那只蚂蚁，把米粒推了很多次

中午吃饭的时候，一粒米从我碗边掉了下来，落在食堂门口的地上。我正要抬脚走开，看见一个小黑点朝那粒米爬过去。是一只蚂蚁。

那只蚂蚁在米粒前面停下来。米粒白白的、胖胖的，比它的脑袋大好多。它绕着米粒走了两圈，触角碰一碰米粒的皮，然后走到米粒前面，低下头，用两条前腿往前推。米粒动了一下，又停住了。

它绕到米粒另一边，又推。米粒在原地转了半个圈。它把后腿蹬在地砖的缝里，整个身子往前顶，这次米粒往前滑出去一小段，可惜马上又滑了回来。

我蹲在旁边看。它试了一遍又一遍。有时候把米粒顶起来一点，米粒滚下去，正好砸在它的头上。它甩甩头，接着干。

推了好久，它忽然转身，朝墙根跑去。我以为它不要了。它在墙根的一道缝前面停下，触角动了动，很快，三只蚂蚁排成一串跟它爬了回来。

四只蚂蚁分了位置。两只钻到米粒底下，一只在头前用嘴咬着，一只在后面顶。米粒慢慢离开地面，歪歪地往前挪。它们爬得很慢，米粒晃晃悠悠，可就是没有掉下来。

米粒被抬到墙根那道缝前面。缝太窄，米粒塞不进去。它们在后面推，前面那只用嘴使劲拽，米粒卡在缝口，磨掉了一点，终于一头进去了。后面几只一起用力，整粒米一点一点挤了进去。

我站起来，腿有点麻。那粒米对我来说，弯腰捡一下都不值得，对那只蚂蚁来说，却是它自己搬不动的大东西。它没有哭，没有走开，先是自己一遍一遍试，搬不动了又去找帮手。

我想起上个星期，我学系鞋带，系了三次没系好，就把鞋带一扔，喊妈妈帮我。那个蚂蚁要是会说话，肯定会笑我。它那么小，力气那么少，一粒米都搬了一下午。我比它多两只手，还有一整条腿的力气，我有什么资格说做不到呢。

下午放学，我回家把那双鞋穿上，坐在门口重新系鞋带。系到第五次的时候，蝴蝶结出来了。我盯着那个歪歪的结看了好久，心里想的却是墙根底下那只蚂蚁。

The Ant That Pushed the Rice Grain Again and Again

At lunch, a grain of rice fell from the edge of my bowl and landed on the ground by the door of the cafeteria. I was about to walk away when I saw a tiny black dot crawling toward the grain. It was an ant.

The ant stopped in front of the rice grain. The grain was white and plump, much bigger than its head. It circled the grain twice, touched the skin of the rice with its feelers, then walked to the front of the grain, lowered its head, and pushed with its two front legs. The grain moved a little, then stopped again.

It went around to the other side and pushed again. The grain turned half a circle in place. It dug its hind legs into the crack of the floor tile and pushed with its whole body. This time the grain slid forward a short distance, but it slid right back.

I crouched beside it and watched. It tried again and again. Sometimes it lifted the grain a bit, and the grain rolled down and landed right on its head. It shook its head and kept working.

After a long while of pushing, it suddenly turned around and ran toward the foot of the wall. I thought it had given up. It stopped in front of a crack at the wall, moved its feelers, and soon three ants came crawling back in a line behind it.

The four ants divided their places. Two went under the grain, one held the front end with its mouth, and one pushed from behind. The grain slowly left the ground and moved forward at a tilt. They crawled very slowly, the grain swaying, yet it never fell.

The grain was carried to the crack at the wall. The crack was too narrow for the grain. They pushed from behind while the one in front pulled hard with its mouth. The grain stuck at the mouth of the crack, wore down a little, and finally one end went in. The ones behind pushed together, and the whole grain squeezed in bit by bit until it disappeared.

When I stood up, my legs were a little numb. That grain of rice was not even worth bending down for me, yet for the ant it was a big thing it could not carry alone. It did not cry and it did not walk away. It first tried over and over by itself, and when it could not manage, it went to find helpers.

I remembered last week, when I was learning to tie my shoelaces. I tried three times, failed three times, threw the laces down, and called for Mother to help. If that ant could talk, it would surely laugh at me. It was so small, with so little strength, and it spent a whole afternoon on one grain of rice. I have two more hands than it does, and a whole leg full of strength. What right do I have to say I cannot do it.

After school in the afternoon, I put those shoes on, sat by the door, and tied the laces again. On the fifth try, a bow came out. I stared at that crooked bow for a long time, and what I thought of was the ant under the foot of the wall.

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.

输了比赛以后，我看见一只蚂蚁

下午第二节课后是年级接力赛。第三棒交到我手里的时候，我们班排在第二。我把棒接歪了，棒在地上弹了一下，我弯腰去捡，再站起来，前面已经落了两个人。

我们班最后输了。回教室的路上，没有人怪我，可我自己的耳朵一直烫。走到操场边上的墙角，我停下来，因为我想蹲一会儿，不想让同学看见我的脸。

就在我蹲下的地方，地砖上有一粒米。不知道是谁的午饭掉的那一粒。一只蚂蚁正在搬它。

那只蚂蚁在米粒前面，低着头推。米粒比它大，它推一下，米粒动一点点，又停。它换个方向再推，米粒转了个身，还在原地。它用背去扛，扛不起来，米粒压下来，把它整个压趴了一下。它把腿撑开，从米粒底下钻出来，抖了抖，又回到米粒前面。

它继续推。我在心里数，一次，两次，五次，十次。它的动作都慢了，可它没有走开。我蹲在那儿，忘了接力赛，忘了耳朵烫，数它推了多少次。

第十几次以后，它转身跑了。我替它着急，心想它到底还是放弃了。结果它从墙缝里带出来三只蚂蚁。四只蚂蚁到了米粒边上，谁也没接着硬推，它们分了工，两只垫在米粒底下，一只咬住一头，一只在后面顶。米粒离地了，斜斜地、稳稳地往前挪。

米粒进了墙缝以后，我还在蹲着。我忽然想起那只蚂蚁被米粒压趴的那一下。它被压趴了，钻出来，抖一抖，接着干。我的接力棒掉在地上弹了一下，我捡起来再跑，我们班的同学也没有停，最后两棒追回来一个名次。

那天晚上我在日记里写，输掉比赛很难过，可是难过不是最要紧的事。最要紧的是像那只蚂蚁一样，被米粒压趴了，钻出来，抖一抖，再回到米粒前面。推不动的时候，还可以去墙缝里喊同伴。我们班的最后两棒，就是我的三只同伴。

到了上体育课的那天，我们练接力交接棒。体育老师让我们练二十次。练到第十一次的时候我又掉了棒，我捡起来，接着练第十二次。体育老师路过我旁边，说，你昨天可不是这样。我笑了笑，没说话。我心里知道，是墙角那只蚂蚁教我的。

After Losing the Race, I Saw an Ant

After the second class in the afternoon came the grade relay race. When the baton was passed into my hands at the third leg, our class was in second place. I took the baton crookedly. It bounced once on the ground. I bent to pick it up, and when I stood again, two runners were already ahead of me.

Our class lost in the end. On the way back to the classroom, nobody blamed me, but my own ears burned the whole time. By the wall corner at the edge of the playground, I stopped, because I wanted to crouch for a while and did not want my classmates to see my face.

Right where I crouched, there was a grain of rice on the floor tile. It was one of those grains dropped from someone's lunch. An ant was carrying it.

The ant stood in front of the grain, head lowered, pushing. The grain was bigger than it was. It pushed once, the grain moved a tiny bit and stopped. It changed direction and pushed again. The grain turned around and stayed in place. It tried to lift the grain with its back, could not, and the grain pressed down and flattened the

ant for a moment. The ant spread its legs, crawled out from under the grain, shook itself, and went back to the front of the grain.

It kept pushing. I counted in my head: one, two, five, ten. Its movements had grown slow, yet it did not walk away. I crouched there, having forgotten the relay race and my burning ears, counting how many times it pushed.

After more than ten tries, it turned and ran. I worried for it, thinking it had given up after all. Instead it brought out three ants from the crack in the wall. When the four ants reached the grain, none of them kept pushing blindly. They divided the work. Two wedged themselves under the grain, one bit one end, and one pushed from behind. The grain left the ground and moved forward at a tilt, steady and slow.

After the grain went into the crack, I was still crouching. I suddenly remembered the moment the ant was flattened by the grain. It was flattened, crawled out, shook itself, and went back to the front of the grain. My baton had bounced once on the ground. I picked it up and kept running, and the classmates of our class did not stop either. The last two legs won back one place.

That evening I wrote in my diary that losing the race was painful, but being painful was not the most important thing. The most important thing was, like that ant, to be flattened by the grain, crawl out, shake yourself, and go back to the front of the grain. And when you cannot push it anymore, you can still go to the crack in the wall and call your companions. The last two legs of our class were my three companions.

The next day in P.E. class, we practiced baton passes. Our P.E. teacher told us to practice twenty times. When I dropped the baton again on the eleventh try, I picked it up and went on to the twelfth. The P.E. teacher passed by and said, you were not like this yesterday. I smiled and said nothing. I knew in my heart that the ant by the wall corner had taught me.