

世界之窗：一段意外旅程

Window of the World: An Unexpected Journey

Winnie Mo

深圳的“世界之窗”对游客是一扇了解世界的窗口，对阿碧，却是一扇打开人生理想的大门。

女人在寻梦的道路上，除了追求事业上的成就，也需要一点浪漫生活的滋润，让日子柔软下来。一起离乡闯荡的阿英和阿洁，自从有了男朋友后，生活变得多姿多彩。

有了期盼，生活便有了意义。不论一周的工作与学习多么辛苦，只要想到周末男朋友会到深圳一起喝茶、吃饭、游玩，阿英和阿洁便像被重新注满了力量。

每当她们讨论周末计划时，心里总是充满甜蜜。而阿碧，却没有期待。周末反倒成了她最孤独的时刻。

不是没有朋友，而是她渐渐感受到自己在这个小圈子里的尴尬位置——“夹心饼干”。出去吃饭时，她常坐在旁边，很难插上话；情侣们开心时，她只是安静的旁观者；他们闹别扭时，空气紧绷，她又必须假装若无其事。

久而久之，阿碧不再愿意扮演那个“被夹在中间”的角色。于是，她的周末慢慢变成一个人的世界：在城市街道漫无目的地走着，观察匆匆的人潮；在公园草地上坐着，享受青草的香气；或是在图书馆挑一本喜欢的书，沉浸在故事角色里。

在繁杂噪声中，她找到一片属于自己的静处。有时一天都说不上几句话，那份沉默里，竟藏着一点自由——一种不需要配合任何人的松弛。

阿洁感觉到阿碧逐渐变得不合群，这些变化她都看在眼里，心里却始终不忍。她向来讲义气，对情同姐妹的阿碧，更不能置之不理，总想着替她分担、替她铺路。她常在心里嘀咕：“阿碧这么好的女孩，不应该一个人闯着。”

于是，她开始主动把阿碧介绍给身边认识的香港朋友，还带着阿碧一起去香港人常去的地方：茶餐厅和一些小型聚会；有时甚至会恳求男友阿唐带几个单身朋友来深圳，让阿碧多认识些人。

终于，一个周末，阿唐果真带了几个朋友来深圳，约上阿碧和阿英，一起去“世界之窗”一日游。

那天天空放晴，人潮涌动。景区里喧闹声此起彼伏：拍照的、看表演的、小孩哭闹的，嘈杂、推搡、催促声混在一起，很快就把原本的一行人冲散了。那时没有手机在手，几乎无法联络到彼此。阿洁和阿英被挤到另一端，而阿碧在人群中站定时，已经再也看不见任何熟悉的身影。

她身边只剩下一个和他们一起进园的阿文。个子瘦高，鼻梁高突，眼睛很大，戴着一副度数很深的近视眼镜，镜片厚得几乎能反光。他看似文静，却带着一种不急不躁的温和。

阿碧转身找了几次，仍看不到同伴，不免心生不安和焦躁。阿文却轻轻开口，语调平稳：“不如我哋两个一齐行先啦，好唔好？”他的粤语特意放慢，怕她听不懂。阿碧愣了一下，只好点点头。

就这样，他们顺其自然地开始了两个人的一天。

世界之窗里的许多景点，她其实都不太了解。当时的阿碧，对世界的认识仍停留在课本与新闻里，像隔着一层薄纱，知道却不真切。而阿文却像她的私

人小导游，每走到一个景点都会停下来，耐心地讲故事：巴黎铁塔的诞生背景、埃及金字塔的地理与文明、日本神庙背后沉静的传说。

他说得很慢，每句语尾都带着轻轻的上扬，像是在确认她有没有跟上。

阿碧的粤语程度还不能自由对话，她偶尔跟不上节奏，不知如何回应。阿文看到她沉默，便从背包里掏出纸笔，把关键词写下来，甚至画上小小的图示。阿碧从他的眼神、语气，以及笔尖在纸上轻轻滑动的方式里，感受到了不带任何目的的真挚。

就在这样一个浓缩世界里，阿文带着阿碧，走向了一个真正辽阔的天地。

他们在法国区的小道上互相拍照，在金字塔的阴影里避暑，在荷兰风车旁的草地上坐了许久。整个过程，没有试探，没有暧昧，却异常轻松自然，语言从未成为他们之间的障碍。真挚，让两个陌生人，在短短一天里便成了知己。

夜幕慢慢吞没景区时，灯光陆续亮起，人潮渐渐散去，只剩潮湿的空气和轻柔的晚风。阿文陪着阿碧走出大门，两人都没有提起要去找失散已久的伙伴。不是刻意，只是那一刻，他们都觉得——不急。

在公交站，昏黄灯光落在阿文的镜片上，折射出他眼里的温度。就在那一瞬，阿碧忽然意识到：这是她来到深圳后最开心的一天。不是因为游玩，而是因为第一次，有人愿意用耐心和真挚，为她打开一个更大的世界。

那天之后，阿文每星期都会从香港来深圳。没有承诺，也没有任何亲密的言语。每次在罗湖口岸分别时，他都会轻声说出下次来的时间和见面地点，还会写在纸条上，生怕阿碧听不清。而他每一次，都准时出现。

他们常常去港式茶餐厅，一边品尝着虾饺、肠粉、特色点心，一边聊起彼此的生活——阿文分享他的香港日常，阿碧诉说自己的成长经历。两人因生活背景与文化差异，对彼此都怀着好奇，有问不完的问题，聊得不知不觉就过了一个下午。

阿文有时会买一些学习粤语的书给阿碧，还会耐心教她粤语的发音规则，纠正声调、解释词义。阿碧每学会一句，他都会露出温和的笑容。

慢慢地，阿碧的生活因阿文悄然改变：周末不再空荡；街道变得有色彩；她开始主动学习粤语，也开始了解香港的历史与文化，在不知不觉间，融入了一种自己从未触碰过的生活方式。

阿碧不再是不合群的小鸟。她和阿洁的目标越来越接近——学习粤语、练习英语，成了两个女孩共同的动力。

“世界之窗”不仅是阿碧了解世界的窗口，也是打开她人生理想的大门。那时的她还不知道，和阿文的这段缘分会把她带往何处。但她隐约明白：人生有些路，是走着走着才会清晰的，就像那天的迷路，是为了找到更好的路。

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Window of the World may be a tourist attraction for most people, but for Abi, it was a doorway into a larger horizon.

On the road of chasing dreams, a woman needs more than career achievements, she also needs a touch of romance to soften her days. Ever since Aying and Ajie found boyfriends, their lives had become colourful in new ways.

Having something to look forward to gives life meaning. No matter how exhausting their week of work and study was, the thought of meeting their boyfriends in Shenzhen for tea, dinner, or a day out refilled them with energy.

Whenever they discussed weekend plans, their voices carried unmistakable sweetness, but Abi had nothing to look forward to. Weekends, for her, had quietly become the loneliest time.

She wasn't without friends. She had simply begun to feel her awkward place in the little group—the *"sandwich filling."* She often sat on the side during meals, rarely able to join in the conversations. When the couples were happy, she was just an onlooker; when they argued, the tension thickened around her, and she had to pretend she didn't notice.

Over time, Abi no longer wished to play that role. Her weekends gradually turned into a world of her own: wandering aimlessly through city streets, watching the hurried crowds; sitting on the grass in a park, breathing in the scent of fresh green; or choosing a book in the library and losing herself in its characters.

Amid the city's noise, she carved out a pocket of quiet. Sometimes she doesn't even say a few words all day, and inside that silence she felt an unexpected sense of freedom—relief at not needing to adjust for anyone.

Ajie noticed Abi withdrawing. She saw every subtle change and couldn't bear it. Loyal by nature and protective of Abi like a sister, Ajie felt she couldn't just stand by. She often thought: *"Someone as good as Abi shouldn't have to go through life alone."*

So, she began introducing Abi to her Hong Kong friends. She brought her to places where Hong Kong people liked to gather—tea restaurants, karaoke rooms, small social meetups—and sometimes even begged her boyfriend, Atang, to bring a few single friends to Shenzhen so Abi could meet them.

One weekend, Atang really did gather a few friends and invited Abi and Aying for a day trip to Window of the World.

The sky was clear, and crowds surged through the park. The noise rose and fell—people posing for photos, children crying, tour guides shouting—so loud and chaotic that their group soon got separated.

There were no mobile phones in hand then, making it nearly impossible to find one another. Ajie and Aying were pushed to another area, and when Abi finally stopped moving, she realized she could no longer see a single familiar face.

Only Awen, who had entered the park with them, remained by her side. He was tall and slender with well-defined features, and his large eyes, seen through thick glasses, exuded a calm, unhurried gentleness.

Abi turned around several times, searching anxiously for her friends, but found no one. Sensing her worry, Awen spoke softly, “How about we walk around first?” He slowed his Cantonese deliberately so she could follow. Abi hesitated, then nodded.

And just like that, the day became theirs. Many of the exhibits at Window of the World were unfamiliar to her. At the time, Abi’s understanding of the world came mostly from textbooks and news reports—distant and vague, like looking through a thin veil, but Awen was like her personal guide. At each landmark, he stopped to tell her a story—the history behind the Eiffel Tower, the geography surrounding the pyramids, the quiet myths behind Japanese shrines.

He spoke slowly, ending each sentence with a gentle rise, as if checking whether she understood.

Abi’s Cantonese wasn’t good enough for conversation. Sometimes she couldn’t follow and didn’t know how to respond. When Awen noticed her silence, he took out a small notebook and wrote down key words, even adding small sketches.

From his eyes, his tone, and the careful movement of his pen, Abi felt a sincerity that expected nothing in return.

In that miniature world, Awen opened a gateway to a much larger one for her.

They took photos along the French pathways, rested in the shadow of the pyramid, and sat quietly by the Dutch windmill. There was no probing, no flirtation—only a natural ease, as though they had known each other for years. Language was never a barrier. Sincerity turned two strangers into confidants in a single day.

As dusk settled, lights flickered on and the crowds thinned. Awen walked with Abi toward the exit; neither mentioned searching for the others.

Not deliberately—just because, in that moment, neither felt the need to rush.

At the bus stop, the warm light reflected off Awen's glasses, softening his expression. In that instant, Abi realized: This was the happiest day she had had since arriving in Shenzhen. Not because of the amusement park—but because, for the first time, someone had shown her the world with patience and warmth.

After that day, Awen came to Shenzhen every week. No promises, no affectionate words. Each time they parted at the Lo Wu border, he would quietly tell her their next meeting time and place, then write it on a slip of paper in case she didn't catch it. And every time, he arrived exactly as promised.

They often went to Hong Kong-style tea restaurants, tasting dim sum while talking about their lives—Awen sharing stories of his world in Hong Kong, Abi sharing hers. Their different backgrounds made them endlessly curious about each other, and they often chatted until the afternoon slipped away unnoticed.

Sometimes Awen bought her Cantonese learning books, teaching her pronunciation and tones with patient care. Every time she mastered a phrase, he offered a gentle smile.

Gradually, Abi's life changed because of Awen. Weekends were no longer empty; the streets grew brighter; she began studying Cantonese and learning about Hong Kong's history, unknowingly stepping into a culture she had never touched before.

Abi was no longer the girl who didn't fit in. Her goals, like Ajie's, became clearer—Cantonese and English became their shared pursuit.

“Window of the World” was not only a place where Abi first learned about the wider world; it was also a doorway that opened onto her own aspirations. At the time, she had no idea where her connection with Awen would eventually lead. But she sensed one thing: some paths only become clear as you walk them—just like getting lost that day, which happened only so she could find a better way forward.