

## 草图的第一线

### The First Line of the Sketch

Winnie Mo

“生活有很多选择。只要你坚持，哪条路都会走向光明。”阿云的话，以及她在香蜜湖专注画肖像的身影，像一束暖光，在阿碧心里久久闪烁。

她反复自问：“阿云能以画为生，我是不是也可以试一试？”这个念头在心里来回打转，越想越坚定。

她和阿洁商量，想找个地方画画挣钱。阿洁眼睛一亮：“去火车站吧，那里香港旅客多，我帮你揽客，还能顺便练练口语。”

有了阿洁的支持和陪伴，阿碧心里的勇气被点燃。她想起校园里老师鼓励多画速写的叮嘱，想起和同学在火车站写生的时光——那些嘈杂的声音、匆忙的脚步、千差万别的表情，都曾让她既兴奋又安宁。她确信：画笔，或许真能为她铺出一条新的路。

几天后，两人果然背着画板去了罗湖火车站。那里人山人海：有人匆忙赶车，有人发呆等待，有人抱着行李睡得东倒西歪。越杂乱、越真实——对阿碧来说，这里就是天然的速写场。她几乎忘了此行目的，找了个角落便坐下，沉醉地画了起来。

阿洁绕着四周走了一圈，很快发现火车站另一侧有个专门给香港旅客使用的等候区，那里秩序井然，也安静许多。她连忙跑回来对阿碧说：“走，你去那边画吧，那边很多香港人。”

果然，那边旅客的穿着、神态、行李都明显不同——衣着得体、行装讲究，气质一望便知来自香港。

阿碧便在候车区找了个位置坐下，再次打开画夹。不久，有人注意到她，停下脚步观看。阿洁立即抓住时机，主动上前搭话：“Want a portrait? She's very good.”“要不要来一张？只要十分钟。”

阿碧抬头看她，暗自好笑，阿洁的胆量与口语，竟在这车站里练出来了。

不久，一个百无聊赖的年轻男子走了过来。他看了看阿碧，又看了看画板，问道：“帮我画一张吧？我的火车还要等一个多小时。”于是他坐得笔直，

一动不动。阿碧深吸一口气，抽出一张素描纸，开始勾勒轮廓。她很快进入心流，周遭的喧哗仿佛被一层薄纱隔开。

画到一半，阿碧将纸转向他。他愣了一下，随即露出这段等待里第一次真诚的微笑：“挺像的。”过了一会儿，广播响起：“前往广州的下一班列车将在十分钟后开始排队。”

年轻男子立刻坐直：“快好了吗？要排队了。”

阿碧加快笔触，将最后几笔稳稳落下，把画递给他，男子接过后仔细看了看，显得十分满意。他从口袋里抽出一张百元钞票，爽快地递到阿碧手里：“辛苦了。”说完，他便转身汇入人流。

阿碧低头看着掌心那张红色的百元大钞，手指没有动，但心底却微微一颤：这不仅是一百元，而是一份认可，一个全新的起点。

阿洁凑过来，激动得直拍她肩膀：“耶，你真的做到了！”

阿碧静静笑着，一种久违的踏实从心底升起。没有欢呼，没有雀跃，只是清晰地知道：自己也许真的可以靠画画活下去。

那一刻，她忽然懂得：通往未来的路，不必一开始就清晰明亮；只要愿意迈出第一步，路会在脚下慢慢生长。

离开火车站时，两人心里都有一种难以言说的成功感。阿洁终于用上了苦练已久的语言；而阿碧心底升起的，则是另一种更深的喜悦——她的人生草图，仿佛就在今天，真正落下了第一笔。

## The First Line of the Sketch

“Life offers many choices. As long as you keep going, any path can lead toward the light.” Ayun’s words and the way she sat painting portraits at Xiangmihu with calm focus—lingered in Abi’s mind like a warm beam.

She asked herself again and again: *“If Ayun can make a living by drawing, why can’t I at least try?”* The thought circled in her mind, growing clearer each time.

She discussed it with Ajie, hoping to find a place to draw for money. Ajie’s eyes lit up. “Let’s go to the train station. Lots of Hong Kong travellers pass through. I can help bring in customers, and practice my English and Cantonese, too.”

With Ajie beside her, Abi felt a small flame of courage ignite. She remembered her teachers urging her to sketch more, and the weekends she spent sketching with classmates at train stations—noise, footsteps, and countless faces all blending into something both exciting and calming. She began to believe perhaps her pencil really could open a path of its own.

A few days later, they headed to Luohu Station with their drawing boards. The place was packed, people rushing, waiting, dozing off on their luggage. Chaotic, noisy, overwhelmingly real. To Abi, it felt like a perfect sketching ground.

For a moment, she even forgot why she had come. She found a corner, sat down, and began sketching with quiet absorption.

Ajie explored the area and soon found a designated waiting zone for Hong Kong travellers—orderly, quieter, easier to approach. She hurried back. “Come on, draw over there. Lots of Hong Kong people there.”

And indeed—the travellers there looked different: their clothes, posture and tidy luggage, a certain air that marked them unmistakably as Hong Kong visitors.

Abi sat down in the waiting area and opened her sketchpad again. Soon, a few curious travellers paused to watch. Ajie seized the moment: “Want a portrait? She’s very good. Ten minutes only.”

Abi looked up at her and couldn’t help smiling to herself. Ajie’s courage and her language skills—seemed to blossom right here in the station.

Not long after, a young man wandering aimlessly approached them. He glanced at Abi, then at her board. “Could you draw me? My train won’t board for another hour.”

He sat down straight-backed, perfectly still. Abi took a breath, pulled out an A4 sheet, and began outlining his face. Soon, she slipped into a flow state— the noise around her fading into a distant blur.

Halfway through, she turned the sketch toward him. He paused, then smiled for the first time during his long wait. “Looks like me.”

After a while, the loudspeaker announced: “The next train to Guangzhou will begin boarding in ten minutes.” The young man straightened immediately. “Almost done? I need to queue soon.”

Abi sped up gently, finishing the final strokes with care. When she handed him the portrait, he studied it carefully and looked pleased. He pulled out a 100-yuan note and placed it firmly in her hand. “Thank you.” Then he walked off and disappeared into the crowd.

Abi looked down at the red banknote in her palm. Her fingers didn’t move, yet something in her heart trembled lightly. It wasn’t just a hundred yuan. It was recognition, a possibility and a beginning.

Ajie rushed over, patting her shoulders excitedly. “You did it! You really did it!”

Abi simply smiled—quietly, deeply. No cheering, no jumping—just a steady sense of certainty rising from within. Maybe she really could live by her own hand.

She suddenly understood: the road ahead doesn’t need to be clear at the start. As long as you take the first step, the path will slowly take shape beneath your feet.

When they left the station, both felt an unspoken sense of accomplishment. Ajie had finally used the languages she had practiced for so long. And in Abi’s heart, another kind of joy took root—the sense that today, she had drawn the very first line of her life’s sketch.