

检查站相遇 At the Checkpoint

Winnie Mo

未知的旅程，向来是一条漫长而艰难的路。深圳的秋天本该秋高气爽，可在阿碧和阿洁背起行李出发的那天，天空却骤然阴沉，细雨绵绵，悄然落在前行的路上，为这段旅程蒙上了一层不安。

阿碧挤在嘈杂的公共汽车里，车厢中混杂着来自四面八方的乡音与气息。窗外的景物被雨水模糊成一片，她的思绪却异常清晰。那一刻，她忽然想起屈原《离骚》中的句子——“路漫漫其修远兮，吾将上下而求索。”她说不清这句话是在安慰自己，还是在提醒：真正的旅程，往往从迷惘开始。

公共汽车一路颠簸，驶向进入深圳的必经之地——布吉检查站。那正是改革开放浪潮最汹涌的年代，全国各地的寻梦者纷纷南下。进入深圳市，必须先跨过这道制度与现实并存的门槛，才能走向那个被想象得无限辽阔的未来。

汽车一停，乘客便提着大包小包蜂拥而下。检查站前的广场早已被人潮淹没，队伍的尽头无法辨认，所谓的“长龙”，只存在于人们的感受之中。人群像缓慢涌动的潮水，在拥挤与喧闹中被一波波推向前方。阿碧和阿洁被裹挟其中，推挤良久，才勉强站到队伍的末端。

队伍前进得极慢，几乎是一步一停。那是一个还没有手机的年代，时间显得格外漫长。人们无法用屏幕消磨等待，只能与身边的陌生人随口攀谈，交换一些零散却真实的信息。在这种耐心与不安交织的等待里，人们慢慢意识到，通往梦想的第一步，往往不是奔跑，而是忍耐。

站在她们前面的，是一个身材高挑的女孩。她留着长发，皮肤白净，笑起来时露出一个深深的酒窝，眼神明亮而沉静。在这片嘈杂拥挤的环境中，她显

得格外从容，与周围的焦躁形成一种温和的对照。与她说话的人不自觉地抬头，而她只是顺着队伍，安静而坚定地向前移动，仿佛并不急着抵达哪里。

阿碧注意到她时，心里闪过一个念头：这样漂亮的女孩，家里竟也放心让她独自在外闯荡。

出于好奇，阿碧轻声问：“你是哪儿人？”

“上海人，我叫阿英。”女孩微笑着回答，语气自然，又反问了一句，“你们呢？”

阿英的外表带着一点距离感，但交谈几句后，便能感受到她的温和与善意。三个人很快聊了起来，仿佛在漫长的等待中找到了短暂的依靠。忽然，前方传来工作人员清晰而有力的喊声：“通行证！”队伍再次移动，阿英顺利通过了关口。

阿英站在关口的另一边，静静地等着这两位刚刚相识、却一见如故的新朋友。检查人员接过阿碧的证件，翻了翻，低头看看证件，又抬头看看阿碧，忽然提高了声音：“不行，你的证件过期了。”说完，把证件往她手里一拽，又将她推到一旁。阿洁的情况也一样。

两个人站在队伍边上，一时不知该怎么办，只能灰溜溜地站着。关口那边的人流继续向前，没有人注意她们。这时，阿英在对面使劲挥动右手，又朝右边指了指，示意她们过去。阿碧和阿洁顺着她指的方向，一直往检查站最右侧走去。那里有一个不起眼的小洞，像是被那些没有证件的人一点一点掏出来的。

她们四下看看，周围没人，便一溜烟钻了过去。

阿英已经站在洞口的另一边等着。三个人见了面，什么也没说，只是紧紧抱在一起，像是久别重逢的家人。

走出检查站，路边停满了等客的公共汽车。阿英转头问道：“你们要去哪儿？”阿碧和阿洁一时无言。深圳很大，梦想似乎近在眼前，却又突然失去了明确的方向。

“要不，先去我那里住吧。”阿英语气平静而真诚，没有多加解释。

这简短的一句话，在陌生城市的黄昏里，显得格外珍贵。阿碧和阿洁彼此看了一眼，心中涌起难以言说的感激，轻声应道：“好吧。”

阿英的家会是什么模样？阿英生活的世界又是怎样的？带着期待与好奇，她们跟随阿英，登上了开往深圳水库方向的公共汽车。

窗外的雨渐渐小了。那一刻，她们并不知道，这次相遇会在多年后被一次次想起；直到后来才明白，人生路上，许多旅程的开始，都是有人在你尚未站稳时，轻轻托了你一把。

At the Checkpoint

Winnie Mo

An unknown journey is always a long and difficult one.

Autumn in Shenzhen was meant to be crisp and clear, yet on the day Abi and Ajie set off with their bags on their backs, the sky turned suddenly overcast. A fine,

steady rain began to fall, quietly soaking the road ahead and casting a sense of unease over the journey.

Abi was squeezed inside a noisy bus, the air thick with accents and smells from every corner of the country. Outside the window, the rain blurred the scenery into indistinct shapes, yet her thoughts were unusually clear. In that moment, a line from Qu Yuan's *Li Sao* surfaced in her mind: *"The road ahead is long and winding; I will search high and low."* She could not tell whether the words were meant to comfort her or to remind her that true journeys often begin in uncertainty.

The bus jolted along toward Buji Checkpoint, the unavoidable gateway into Shenzhen. It was the height of the reform and opening-up era, when dreamers from across the country were streaming south. To enter Shenzhen, one first had to cross this threshold—where policy and reality coexisted—before stepping into a future imagined as boundless.

As soon as the bus stopped, passengers poured out, carrying bags of every size. The square in front of the checkpoint was already submerged in people. The end of the line was nowhere to be seen; the so-called "long Dragon" existed only as a shared sensation. The crowd moved like a slow tide, pushing forward amid noise and jostling. Caught in the current, Abi and Ajie were shoved along for a long while before finally reaching the back of the line.

Progress was painfully slow—one step, then a stop. This was a time before mobile phones, when waiting felt endless. With no screens to pass the time, people struck up casual conversations with strangers, exchanging fragments of information that were small but real. In the uneasy patience of waiting, many came to understand that the first step toward a dream was often not running forward but learning to endure.

Standing in front of them was a tall young woman. She wore her long hair loose, her skin fair, and when she smiled, a deep dimple appeared. Her eyes were bright and steady. In the crowded noise, she seemed unusually composed, a gentle contrast to the surrounding restlessness. People who spoke to her unconsciously looked up; she simply moved forward with the line, quietly and firmly, as if she were in no hurry to arrive anywhere.

Noticing her, Abi had a fleeting thought: *Such a beautiful girl—how could her family have let her venture out on her own?*

Out of curiosity, Abi asked softly, “Where are you from?”

“Shanghai. My name is Aying,” the girl replied with an easy smile, then asked in return, “And you?”

Despite her slightly distant appearance, Aying revealed warmth and kindness after a few exchanges. The three of them soon began talking, finding brief support in one another during the long wait. Suddenly, a staff member’s clear, commanding voice: “Pass!”

The line moved again, and Aying passed through the checkpoint without trouble.

She stopped on the other side and waited quietly for the two new friends she had just met. When the inspector took Abi’s papers, he flipped through them, looked down at the document, then up at Abi, and raised his voice: “No. This has expired.” He yanked the papers back toward her and pushed her aside. Ajie met the same fate.

The two of them stood helplessly by the side of the line, not knowing what to do. The flow of people continued past the checkpoint, no one paying them any

attention. Then Abi saw Aying on the other side waving her right hand vigorously and pointing to the far right. Following her gesture, Abi and Ajie walked along the edge of the checkpoint to the very end. There, barely noticeable, was a small hole—something that looked as if it had been slowly dug out by those without proper documents.

They glanced around. No one was watching. In a flash, they slipped through.

Aying was already waiting on the other side. When the three of them met, they said nothing. They simply held each other tightly, like family reunited after a long separation.

Outside the checkpoint, buses lined the roadside, waiting for passengers. Aying turned and asked, “Where are you going?”

Abi and Ajie fell silent. Shenzhen was enormous. Their dreams suddenly felt close—yet their direction was no longer clear.

“Why don’t you stay at my place for now?” Aying said calmly, sincerely, without further explanation.

That brief sentence carried unusual weight in the unfamiliar dusk of a strange city. Abi and Ajie exchanged a glance, gratitude rising wordlessly between them, and replied softly, “Alright.”

What was Aying’s home like? What kind of life did she live? With expectation and curiosity, they followed her onto a bus heading toward the Shenzhen Reservoir.

Outside, the rain began to ease. At that moment, they did not know that this encounter would be remembered again and again in the years to come. Only later

would they understand that many beginnings in life happen because someone steadies you before you've found your footing.