同桌跟我一起蹲了下来

我同桌以前老笑话我。他给我起了个外号，叫蚂蚁站长，因为我一下课就往花坛边跑，蹲着看蚂蚁，兜里还掏个小本子记。他说，看这黑乎乎的东西，有啥看头。

十一月的周记课，老师念了我的《蚂蚁站长》。我写蚂蚁在冷天里搬东西慢吞吞，写它们碰触角像碰头说悄悄话，还写我蹲久了站起来，眼前发黑，差点坐到花坛沿上。念到眼前发黑，全班笑，我同桌也笑。笑完他凑过来小声问：真有这么回事？我说，本子上全记着呢。

第二天放学，他站在花坛边等我。他说他也想看看蚂蚁站长上班。我们俩一起蹲了二十分钟。他亲眼看见两只蚂蚁碰触角，看见一只大蚂蚁从一片落叶底下钻出来。他当天回家写了一篇周记，题目叫《我和蚂蚁站长一起上班》。

他的周记也被老师念了。念完老师提议，我们俩把记录合起来，出一期墙报。我们选了六天的记录，配上我画的路线图，标题就叫《花坛边的二十分钟》。墙报贴出来那天，好多人围着看，有个同学说，原来蚂蚁还站岗。

现在我们班蹲在花坛边的不止我们俩了。中队长也来了，她带了一个小组，每人一个本子。我们给小组定了两条规矩：只看不碰，看完把本子上的记录念给对方听。

我的学习心得写到这里，其实就一句话：观察这个东西，会传染。我蹲下去，同桌就蹲下去；我们俩蹲下去，半个中队都蹲下去了。以前我觉得写作文靠好词好句，现在我知道，靠的是一群人真的看见过同一件事，然后各自写各自的。

外号还是那个外号，蚂蚁站长。不过现在它不是笑话了，是我们小组的组长名号。我同桌说，等他也有小本子那天，他要记点别的东西，比如蚂蚁站长本人。

My Deskmate Crouched Down With Me

My deskmate used to tease me. He nicknamed me Stationmaster Ant, because I ran to the flower bed at every break, crouched to watch the ants, and pulled a little notebook out of my pocket to take notes. He said, what is there to see in those black specks?

In the November journal class, my teacher read my piece Stationmaster Ant. I had written how the ants moved slowly in the cold weather, how they touched feelers like two heads whispering, and how the world went dark in front of my eyes when I stood up after crouching too long, so that I nearly sat down on the edge of the flower bed. The class laughed at the part about going dark. My deskmate laughed too. Then he leaned over and whispered: did that really happen? I said it is all in my notebook.

The next day after school, he was waiting for me at the flower bed. He said he wanted to see the Stationmaster Ant going to work. We crouched together for twenty minutes. With his own eyes he saw two ants touch feelers, and saw a big ant crawl out

from under a fallen leaf. That evening he wrote a journal entry titled The Stationmaster Ant and I Go to Work Together.

His entry was read aloud too. Afterwards the teacher suggested we combine our records into a class wall newspaper. We chose six days of notes, added the route map I had drawn, and titled it Twenty Minutes by the Flower Bed. On the day it went up, a crowd gathered around it, and one classmate said, so the ants stand guard as well.

Now it is not only the two of us crouching by the flower bed. The troop leader joined us with a small group, one notebook each. We set two rules for the group: only watch, never touch; and after watching, read your notes aloud to your partner.

My reflection comes down to one sentence: observation is catching. When I crouch down, my deskmate crouches down; when the two of us crouch, half the troop crouches with us. I used to think compositions were built from fine phrases. Now I know they are built when a group of people truly see the same thing, and then each writes their own.

The nickname is still Stationmaster Ant. But it is no longer a joke. It is the title of our group leader now. My deskmate says that when he gets his own notebook, he wants to record something different, for instance the Stationmaster Ant himself.