我的日记里搬来了一位新住户

我的日记本里搬来了一位新住户。它住在操场东南角的砖缝里，我已经连续两个星期写它了。

第一篇日记只有三行：今天看见蚂蚁了，它们在搬米粒，很勤劳。交上去以后，老师在那三行下面画了波浪线，批了一句：你真的看见了吗？它搬米粒的时候是什么样子的？

我有点不服气，回到那块砖缝前蹲下去。这一蹲，才发现事情没那么简单。一只蚂蚁靠近米粒，先用触角轻轻点一下，再退半步，围着米粒转一圈，然后才用前腿抱住，举起来走。整个过程不到十秒钟，我以前一点都没看见。

回家我把那篇划掉重写，把触角、退半步、转一圈都写了进去。第二天老师批：这就对了，我看见了你写的东西。

从那天起，我的日记变了样。我开始记时间、记天气、记队伍里有几只大蚂蚁几只小蚂蚁。第五天我写：两只蚂蚁碰头，停下来，触角对触角碰了一下，又各自走开。我不知道它们说了什么，但我把碰触角这个动作原原本本记了下来。科学课上老师讲到蚂蚁靠触角传消息，说全班数我记的最细。

第十天下了雨，我打着伞去看，蚁洞门口围了一圈细土，像一道小小的堤。我把这个也写进日记，后面加了一句：它们也懂得防洪水。

两个星期下来，砖缝在我的日记里成了一个完整的世界：有堆着细土的门口，有当桥用的平石头，有绕开树根的拐弯路线。我慢慢明白，写日记不是把话攒多，是把东西看清楚。看清楚了，写出来才可信。

现在我落笔之前，会先问自己：我真的看见了吗？它的动作是什么？这个问题是蚂蚁教给我的。它们不会说话，只会一天一天地在我面前慢慢做事，教我蹲下来，慢下来。

A New Tenant Moved Into My Diary

A new tenant has moved into my diary. It lives in a crack between the bricks at the southeast corner of the playground, and I have been writing about it for two weeks straight.

My first entry was only three lines: today I saw ants, they were carrying rice grains, they were hardworking. When I handed it in, the teacher drew wavy lines under the three lines and wrote: did you really see it? What did it look like when it carried the rice grain?

A little unconvinced, I went back and crouched in front of that brick crack. Only then did I find out it was not so simple. An ant approached a rice grain, first tapped it lightly with its feelers, then stepped back half a pace, circled the grain once, and only then hugged it with its front legs and lifted it up to go. The whole process took less than ten seconds, and I had seen none of it before.

At home I crossed out that entry and rewrote it, putting in the feelers, the half-step back, the full circle. The next day the teacher wrote: now this is right. I can see what you saw.

From that day my diary changed. I began to record the time, the weather, and how many big ants and small ants were in the line. On the fifth day I wrote: two ants met, stopped, touched feeler to feeler for a moment, then each went on its way. I do not know what they said, but I recorded the touching of feelers exactly as it happened. In science class, when the teacher explained that ants pass messages with their feelers, she said mine was the most detailed record in the whole class.

On the tenth day it rained. I went to look under an umbrella and found a ring of fine soil piled at the entrance of the nest, like a tiny levee. I wrote this into the diary too, and added one line: they also know how to hold back the flood.

After two weeks, the brick crack had become a complete world inside my diary: an entrance ringed with fine soil, a flat stone used as a bridge, a route that bent around a tree root. I came to understand little by little that keeping a diary is not about piling up words, but about seeing things clearly. Only what is seen clearly can be written convincingly.

Now, before I put pen to paper, I ask myself first: did I really see it? What exactly was the action? The ants taught me this question. They cannot speak. They simply work slowly in front of me day after day, teaching me to crouch down and slow down.