墙角那条尺蠖，被蚂蚁搬走了

放学回家，我故意走得很慢。走到巷子口那堵墙角，我蹲了下来。那里总有好玩的东西：西瓜虫缩成小球，蚂蚁来来往往。那天，我先看见的是一条死掉的尺蠖。

它草绿色的，直挺挺地躺在两块砖的缝里，小脚全都蜷着。我伸出手指碰了碰，它一动不动。正要走，我看见一只蚂蚁爬上了它的头。

那只蚂蚁绕着尺蠖转了两圈，然后咬住它的头往后拽，拽得整个身子都在使劲。尺蠖纹丝不动。又来了一只，爬到尾巴那头，朝反方向拉。两只一前一后对着拉，尺蠖只挪动了一点点，又停住了。

第二只蚂蚁走了。第一只还在咬着尺蠖的头，来回拖，像是要把它一寸一寸拖走。我蹲在那儿看，觉得它没戏了，甚至想找根树枝，帮它把尺蠖戳进墙洞里。

走了的那只蚂蚁回来了。它带回来一串长长的蚂蚁。它们顺着墙角过来，跨过砖缝，把那条尺蠖围住了。有的咬头，有的咬尾巴，有的咬住身子中间，还有几只跑到前面，把路上的小石子一颗一颗搬开。

尺蠖动了。它动得很慢，一寸一寸，歪了一下，又被另一边的几只蚂蚁抬正。它爬过一道砖缝，缝上有几只大蚂蚁把身子垫在下面托着；它遇到一颗小石子，两边的蚂蚁就把它往旁边拽，绕了过去。

我抬头看了看天，云有点发灰。蹲得腿都麻了，我换了只脚，接着蹲。尺蠖离开了砖缝，上了平地，最后连着围它的蚂蚁一起，消失在那堵墙角的一个小洞里。洞外头还有蚂蚁进进出出。

妈妈在巷子口喊我。我站起来，拍了拍手上的土，回头又看了一眼。一队回来的蚂蚁正顺着墙根朝我这边走。我把身子往墙上贴了贴，拎起书包，让它们先过。

The Inchworm by the Wall Corner Was Carried Away by Ants

On the way home from school, I deliberately walked slowly. When I reached the wall corner at the mouth of the alley, I squatted down. There was always something interesting there: pill bugs curling into balls, ants coming and going. That day, what I saw first was a dead inchworm.

It was grass-green, lying straight in the crack between two bricks, with its little feet all curled up. I stretched out a finger to poke it, and it did not move at all. I was about to leave when I noticed an ant climbing onto its head.

That ant circled the inchworm twice, then bit its head and pulled backward with all its strength. The inchworm did not budge. Another ant came and pulled in the opposite direction from the tail. The two pulled against each other, the inchworm only trembled a little, then lay still again.

The second ant left. The first one kept dragging the inchworm back and forth. I squatted there watching, thinking it was hopeless, and even wanted to help by putting the inchworm into the hole in the wall with a twig.

The ant that had left came back, and a long line of ants came behind it. They crossed the crack in the brick and surrounded the inchworm. Some bit its head, some its tail, some the middle of its body, and some ran ahead, moving the small pebbles off the road one by one.

The inchworm moved. It moved very slowly, inch by inch, tilted to one side, then was lifted back up by several ants on the other side. It passed over a brick crack, propped up by several big ants; it reached a pebble, and the small ants on both sides pulled it around.

I looked up. The clouds had turned gray. My legs went numb from squatting, so I switched to one foot and kept squatting. The inchworm left the brick crack, crossed the flat ground, and finally disappeared into a small hole in the wall corner together with the ants around it. The ants outside the hole still came and went.

My mother called my name from the entrance of the alley. I stood up, patted the dirt off my hands, and looked back once more. A line of returning ants was crawling along the wall toward me. I pressed my body against the wall, lifted my schoolbag, and let them pass first.