

### Ch3 选择的困惑 The Dilemma of Choice

Winnie Mo

茫茫人海，寻找一个孤独心灵的倾诉者宛如大海捞针。一旦有点迹象，就不能轻易放弃。

她出生在“地无三尺平，人无三个银”的穷山沟。小时候，她总是坐在家门前的大石头上，遥望山边，在脑海中勾画出山外的世界。随着年龄的增长，她那朦胧的脑图逐渐变得清晰，开始寻找心中的海市蜃楼。经过多年的艰辛，终于来到这个似曾梦寐以求的城市。

她经常独自漫步在人流如海的街头，心中自问：这是梦幻还是现实？她摸摸这个，碰碰那个，想到笛卡尔的“我思故我在”。她不仅在思考，而且在行动，她知道自己存在的，这不是梦，这是有名的大城市——香港。然而，街道上那人潮涌动的身影，依然难以抚平她那颗孤独的心，直到在雨中遇见了那个外国人。麦当劳的汉堡、用筷子的故事、兰桂坊的啤酒，都为那颗孤独的心增添了一份暖意。

语言是沟通的纽带。突破语言障碍不仅需要时间的沉浸，还需要找到共同的话题。时间是无法控制的，但话题是可以选择的。她来到这个异地他乡，充满竞争且语言不通的大城市，解决沟通困境是目前急需的任务。于是，她大胆地申请了大学课程，尽管知道自己的英语能力可能难以完成学业，但她凭着坚定的自信心，相信只要目标明确，总会找到通往目的地的道路。她心想：“机会可能来了，上课的内容就是与他沟通的好话题，既能提高英语水平，又能帮助完成学业，一举两得。”拿到录取通知书后，她兴致勃勃地约他共进晚餐。

心事重重难以掩盖心中的秘密。回想起上次约他时，他十分兴奋，可这次他却显得有些心事重重。为了不让他为支付晚餐而增添烦恼，她提前告诉他：“I will pay it today.”平时连两块钱一个包子也不舍得花的她，今天却变得十分豪气。

为了重温第一次雨中相识的场景，她特意请他去‘合和中心’的旋转餐厅。那里既浪漫，又温馨。她兴奋不已，刚坐下来，就拿出大学录取通知书，一边告诉他自己的计划，一边抬头望着那极具魅力的蓝眼睛。其实，她把很多期望都寄托在他身上，希望他能在英语写作上助她一臂之力。可他一边为她高兴，一边却心神不定，不时看看手表。她问：“Do you have anything to do?”他回答：“Yes, I will meet a friend in Lan Kwai Fong.”她十分失望，却不甘心，不想让一小时就结束自己精心准备的话题。于是，她鼓足勇气说：“I can go with you.”他有些犹豫，但又不想拒绝。想了一下，才说：“Okay.”她想知道他刚来香港交了些什么朋友。

良好的心态是快乐的来源。她早已做好心里准备，知道兰桂坊今晚的场景肯定不会像第一次约会时那样梦幻。果然，在酒吧门外就听到嘈杂的人群声和震耳欲聋的迪斯科音乐。刚进酒吧，一个浓妆艳抹，穿着吊带背心，超短牛仔短裤的女孩，热情地涌上来给他一个拥抱，左脸吻一下，右脸吻一下。她有些纳闷，心想：“这难道是他的女朋友吗？不可能，他才来香港两个月，这个艳女也不可能认识他多久”。她感到被冷落，本来英文不好就难以沟通，再加上音乐和人群的嘈杂声，根本无法听清对方的声音。只见那艳女跟他嘴巴对耳朵，越聊越热火。她说不上吃醋，毕竟她才认识他几个星期。“既然已经来了，就安心体验兰桂坊的夜生活吧！”她自言自语。于是，她走进舞池与大家共欢。

舞池里没有孤独的人，只有孤独的心。在那热闹的气氛中，她不想让自己显得孤独，跳舞也是她最热爱的活动之一。在舞场里，身体语言不一定能跟人

沟通，可是能尽情表达内心的情感。不一会儿，那种被冷落的感觉消失了，她完全沉浸在那欢乐的歌舞声中。

她不时抬头看看那些聊天的人们，只见他和那艳女不停地窃窃私语，也不知道他们在聊些什么。她虽然有些妒忌，但内心却十分羡慕，心想：“她的英语真好，我一定要努力提高自己的英语水平，相信有一天，也能向她那样……”。她不想坐在他们的旁边，只想在舞池里尽情释放自己。她那优美的舞姿像蜜糖一样，吸引了不少翩翩起舞的‘蜜蜂’。

一个高高瘦瘦，文质彬彬的书生，跟她越来越靠近，他们无需用语言，只用那优美的舞姿传达彼此的心意。这位孤独的书生也不再孤独，这位被冷落的她也找到了伙伴。他对这位突如其来的书生，虽然有些醋意，但实在无法脚踏两只船。她不再为他的蓝眼睛而痴迷，而是觉得这位书生才是更真实。

迪斯科的兴奋场面在深夜也得结束，可这临时组成的两对男女却余兴未尽。他们又找了个通宵酒吧，那里没有迪斯科音乐，只有浪漫的圆舞曲和一对对的情侣。

看到的比听到的要真实得多。来到这浪漫的酒吧，他和那艳女还在不停地说说笑笑，大家都在醉意中，还能为什么有意义的内容而说笑呢？她却依偎在那书生的怀抱中，陶醉在美妙的音乐声中，跟着浪漫的曲调渐渐进入梦乡。

他眼看自己带来的女孩醉入其他男人的怀抱，真不是滋味。要放弃眼前侃侃而谈的艳女，还是要放弃那沉默寡言的淑女？我想这在他那似醉非醉的脑海里已经斗争了很久。这场争夺游戏终于结束了，天也亮了，他在醉意中拖住她的手走出了酒吧。

### Chapter 3: The Dilemma of Choice

*Winnie Mo*

In the vast sea of people, finding a confidant for a lonely heart is challenging. Once a connection appears, it becomes something precious that can't be easily let go.

She was born in a poor mountain village, a place where people often said, "there is no three flat-footed land, and no three pennies for a person." As a child, she would sit on the big stone in front of her house, gazing at the mountains and dreaming of the world beyond. As she grew older, her vague mental map began to take shape, and she started to chase the mirage in her heart. After many years of hardship, she finally arrived in the city she had long dreamed of.

She often wandered alone through the crowded streets, questioning herself: Is this a dream or reality? She touched various things, pondering Descartes' "I think, therefore I am." She was not only thinking but also acting, aware of her existence. This was not a dream; this was the renowned international city of Hong Kong. Yet, the bustling crowds on the streets couldn't soothe her lonely heart until she met that foreigner in the rain. McDonald's hamburgers, the story of using chopsticks, and the beer in Lan Kwai Fong all brought a touch of warmth to her solitary heart.

Language is the bridge of communication. Overcoming language barriers requires not only time but also finding common topics. While time can't be controlled, topics can be chosen. She arrived in this competitive and linguistically challenging city, and solving communication difficulties became an urgent task. So, she boldly applied for university courses, aware that her English skills might not be sufficient for her studies. However, with firm confidence, she believed that as long as her goals were clear, she would find a way to reach her destination. She thought, "This might be an opportunity. The course content could be a good topic to communicate with him, improving my English and helping me complete my studies, killing two birds with one stone." After receiving the admission letter, she eagerly invited him to dinner.

His preoccupation was hard to hide. She recalled how excited he had been the last time they met, but this time he seemed weighed down with worries. To avoid adding to his concerns about paying for dinner, she told him in advance, "I will pay it today." Normally, she wouldn't even spend two dollars on a bun, but today she was feeling particularly generous.

To relive the scene of their first meeting in the rain, she invited him to the revolving restaurant at Hopewell Centre. It was both romantic and cozy. She was very excited and, as soon as they sat down, she took out her university admission letter, sharing her plans while looking into his charming blue eyes. She had placed many hopes on him, hoping he could help her with her English writing in her further studies. However, while he was happy for her, he seemed distracted, frequently checking his watch. She asked, "Do you have anything to do?" He replied, "Yes, I will meet a friend in Lan Kwai Fong." She was very disappointed but didn't want her carefully prepared conversation to end in an hour, so she bravely said, "I can go with you." He hesitated but didn't want to refuse. After thinking for a moment, he said, "Okay." She wanted to know what friends he had made since coming to Hong Kong.

A positive mindset is the source of happiness. She had mentally prepared herself, knowing that the scene in Lan Kwai Fong tonight wouldn't be as dreamy as their first date. Indeed, outside the bar, she was greeted by the noisy crowd and deafening disco music. As soon as they entered, a girl with heavy makeup, wearing a tank top and denim shorts, enthusiastically rushed up to him, giving him a hug and kissing him on both cheeks.

She was puzzled, thinking, "Is this his girlfriend? Impossible, he has only been in Hong Kong for two months, and this girl couldn't have known him for long." She felt neglected, struggling to communicate in English amidst the loud music and crowd noise. She saw the girl whispering in his ear, their conversation growing more animated. She wasn't exactly jealous, as she had only known him for a few weeks. Since she was already there, she decided to make the most of the nightlife in Lan Kwai Fong and joined the crowd on the dance floor.

On the dance floor, there were no lonely people, only lonely hearts. In the lively atmosphere, she didn't want to seem isolated. Dancing was one of her favorite activities, a way to express herself without words. The music pulsed through her, and her body moved in rhythm, communicating emotions that words could not. The feeling of being neglected quickly faded away as she became completely immersed in the joyful music and dance. The vibrant energy of the crowd and the beat of the music enveloped her, making her feel alive and connected.

She peeped as he and the girl leaned in close, their whispers a secret she couldn't decipher. A pang of jealousy struck her, but she also admired the girl, thinking, "Her English is so good. I must work hard to improve my English. One day, I will be like her..." Not wanting to sit beside them and feel excluded, she

decided to lose herself on the dance floor. Her graceful dance moves were like honey, attracting many "bees" who danced around her, drawn to her elegance and energy.

A tall, slender, scholarly man approached her. They didn't need words; their elegant dance moves conveyed everything. The once lonely scholar now found companionship, and she, who had felt neglected, discovered a partner. He felt a twinge of jealousy at the scholar's sudden appearance but couldn't be in two places at once. She was no longer infatuated with his blue eyes, finding the scholar more genuine and real.

The disco excitement eventually came to an end late at night, but the two newly formed couples were still brimming with energy. They found an all-night bar where there was no disco music, only romantic waltzes and couples enjoying each other's company.

Seeing is more real than hearing. In this romantic bar, he and the girl continued to talk and laugh in a drunken state, what meaningful content could they be talking? She, however, nestled in the scholar's arms, intoxicated by the beautiful music, gradually drifting into a dream with the romantic melody.

He watched as the girl he had brought with him fell into another man's arms. Should he give up the eloquent girl in front of him or the silent lady? I believe the dilemma of choice had been battling in his semi-drunken mind for a long time. The inner struggle finally ended, and as dawn broke, he drunkenly took her hand and left the bar.