

无意中种下的种子

Seeds Planted by Chance

Winnie Mo

在无意中种下的种子，在不知不觉中开花结果。

阿文和阿碧在一起，已经过了几个月。感情慢慢稳定下来，像水流进入平直的河道，不再频频回望。那种四处张望、不断比较的状态，不知从何时起逐渐消失。生活开始有了朦胧的走向，不必急着辨认，只等时间往前推着，方向自然会一点点清晰起来。

正是在这样的状态下，父亲常说的一句话——“万般皆下品，唯有读书高”——浮现在阿碧的脑海里。那句话并没有带来什么激励，更谈不上启示，却像一颗早已埋下的种子，在此刻悄然发了芽。于是，她和阿洁决定去深圳大学报读英文班。

这个决定本身并不特别。既不是为了逃避现状，也不是被某句话推动。只是觉得，在等待的日子里，应该做些真正有用的事情。学到的知识会留在脑中，不会随着环境变化而轻易流失。与其反复设想未来，不如把当下的时间，用在值得投入的事情上。

她们报读的是半日制的英语专业初级班，上课时间从早上八点半到中午十二点。

第一次走进深圳大学的校园，阿碧心里都会涌起一种久违的安定感，这里没有急促的指令，没有不断催促的焦虑，也没有一失误便可

能被淘汰的紧张。校园宽敞而安静，草地上常常坐着一群群在交谈的学生，路上来往的人多半手持书本，不论学生还是老师，神情都显得从容而笃定。

班上共有二十多名学生，背景各异，却有着相近的处境——都在深圳，为自己争取更多的可能。有人在酒店轮班工作，下了夜班仍赶来上课；有人等待去香港或出国，趁着空档提升自己；也有些女士，在男友的支持下生活尚稳，却仍选择坐进教室。

这里很少有人迟到。大家都清楚，这样的学习机会并不容易。老师讲课循序渐进，并不刻意取悦学生。语言学习难免枯燥，课堂却始终安静，笔记声此起彼落，生怕错过任何一处细节。

遇到外籍老师上课时，大家更是格外用心。为了一句话能说完整、说准确，下课后还常围着老师不肯离开，绞尽脑汁，把脑中仅有的词语一一掏出来，只为多说几句、多练一遍。

阿碧上课一向认真。她总提前到教室，坐在最前排，只求把每一句话听清楚。日复一日的学习，让她重新感受到一种久违的踏实。她并不是为了某个遥远的理想坐在那里，也不是想向谁证明什么，只是渐渐意识到，此刻所学的每一点内容，都是一把能够慢慢打开眼界的钥匙。

中午下课后，学生们各自散去。有人匆匆赶去上班；有人结伴闲聊，很快消失在校园角落。阿碧和阿洁则放慢脚步，常常在学校食堂吃完午饭，沿着草地走几圈，再转进图书馆。

午后的图书馆宽敞而安静。她们一坐，往往就是整个下午。随意挑一本书，翻开之后，时间便在不知不觉中流走。没有人催促，也没有事情等着处理，只是安静地坐着，看书。后来阿碧已记不清自己读过哪些具体内容，却始终记得那种全然投入其中的感觉。

偶尔抬头，窗外的人影渐渐稀疏，夕阳沉进远处的树林。她们这才起身，往大学食堂吃晚饭。不赶时间，也不催行程，一路走，一路聊，等回过神来，已到了巴士站。

在那段日子里，阿碧真正体会到，在闹市之中，生活并不一定要忙碌奔波。若能为自己留下一段安静的时空，有节奏地走完一天，心里便会生出一种踏实。后来回想，她才明白，那种看似平淡的日常，本身已是她当时最需要的生活。

那一年并没有什么重要的转折。没有决定命运的选择，也没有显眼的变化。只是多年后回望，阿碧才意识到，正是在那些不被注意的日子里，她已经为自己的人生，悄悄种下了一颗终会开花的种子。

Seeds Planted by Chance

Winnie Mo

Seeds planted by chance sometimes bloom without notice.

Awen and Abi had been together for several months now. Their relationship had gradually settled, like a river easing into a straight, steady channel, no longer constantly glancing back. The restless state of looking around and making comparisons had faded without her quite realizing when. Life began to take on a faint sense of direction—no need to define it yet. Time would keep moving, and the path would slowly make itself clear.

In that moment, Abi found herself recalling a line her father used to say : *“All trades are lowly; only learning stands above.”* The words brought neither motivation nor insight. They simply lay there, like a seed planted long ago, quietly sprouting at that moment. And so, she and Ajie decided to enrol in an English program at Shenzhen University.

The decision itself was nothing extraordinary—neither an act of escape nor the result of a sudden insight. It was simply the feeling that, while waiting for life to unfold, it made sense to do something genuinely useful. Knowledge, once learned, stays in the mind and doesn't slip away with changes in circumstance. Rather than endlessly imagining the future, it was better to invest the present in something worth the time.

They signed up for a half-day beginner English course, with classes from 8:30 in the morning until noon.

The first time Abi stepped onto the Shenzhen University campus, she felt a long-missed sense of calm. There were no urgent commands, no constant pressure,

no anxiety over being eliminated by a single mistake. The grounds were spacious and quiet. Groups of students sat talking on the grass; people passing by carried books in their arms. Whether students or teachers, everyone seemed unhurried and quietly assured.

There were just over twenty students in the class. They came from different backgrounds but shared similar situations—each in Shenzhen, trying to give themselves more possibilities. Some worked shifts in hotels and came straight to class after night duty. Some were waiting to go to Hong Kong or abroad and used the gap to improve themselves. Others were women whose lives were relatively stable with the support of their boyfriends, yet still chose to sit in a classroom.

Few people were ever late. Everyone understood that chances like this weren't easy to come by. The teachers progressed methodically and made no effort to entertain. Language learning was inevitably dull, yet the classroom remained quiet, pens scratching across notebooks, as students tried not to miss a single detail.

When foreign teachers came in, everyone became even more attentive. To say just one sentence fully and correctly, students often lingered after class, surrounding the teacher and refusing to leave, wringing every word they knew from their minds just to speak a little more, practice one more time.

Abi was always serious about her studies. She arrived early, sat in the front row, focused only on catching every word. Day after day of learning brought her a long-forgotten sense of solidity. She wasn't there for some distant dream, nor to prove anything to anyone. She simply grew aware that every small piece of knowledge she was taking in was a key, slowly opening up her view of the world.

At noon, the students went their separate ways. Some rushed off to work; others chatted briefly before disappearing into corners of the campus. Abi and Ajie slowed their pace. They often ate lunch in the cafeteria, walked a few loops along the grass, then turned into the library.

The library in the afternoon was spacious and silent. Once seated, they would often stay through the entire afternoon. They picked up books at random, and once opened, time slipped by unnoticed. No one urged them on, nothing demanded attention—just sitting quietly and reading. Later, Abi could no longer remember exactly what she had read, but she always remembered the feeling of being completely absorbed.

Now and then she would look up to see the figures outside thinning, the evening sun sinking into the distant trees. Only then would they get up and head back to the cafeteria for dinner. There was no rush, no tight schedule—just walking and talking. Before they knew it, they were already at the bus stop.

It was during those days that Abi truly understood that life in a bustling city didn't have to be lived in constant haste. If one could leave a quiet stretch of time for oneself and move through the day with rhythm, a deep sense of steadiness would take root. Looking back later, she realized that this seemingly ordinary routine was exactly the kind of life she most needed then.

That year brought no dramatic turning points. There were no fate-altering decisions, no visible transformations. Yet many years later, when Abi looked back, she understood that it was precisely in those unnoticed days that she had quietly planted a seed in her life—one that would, in time, bloom.