水洼前，蚂蚁把自己搭成了桥

雨刚停，我打着伞走出校门，路面的低洼处积了一个水洼，不算大，却拦了半个路面。我绕过去，正要走，看见一队蚂蚁停在水洼跟前。

它们一只顶着一粒米，或者一小片虫翅膀，排成一条线。最前面的蚂蚁停下来，触角朝水面探了探，又缩回去。后面的蚂蚁往前挤，整条线就都停住了。

我蹲在水洼前，把伞举高，不让剩下的雨点落下去。水洼面上有一层亮，近岸的蚂蚁来回爬着，有几只在水边走来走去，像在找一条能过去的地方。

几只大蚂蚁爬到了水洼边上，互相拉住了脚，一只接一只，朝对岸伸过去。它们在抖，风一吹抖得更厉害，可没有一只松开。桥搭起来了，细得几乎看不见，横在水洼上。

水洼离我近，我看得清：对岸的草边有几个小洞，洞里还有蚂蚁出来，排着队在草边等。水洼不过一个巴掌宽，搁在蚂蚁身上，却宽得像一条河。

顶粮食的蚂蚁一个接一个爬上去。有的爬到一半，脚下一滑，停在桥中间，前面那只掉头回来，拉着它过去了。还有几只小蚂蚁爬不上桥面，一只大蚂蚁从桥边探下身，把它们一个个托了上去。

我数着过桥的蚂蚁，十只，二十只，三十只。队尾还剩几只，我替它们着急。最后几只从桥上一个个解开，自己跑过湿湿的地面，钻进了对岸的草丛。

蚂蚁全过了水洼。水洼还在那儿，映着天上的云。我站起来，腿有点麻，同学远远喊我，我应了一声，又回头看了一眼才走。

回家路上我一直在想那座桥。一只蚂蚁那么小，连在一起，就能跨过水洼。我跟妈妈讲，妈妈问我帮它们了没有。我说没有，我就看着。妈妈说，看着也很好。

第二天又下雨。经过那个水洼，我特意绕开走。蚂蚁的路在我脚底下，我不想踩到它。

By the Puddle the Ants Built Themselves into a Bridge

The rain had just stopped. I walked out of the school gate under my umbrella. A puddle had formed in the low part of the road, not big, but it blocked half the street. I stepped around it, about to leave, when I saw a line of ants stopped in front of the puddle.

Each one carried a grain of rice or a small piece of insect wing, in a single line. The ant at the front stopped, stretched its antennae toward the water, then pulled them back. The ants behind pushed forward, and the whole line stood still.

I squatted in front of the puddle and held my umbrella high so the last raindrops would not fall down. A shiny layer floated on the water. The ants near the shore crawled back and forth, and several walked along the edge, as if looking for a place

to cross.

Several big ants reached the edge of the puddle and hooked their legs together, one after another, stretching toward the other side. They trembled, and the wind made them tremble harder, but none of them let go. The bridge was built, so thin it was almost invisible, lying across the puddle.

The puddle was close to me, and I could see clearly: by the grass on the other side there were several small holes, and more ants came out of the holes, lining up along the grass to wait. The puddle was only a palm wide, but for the ants it was as wide as a river.

The ants carrying food climbed onto it one by one. One slipped halfway and stopped in the middle; the ant in front turned back and pulled it across. A few small ants could not climb onto the bridge, and a big ant bent down from the side and lifted them up one by one.

I counted the ants crossing: ten, twenty, thirty. A few were left at the end of the line, and I worried for them. At last the last few unlinked themselves from the bridge, ran over the wet ground, and disappeared into the grass on the other side.

All the ants had crossed. The puddle was still there, reflecting the clouds. I stood up, my legs a little numb. A classmate called me from far away; I answered, looked back once more, and then left.

On the way home I kept thinking about that bridge. A single ant is so small, yet linked together they could span a puddle. I told my mother about it. She asked whether I had helped them. I said no, I just watched. She said watching is good too.

The next day it rained again. Passing the puddle, I deliberately walked around it. The road of the ants was under my feet, and I did not want to step on it.