

智者引路 A Journey with the Sage

Winnie Mo

周末是打工仔们的天堂，阿碧和阿洁也早早计划好每个周末的活动，只等星期五六点钟的到来。可就在那个星期五，她们刚下班回到宿舍，老板却忽然带来一位客人。初见时，只见他比老板略矮，衣着简洁，神情沉稳，微笑着向她们打招呼：“你们好。”

老板介绍道：“这是林教授，来自广州一所大学……”

阿碧和阿洁顿时心生敬意，连忙鞠躬：“您好，林教授。”“他身上确实透着一种学者的气质。”她们交换了眼神。

老板接着说：“他会住在楼下，要在这里住一段时间，以后要好好照顾林教授。”

她们连声答应：“好，好，请林教授多多关照。”

自此，楼上楼下的空气似乎多了一种不同的温度。原本的哈哈大笑和打闹声，忽然消失了，取而代之的是一种严肃，庄重的气氛。

三人经常共餐，每当与教授同桌，餐桌上总会多几道精致的鱼肉菜肴。阿碧和阿洁不再是随意不拘的女孩，气氛虽略显拘谨，沉默时常在空气中停留，但她们开始静静享受食物的美味，默默揣摩教授的餐桌礼仪，恭敬地聆听他讲述的故事。

教授似乎也察觉到两位女孩的拘谨，主动提问：“你们是从哪里来的？能吃辣吗？”得知阿碧来自贵州，阿洁来自新疆后，他总能巧妙地把话题与菜肴联系起来。比如，吃到鸡肉时，他便谈起新疆的‘大盘鸡’，阿洁立刻自信地接上话，打破了沉默的局面。渐渐地，餐桌上不再只是一个人讲故事，而是有问有答，有笑声，有互动，仿佛久违的温馨家庭晚餐，悄然在这片陌生的城市里重现。

晚饭过后，阿洁像往常一样匆匆收拾，嘴角带着掩不住的笑意，赶去与阿强约会。餐桌的余温还在，阿碧却没有起身，她看着林教授缓缓倒上一杯茶，茶香在灯下氤氲，像一条柔软的线，把两人拉近。阿碧忍不住开口，带着好奇：“您为什么来这里？不教书了吗？”教授微微一笑，语调平稳：“教书只是我的一部分工作，写作和研究才是我的主业。这次来这里，是为了帮陈生写一本书。”阿碧听得入神，心里涌起一股仰慕之情，便追问：“您是怎么成为教授的？研究什么？”

为了解答阿碧的疑惑，教授带她走到楼下的办公室。临时的空间虽简陋，却透着浓浓的文化气息：一张大桌子，几把椅子，一个书架。桌上散落着几支笔、稿件和书法用具，书架上整齐摆放着中国文学、历史、哲学的书籍。阿碧像一个恭恭敬敬的学生，坐在桌边，双手交叠，眼神专注。教授坐在靠椅上，手指轻轻敲着桌面，开始讲述他的故事，从书架上的文学与历史，到桌上的写作与思想，言辞如泉涌，声音低沉而有力。

时间在不知不觉中流逝，直到阿碧的眼皮渐渐沉重，教授笑了笑：“好吧，去睡吧！”“谢谢教授，晚安！”阿碧离开了。

这样的夜晚，成为阿碧最期待的时刻。坐在教授身边，她感到一种前所未有的安全感，他的声音仿佛似一首温柔的催眠曲，让她心安。有时，她甚至趴在他的书桌上睡着了。教授似乎也不愿失去这个专注聆听的身影，而她，更不想离开这片宁静而安全的“圣地”。

后来，教授开始教她练习毛笔字，这项练习不会让她昏昏欲睡。两人不再隔着桌子，而是并肩而坐，有时甚至教授的大手轻轻握住她的小手，纠正握笔的姿势。

房间里静得连呼吸声都清晰可闻，眼神和呼吸都集中在毛笔与宣纸之间。每一笔都像在描绘心境，时间在无声中流逝。

当两人完成各自的作品时，阿碧望着教授的书法，心中震撼——原来他不仅能写文章，连书法也如此出众。那一刻，她的兴奋几乎溢出，仿佛两人都忘记了身份与年龄，只剩下笔墨间的默契与心跳。

一个月的时间就这样悄然过去。正如教授曾讲过的中国历史，每一段经历都像一个朝代，总有更替的时候。林教授要回去他的大学一段时间，离开之前，他送给阿碧一叠宣纸、一支毛笔和一瓶墨汁，希望她能继续坚持每晚练习书法。

引路的人走了，可阿碧仍沿着智者指引的方向前行。在静静的练字时光里，她仿佛看见教授依旧坐在身旁，低声讲述那些关于文字与人生的故事。她努力留住那段宁静的日子，心中默默期待：下一个篇章，会不会同样精彩？

A Journey with the Sage

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Weekends were a sanctuary for workers. Abi and Ajie had their plans lined up like pearls on a string, counting down to Friday at six. Freedom was just a tick away.

But that Friday, as they stepped into their dorm, the boss appeared—with a stranger. He was slightly shorter than the boss, dressed in simple casual clothes. His expression was calm, his smile warm as he greeted them:
“Hello.”

“This is Professor Lin,” the boss said. “He’s from a university in Guangzhou...”

Abi and Ajie bowed politely: “Hello, Professor Lin.”

He really does look like a scholar, they thought, exchanging a curious glance.

“He’ll be staying downstairs for a while,” the boss continued. “Take good care of him.”

They nodded quickly: “Of course. Please look after us too, Professor.”

From that moment, the air shifted. The laughter and playful chatter that once spilled freely upstairs vanished, replaced by a hush—a solemnity that clung to the walls.

The three often gathered around the table for dinner. Whenever the professor joined them, the table blossomed with delicious dishes of fish and meat. Abi and Ajie were no longer carefree girls; the atmosphere grew taut. They savoured the food quietly, observing the professor’s gestures and listening to his stories.

Sensing their unease, he would smile and ask: “Where are you from? Do you like spicy food?” When he learned Abi was from Guizhou and Ajie from Xinjiang, he wove the conversation into the meal. If chicken was served, he spoke of Xinjiang’s *Big Plate Chicken*, and Ajie’s eyes lit up, her voice breaking the silence. Slowly, laughter returned—soft at first, then bright, like sunlight filtering through a dusty window. The table became a place of warmth, a fragile echo of family in a city that felt so far from home.

After dinner, Ajie would rush off to meet Ah Qiang, a sweet smile playing on her lips. The warmth lingered, but Abi stayed behind, watching Professor Lin slowly pour tea. Steam curled under the light like a silver thread, drawing them closer.

“Why are you here?” she asked, curiosity slipping past her restraint. “Don’t you teach anymore?”

He smiled: “Teaching is only part of my work. Writing and research—that’s my main job. I’m here to help Mr. Chen write a book.”

Abi listened, her heart swelling with admiration.

“How did you become a professor? What do you research?”

To answer, he led her downstairs. The office was humble yet steeped in culture: a large desk, a few chairs, a bookshelf heavy with Chinese literature, history, and philosophy. Pens and manuscripts lay scattered like fallen leaves. Calligraphy brushes rested beside an inkstone, waiting.

Abi sat like a student summoned to temple, hands folded, eyes bright. The professor leaned back, fingers tapping lightly on the desk, and began his story. His words flowed like spring water—deep, deliberate, alive. Time slipped away unnoticed until her eyelids grew heavy. He chuckled softly:

“All right, off to bed.”

“Thank you, Professor. Good night.” She left.

Nights like these became Abi’s secret joy. Sitting beside him, she felt an unfamiliar safety, his voice a gentle lullaby that stilled the noise of the world. Sometimes, she drifted to sleep on his desk. He never seemed to mind. Perhaps he, too, cherished the quiet presence of someone who listened.

Later, he taught her calligraphy—a discipline that demanded wakefulness. They no longer sat across the table but side by side. Sometimes, his large hand guided hers, correcting the brush’s angle. The room was so still that even their

breathing seemed loud. Each stroke was a meditation, ink tracing the contours of thought. Time dissolved into silence.

When they finished, Abi stared at his work in awe. He wasn't just a writer—his calligraphy was amazing. Her excitement brimmed over. In that moment, age and status fell away, leaving only the rhythm of ink and the pulse of shared creation.

A month passed like a whispered secret. As the professor had once said of history, every dynasty ends. He had to return to his university. Before leaving, he placed a stack of rice paper, a brush, and a bottle of ink in her hands. "Keep practicing," he said.

The guide was gone, but Abi walked the path he had shown. In the hush of her nightly practice, she could almost hear his voice, murmuring stories of words and life. She held on to that quiet, hoping *--Will the next chapter be just as beautiful?*