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!

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!

粉笔线拦不住它们

敬爱的老师、亲爱的同学们：大家好！我要分享一个我在花坛边上做的小实验，还有这个实验带给我的一个大发现。

那天我在花坛边看蚂蚁搬饼干渣，看着看着，心里冒出一个问题：它们为什么走这条线，不走旁边那条？我猜它们是用眼睛认路的。于是我捡起一截粉笔，在队伍中间画了一道白线。我想，这下它们该迷路了。

结果让我吃了一惊。最前面的蚂蚁走到白线跟前，停了一下，触角朝线上点了点，然后沿着线走了两步，从线的另一头绕了出去。后面的蚂蚁跟着它绕，整条队伍拐了个弯，像河水绕过一块石头。粉笔线一点都没拦住它们。

我不甘心，回家又拿来妈妈炒菜用的粉末，在队伍跟前撒了一圈。这一回，蚂蚁真的乱了。它们原地打转，触角碰来碰去，有好几只掉头往回跑。可是过了不到十分钟，队伍从粉末圈的外侧重新排起来了，还绕出一条新的线，比原来那条离粉末更远。

晚上我去翻书，才知道蚂蚁不是靠眼睛认路的。它们走路时会留下一种气味，后面的蚂蚁闻着气味走。粉笔盖不住气味，粉末只能挡一阵子。我把这个发现写进观察日记，还在旁边画了那

条拐弯的新路线。

接下来的一个星期，我天天去看那条新线。我发现新线越走越直，蚂蚁把绕远的路一点点改短了。它们不会说话，也不会写字，可是它们会把走对的路留下来，把走不通的路忘掉。这多像我们解题：一条路走不通，换一条接着走。

这个实验让我明白，发现不是等来的，是试出来的。我先猜，再画线，再撒粉末，再查书，再看一个星期。每一步都小小的，凑在一起，才换来了那个让我跳起来的道理。

同学们，你们的口袋里也可以有一截粉笔。这周找一个花坛，问蚂蚁一个问题，看它怎么回答你。记住，别按死它们，也别把水倒进洞里。我们是去看，不是去闹。观察日记的第一页，就写你心里冒出来的那个问题。

我的演讲完了，谢谢大家！

A Chalk Line Cannot Stop Them

Dear teachers and dear classmates, hello! I want to share a small experiment I did beside a flower bed, and the big discovery it brought me.

That day I was watching ants carry crumbs of biscuit at the flower bed, and a question popped into my head: why do they walk along this line and not the one next to it? I guessed they found their way with their eyes. So I picked up a piece of chalk and drew a white line across the middle of the queue. I thought they would surely get lost now.

The result surprised me. The ant at the front reached the white line, paused, tapped the line lightly with its feelers, then walked two steps along the line and went around at its other end. The ants behind followed it around, and the whole queue made a turn, like a river flowing around a stone. The chalk line stopped nothing.

Not willing to accept that, I went home and brought some cooking powder from our kitchen and sprinkled a ring of it in front of the queue. This time the ants really got confused. They spun in place, their feelers knocking against each other, and several turned back. But in less than ten minutes, the queue formed again outside the ring of powder and opened a new line, one that kept even farther from the powder.

That evening I looked it up in a book and learned that ants do not find their way by sight. As they walk, they leave behind a scent, and the ants behind follow that scent. Chalk cannot cover the scent, and powder can only block it for a while. I wrote this discovery in my observation diary and drew the new turning route beside it.

For the rest of that week, I went to watch the new line every day. I found the

new line growing straighter and straighter, as the ants shortened the detour little by little. They cannot speak and cannot write, yet they keep the roads that work and forget the roads that do not. That is just like solving a problem: when one way does not work, take another and keep going.

This experiment taught me that discoveries are not waited for; they are tried out. I guessed first, then drew the line, then sprinkled the powder, then checked the book, then watched for a week. Each step was small, but together they earned the lesson that made me jump.

Classmates, there can be a piece of chalk in your pocket too. This week, find a flower bed, ask the ants one question, and see how they answer. Remember not to crush them and not to pour water into their hole. We go to watch, not to make trouble. On the first page of your observation diary, write the question that popped into your head.

That is all. Thank you all!