我是一只蚂蚁侦察兵

我是一只蚂蚁侦察兵。每天太阳还没晒透地面，我就独自出洞找吃的。那天，我爬到操场围栏边那片草丛，闻到一股又甜又烂的味道。

是一条又肥又死的青虫，躺在草叶底下，身子还油亮油亮的。我高兴坏了。这一条，够洞里全家吃上好几天。我围着它转了三圈，量了量它的身长，比我的身子长出几十倍。我爬上它的身子，咬下一小块，想一个人把它拖回巢去。

青虫太重了。我六只脚撑住地面，往后拽得触角都发抖，它纹丝不动。我知道一个人不行。回巢的路上，我把肚子贴着地，一路留下一条只有我们蚂蚁闻得见的气味。

最先顺着气味找来的是八个兄弟。我们九个把青虫围住，有的咬头，有的咬尾巴，有的从后头使出全身的劲往前顶。青虫晃了晃，往前挪了半寸，又趴下了。九个不够，我心里清楚。

那八个兄弟没有一个散开。两个守在青虫旁边，其余的排成一列，沿着气味线朝洞口张望。没等多久，气味线那头就传来了动静。

我掉头又顺着气味线往回走，这一回走得更深。没多久，洞口伸出一条长长的黑线，顺着墙根，跨过碎砖，朝青虫过来。大个头的咬住身子，小个头的跑到前头，把路上的石子和碎枝一样一样搬开，还有的边走边碰触角，把方向传来传去。

青虫走起来了。走到一根横着的树枝跟前，几只大蚂蚁把树枝抬起来，其余的把青虫从底下拽了过去；走到一个小坑，大家停了一下，一齐把身子垫到青虫底下，把它抬过了坑。

太阳晒到头顶的时候，青虫进了洞口。出来的一对触角碰了碰我的触角。我不知道那是谁，可那一下碰触，什么都说了。我转身，又顺着气味线出发了。墙根那条路上，进进出出的蚂蚁连成一条黑线，一直不断。

I Am an Ant Scout

I am an ant scout. Every morning, before the sun fully warms the ground, I leave the nest alone to look for food. That day, when I reached the grass by the fence of the school playground, I smelled a scent that was both sweet and rotten.

It was a fat, dead green caterpillar, lying under a grass leaf, its body still glossy. I was overjoyed. This one meal would feed the whole nest for days. I circled it three times and measured its length: dozens of times longer than my own body. I climbed onto its body, bit off a small piece, and tried to drag it back alone.

The caterpillar was too heavy. I braced my six legs on the ground and pulled until my antennae trembled, but it did not move at all. I knew I could not do it alone. On the way back, I kept my abdomen touching the ground, laying a trail of scent that only we ants could smell.

First, eight of my brothers rushed over along the scent. We nine surrounded the caterpillar: some bit its head, some its tail, some pushed from behind with all their strength. The caterpillar trembled, moved forward half an inch, then lay down again. Nine was not enough. I knew that.

None of the eight brothers scattered. Two stayed beside the caterpillar, and the rest lined up along the scent trail, looking toward the nest. Before long, there was movement at the other end of the trail.

I turned back along the scent trail, this time deeper into the nest. Before long, a long black line came out of the cave entrance, along the wall, across the broken brick, toward the caterpillar. The big ones bit onto the body, the small ones ran ahead clearing pebbles and twigs off the road, and some kept touching antennae as they walked, passing the direction along.

The caterpillar started to move. When it reached a twig lying across the way, several big ants lifted the twig, and the others pulled it through underneath. When it reached a small hollow, everyone stopped for a moment, slid their bodies under the caterpillar, and lifted it over together.

When the sun rose over our heads, the caterpillar entered the cave. A pair of antennae came out and touched mine. I did not know who it was, but that single touch said everything. I turned around and set off again along the scent trail. On the road by the wall, the ants coming and going formed an unbroken black line.