一粒米的旅行

我是一粒米，中午从三年级二班一个男孩的碗边掉下来，落在食堂门口的地砖上。地砖是灰色的，还有一点点湿。我躺在那儿，等着有人把我踩碎，或者等着被扫进垃圾桶。

先来的不是扫把，是一只蚂蚁。它很小，黑得发亮，绕着我走了两圈。它的触角碰到我的时候，我觉得有点痒。它走到我前面，用前腿推我。我往前滚了半圈，又滚回来。它不灰心，换到左边推，我往左滚了半圈，又滚回来。

它想了很多办法。它用头顶我，我的身子歪了一下。它想把我扛起来，试了两次，我的肚子还是贴在地上。它推一下，歇一小会儿，再推一下。地砖缝卡过我的腰，它得先把我的腰从缝里抬出来，再继续推。

说实话，它力气真小。我身上被它蹭掉了一点点米面的粉末。可它一次也没有走开。后来它忽然不推了，转身往墙根跑。我当时想，它大概是放弃我了吧。

没过多久，它带着三只蚂蚁回来了。这四只蚂蚁一看就是商量好的。两只跑到我肚子底下，用背把我往上顶，我的肚子离开了地面。一只咬住我的头，一只在我屁股后面推。我飞起来了。虽然离地只有一点点高，可对我来说，那是第一次飞。

它们抬着我往前走，走得很慢，一颠一颠的。我的身子在四只蚂蚁中间晃，好几次我以为自己要掉下来，可是没有。走到台阶边上，它们把我放下，歇了一会儿，再抬起来。台阶那一小块地方，它们试了三次才把我送上去。

到了墙根，我看见一个黑黑的小洞，比我的身体窄一点。咬住我头的那只蚂蚁使劲往外拽，后面的使劲往里推。我的皮在洞口磨得沙沙响。挤了好久，我的头进去了，然后是肚子，最后是我的脚。洞里黑黑的，有好多好多蚂蚁，它们碰了碰我，就明白了我是粮食。

后来我成了蚂蚁洞里小蚂蚁们的午饭。不过我不难过。我这一粒米，从碗边掉下来以后，本来谁都不理我。是一只小蚂蚁推了我十几次都没有放弃，又喊来三个同伴，把我从食堂门口一路抬回了家。这段路，是我这辈子走过最长、也最了不起的一段路。

The Journey of a Single Grain of Rice

I am a grain of rice. At noon I fell from the edge of the bowl of a boy from Class Two, Grade Three, and landed on the floor tile by the door of the cafeteria. The tile was gray and a little damp. I lay there, waiting for someone to step on me and crush me, or waiting to be swept into the trash bin.

What came first was not a broom but an ant. It was small and shiny black. It circled me twice. When its feelers touched me, I felt a little ticklish. It walked to my front and pushed me with its front legs. I rolled half a turn forward and rolled back. It was not discouraged. It moved to my left side and pushed, and I rolled half a turn left and rolled back.

It tried many ways. It butted me with its head, and my body tilted. It tried to carry me on its back, tried twice, and my belly still lay on the ground. It pushed once, rested a moment, then pushed again. The crack of the tile caught my waist once, and it had to lift my waist out of the crack before pushing on.

To be honest, its strength was truly small. A bit of rice powder was rubbed off my body by its efforts. But it never once walked away. Then suddenly it stopped pushing and turned to run toward the foot of the wall. At that moment I thought it must have given up on me.

Before long, it came back with three ants. Those four ants clearly had a plan. Two went under my belly and lifted me up with their backs, and my belly left the ground. One bit my head, and one pushed behind my back. I flew. Although I was only a tiny bit off the ground, for me it was the first time I ever flew.

They carried me forward, very slowly, bobbing up and down. My body swayed among the four ants. Many times I thought I would fall, but I did not. At the edge of a step they put me down, rested a while, then lifted me again. At that small step they tried three times before they sent me up.

At the foot of the wall, I saw a little dark hole, a bit narrower than my body. The ant biting my head pulled hard outward, and the ones behind pushed hard inward. My skin rasped against the mouth of the hole. After a long squeeze, my head went in, then my belly, and last my feet. Inside the hole it was dark, with many, many ants. They touched me and understood that I was food.

Later I became lunch for the little ants in the ant hole. But I am not sad. After I fell from the edge of the bowl, nobody would have paid attention to me. A small ant pushed me more than ten times without giving up, then called three companions and carried me all the way from the cafeteria door back home. This road is the longest and most wonderful road I have ever traveled in my whole life.