

夜色里的镜子 Mirror in the Night

Winnie Mo

经过几个月的寻寻觅觅、四处辗转的日子，阿洁终于在深圳找到了一个能让她稍稍安稳下来的依靠——阿唐，她的男友。稳定，对她来说是一种久违的奢侈。她不想像阿英那样，把宝贵的青春耗在睡觉和电视里。她深知，能有一个落脚点并不容易，更应该借着这份安稳为未来铺路。于是，她一头扎进学习：背英文、练粤语，往返图书馆成了每日的固定节奏。她明白，语言能力，是通往理想生活的第一把钥匙。

然而，日子久了，她也感到一种说不出的压抑。生活稳当，却少了年轻人自然渴望的火花。周末阿唐回来，他们吃饭、散步、闲聊——一切像一条平静而缓慢的河流，让人安心，也让人困顿。

她心底隐隐觉得：也许需要点什么，让生活重新亮起来。

就在这样一种微妙的心境下，她忽然想起那次大亚湾的周末——海风扑面，夜色流动，舞池里尽情挥洒的年轻与狂欢，还深深藏在脑海里，久久未散。

于是，在一个星期五的晚上，她约了阿碧，三人决定去歌舞厅，再捡回曾经滚烫的生命热度。阿唐平日不喜喧嚣，对唱歌跳舞也兴趣寥寥，但看到阿洁眼里的兴奋，他最终还是点了点头。

走到附近的歌舞厅，远远便看见大门口站着两位亭亭玉立的知客小姐。她们身着传统旗袍，姿态优雅，微笑得体，像夜色里被点亮的两盏灯。

她们迎上前来，引领三人进厅。灯光柔和而朦胧，宛如被轻纱覆盖；音乐缓缓流动，带着几分浪漫与松弛。难怪那些在职场奔波的男士，总爱周末来这里卸下一身疲惫，把现实的重量交给灯光和节奏。

大厅里一排排卡位错落其间：两人的、四人的、甚至适合一群朋友的。卡位旁是一片宽敞的舞池，舞池边整齐坐着一排年轻女孩——迎宾小姐。

阿洁的脚步微微顿了一下。但知客小姐继续领路，坐进一个四人卡位。

阿碧则借口去洗手间，实际上独自绕着舞场走了一圈。

灯光打在那些女孩身上，她们妆容精致，头发蓬松柔软，像一朵朵刚喷过香水的花。年纪大多二十出头，皮肤光亮，眼线利落。她们不是服务员，也不是普通工作人员，却像被安置成一道“风景”，仿佛随时等待着某个信号。

有的与旁边的人轻声说笑，笑意里藏着警觉；有的神情庄重，目光不时扫向入口；也有女孩望着舞池中央发呆，像在想着远方的事情。

陆续有男士走进来：西装笔挺的白领、拎“大哥大”的生意人，还有看起来刚领完工资、寻找松弛的年轻男子。

不一会儿，每个卡位都像突然搭起的小舞台：陌生的男女被临时配对坐在一起，像无声剧场里的几百个小片段正同时上演。

有的很快热络起来，靠得很近，耳语不断；有的拘谨得像第一次相亲，眼神刚碰上便又闪开；也有的彬彬有礼，说话得体，却隔着一层透明的距离。

阿碧看着这一切，心里升起一种难以描述的错位感。这是真实生活？还是电影里出现的场景？看到邻桌有位女孩孤零零地坐着，便上前搭话。女孩的反应很平静，像已经习惯被陌生人接近。她说：“我白天在公司做文员，晚上来

这里坐台赚点外快，也顺便寻找‘机会’”。她轻轻叹了口气，又补充道，这里每个女孩都有自己的故事：有人为了赚多点钱；有人觉得生活太寂寞，来找热闹；也有人，把这里当作改变命运的一个入口。

她又解释到：“坐台”，就是陪客人喝酒、跳舞、聊天。客人离开时会给小费：大方的能给好几百，小气的也至少按规定给一百。反正，在深圳，总得找条路活下去。

阿碧心里轻轻一震。她突然意识到，这些女孩和自己一样，也来自五湖四海的小城；也有家庭、梦想与挫败；也渴望在某个角落与幸运相遇。只是她们选择了与自己不同的方式走下去。

舞厅里的喧闹此时变得格外刺耳。笑声、碰杯声、音乐声交织在一起，却包裹着一股淡淡的疲倦，那不是某个人的疲倦，而是整座城市深处透出来的。

阿洁和阿唐在舞池里随着音乐轻轻摇摆，久违的亲密让阿洁脸上浮现难得的轻松。然而阿碧却始终无法融入。不是不理解，而是眼前的一切对她来说太陌生、太复杂，像在观看一场不属于自己的剧目。

阿碧坐在角落里，看着那些女孩。灯光下，她们的脸明亮，却藏着深深的影子。想到自己在这些日子里，为了谋生，在火车站画画、在街头奔走，靠一点一滴的努力维持生活——其实和她们一样，也是在寻找机会，也是在等一个改变命运的契机。

而这些女孩，则在每个夜晚里，试图从陪酒、跳舞、聊天的几小时里，抓住下一步的可能。

那一刻，她仿佛更懂了这座城市。在深圳，每个女孩都在努力。只是方式不同：有人向上攀；有人向外闯；有人在灯光下等待一个尚未到来的机会。

离开歌舞厅时，外面的风带着夜色的凉。阿洁和阿唐手牵着手，渐渐消失在安静的街道尽头。阿碧站在原地，觉得自己像刚从另一个世界走回来，身上还残留着那里熏染的余温。

夜色笼罩下的深圳，看起来既不冷，也不热。它只是静静地，把无数种生活的选择——无论光亮还是暗影——坦坦荡荡地摆在每个人眼前，让各自在其中找到自己的那一条寻梦之路。

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After months of searching and drifting around Shenzhen, Ajie finally found someone she could lean on—a bit of stability through Atang, her boyfriend. For her, stability was a long-lost luxury. She didn't want to end up like Aying, wasting her youth on sleep and television. She knew how hard it was to find a foothold in this city, and she wanted to use this moment of calm to build her future.

So she threw herself into studying: memorizing English, practicing Cantonese, going back and forth to the library every day. She understood that language was the first key to the life she hoped for.

But after a while, a quiet pressure started to grow inside her. Life was steady, yes—but it lacked the spark young people naturally crave. When Atang came back on weekends, they ate, walked, chatted. Everything moved like a gentle, slow river—comforting, yet somehow draining.

She felt she needed something to bring a bit of light back into her days.

In that unsettled mood, she suddenly remembered the weekend trip to Daya Bay—the sea breeze, the flowing night, the wild energy on the dance floor. The memory had never really left her.

So one Friday night, she asked Abi out, and the three of them decided to go to a dance hall, hoping to recover some of that old heat in life. Atang didn't like noise and had little interest in singing or dancing, but seeing Ajie's excitement, he nodded in the end.

From a distance, they saw two elegant hostesses standing at the entrance, dressed in traditional qipao, smiling with the practiced grace of lanterns lit in the night.

They led the trio inside. The lighting was soft and hazy, like covered by a thin veil; the music drifted gently, carrying a touch of romance and ease. No wonder many men came here on weekends—to drop their exhaustion and let the lights and rhythm hold the weight for a while.

The hall was filled with booths of all sizes—pairs, fours, whole groups. Beside them was a wide dance floor, and along its edge sat a neat row of young women—the hostesses.

Ajie paused for a moment, but the hostess continued guiding them to a booth for four.

Abi excused herself, then walked alone around the dance floor.

Under the lights, the young women looked like freshly perfumed flowers—carefully made up, their hair soft and voluminous. Most were in their early twenties,

with bright skin and sharp eyeliner. They weren't waitresses or regular staff; they were arranged almost like part of the scenery, waiting for some quiet signal.

Some talked softly with the girls beside them, smiles edged with alertness; some sat upright, eyes drifting toward the entrance; others stared blankly at the dance floor, as if their minds were far away.

More men arrived—office workers in suits, businessmen carrying brick-sized phones, and young guys who looked freshly paid and ready to relax.

Soon every booth turned into a little stage: strangers paired together, dozens of silent scenes unfolding at once.

Some warmed up quickly, leaning in close, whispering; some sat stiffly like awkward blind dates; some remained polite and proper, yet separated by an invisible layer of distance.

Watching all this, Abi felt a strange sense of dislocation. Was this real life, or a scene from a movie?

She noticed a girl sitting alone in the next booth and went over to chat. The girl responded calmly, as if used to strangers approaching. "I'm working in an office during the day," she said. "At night, I sit here to earn some extra money—and maybe look for an opportunity." She sighed, then added that every girl here had her own story: some came for the money; some came because life felt too lonely; some treated this place as a doorway to a different fate.

She explained, "Sitting for customers means drinking, dancing, chatting with them. When guests leave, they give tips. Generous men give a few hundred; the

stingy ones at least follow the minimum hundred. In Shenzhen, you need to find your own way to survive.”

Abi felt a small tremor inside. She suddenly realized these girls were just like her—coming from cities all over the country, carrying families, dreams, disappointments. They too hoped to find luck somewhere in this city. They had simply chosen a different path.

The noise in the hall grew strangely sharp—laughter, clinking glasses, music—wrapped in a faint weariness, not belonging to anyone in particular, but to the city itself.

Ajie and Atang swayed gently to the music on the dance floor. The long-lost closeness softened Ajie’s face. But Abi couldn’t join them. Not because she didn’t understand—it was just too unfamiliar, too layered, like watching a play that wasn’t hers.

Sitting in the corner, she watched the girls. Their faces shone under the lights, yet each glow held a deep shadow. She thought of herself—drawing portraits at train stations, running through the streets to get by. In truth, she was like them: searching for chances, waiting for something to shift.

These girls were doing the same, trying to grasp a possibility from a few hours of drinking, dancing, and conversation each night.

In that moment, she felt she understood Shenzhen a bit more. Every girl here was striving. The paths differed: some climbed upward, some pushed outward, some waited under the lights for an opportunity that hadn’t yet appeared.

When they left the dance hall, the night breeze carried a cool touch. Ajie and Atang walked ahead hand in hand, slowly disappearing into the quiet street. Abi stood still, feeling as though she had just returned from another world, its warmth still clinging to her.

Under the night, Shenzhen felt neither cold nor warm. It simply laid out all kinds of lives—bright or shadowed—openly before everyone, letting each person find her own road to dream on.