的头，碰得很快，然后就各走各的。我猜它们不是在打招呼，可能是在互相传话。

这时候，我想起了书包里的饼干。我掰下一小碎块，放在一只蚂蚁的前面。那只蚂蚁绕着面包屑转了两圈，低下头推了一下，面包屑一动不动。它掉头往回走。

我以为它放弃了。没想到过了一会儿，墙根洞里呼啦啦出来一队蚂蚁，顺着刚才那条线走，把面包屑围住了。有的咬住前面，有的顶在后面，有的在旁边抬。面包屑动了，慢慢地，朝墙根那边挪。

路上有一颗凸起的小石子。蚂蚁们没有绕路，它们把面包屑抬起来，又落下，试了三次才过去。有只蚂蚁被压得翻了个身，六条腿朝天乱蹬，另一只蚂蚁过去，帮它翻了过来。

等最后一小块面包屑钻进墙根的洞里，天已经有点黑了。我站起来，腿麻得差点坐到地上。妈妈在巷子口喊我，问我怎么还不回家。

回家的路上我一直在想，那个小小的洞里，一定住着几百只蚂蚁。没有人给它们下命令，可它们知道谁该去探路，谁该推，谁该抬。一块面包屑对它们来说那么大，它们居然一起搬回了家。老师说的团结，我想，就是蚂蚁搬面包屑的样子吧。

The Ants Under the Wall Corner Are Moving House

One afternoon after school, on my way home, I saw a black line beside the wall corner of the house of Aunt Wang at the entrance of our lane. The line was moving, yet very neat. I put down my schoolbag and crouched beside it.

The line came out of a small hole at the foot of the wall. That hole was the home of the ants. The opening was only as big as a grain of rice, with a ring of fine yellow soil piled around it. Ants coming out walked along the edge of the wall, one after another, and none bumped into another. Ants going out and ants coming back met face to face, turned sideways to let each other pass, and none blocked the road.

I reached out my finger to touch the line, and the ants in front stopped at once

and turned in circles. Grandpa next door said, do not block their road, or they will get confused. I pulled my finger back and crouched in place to keep watching.

I noticed that when two ants met, they touched the heads of each other with the feelers on their own heads, very quickly, and then each went its way. I guessed they were not greeting each other. Perhaps they were passing messages.

Then I remembered the biscuit in my schoolbag. I broke off a small piece and put it in front of one ant. That ant circled the crumb twice, lowered its head to push, and the crumb did not move at all. It turned around and walked back.

I thought it had given up. But after a while, a crowd of ants came out of the hole at the wall, followed the same line as before, and surrounded the crumb. Some bit the front, some pushed from behind, some held it up from the side. The crumb moved, slowly, toward the wall.

There was a raised pebble on the road. The ants did not go around it. They lifted the crumb up, and it fell down again. They tried three times and finally got over. One ant was pressed so that it rolled on its back, six legs waving in the air, and another ant went over to turn it back over.

By the time the last piece of the crumb disappeared into the hole at the wall, the sky had grown a little dark. When I stood up, my legs were so numb that I almost sat down on the ground. Mother called from the entrance of the lane, asking why I was not going home.

On the way home I kept thinking. That tiny hole must be home to hundreds of ants. No one gave them orders, yet they knew who should scout, who should push, and who should carry. One bread crumb is so big to them, and still they carried it home together. Unity, as our teacher says it, I think, looks like the ants carrying the crumb.