

老板之谜 The Mystery of the Boss

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陈生安排好阿碧和阿洁的工作与生活后，便突然消失了。她们在工作中遇到任何问题，也不知道该联系谁，只能墨守成规，每天照着他留下的样板，一件件地精心复制。

珠宝设计图要求极高的精准度，那些针管笔的运用也十分考究，必须借助放大镜，才能准确表现出珠宝的质感与立体感。在这种专注的复制过程中，她们常常沉浸在一种奇妙的“心流”状态，仿佛世界只剩下笔尖与纸面。时间也像流水般悄然滑过，消失得无影无踪。

那时的沟通渠道十分有限，只有座机电话。如果对方不在电话旁，几乎无法联系到任何人。更何况陈生是香港人，她们更不知道他的行踪。

直到一个星期五的下午，陈生终于出现了。他身边跟着一个看上去颇为特别的人：身材胖胖的，个子矮矮的，长长的头发随意披散，穿着宽松的格子衬衫和牛仔裤，整个人散发着一股不拘小节的艺术气息。

陈生笑着介绍：“这是我的朋友——阿飞，他是珠宝设计师，特意来指导你们的作品。”

阿飞外表粗犷，但面对画稿时，却显得格外细心。他态度友善，仔细查看了阿碧和阿洁的作品后，指出了复制中的许多细微问题，还提出新的要求：“下一个目标，不仅仅是复制，还要试着用相同的技法，设计出自己喜欢的作品。”

有了专家的指点，阿碧和阿洁仿佛看见了一扇新的大门缓缓打开，却无法知道，这一步将会把她们带入一个怎样的谜团。

完成办公室的正事后，他们四人一起去酒楼吃晚餐，唱卡拉 OK。这是阿碧和阿洁第一次踏进如此豪华的酒楼，第一次品尝山珍海味，第一次体验贵宾般的生活，尽情释放歌喉的畅快。

然而，欢乐总是短暂的。夜色散去，她们心里隐隐明白，等待她们的将是重新回到那间静默的工作室，埋头苦画、日复一日的单调生活；也更深切地体会到，这两条在困境中“相濡以沫”的井底小鱼，今天终于有机会跳出井口，去看一眼外面的世界。

The Mystery of the Boss

After Mr. Chan arranged Abi and Jie's work and living details, he suddenly vanished. Whenever they ran into problems, they had no idea whom to contact. All they could do was stick to the routine—meticulously copying the sample designs he had left behind, one by one.

Jewellery design demanded absolute precision. The use of fine technical pens was an art in itself, and they often needed a magnifying glass to capture the texture and three-dimensional brilliance of each piece. In those long hours of focused work, they would slip into a strange state of “flow,” as if the world had shrunk to nothing but the tip of the pen and the sheet of paper. Time drifted away like water, leaving no trace behind.

Back then, communication was limited to landline phones. If the person wasn't near the phone, there was simply no way to reach them. And since Mr. Chan was from Hong Kong, his whereabouts were even more of a mystery.

Then, one Friday afternoon, Mr. Chan finally reappeared. Beside him stood a man who looked rather unusual—short and stocky, with long, slightly messy hair

draped over his shoulders. He wore a loose plaid shirt and faded jeans, radiating an effortless, bohemian air.

With a smile, Mr. Chan introduced him: “This is my friend, Ah Fei. He’s a jewellery designer. He came along to give you some tips.”

Ah Fei’s rugged exterior belied his meticulous nature. When he examined the sketches, his eyes sharpened with precision. Friendly and patient, he pointed out subtle flaws in their copies and then set a new challenge: “Your next goal isn’t just copying. Try using the same techniques to create your own work.”

With an expert’s guidance, Abi and Jie felt as if a new door had quietly opened before them. Little did they know, this step would lead them into a mystery far deeper than they could imagine.

After finishing up at the studio, the four of them headed to a lavish restaurant for dinner and karaoke. For Abi and Jie, it was a night of firsts—their first time stepping into such an opulent dining hall, tasting exotic delicacies, and savouring the thrill of singing their hearts out like VIPs.

But joy is fleeting. As the night faded, they sensed what awaited them: returning to that silent studio, bending over their sketches in the monotony of day after day. And yet, they understood something profound—these two little fish, who had clung to each other for survival in a shrinking pond, had finally leapt beyond the well’s edge to glimpse the vast world outside.