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.

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.

雨后的那座桥

雨停了，蓝老师带全班到操场角落上科学观察课。她说不许摘花、不许踩草，只许带眼睛。大家散开，周周在一个水洼前蹲下，忽然大声喊：蚂蚁过不去了！同学们一下围过来。

一队蚂蚁停在水洼跟前，顶着米粒和小虫。水洼映着云，近岸的蚂蚁挤成一团，不动了。几片叶子从旁边的树上落进水里，慢慢漂着。

周周伸手，想把一片树叶搭到水洼上，替蚂蚁铺路。蓝老师按住他的手，说，再等等。周周缩回手，把身子蹲得更低。

几只大蚂蚁爬到水洼边上，互相拉住脚，一只接一只，朝对岸伸过去。孩子们屏住气。桥在抖，风一吹抖得更厉害，可没有一只蚂蚁松开。

有同学把脸压得更低，几乎贴到地面。蓝老师也蹲下来，站在周周旁边，看着那座细得几乎看不见的桥。操场上安静下来，只剩风把树叶上的剩雨抖下来的声音。

有人数桥上的蚂蚁，数到十几只就乱了，因为过桥的一个接一个，没有停。搬粮食的蚂蚁爬上去，有的爬到一半滑住，前面的蚂蚁掉头回来，把它拉过去。

一只一只，蚂蚁过了水洼。蓝老师小声问，队尾还有几只。没有人回答。最后几只从桥上解开，跑过湿湿的地面，钻进对岸的草丛。

蚂蚁全过了水洼。孩子们一个一个站起来，腿都麻了。周周说，它们自己搭了桥。蓝老师没有讲道理，只让大家写进观察日记。周周写：蚂蚁没有绕路，它们搭了桥。蓝老师看着那队蚂蚁，笑了，让周周把日期也补上。

回教室的路上，大家绕着那个水洼走。没有人说，可都知道蚂蚁的路在脚底下。下午放学，周周把几粒米放在水洼边上，蹲了一会儿，才回家。

The Bridge After the Rain

The rain stopped, and Teacher Lan took the whole class to the corner of the playground for a science observation lesson. She said: no picking flowers, no stepping on grass, bring only your eyes. Everyone spread out. Zhou Zhou squatted in front of a puddle and suddenly shouted: the ants cannot get across! The other children gathered around at once.

A line of ants stood in front of the puddle, carrying grains of rice and small insects. The puddle reflected the clouds, and the ants near the shore crowded together and stopped moving. A few leaves fell from the tree beside into the water and drifted slowly.

Zhou Zhou reached out, wanting to lay a leaf across the puddle to make a road for the ants. Teacher Lan pressed his hand and said: wait a little longer. Zhou Zhou pulled his hand back and crouched even lower.

Several big ants reached the edge of the puddle and hooked their legs together, one after another, stretching toward the other side. The children held their breath. The bridge trembled, and the wind made it tremble harder, but no ant let go.

One child pressed his face even lower, almost to the ground. Teacher Lan also squatted down, standing beside Zhou Zhou, looking at the bridge so thin it was almost invisible. The playground fell quiet, with only the sound of wind shaking the last rain off the leaves.

Someone counted the ants on the bridge and lost count past a dozen, because the ones crossing never stopped. The ants carrying food climbed up; one slipped halfway,

and the ant in front turned back and pulled it across.

One by one, the ants crossed the puddle. Teacher Lan asked quietly: how many are left at the end. No one answered. 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 children stood up one by one, their legs numb. Zhou Zhou said: they built the bridge themselves. Teacher Lan did not explain any lesson; she only asked everyone to write it in the observation diary. Zhou Zhou wrote: the ants did not go around, they built a bridge. Teacher Lan looked at the line of ants and smiled, asking Zhou Zhou to add the date as well.

On the way back to the classroom, everyone walked around the puddle. No one said anything, but everyone knew the road of the ants was under their feet. After school that afternoon, Zhou Zhou placed a few grains of rice by the puddle, squatted for a while, and then went home.