我们班把钢琴拆开搬的那天

《观察蚂蚁》里最让我服气的一段，是蚂蚁抬一只死蝗虫。蝗虫比洞口大出好几倍，蚂蚁们再怎么推，蝗虫也进不了洞。换作是我，早就守在那儿发愣了。可蚂蚁不推了，它们散开，各自从蝗虫身上拆下一块，有的拽一条腿，有的拖一片翅膀，一小块一小块往洞里搬。作者说：小蚂蚁有大力量，大在懂得把一件大事拆成许多件小事。

我合上书数了数，那一段里蚂蚁分工写得明明白白：拆腿的拆腿，拖翅膀的拖翅膀，守洞口的指挥，还有专门把碎渣搬到一边、免得堵住通道的。一只蚂蚁的力气从头到尾没变大，变的是办法。

这一段，我是在我们班搬钢琴那天才真读懂的。

五年级期末，学校给我们班分了一架旧立式钢琴。六个男生围着它又推又拉，钢琴就是进不了教室的门——门太窄，钢琴太宽。门卫叔叔过来帮忙，说你们不拆开，它一辈子也进不去。

班主任让大家先停手，分开干：两个男生拿螺丝刀卸键盘盖，两个把谱架搬下来，剩下六个在门卫叔叔指点下把琴身斜过来，一级台阶一级台阶抬进门。螺丝收进一个铅笔盒，键盘盖用旧毛巾裹着。等钢琴在教室里重新装好，太阳已经落下去了。装好以后老师试弹了一个音，琴声在教室里转了一圈，我们站在门口的人全安静了，那一刻觉得一身的汗都值了。

那天我一直站在推琴的人堆里，手心磨得发红。可我记得最清楚的，是卸螺丝的那个男生——他没出多少大力气，可没有那个铅笔盒里的螺丝，钢琴永远进不了那扇门。

蚂蚁拆蝗虫，我们班拆钢琴，其实是一回事。以前班里接到大事，大家一拥而上，卡住了就互相埋怨，都说别人挡路。那天钢琴教了我们：东西大，不要慌，把它拆小，一人领一件小事回去。

下学期我们班要承包一次班会展示，黑板报、课本剧、合唱，样样都是大事。我已经跟班长商量好了，这回不挤在一块儿干，先把大事画成一件件小事，一人领一件。

The Day Our Class Took the Piano Apart to Move It

The passage in Watching Ants I admire most is the one about the dead locust. The locust was several times larger than the nest entrance, and no matter how the ants pushed, it would not fit. Had it been me, I would have stood there staring at it. But the ants stopped pushing. They split apart and each pulled off one part of the locust — some dragged a leg, some hauled a wing — and carried the pieces into the nest one by one. The author says: the great strength of small ants lies in knowing how to turn one big thing into many small ones.

I only truly understood that passage on the day our class moved the piano.

At the end of fifth grade, the school gave our classroom an old upright piano. Six boys pushed and pulled it, but the piano would not pass through the classroom

door: the door was too narrow and the piano too wide. The janitor came to help and said that unless it was taken apart, it would never get in.

The homeroom teacher told everyone to stop and divide up. Two boys unscrewed the keyboard cover with a screwdriver; two carried off the music stand; the remaining six, guided by the janitor, tilted the body of the piano and lifted it through the door one step at a time. The screws went into a pencil case, and the keyboard cover was wrapped in an old towel. By the time the piano was assembled again inside the classroom, the sun had already set.

That day I stood among the pushers the whole time, and my palms were red from friction. But what stayed with me longest was the boy holding the screws — he did not use much strength, yet without those screws in that pencil case the piano would never have crossed that door.

The ants pulling the locust apart and our class taking the piano apart are the same thing. Before, whenever our class faced a big task, everyone rushed in at once, got stuck, and then blamed each other for being in the way. The piano taught our class that day: when a thing is big, do not panic — break it into small pieces, and let each person take one small thing home.

Next term our class will take charge of a class meeting show. The blackboard newspaper, the textbook play, and the chorus are all big things. I have already talked it over with the class monitor: this time we will not crowd together over one task. First we will draw the big thing out into many small ones, and each person will take one small thing.