# 墙根下的蚂蚁窝

周五放学，我在教学楼后墙的根上发现了一个蚂蚁洞。洞口只有铅笔头那么粗，外面堆着一圈细细的土，像谁用小刷子扫出来的。我蹲下去看，土堆边上有几只蚂蚁进进出出，身子是黑褐色的，肚子比头大一圈。它们走路的样子我以前没注意过：不是直着走，是走几步拐一下，触角一直朝前探着。我蹲在那儿看了很久，书包都忘了背。回家路上我一直在想，那个洞里到底住着多少只蚂蚁。我在观察本上写下第一篇日记，日期后面画了个圈，提醒自己明天还要来。

等到第二天放学，我兜里装了一块饼干，特意绕到后墙根。洞口还是那个样子，蚂蚁还在进出。我把饼干掰下几粒碎屑，摆在离洞口十几厘米的地方，然后蹲在旁边等。过了好一阵，一只蚂蚁路过，用触角碰了碰饼干屑，绕着它转了半圈，想搬，搬不动，掉头往洞口走。我以为它放弃了，结果没过多久，它领着几只蚂蚁回来，每只都用触角碰对方的头，然后一起抬那块碎屑。最大的那块饼干屑，最后是二十来只蚂蚁围着抬走的。我在本子上记：它们是靠碰触角叫伙伴的。

到了第三天，怪事来了。蚂蚁不再走墙根那条老路，全部绕到墙的另一头去，排成一条细线，翻过一块红砖。我盯着那条新线看了半天，又跑回老洞口——洞口还有蚂蚁守着我昨天放的饼干屑，可大部队不走这边了。我猜是我前天在墙根洒了半瓶水，把老路冲坏了。新路上多了一个小洞，比老洞口还小，我数了数，从那儿进出的蚂蚁比老洞口还多。我在第三篇日记里写：蚂蚁的路不是固定的，路变了，它们会再找一条，但总能找到回家的方向。我还写了一句私人的话：它们碰触角的时候，可能在互相说话。这句话没有依据，可我把它留在本子上，打算下周接着看。

# The Ant Nest by the Wall

On Friday after school, I found an ant hole at the foot of the wall behind the teaching building. The opening was no wider than a pencil, with a ring of fine soil around it, as if someone had swept it out with a tiny brush. I squatted down. A few ants went in and out along the soil mound. Their bodies were dark brown, and their bellies were a size bigger than their heads. I had never noticed how they walked before: not in a straight line, but a few steps, then a turn, with their antennae always reaching forward. I squatted there for a long time and forgot all about my schoolbag. On the way home I kept wondering how many ants lived inside that hole. I wrote my first diary entry in my observation notebook and drew a circle after the date to remind myself to come back tomorrow.

The next day after school, I carried a biscuit in my pocket and made a detour to the wall. The hole looked the same, and the ants were still coming and out. I broke off a few crumbs and placed them about ten centimeters from the opening, then squatted and waited. After a while, an ant passed by, touched a crumb with its antennae, circled halfway around it, tried to lift it, failed, and turned back toward the hole. I thought it had given up. But soon it returned leading several other ants, each touching the head of another with its antennae, and together they lifted the crumb. The biggest biscuit crumb was finally carried off by around twenty ants. I

wrote in my notebook: they call for help by touching antennae.

On the third day, something strange happened. The ants no longer used the old road along the wall. The whole line had moved to the other side of the wall, marching in a thin thread over a red brick. I stared at the new line for a long time, then ran back to the old hole. A few ants were still guarding the crumbs I left, but the main group no longer used this side. I think it was because I had spilled half a bottle of water by the wall, which washed out their old road. There was a new small hole on the new road, even smaller than the old one, and more ants went in and out of it than of the old hole. In my third diary entry I wrote: the road of an ant is not fixed; when the road changes, they find another one, and they always find the way home. I also wrote one personal line: when they touch antennae, maybe they are talking to each other. There is no proof for that sentence, but I left it in my notebook and plan to keep watching next week.