蚂蚁把我的饼干搬走了

10月12日　星期一　晴

今天放学，我坐在阳台的小凳子上吃饼干。饼干太脆，我一捏，碎渣掉了一地，最大的一块有指甲盖那么大。我正要扫掉，忽然看见一只蚂蚁已经爬到了那块渣跟前。

它绕着那块饼干渣转了两圈，转得特别快，像先数一数这块东西有多大。然后它用前腿推了一下，渣动了一点点，又停住了。它又推，渣还是不动。我以为它要走了，它果然走了，往地砖缝里钻进去，不见了。

我有点失望，把目光移开去看别的地方。可是等我再回头看，那块渣旁边多了两只蚂蚁，然后是四只，然后一队蚂蚁从砖缝里排出来，把渣围住了。它们一人占一个角，谁也不推了，一起使劲，那块渣居然动了，慢慢地朝砖缝走。走到缝口，渣太大塞不进去，蚂蚁们就地拆，一小口一小口咬下来搬走，剩下的渣越来越小，最后连最小的那只也能叼动了。

我跳起来跑去告诉妈妈：妈妈快来看，蚂蚁在搬我的饼干！妈妈拿着放大镜出来，说别出声，咱们蹲着看。放大镜里的蚂蚁好大呀，我头一回看清它们头上有两根触角，两只蚂蚁碰一碰触角，就像在咬耳朵说话。

妈妈说，它们就是在说话，告诉对方饼干在哪儿，从哪条路走最顺。我问蚂蚁没有嘴巴怎么说话，妈妈说蚂蚁的话在触角里，咱们听不懂。我觉得这比电话还神气。

吃晚饭以前，我又去阳台看，地上一块饼干渣都没有了，干干净净，只剩砖缝黑黑的口。我故意又放了一小片饼干在缝边上，想看看它们还来不来。放完我就进屋了，隔着玻璃盯。不到十分钟，一只蚂蚁来了，还是先转两圈，然后不见了。吃晚饭的时候我再去，那片饼干又没了，缝边上干干净净。

晚上我在日记本上写：今天蚂蚁搬走了我的饼干。它们的家到底在哪儿呢？砖缝里面是不是有一条很长很长的路，路上全是蚂蚁，都在排队搬东西？明天我要早点写完作业，再蹲到阳台上去看。

The Ants Carried Away My Cookie

October 12, Monday, sunny.

After school today I sat on the little stool on the balcony eating a cookie. The cookie was so crisp that when I squeezed it, crumbs fell all over the floor, the biggest piece as large as a fingernail. I was about to sweep them away when I saw one ant already at that piece.

It circled the crumb twice, very fast, as if counting how big the piece was first. Then it pushed with its front legs; the crumb moved a tiny bit and stopped. It pushed again; the crumb still would not move. I thought it was giving up. It did leave — it crawled into the seam between two floor bricks and disappeared.

I felt a little disappointed and looked away. But when I looked back, there were two more ants beside the crumb, then four, then a line of ants came out of the brick seam and surrounded it. Each one took a corner, nobody pushed alone any more, and all together they heaved — and the crumb actually moved, traveling slowly toward the seam. At the mouth of the seam the crumb was too big to fit through, so the ants took bites right there, carrying off tiny mouthfuls, and the crumb grew smaller and smaller until at last even the smallest ant could carry a piece.

I jumped up and ran to tell my mother: Mom, come quick, the ants are carrying my cookie! Mom came out with a magnifying glass and said, do not make a sound, let us squat and watch. In the glass the ants were so big. For the first time I saw the two feelers on their heads clearly. Two ants touched feelers, like whispering into each other ears.

Mom said that is exactly how they talk — telling the other where the cookie is and which road is smoothest. I asked how they can talk without mouths. Mom said the words of an ant live in its feelers, and we cannot understand them. I think that is more wonderful than a telephone.

Before dinner I went back to the balcony. Not one crumb was left on the floor, all clean, only the dark mouth of the brick seam. On purpose I placed one more small piece of cookie by the seam, to see whether they would still come. I went inside right after and watched through the glass. In less than ten minutes an ant came, circled it twice as usual, and vanished. At dinner time I looked again — the piece was gone, and the edge of the seam was clean again.

At night I wrote in my diary: today the ants carried away my cookie. Where on earth is their home? Is there a long, long road inside that seam, full of ants, all in line, all carrying things? Tomorrow I will finish my homework early and squat on the balcony to watch again.