

## 安静里的危险 Danger in the Quiet

Winnie Mo

危险往往潜伏在日常的安静里，人一旦松懈下来，它便悄然出现。在城市的繁华与阴影之间，安全、生存与欲望彼此牵连，很难保持一种稳定的平衡。

阿碧从原先与阿洁、阿英合住的房子里搬了出来。他们之间并没有冲突，只是时间久了，三人有各自的生活节奏，疲惫在日常中累积。她一直想要的独立空间，终于成了现实。为了方便往返深圳大学，她在岗厦村租下了一间套房。

岗厦的村屋紧邻深南大道，交通便利，无论去市区还是往南山方向，都很方便，旁边就是深圳大学的教职工宿舍。这个位置让阿碧感到踏实，便在此租了一间顶楼的一房一厅，房子不大，新近装修，干净而简单。最令她满意的是光线。推开窗，对面的屋顶几乎近在眼前，挡不住白天洒进屋里的光亮，室内安静通风。夏天时，窗一打开，凉风便穿堂而过，甚至不必开冷气。

窗外还有一处宽阔的平台。与城市里许多密不透风的居所相比，这里显得难得的开阔与独立，也让人不自觉地放下戒备。

这一带密密麻麻的农民房，被称作“握手房”。楼与楼之间的间距不足一米，抬头望去，只能看到头顶窄窄的一线天。也正因位置便利，租客始终众多：有港人为在内地生活的家属租住，有深圳的打工一族，也有一些怀揣梦想、暂时无处落脚的流动者

空间逼仄，人群复杂。主巷里，电动车、行人和摊贩常常交错而行，彼此牵制。支巷更窄，只容一人侧身通过。抬头时，蜘蛛网般缠绕的电线遮住了天空，零碎的阳光从缝隙间落下，在地面投出斑驳的光影。

搬进去的头几天，阿碧的心情出奇地平静。这里仿佛是繁忙深圳中的一块缓冲地。回到屋里，关上门的那一刻，身体会不自觉地轻松下来。终于不用再小心翼翼，担心碰坏别人的东西，也不用在灯下压低说话的声音。那种只属于自己的安静，让她很快适应了独处的节奏。

每晚从大学回到家，打开门，便把书包顺手搁在窗台下的沙发上，仿佛把一整天的重量一并放下。第二天早上，再顺手拎起，挂在肩上出门。这个动作无需思考，已成习惯。她对这个空间，几乎没有防备。

那段时间，阿碧的生活正慢慢进入一条稳定的轨道。清晨醒来，她总会推开窗，深吸一口窗外的空气，看看光线是否落在对面的屋顶上。

直到这一天，她在无意间注意到，对面的屋顶上摆着一个黑色的包。的标志在晨光下格外醒目，拉链半开，几张纸被风吹散在水泥地上。她多看了一眼，只觉得有些熟悉，却并未在意，仍像往常一样洗漱、换衣，准备出门。

临走前，她弯身去拿书包，却发现沙发上空无一物。她站了一会儿，又低头找了一遍。屋子不大，没有多余的角落。就在这时，她忽然想起窗外的那个书包，重新走到窗前，再仔细看了一次。

那已经不是“像”了，分明就是她每天背在身上的那一个。

心一下子急了起来。她来不及多想，穿上拖鞋就往外跑，冲上对面的楼顶。那一步其实很近，近得有些荒谬，可在奔跑的那段时间里，她却感到一种久违的慌乱。那个书包，她每天背着，从教室到图书馆，从校门到公交站，装着课本、笔记、证件和钱，也装着她此刻在深圳生活的全部需要。

她把书包抱在怀里，回到屋中坐下，慢慢检查里面的东西。书本还在，作业本还在，连那支常用的笔也没有少。只是钱包里原本不多的现金，一分也没有留下。

她没有出声。窗外的楼依旧那么近，近到仿佛连蚂蚁行走的轨迹都能看清。她突然明白，那个拿走钱的人，大概也只是想尽办法在这座城市里活下去。他只拿走了自己需要的，其余的，又原封不动地留下。

这一刻，她既没有愤怒，也谈不上感激，只是默默记住了一件事：从此记得锁窗、锁门。

不久后的一个夜晚，阿碧刚关掉灯，正准备入睡，窗外忽然传来细碎的响声。她轻轻起身，走到窗前，从窗帘缝隙中望出去，看见几个人在狭窄的楼与楼之间穿梭。

他们脸上蒙着黑布，手里握着铁钩，脚踩在窗台上，先撬开窗，再用细长的钩子将屋内的东西一件件勾出，迅速递给同伴，随后从另一扇窗消失。整个过程几乎没有声响，动作熟练而冷静，显然已重复过无数次。

阿碧站在暗处，看着这一切，心里并没有惊叫。她清楚，这些人同样是在为生存冒险。只要稍有失脚，身体便可能坠入楼宇间那道几乎看不见底的缝隙，生命也许就此被城市吞没。

那一刻，她对安全、生存与欲望有了更复杂的认识。城市的繁华与阴影始终并行，白昼与黑夜彼此交错。有人在安静中放下防备，也有人在失衡之后重新警觉。或许，唯有当安全不再受威胁，生存得到基本保障，欲望才会慢慢退居次要。

## **Danger in the Quiet**

*Winnie Mo*

Danger often hides in the quiet rhythms of everyday life. When vigilance fades, it slips in unnoticed. Between a city's glow and its darker corners, safety, survival, and desire remain tightly entwined, seldom finding lasting equilibrium.

Abi moved out of the apartment she had shared with Ajie and Aying. There had been no conflict; over time, their schedules and inner rhythms simply drifted apart, and exhaustion accumulated in the fabric of daily life. The independent space she had long wanted finally became real. To make her commute to Shenzhen University easier, she rented a small unit in Gangxia Village.

The village housing was close to Shennan Boulevard, with convenient access both to the city centre and toward Nanshan. Nearby stood the university's staff residences. The location gave her a sense of reassurance. She rented one-bedroom unit on the top floor—recently renovated, clean, and uncluttered. What pleased her most was the light. When she opened the window, the opposite rooftop felt almost within reach, yet daylight still poured in freely. The room was quiet and well ventilated. In summer, a breeze often passed straight through, making air conditioning unnecessary.

Outside the window was a broad platform. Compared with the sealed, airless apartments common in the city, this space felt unusually open and self-contained, a place where one might unconsciously lower their guard.

The densely packed low-rise buildings in this area were known as “handshake buildings.” Less than a meter separated them; looking up, one could see only a narrow strip of sky. Because of the convenient location, tenants were always coming and

going—Hong Kong residents renting homes for family members on the mainland, Shenzhen’s working class, and drifters still searching for a place to land.

The space was cramped, the population mixed. In the main alleys, motorcycle, pedestrians, and street vendors overlapped and stalled one another. The side lanes were narrower still, permitting only one person to pass at a time. Overhead, tangled electrical wires formed a web that occluded the sky. Fragments of sunlight filtered through the gaps, scattering mottled shadows across the ground.

During the first few days after moving in, Abi felt an unexpected calm. The apartment seemed like a buffer zone within Shenzhen’s relentless momentum. At night, the moment she closed the door behind her, her body instinctively relaxed. She no longer needed to measure her movements or lower her voice under the lights. The quiet that belonged solely to her allowed her to adapt quickly to living alone.

Each evening after returning from the university, she would open the door and place her backpack on the sofa beneath the window, as if setting down the weight of the entire day. The next morning, she would lift it just as easily, sling it over her shoulder, and leave. The action required no thought; it had become habit. Toward this space, she carried almost no suspicion.

For a time, Abi’s life seemed to be settling into a steady rhythm. Each morning, she woke, opened the window, drew in the air, and watched the light fall across the rooftops opposite.

Until one day, she happened to notice a black backpack resting on a neighbouring rooftop. The PUMA logo stood sharply against the morning light. The zipper was half open, papers scattered across the cement by the wind. She glanced at

it—something about it felt familiar—but thought nothing of it. She washed, dressed, and prepared to leave as usual.

Just before going out, she bent down to retrieve her backpack and found the sofa empty. She paused, searched again. The apartment was small, with no forgotten corners. Then she suddenly recalled the bag outside and returned to the window for another look.

This time, it was no longer a resemblance. It was unmistakably the one she carried every day.

Panic rose at once. Without stopping to think, she slipped on her slippers and ran outside, climbing onto the opposite rooftop. The distance was short—almost absurdly so—yet during that brief run, she felt a long-unfamiliar sense of alarm. That backpack accompanied her everywhere: from classroom to library, from campus gate to bus stop. Inside were her books, notes, documents, money—and everything she needed to sustain her life in Shenzhen.

She held the backpack close to her chest and returned to the apartment, sitting down to examine its contents one item at a time. The books were still there. The notebooks were still there. Even the pen she used most often was untouched. Only the cash in her wallet—never much to begin with—was gone entirely.

She said nothing. The buildings outside remained just as close as before, so close it felt as if she could trace the paths of ants moving along the concrete. In that moment, she understood that the person who had taken the money was likely doing everything possible simply to stay alive in this city. They had taken only what they needed, leaving everything else exactly as it was.

She felt neither anger nor gratitude. She merely noted one thing in silence: from then on, she would remember to lock the windows and the doors.

Not long afterward, one night as Abi turned off the light and was about to fall asleep, a faint rustling sound came from outside the window. She rose quietly, walked over, and peered through a narrow gap in the curtain. Several figures were moving between the narrow spaces separating the buildings.

Their faces were covered with black cloth, iron hooks held in their hands, feet braced against the window ledge. They forced the window open, then used long, slender hooks to pull items out of the room one by one, quickly passing them to an accomplice. Moments later, they vanished through another window. The entire process was almost silent—efficient, calm, and clearly rehearsed countless times.

Abi stood in the darkness, watching. She did not cry out. She knew these people, too, were risking themselves for the sake of survival. A single misstep would send a body plummeting into the nearly invisible gap between buildings, where a life could be swallowed by the city without a trace.

In that moment, she developed a more complex understanding of safety, survival, and desire. The city's splendour and its shadows always moved in parallel, day and night interwoven. Some people let their guard down in moments of quiet, while others regain their vigilance only after losing balance. Perhaps only when safety is no longer under threat and survival is basically assured can desire gradually recede into the background.