墙根下那条小小的线，告诉了我一件事

敬爱的老师、亲爱的同学们：大家好！今天我想给大家讲一讲，我在墙根下看见过的一条小小的线。那不是粉笔画的线，是蚂蚁走出来的一条线。

那是一个放学的中午，我在学校门口的花坛边等妈妈。低头一看，一只蚂蚁正围着一只死掉的蝉转圈。蝉比它大好多倍。它扑到蝉的头上，又扑到蝉的尾巴上，还试着从翅膀底下往上抬。蝉一动没动，它自己倒是摔了两个跟头。

我以为它会放弃。它却转身急急忙忙往回走。过了五六分钟，它带回来一条蚂蚁队伍。它们排成一列，碰到一起就把触角对在一起碰一下。我蹲在那里看着，忽然明白了：那对小触角就是它们的嘴巴，正在互相传话。

接下来的场面特别有趣。它们把蝉围住，有的拉腿，有的抬翅膀，有的搬掰下来的薄片。每只蚂蚁拿的分量刚刚好：重的就两只合伙抬，轻的就叼在嘴里紧跟队伍。那条线来来往往，可是没有一只抢队，也没有一只掉队。

我蹲了四十分钟，腿都麻了，差点一屁股坐到地上。可我心里特别高兴，好像看了一整场不出声音的演出。没有报幕，也没有音乐，可是每只蚂蚁都知道自己该干什么。

以前我总觉得蚂蚁那么小，不值得看。现在我知道，不是它们太小，是我站得太高。从那以后，上学放学的路上，我开始看砖缝、看花坛边、看老树根。我看见过蚂蚁把同伴的腿搬回家，看见过蚂蚁在洞口站岗。脚底下的世界，原来和头顶上的世界一样热闹。

同学们，观察的乐趣不藏在电视屏幕里，藏在路边的草丛里。你只要蹲下来，给一个小黑点十分钟。我提议大家这周放学以后，就在墙根下找一条蚂蚁的线，别打扰它们，安安静静地看一会儿。你会和我一样，听见小生灵想讲的故事。

我的演讲完了，谢谢大家！

The Little Line by the Wall Told Me Something

Dear teachers and dear classmates, hello! Today I want to tell you about a little line I once saw by a wall. It was not a line drawn with chalk, but a line made by ants.

One noon after school, I was waiting for my mother at the flower bed near the school gate. Looking down, I saw a single ant walking around a dead cicada. The cicada was many times bigger than the ant. It rushed at the head of the cicada, then rushed at its tail, and even tried to lift it from under the wings. The cicada did not move at all, and the ant itself fell over twice.

I thought it would give up. Instead, it turned around and hurried home. About five or six minutes later, it came back with a line of ants. They moved in a queue, and whenever two met, they touched their feelers together for a moment. Crouching

there, I suddenly understood: those tiny feelers were mouths, passing messages to one another.

What happened next was truly fun. They surrounded the cicada. Some pulled its legs, some lifted its wings, some carried the thin pieces that came apart. Each ant took exactly the right share. When a piece was too heavy, two ants lifted it together; when one was light, it tucked the piece in its mouth and hurried after the queue. The line moved back and forth, yet nobody cut in and nobody fell behind.

I crouched there for forty minutes. My legs went numb and I almost sat down on the ground, but my heart was so happy, as if I had watched a whole silent play. There was no announcement and no music, yet every ant knew what it should do.

Before that, I always thought ants were too small to be worth a look. Now I know it is not that they are too small, but that I stood too tall. Since then, on my way to and from school, I have watched the cracks in bricks, the edges of flower beds, and the roots of old trees. I found ants carrying the legs of their companions home, and ants standing guard at the entrance of their nest. The world under my feet had become as lively as the world above my head.

Classmates, the joy of observation does not hide inside a screen. It hides in the grass by the road. You only need to crouch down and give ten minutes to a small black dot. I encourage every one of you to find a line of ants by a wall this week after school, and just watch them quietly. Like me, you will hear the stories the small creatures have to tell.

That is all. Thank you all!