蚂蚁搬着饼干往高处跑

10月19日　星期日　阴

今天天阴阴的，云压得很低，妈妈说这种天像要下雨。下午我在台阶下的地砖上给蚂蚁摆了几粒饼干屑，这是我这星期每天干的事，蚂蚁认识我，我也认识它们。

可是今天的蚂蚁队伍跟平时不一样。平时它们慢悠悠的，今天走得又快又急，有几只简直是在跑。最奇怪的是，它们不往花坛边那个洞里搬了——一只大蚂蚁叼着最大那粒饼干屑，居然朝台阶上爬，后面的蚂蚁跟着它，一只接一只，把饼干屑往台阶高处送。

我蹲在台阶边看，一直看它们爬进第二级台阶墙根的一条缝里。那条缝比花坛的洞小多了，还比花坛的洞高。我跑去告诉妈妈：妈妈，蚂蚁搬家了！它们把饼干搬到台阶上面去了！

妈妈出来抬头看了看天，又看了看那条缝，说：蚂蚁搬家，大雨要下。它们觉出天要下雨，怕花坛的洞进水，把家搬到高处去了。我问蚂蚁怎么知道要下雨，妈妈也说不清，只说老话传了几百年，蚂蚁比人早知道雨。

我不太服气。我养过蚕，蚕也不知道下雨，蚂蚁凭什么知道。为了弄明白，我拿放大镜去看队伍里的蚂蚁，它们走的时候肚子贴着地，一根触角一会儿点一下地，点得特别认真，像在闻路。我把这个发现告诉妈妈，妈妈说那就是在闻自己留下的味道，也是在闻天里的湿气。晚上我睡觉的时候，雨真的来了，先是几滴砸在窗户上，后来哗啦一下连成一片，下得比什么时候都大。我趴在窗台上看院子，花坛那边积了水，那个洞口亮亮地反着光。

第二天雨停了，我去看：花坛边的洞被泥糊住了，台阶墙根那条缝还是干干的，有蚂蚁进进出出，叼着昨天搬上去的饼干屑渣。它们真的躲过了这场雨。

我在日记里写：今天蚂蚁搬着饼干往高处跑，躲过了一场大雨。蚂蚁比人早知道雨，这句话我以前不信，现在我信了。它们的小脑袋里到底装着什么，我还没想明白，下篇日记接着写。

The Ants Carried Cookies and Ran Uphill

October 19, Sunday, cloudy.

The sky was gray today, the clouds hung very low, and Mom said a day like this looks like rain. In the afternoon I placed a few cookie crumbs on the tiles below the steps for the ants — this is what I do every day this week. The ants know me, and I know them.

But today the ant column was different. Usually they walk slowly, at ease. Today they moved fast and urgent, and a few were almost running. The strangest thing: they no longer carried food to the hole by the flower bed. One large ant, holding the biggest crumb in its jaws, actually climbed up the steps, and the ants behind followed, one after another, sending the crumbs to the high part of the steps.

I squatted by the steps and watched them climb into a crack at the foot of the wall on the second step. That crack was much smaller than the hole by the flower bed, and much higher. I ran to tell my mother: Mom, the ants are moving house! They are carrying the cookies up onto the steps!

Mom came out, looked up at the sky, then looked at the crack, and said: when ants move house, heavy rain is coming. They feel that rain is near, they fear the hole by the flower bed will flood, so they move the home to higher ground. I asked how ants know rain is coming. Mom could not explain it either; she only said the old saying has been passed down for hundreds of years — the ants know the rain before people do.

I was not fully convinced. I have raised silkworms, and silkworms do not know rain either — why should ants. To find out, I watched the column with my magnifying glass: as they walked, their bellies touched the ground, and one feeler tapped the ground now and then, very seriously, as if sniffing the road. I told Mom what I saw, and she said that is exactly them smelling the trail they leave, and also the dampness in the air. When I went to bed at night, the rain really came: first a few drops on the window, then all at once it poured in one great sheet, harder than ever. I leaned on the windowsill and looked at the courtyard. Water had gathered by the flower bed, and the mouth of that hole shone with reflected light.

The next day the rain stopped. I went to look: the hole by the flower bed was sealed with mud, but the crack at the foot of the wall on the steps was still dry, with ants going in and out, carrying the crumbs they had moved up yesterday. They really had dodged this rain.

In my diary I wrote: today the ants carried cookies and ran uphill, and dodged a heavy rain. The saying that ants know the rain before people — I did not believe it before, now I do. What is inside their little heads I have not figured out yet. I will keep writing in the next diary.