我在伙伴身上过了水洼

我是觅食队里的一只小蚂蚁。那天我们抬着一粒葵花籽回巢，雨忽然停了，路中间多出一个水洼。

葵花籽很重，我们八个推推拉拉才到这里。绕开水洼要多走半天，家里的伙伴还等着吃饭。领头的绕着水洼跑了一圈，回来碰了碰我们的触角：搭桥。

雨点落进水洼，砸出一个一个圆坑，波纹挤在一起。我们贴着岸边等。几只大蚂蚁爬到水洼边上，一只一只拉住彼此的脚，身子朝对岸伸过去。我看着它们在风里发抖，没有一只松开。桥搭好了。

我数搭桥的蚂蚁，大蚂蚁一个扣一个，扣得关节都发白。风再吹，整座桥晃一下，又稳住。我在伙伴身上走过的时候，脚下是活的，一直在抖，也一直在撑。

葵花籽先上桥。我们八个抬着它，从伙伴的身子上走过去。走到一半，桥晃了一下，我脚一滑，下面的伙伴把身子贴紧桥面，说，走你的。

过了桥的伙伴排成一列，朝洞口张望，把方向一只一只传回来。桥上的蚂蚁越来越多，搬虫翅膀的、顶米粒的，一个接一个。一只小蚂蚁爬到一半滑住了，前面的伙伴掉头回来，把它拉了过去。

轮到我上桥。桥在脚下一直抖，可它撑住了。顶米粒的伙伴走在中间，几只大蚂蚁侧过身子，替他挡着风。

最后一个伙伴从桥上解开，跑过湿湿的地面。我到了对岸回头看，桥已经解开，搭桥的伙伴排成一串，朝我们追上来。

回到洞里，家里的伙伴迎出来，排队接葵花籽。大家碰触角。我不知道该说什么，碰到搭桥伙伴的触角时，他只说了一句，快吃吧。

第二天我又出门侦察，经过那个水洼，路还在，进进出出的蚂蚁队伍还在。我想，水洼再大也不要紧，身子连起来，它就是桥。

I Crossed the Puddle on the Bodies of My Comrades

I am a small ant in the foraging squad. That day we were carrying a sunflower seed back to the nest when the rain suddenly stopped, and a puddle appeared in the middle of the road.

The sunflower seed was heavy; the eight of us pushed and pulled it all this way. Going around the puddle would take half a day longer, and the comrades at home were waiting for food. The leader ran around the puddle once, came back, and touched our antennae: build a bridge.

Raindrops fell into the puddle, making round holes one after another, the ripples

crowding together. We waited by the shore. Several big ants reached the edge, hooked their legs into one another, and stretched their bodies toward the other side. I watched them tremble in the wind, and none of them let go. The bridge was built.

I counted the ants building the bridge: the big ones hooked into one another, their joints white from gripping. When the wind blew again, the whole bridge swayed once, then steadied. When I walked over my comrades, the ground beneath me was alive, trembling all the time, and holding all the time.

The sunflower seed went up first. The eight of us lifted it and walked over the bodies of our comrades. Halfway across, the bridge shook, and I slipped; the comrade below pressed his body tighter against the bridge and said: keep walking.

The comrades who had crossed lined up, looking toward the nest, passing the direction back ant by ant. More and more ants came onto the bridge: some carrying insect wings, some carrying grains of rice, one after another. A small ant slipped halfway, and the comrade in front turned back and pulled it across.

Then it was my turn. The bridge kept trembling under my feet, but it held. The comrade carrying the grain of rice walked in the middle, and several big ants turned their bodies sideways to shield him from the wind.

The last comrade unlinked himself from the bridge and ran over the wet ground. When I reached the other side and looked back, the bridge had already come apart, and the comrades who built it were running toward us in a line.

Back in the nest, the comrades at home came out and lined up to receive the sunflower seed. Everyone touched antennae. I did not know what to say; when I touched the antennae of the comrade who had built the bridge, he only said: eat quickly.

The next day I went out scouting again. Passing the puddle, the road was still there, and the line of ants coming and going was still there. I thought: no matter how big the puddle, it does not matter. When our bodies link together, it becomes a bridge.