

楼梯上的惊魂

A Fright on the Stairwell

Winnie Mo

人们总以为危险来自远方，来自黑夜，来自陌生的角落。很少有人准备好面对另一种可能——危险其实离生活很近，近到几乎无法察觉。

那天原本只是一个再普通不过的下午。得知阿文要来深圳看她，阿碧心里不由得轻快起来。放学后，她没有像往常一样在学校停留，吃过午饭，在校园里随意走了走，便提前回家。一路上脚步轻松，甚至不自觉地哼起了小曲。

在岗厦站下车，再走几分钟就到家了。这条路她来来回回走了无数次，早已不再留意周围。那天只觉得天气闷热，一心想着快点回去冲个澡、换身衣服，等阿文过来。那时还没到下班时间，路上行人不多，显得有些空旷。

她走到楼下，掏出钥匙，打开铁门，进了楼。几乎就在同一时刻，不知从哪里突然窜出两个男人，贴着她的脚步一同进了门。她甚至来不及回头，看清他们的样子。

才上了两级台阶，身后猛地一紧。一个男人从背后贴上来，一只手死死捂住她的嘴，几乎让人无法呼吸，另一只手反扣住她的双臂，将她牢牢控制住。另一个人迅速伸手，抓住她脖子上的项链，狠狠一扯。

本能在瞬间被激发。她拼命想喊，嘴巴却被那只手完全封住，发不出一点声音。她却清楚地听见某个房间传来谈话声，平常而安静，像来自另一个世界。她用力挣扎，却完全敌不过对方，身体被压制着，只剩下急促而断碎的呼吸。那一刻，她第一次真切地体会到什么叫无助。

楼梯间狭窄而昏暗，急促的脚步声、粗重的喘息声混在一起。拉扯几乎是在同时发生的。那条项链，是母亲留下的唯一纪念，终究断成了两截。那人攥着其中一段，转身就跑，脚步凌乱，很快消失在铁门外。

前后不过一分钟。可对阿碧而言，时间却仿佛被拉长了。楼道的阴影，贴在身后的重量，空气被夺走的窒息感，还有发现求救无人时的绝望，一股脑儿涌了上来。她忽然明白，电影里的恐惧，并非虚构，它真的会在现实中降临。

很快，控制她的那个人也松了手。脚步声在楼梯间回响几下，一溜烟就消失了。

一切恢复了安静。阿碧站在楼梯上，很久没有动。身体仍在发抖，心跳却快得失去节奏。她低头，看见断掉的项链还挂在脖子上，另一段已不知去向。直到这时，她才意识到，刚才的一切已经结束，自己还在呼吸。

楼梯依旧熟悉，铁门紧闭，光线昏暗，仿佛什么都没有发生。只有她自己知道，那短短一分钟，已经在心里留下了无法抹去的痕迹。

那次之后，她意识到，有些地方看似离“家”只差一步，却并不会因此更安全。后来回想，那是白天，是下午，并非深夜。她没有走偏路，没有停留，也谈不上疏忽。只是回家，只是进门，只是走上那几级熟悉的楼梯。

她没有再反复讲起那件事。只是那段记忆被妥善地放在心里，既不张扬，也难以遗忘，还经常提醒她，在城市里行走，需要的不只是向前的目光，也要对身后的世界保持清醒。

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People often assume danger comes from afar, from the night, from unfamiliar places, from shadowy corners. Few are prepared for another possibility: that danger can be very close to ordinary life, so close it goes almost unnoticed.

That day was an entirely normal afternoon. When Abi known that Awen was coming to Shenzhen to see her, her mood lifted at once. After school, instead of lingering on campus as usual, she ate lunch, took a casual walk, and headed home early. Her steps were light, and she even found herself humming along the way.

She got off at Gangxia Station. From there, it was only a few minutes' walk home—a route she had taken countless times. She paid little attention to her surroundings, thinking only of the stifling heat and her plan to hurry home, take a shower, change clothes, and wait for Awen. It was still before rush hour; the street felt sparse and open.

She reached the building, took out her keys, unlocked the metal gate, and stepped inside. Almost at the same moment, two men appeared from nowhere and slipped in right behind her. She had no time to turn around, no chance to see their faces.

She had climbed only two steps when everything tightened behind her. One man pressed himself against her back, clamping a hand over her mouth so tightly she could barely breathe, while twisting her arms behind her to pin her in place. The other reached straight for the necklace around her neck and yanked hard.

Instinct kicked in. She tried desperately to scream, but her mouth was completely sealed. She could hear voices coming from a nearby apartment—normal, calm conversation, as if from another world. She struggled with all her strength but was utterly overpowered. Reduced to forced, broken breaths, she understood for the first time what helplessness truly meant.

The stairwell was narrow and dim. Rushed footsteps and heavy breathing collided in the confined space. The struggle happened almost all at once. The necklace—her mother’s only keepsake—finally snapped in two. One man clutched a piece, turned, and bolted, his uneven steps quickly disappearing past the metal gate.

The entire incident lasted no more than a minute. Yet for Abi, time seemed to stretch. The stairwell shadows, the weight pressed against her back, the suffocating loss of air, the despair of realizing no one would hear her—everything surged at once. In that moment, she understood that the fear seen in films was not fiction. It could arrive in real life.

Soon the man holding her released his grip. Footsteps echoed briefly on the stairs, then vanished.

Silence returned. Abi stood there for a long while without moving. Her body was shaking; her heart raced out of rhythm. Lowering her head, she saw the broken necklace still hanging around her neck, the other half gone. Only then did she realize that it was over—and that she was still breathing.

The stairwell looked exactly the same. The metal gate was shut. The light was dim. It was as if nothing had happened. Only she knew that the single minute just passed had left a mark that would not fade.

After that incident, Abi came to understand something new: places that appear just one step away from “home” do not automatically offer safety. Looking back, it had been daylight—afternoon, not late at night. She had not taken a detour, had not lingered, had not been careless. She was simply going home, opening a door, climbing a familiar set of stairs.

She rarely spoke of what happened. The memory was kept quietly within her—neither displayed nor forgotten. It stayed with her as a reminder that moving through a city requires more than looking ahead; it also demands an awareness of what may be approaching from behind.