天要下雨，蚂蚁比我先知道

大家好！今天我想讲的，是我家楼下一场没有排练过的搬家。那天下午，天阴得像一口倒扣的锅，我蹲在单元门口，看见蚂蚁全出来了。

它们排成两条长队，从墙根的洞出来，顺着排水管的台阶往上走。每只走到一半的蚂蚁嘴里都叼着一个东西：一个圆圆的、白白的小颗粒，比米粒还小。我一开始以为是米，后来才听小区里的爷爷说，那是它们的卵，是它们的孩子。

雨还没落下来，它们已经忙开了。叼卵的走得特别稳，上坡也不松嘴。有只蚂蚁在台阶边滑了一下，那个白颗粒滚出去半尺远，它赶紧追上去，绕着颗粒转了半圈，重新叼起来，接着走它原来的路线，一步都没有多绕。

我喊奶奶来看。奶奶说，蚂蚁搬家，明天准是大雨。我不太信：天气预报还说这周都是多云呢。结果到了傍晚，豆大的雨点就砸下来了，我们楼下的路面积了一尺深的水。

雨停以后，我专门跑到积水的地方去找它们。水洼边上，昨天的队伍已经搬到台阶上来了，洞口用细土围了一圈小小的堤。它们没有一只被雨困住，也没有一只丢下自己的孩子。

那天晚上我想了很久。我们出门前要翻手机看天气，蚂蚁不用。它们凭脚底下的一点点湿气，一点点风里的味道，就提前安排好了全家的住处。这么大的雨，它们小时候也淋过吧，可它们把躲雨的本事一代一代传了下来，谁也不用教。

从那以后，只要看见蚂蚁排着队往高处走，我就赶紧回家收衣裳。我妈笑我，说我现在比天气预报还准。我喜欢这种准头，它让我觉得自己和脚下的大地有了联系。

同学们，大自然没有课本，可是它天天在门口上课。蚂蚁就是我们住得最近的老师，它不讲话，只用行动告诉你：雨要来了，先把家安到高处去。放学路上，记得低头看一眼。它可能正在给你上今天这一课。

谢谢大家！

The Ants Knew the Rain Was Coming Before I Did

Hello everyone! Today I want to talk about a moving day without any rehearsal that happened downstairs from my home. That afternoon, the sky was dark like an upside-down pot. I was squatting at the entrance of our building when I saw all the ants come out.

They formed two long lines, leaving the hole by the wall and climbing up the steps along the drainpipe. Every ant halfway up carried something in its mouth: a round, white little bead, even smaller than a grain of rice. At first I thought they were rice grains. Later an old man in our neighborhood told me they were eggs, the children of the ants.

The rain had not fallen yet, but they were already busy. Those carrying eggs walked very steadily, and they did not loosen their grip even on the steps. One ant slipped at the edge of a stair, and a white bead rolled half a foot away. It hurried after the bead, circled it twice, picked it up again, and went back onto its original route without taking one extra step.

I called my grandma to come and look. She said that when ants move house, heavy rain is coming for sure. I did not quite believe her, because the weather report had said cloudy all week. That evening, bean-sized raindrops came pounding down, and the road downstairs collected a foot of water.

After the rain stopped, I went straight to the flooded spot to look for them. At the edge of the puddle, the queue from the day before had already moved up onto the steps, and the entrance of their nest was ringed with a tiny dam of fine soil. Not one ant had been trapped by the rain, and not one had left its children behind.

I thought about it all that night. Before we go out, we check the weather on a phone. The ants do not. With a little dampness under their feet and a little taste of wind, they arrange a safer home for the whole family in advance. They must have been caught in big rains when they were young too, yet they passed the skill of sheltering from one generation to the next, without anyone teaching it.

Since then, whenever I see ants marching uphill in a line, I hurry home to bring in the washed clothes. My mother laughs and says I am more accurate than the weather report now. I like this accuracy. It makes me feel connected to the ground under my feet.

Classmates, nature has no textbooks, but it gives lessons at our doorstep every day. The ants are the teachers who live closest to us. They do not speak; they simply show you by acting: the rain is coming, so move the home to higher ground. On your way home from school, remember to look down. One of them may be teaching the lesson of the day right then.

Thank you all!