日记本里的十四天蚁事

翻开我的日记本，中间有十四页是给蚂蚁的。我把它们一页一页读给你听。

九月十二日：蚂蚁在搬一只死虫子。虫子太大，它们好像没办法。我写到这里就停了，因为作业还没写完。

九月十三日：昨天那只虫子还在。今天多了好多蚂蚁，它们把虫子拆开了。原来它们不是没办法，是昨天人还没来齐。

九月十五日：我今天问自己一个问题：它们晚上回不回家？我在洞口撒了一小圈面包屑，趴在窗台上看。天黑以后看不清，我只记到七点半。这一页下面我写：明天带手电筒。

九月十六日：手电筒只能照一小块。七点五十分，面包屑边上的蚂蚁全不见了，洞里黑黑的。我写：它们回家，而且不用灯。

九月十九日：今天它们搬家！队伍往坡上走，每只都叼着白白的卵。我追着队伍跑了一段，忘了记时间。这一页被我自己画了个哭脸。

九月二十日：我改了办法。蹲在原地不动，看队伍从我面前过，数大蚂蚁小蚂蚁，记开始和结束的时间。今天记得比昨天好一百倍。

九月二十三日：下雨。蚁洞新门口围了一圈土。我想起自然课说的排水，在日记里写：蚂蚁自己会修排水工程。

九月二十五日：今天没看蚂蚁，我在整理前十三页。我把它们排成一张图：洞口、路线、坡上的新家。原来这十四天，蚂蚁把家从低处搬到了高处，我全给记下来了。

写完这张图，我在最后一页写了一段心得。以前我以为写日记是把一天的事记下来，现在我知道，真正的日记是带着问题去看：它们晚上回不回家？下雨它们怎么办？问题出来了，眼睛才有地方放。

这十四页日记字都不漂亮，还有两个哭脸一个错别字。可它们是我写得最真的十四页。蚂蚁不会写作文，它们只管过日子；我把它们的日子一天一天接住，接成了我的观察日记。

Fourteen Days of Ant Affairs in My Diary

Open my diary, and fourteen pages in the middle belong to the ants. Let me read them to you one by one.

September 12: The ants are carrying a dead insect. The insect is too big; they seem stuck. I stopped writing here, because my homework was not finished.

September 13: The insect from yesterday is still there. Today there are many more ants, and they have taken the insect apart. So they were not stuck. The relatives of the day before had not all arrived.

September 15: Today I asked myself a question: do the ants go home at night? I sprinkled a small ring of breadcrumbs at the nest entrance and lay on the windowsill to watch. It got too dark to see, and I could only record until half past seven. Under this page I wrote: bring a flashlight tomorrow.

September 16: The flashlight only lights a small patch. At ten minutes to eight, every ant by the breadcrumbs was gone, and the hole was dark. I wrote: they go home, and they do not need lamps.

September 19: They are moving house today! The line heads up the slope, each ant carrying a white egg in its mouth. I ran after the line for a stretch and forgot to note the time. I drew a crying face on this page myself.

September 20: I changed my method. I squatted in one spot and let the line pass in front of me, counting big ants and small ones, noting the start and the end. The record from today is a hundred times better than the one from yesterday.

September 23: Rain. The new entrance of the nest is ringed with piled soil. I remembered the drainage we learned about in nature class, and wrote: ants build their own drainage works.

September 25: I did not watch the ants today. I went through the previous thirteen pages and arranged them into one picture: the entrance, the route, the new home on the slope. So over these fourteen days, the ants moved their home from low ground to high ground, and I had written it all down.

After drawing that picture, I wrote a reflection on the last page. I used to think a diary records the events of a day. Now I know a real diary means watching with a question: do they go home at night? What do they do when it rains? Once the question appears, the eyes know where to rest.

The handwriting across these fourteen pages is not pretty, and there are two crying faces and one misspelled word. But they are the truest fourteen pages I have ever written. The ants cannot write essays; they simply live their days. I caught their days one by one, and they became my observation diary.