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.

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.

别挡着它们的路

林海背着书包出了校门，在花坛边上蹲下来，就再没动。妈妈在校门口等了他两回，喊他，他也不应。他看见花坛沿上躺着一只死蚂蚱，两只蚂蚁正绕着它转。

一只蚂蚁爬上蚂蚱的背，爬到一半滑下来，再爬，又滑下来。另一只咬住蚂蚱翅膀的尖，往后拽。蚂蚱直挺挺躺在花坛沿上，细腿蜷着，一动不动。

咬翅膀的那只松了口，转身走了。林海以为它放弃了，从旁边的草里抽出一根树枝，想替它们把蚂蚱推到墙洞那边去。妈妈走过来，按住他拿树枝的手，说，再等一会儿。

走了的那只蚂蚁回来了，身后跟着一长串蚂蚁。它们把蚂蚱围住，有的咬头，有的咬腿，有的从后头顶，还有几只跑到前面，把路上的沙粒一颗一颗搬开。蚂蚱歪了一下，又被抬平，一寸一寸往前挪。

林海数着蚂蚁的数，数到三十几只就乱了。他回头想告诉妈妈，妈妈却先把食指竖在嘴边，让他别出声。

林海把身子蹲得更低。蚂蚱从他鞋带边上过去，他就把脚一点一点收回来，大气不敢出。有几只蚂蚁爬上了他的鞋面，碰了碰触角，又回到路上去。妈妈蹲在他旁边，两个人都不说话。

蚂蚱过了花坛沿，绕过一颗小石子，最后连着那一片黑压压的蚂蚁，一起进了墙上的一个小洞。回来的蚂蚁一个接一个从洞里爬出来。林海把搁在洞口边的书包挪开，站起来，对妈妈说，咱们走外边，别挡着它们的路。

回家的路上，妈妈问他刚才看了那么久在看什么。林海想了半天，说，蚂蚁起先是搬不动，后来就搬动了。妈妈没有再接话。第二天中午，林海把半块饼干放在花坛边上。他不知道蚂蚁用不用得上，就是想搭把手。

Do Not Block Their Road

Linhai came out of the school gate with his schoolbag, squatted down by the edge of the flower bed, and did not move again. His mother waited at the gate and called him twice, but he did not answer. He had seen a dead grasshopper lying on the edge of the flower bed, with two ants circling around it.

One ant climbed onto the back of the grasshopper, slid down halfway, climbed up again, and slid down again. The other bit the tip of its wing and pulled backward. The grasshopper lay on the edge of the flower bed, its thin legs curled up, completely still.

The ant that had been biting the wing let go and turned to leave. Linhai thought it had given up. He pulled a twig from the grass beside him and wanted to push the grasshopper toward the hole in the wall for them. His mother walked over and pressed the hand holding the twig, saying only: wait a little longer.

The ant that had left came back, with a long line of ants behind it. They surrounded the grasshopper: some bit its head, some its legs, some pushed from behind, and several ran ahead, carrying the grains of sand off the road one by one. The grasshopper tilted, was lifted level again, and began to move inch by inch.

Linhai tried to count the ants, but lost count past thirty. He turned to tell his mother, but she put her index finger to her lips first, telling him to be quiet.

Linhai crouched even lower. The grasshopper passed right by his shoelace, and he drew his foot back bit by bit, not daring to breathe loudly. Several ants climbed onto his shoe, touched their antennae, and went back down to the road. His mother squatted beside him, and neither of them spoke.

The grasshopper passed the edge of the flower bed, went around a small pebble, and at last disappeared into a little hole in the wall together with the crowd of ants. The returning ants crawled out of the hole one after another. Linhai moved his schoolbag away from the hole, stood up, and said to his mother: let us walk on the outside, and do not block their road.

On the way home, his mother asked what he had been watching for so long. Linhai thought for a while and said: the ants could not carry it at first, but later they did. His mother said nothing more. The next noon, Linhai placed half a biscuit by the flower bed. He did not know whether the ants would need it; he just wanted to help.