

铿锵四人行 The Bold Journey of Four

Winnie Mo

“竹竿传情”，让这两对来自遥远地方的有缘人，悄悄拉近了距离。好奇心像一根无形的线，牵引着他们，一步步走得更近。

那是一个微风呼啸的傍晚，大家吃过晚饭，正准备让竹竿传递当天的信息。谁知风忽然狂躁起来，纸条刚到半路，就被风卷起，像一只惊慌的白鸽，飘过隔壁的阳台，又飞进狭窄的小巷，最后不知去向。四个人愣在原地，目送远去的纸条，仿佛看见命运在空中打转。

阿洁指了指对方，又指了指纸条。那一刻，大家都明白她的意思——走下楼，去追风中的秘密。

楼下的街灯亮起，影子拉长。这两对男女不再是陌生人，笑着握手，用粤语打招呼：“nei hou。”阿强兴奋地说：“gong dak hou hou。”阿碧和阿洁交换了眼神，心里默默想着：“这是一个难得的学习机会，更是一个未知的开始。”

从此，聊天不再局限于阳台或房间，而是开启了晚饭后‘铿锵四人行’的漫步：穿过大街小巷，走进卡拉OK、酒吧和茶楼。为了不让沉默占据任何时刻，阿洁每次出门前都精心计划行程，有时甚至利用午餐时间亲自踩点，还准备好书本，把要聊的话写在小本子上，随时转换话题。

走在龙岗的街头，两位女孩像幼稚园学生般好奇，指着一切问：“呢个系乜嘢？”“啲个系乜嘢？”两个男人渐渐觉得有点无趣。直到有一天，阿强提议：“我哋去饮茶啦！”大家立刻同意。

那时的龙岗，香港工厂遍布，当地也有港式茶楼，整天供应点心。茶楼里，两位男士十分有风度，帮女士洗碗筷、杯碟、倒茶。阿强给阿辉倒茶时，阿辉用手指在桌上轻敲几下，两位小姐看得一头雾水。阿强像哄小孩一样，一句一句解释，却越解释越让她们迷糊。笑声在茶香中弥漫，像风一样，吹散了陌生，也吹来了更有趣的故事。

令人不解的是，每次买单时，他们都各自掏出钱包，阿碧和阿洁却有些不好意思，完全没有准备。后来她们在书上才看到，香港人在外消费习惯 AA 制，各付各的；而在大陆，通常是轮流请客。

她们决定请两位粤语老师吃一餐，以示心意，可这一餐却几乎是她们半个月的工资。她们明白，不能轻易答应去任何消费场所，“铿锵四人行”似乎面临解散的危机。

渐渐地，四人之间的好奇心在消退，文化和经济条件的差异却在加深。阿洁和阿碧都明白，友谊是要付出代价的。然而，阿洁对阿强有着难以掩饰的好感，她根本不愿放弃。于是，两人偶尔选择单独外出。

阿辉依旧沉默寡言，阿碧也没有勇气去穷追不舍。当阿洁和阿强外出时，阿碧选择了孤独，独自一人坐在房间里看书，享受这几个月来未曾有过的宁静。

The Bold Journey of Four

By Winnie Mo

“Messages Across the Bamboo” quietly drew two couples from distant worlds closer together. Curiosity became an invisible thread, pulling them step by step toward each other.

It was a breezy evening, after dinner, when they gathered on the balcony, ready to send the day’s message along the bamboo pole. But the wind had other plans. Just as the note slid from their fingers, a sudden gust snatched it away—like a startled white dove—whirling past the next balcony, darting into a narrow alley, and vanishing into the dusk.

They stood frozen, eyes following the paper’s flight, as if watching fate spin in the air.

Ah Jie pointed at the others, then at the disappearing note. In that instant, everyone understood: *Let’s go. Chase the secret the wind has stolen.*

Streetlights flickered on below, stretching their shadows long. The four were no longer strangers. They laughed, shook hands, and greeted each other in Cantonese: “Nei hou.”

Ah Qiang grinned, adding: “Gong dak hou hou.”

Ah Bi and Ah Jie exchanged a glance, a silent thought passing between them: *This is more than a chance to learn—it’s the start of something unknown.*

From then on, conversations moved beyond balconies and rooms. After dinner, the “Bold Journey of Four” began—wandering through streets and alleys, slipping into karaoke bars, pubs, and teahouses. Determined to keep silence at bay,

Jie planned each outing with care, sometimes scouting locations during lunch breaks. She even carried a notebook, jotting down topics to keep the words flowing.

Strolling through Longgang, the two women brimmed with childlike wonder, pointing at everything:

“What’s this?”

“What’s that?”

The men, amused at first, began to tire of the endless questions—until one day, Ah Qiang suggested:

“Let’s go for dim sum!”

Everyone agreed instantly.

Back then, there are many Hong Kong factories in Longgang, and local teahouses served dim sum all day. Inside, the men were perfect gentlemen—washing cups and chopsticks, pouring tea. When Ah Qiang poured for Ah Hui, Hui tapped his fingers lightly on the table. The women stared, puzzled. Ah Qiang explained patiently, like a teacher with two curious children, but the more he explained, the less they understood. Laughter rippled through the tea-scented air, sweeping away the last traces of awkwardness and ushering in new stories.

Yet something puzzled the women: every time the Bill came, the men paid only for themselves. Ah Jie and Ah Bi felt embarrassed—they hadn’t expected this. Later, they learned from a book: in Hong Kong, dining out usually means splitting the Bill; in mainland China, people take turns treating.

Determined to show their gratitude, they invited the men to dinner. But that single meal cost nearly half a month’s wages. They realized they couldn’t afford frequent outings. The “Bold Journey of Four” was under threat.

Slowly, curiosity faded, replaced by the weight of cultural and economic differences. Ah Jie and Ah Bi understood that friendship comes at a price. Still, Ah Jie couldn't hide her growing affection for Ah Qiang. She refused to let go. Soon, the two began meeting alone.

Ah Hui remained quiet, withdrawn. Ah Bi lacked the courage to chase something uncertain. When Ah Jie and Ah Qiang went out, Ah Bi chose solitude—curling up with a book in her room, savouring a peace she hadn't felt in months.