

## Ch2 蓝眼睛的魅力 The Cham of Blue Eyes

Winnie Mo

眼睛常被人们称为‘心灵的窗户’，你能透过这扇窗户看到些什么？

那‘合和中心’的雨中一幕一直在她的脑海里反复播演。她按耐不住内心的好奇，翻开电话本，鼓足勇气打个电话给那个雨中相识的外国人。她从未用英文打过电话，不知道该说些什么和怎么说。只是觉得耳边有一个‘天使’悄悄对她说：‘没关系，你会找到语言的’。

电话真的打通了，听到似曾熟悉的声音用十分兴奋的语气说：“Hollo, hao are you?” 她慢吞吞地回答：“Good, and you?” 只听到对方叽里呱啦说了很久，他好像忘了她是个不会讲英文的中国女子，没有听到对方的反映，只得放慢速度：“Would you like to have dinner in Wanchai?” 她说“Okay”。他便放慢了语速：“We can meet in Hopewell Centre, at the entrance, in front of the door, at six o'clock.” 他生怕她把时间听错，又补充了一个中文字‘六’。她完全明白了他的意思。

她兴致勃勃来到‘合和中心’，站在红绿灯路口，就看到一个直挺挺的外国人站在门口，穿着一套笔挺的蓝色西服，白色衬衫，佩戴一条灰色底带红花图案的领带，皮鞋也闪亮亮的，提着一个深红色的公文包。“哇，这是我那天在雨中见到的那个外国人吗？一副职场高级经理的形象。”还没等她回过神，就听到：“hi” 带着笑脸站到她身边。

他们决定去附近的一家中国餐厅。这家餐厅的摆设具有浓厚的中国特色，传统红木的桌椅，木筷子，挂在墙上的中国画，每件陈列品都可以成为她熟悉的话题。看他拿筷子的动作，她就忍不住笑了。他是个‘左撇子’，用拇指和食指

紧紧抓住一支筷子，中指挡住另一支。夹菜时，不是靠筷子的功能，而是借着筷子的形式，实际是用他的拇指和食指抓起食物。她花了好多功夫才教会他正确拿筷子的方法。

她还为他讲了个民间传统故事：如果拿筷子太低，你将来的伴侣就来自很近的地方；相反，如果你拿得很高，你将来的伴侣就会来至很远的地方。他觉得很有趣，看看她拿筷子的高低，就笑着说：‘You hold your chopsticks quite high, you may find a husband from far away.’他也学着她拿得高一些，可能是想找个来至遥远地方的伴侣。

生活就是很好的教材。这一餐饭，他不但学到了很多关于中国的餐桌文化，中国的食物和传统故事，也增加了他对了解中国的强烈好奇心；而她，不仅没有因为语言而阻碍表达自己的思想，而且餐桌的谈话增强了她对说英文的自信，更对她将来的人生有了新的启示。‘天下没有不散的筵席’是一句很无情的哲理。难道这个难得的周末就在这吃喝中结束了吗？

他好像早有计划，对她说：“Do you have anything to do?”即使有，她也觉得没有比跟眼前这极富魅力的人在一起更重要，便说：“No”. “Good, let’s go to Lan Kwai Fong.” ‘兰桂坊’好像听过这个名字，可她从来没有去过，当然想去见识这个熟悉城市的陌生地方。

周末的兰桂坊，热闹非凡，那些举杯高歌，打扮奇特的男男女女，简直使她大开眼界。“原来香港还有如此特别的地方”她心想。在这嘈杂的街道上逛了两圈，他们没有被这些欢歌笑语吸引，反而想找个安静的地方。‘兰桂坊’不只提供尽情狂欢的派对场所，也提供浪漫如诗的宁静避风港。于是他们来到一个小酒吧，里面没有五颜六色的灯光，没有震耳欲聋的音乐，只有两人位的小桌，橙黄色的烛光，轻柔的音乐，是极富浪漫色彩的梦幻乐园。

酒吧里的小圆桌好像特意为这两人准备的。他没有问她想喝什么，就叫了两杯啤酒。她第一次喝啤酒，喝了几口，头就有点晕晕的，很难找到合适词汇继续聊天。只见坐在眼前的这位人越来越陌生，她终于明白当地人称‘鬼佬’的形象：胖嘟嘟的脸，白里透红，轮廓鲜明的高鼻子，薄薄的嘴唇，那双又大又圆的蓝眼睛，鼓鼓的眼球很像毕加索的眼睛，瞳孔的形状好像用毛笔画的圆，圆润而不死板，晶莹透明的蓝色，极富魔力。

她直盯着那蓝眼睛，好像进入‘艾丽丝梦游仙境’的电影世界。她从他的瞳孔掉进那海阔天空的梦幻世界，好像艾丽丝游览了很多奇特的乐园。仿佛体验到了庄子在‘庄周梦蝶’里描述的不知庄周变成了蝴蝶，还是蝴蝶变成了庄周。她也不知自己是艾丽丝，还是艾丽丝就是她。梦总有醒的时候，《金刚经》里‘一切如梦幻泡影，如露也如电’出现在她的脑海里。

## **The Cham of Blue Eyes**

*Winnie Mo*

Eyes are often referred to as the "windows to the soul." What kind of soul can you glimpse through these windows?

The scene in the rain at Hopewell Centre kept replaying in her mind. Her curiosity gnawed at her until she could no longer resist. She opened her phone book and summoned the courage to dial the number of the foreigner she had met in the rain. She had never made a phone call in English before and didn't know what to say or how to say it. It felt as though an angel was whispering in her ear, "It's okay, you'll find the words."

The call went through, and she heard a voice that seemed familiar, speaking in an excited tone. "Hello, how are you?" She slowly replied, "Good, and you?" He kept talking on and on, as if he had forgotten she was a Chinese woman who didn't speak much English. Not hearing any response, he

slowed down and said, "Would you like to have dinner in Wanchai?" She could only say, "Okay." He then spoke even slower, "We can meet in Hopewell Center, at the entrance, in front of the door, at six o'clock." He was afraid she might get the time wrong and added a Chinese word, "六" (six). She completely understood his meaning.

She eagerly arrived at Hopewell Centre, her heart pounding as she stood at the traffic light. There, at the entrance, she spotted a tall foreigner. He was impeccably dressed in a neat blue suit, a crisp white shirt, a grey tie adorned with red floral patterns, and shiny leather shoes. He carried a dark red briefcase that completed his polished look. "Wow, is this the foreigner I met in the rain? He looks like a senior manager," she thought, her mind racing. Before she could gather her thoughts, she heard a cheerful "Hi," and he stood beside her with a warm smile.

They decided to head to a nearby Chinese restaurant. The place was filled with traditional Chinese decor—redwood tables and chairs, wooden chopsticks, and Chinese paintings adorning the walls. Each item sparked a sense of familiarity for her. Watching him struggle with the chopsticks, she couldn't help but laugh. He was left-handed, gripping one chopstick tightly with his thumb and index finger while his middle finger awkwardly blocked the other. Instead of using the chopsticks properly, he ended up using his thumb and index finger to grab the food directly. She spent quite some time teaching him the correct way to use chopsticks.

She also shared a traditional folk story with him: if you hold your chopsticks too low, your future partner will come from a nearby place; but if you hold them high, your future partner will come from a distant place. He found it interesting, looked at how she held her chopsticks, and said with a smile, "You hold your chopsticks quite high, you may find a husband from far away." He then tried to hold his chopsticks higher, perhaps hoping to find a partner from a distant place.

Daily life is a great teacher. During this meal, he not only learned a lot about Chinese dining culture, food, and traditional stories but also became even more curious about Chinese. As for her, she didn't let the language barrier stop her from expressing her thoughts. The conversation at the table boosted her confidence in speaking English and gave her new insights into her future. "All things must come to an end" is a rather harsh philosophy. Would this rare weekend just end with eating and drinking?

He seemed to have a plan and asked her, "Do you have anything to do?" Even if she did, she felt nothing was more important than being with this charming person in front of her, so she said, "No." "Great, let's go to Lan Kwai Fong." The name 'Lan Kwai Fong' sounded familiar, but she had never been there and naturally wanted to explore this unfamiliar place in a familiar city.

Lan Kwai Fong on the weekend was bustling with activity. Men and women in unique outfits, singing and toasting, opened her eyes to a new side of Hong Kong. "So, Hong Kong has such a special place," she thought. After wandering the noisy streets twice, they found themselves not drawn to the laughter and singing but instead wanting to find a quiet place.

Lan Kwai Fong not only offers party venues for revelry but also provides poetic and romantic havens. They found a small bar in a corner, with no colorful lights, no deafening music, just a small table for two, orange candlelight, and soft music, creating a dreamy and romantic paradise.

The small round table in the bar seemed to be prepared just for the two of them. Without asking what she wanted to drink, he ordered two beers. It was her first-time drinking beer, and after a few sips, she felt a bit dizzy, finding it hard to continue the conversation. The person sitting in front of her became more and more unfamiliar, and she finally understood the local term "gweilo": a chubby face, rosy and white, a prominent high nose, thin lips, and those big and round blue eyes, with bulging eyeballs like Picasso's eyes, the pupils shaped like circles drawn with a brush, round and not rigid, crystal clear blue, full of magic.

She stared into those blue eyes, feeling like she was stepping into the world of 'Alice in Wonderland.' Through his pupils, she fell into a vast, dreamy realm, as if Alice herself were exploring strange, magical gardens. It was like experiencing Zhuangzi's 'Butterfly Dream,' not knowing if Zhuangzi became the butterfly or the butterfly became Zhuangzi. She couldn't tell if she was Alice or if Alice was her. Dreams always come to an end, and the phrase from the Diamond Sutra, "All phenomena are like a dream, an illusion, a bubble, a shadow, like dew or a flash of lightning," came to her mind.