

## 繁华里隐藏的不忍

### What the City Hides

Winnie Mo

自从阿碧和阿文在世界之窗相识后，周末成了他们在城市的繁华中悄然划出的安静一隅。那份不张扬的温暖，让人几乎忘了，在这明亮喧闹的表面下，还藏着一些不忍，等待被撞见。

两人的周末节奏简单：在罗湖关口外找一家茶餐厅，点两份点心、一壶茶，随意聊天，看着窗外车流与人潮缓缓流动。茶后便沿着深南东路走到东门步行街。

年的东门满是商铺，嘈杂声与人群交织在一起的繁忙景象。各种高低档产品，琳琅满目的商铺；叫卖声、店内的流行歌、机器的“ ”声混成一片；还有游客、做生意的人、追梦的年轻人交织其中，拥挤得几乎挪不开步。但在这片嘈杂里，阿碧和阿文并肩行走，偏偏能生出一点难得的安宁。

一个特别温暖的周六下午。阳光落在深南中路的人行道上，金灿灿的，像是给城市铺了一层柔和的薄毯。阿文说着笑话，阿碧轻声应着，两人走得很慢，好像并不赶路，只是贪恋这份片刻的从容。

就在此时，一个瘦小的身影突然蹿到他们面前。小女孩头发乱蓬蓬，穿着一条不合身且磨破边的长裙，脚上是一双大了半码的塑料凉鞋。她怯怯地举起一朵快要枯萎的红玫瑰，眼中亮亮的、混着期待与小心：“哥哥，买朵花送给这个姐姐吧。”声音细得像随时会断的线。

阿文愣了一下，摸摸口袋，递给她十块钱。小女孩接过钱，郑重地行了个小礼，然后转身离开。

没想到，只过了片刻，四面八方突然冒出更多的孩子——左边几个举着花，右边几个拖着旧布袋，前面几个孩子“扑通”跪在路上，把花举得高高的。他们稚嫩的声音带着哭腔，一遍遍恳求：“哥哥，买一朵花送给姐姐吧。”

街上的喧闹仿佛被按了静音键。音像店的歌声、摊贩的吆喝、人群的嘈杂，都退到远处，只剩下一层压得人心口发紧的沉默向他们围拢。

阿文被伸来的小手、枯萎的花束和潮湿的眼神包围，进退两难。他想给钱，又怕招来更多孩子；想拒绝，又怕伤到孩子心里最后的期待。他的表情僵住，那是一种成年人面对现实的窘迫——在繁华面前突然撞见生活的粗粝，手足无措。

阿碧心里猛地一紧，下意识上前，冲孩子们吼道：“走开，不要挡着他的路！”孩子们仍不肯散去，有的甚至抓住阿文的衣角。直到意识到无所得，他们才突然像被风吹散的小纸片般跑开，瞬间消失在人潮与街角阴影里。

这些孩子不知经历过多少次这样的驱赶，却仍一次次冲向情侣们，动作熟练得仿佛被训练过。也许他们认为，这是他们生活的一部分，甚至是一种游戏。

街道很快恢复原样。歌声、叫卖声、人声重新喧嚣起来，仿佛什么都没发生过。但两人已回不到之前的轻松。阿文沉默着，刚才的窘迫仍在心头盘旋。阿碧也没说话，只是想着那些孩子的来历：他们的父母是否知道，自己的孩子在深圳过着怎样的日子。

走了很久，影子被夕阳拉长。阿碧想说点什么，却又觉得此刻的沉默，比任何一句话都诚实。

过了好一会儿，阿文低声问：“刚才……是不是不该给那十块钱？”

阿碧摇头：“不怪你。”

那不是怜悯，也不是厌烦，而是一种无力——像是城市飞速生长的缝隙里，突然裂开一角，让他们看到霓虹背后那些艰难：被时代裹挟的渺小生命，悄无声息。

从那天起，那一幕像一块小小的暗影，深深印在记忆里。他们第一次明白——有些善意，只能藏在心里；而有些无力，也只能慢慢学着接受。

## What the City Hides

*Winnie Mo*

Ever since Abi and Awen met at Window of the World, their weekends had turned into a quiet sanctuary tucked away from the city's dazzling rush. In that soft, wordless warmth, it was almost possible to forget that beneath the lights and noise, moments of unease still lingered, waiting to surface.

Their routine was simple: find a Hong Kong-style café near the Luohu checkpoint, order dim sum and a pot of tea, chat idly, and watch the ebb and flow of traffic and crowds outside the window. After tea, they would stroll along Shennan East Road toward Dongmen Pedestrian Street.

In 1995, Dongmen was a maze of shops and noise—a collage of high- and low-end goods, blaring music, vendors shouting, and BP pagers beeping. Tourists, small traders, and young dream-chasers pushed through the same packed streets, sometimes so crowded it was hard to take a single step. And yet, walking side by side in that chaos, Abi and Awen could still find a surprising sense of calm.

One particularly warm Saturday afternoon, sunlight poured onto the sidewalk along Shennan Middle Road like a thin, golden blanket. Awen was telling a joke, Abi answered softly, and they walked slowly, as if in no hurry to reach anywhere, savouring the ease of the moment.

Suddenly, a small figure darted in front of them. A little girl—hair messy, wearing a long dress too large for her, its hem frayed from dragging on the ground, and plastic sandals too big for her feet- lifted a wilting red rose toward them. Her bright eyes filled with caution and hope, searched Awen's face. "Big brother... buy a flower for the big sister?" Her voice was so faint it felt on the verge of breaking.

Awen froze, then reached into his pocket and handed her ten yuan. She took the money, bowed politely, and slipped away.

But moments later, more children appeared from all directions—some holding flowers, some dragging worn cloth bags, and a few kneeling abruptly on the pavement, raising their flowers high. Their young voices trembled with pleading: “Big brother, buy a flower for the big sister...”

It was as if someone had muted the street. The music from the record shop, the vendors’ shouts, the buzz of the crowd—all faded, leaving only a quiet pressure closing in around them.

Awen stood surrounded by tiny outstretched hands, wilted flowers, and damp, hopeful eyes. He didn’t know what to do. Giving money might draw even more children; refusing felt like crushing something fragile inside them. His face stiffened—the helplessness adults feel when reality exposes its rough edges without warning.

Abi’s heart tightened. Instinctively, she stepped forward and shouted, “Go away! Don’t block his way!” Still, the children clung to them; one even grabbed Awen’s sleeve. Only when they realized nothing more was coming did they scatter abruptly, like scraps of paper blown into the shadows of the crowd.

No one knew how many times these children had been chased off like this, yet they kept rushing toward couples, their movements so practiced they seemed trained. Perhaps, to them, this had become just another part of life—maybe even a kind of game.

The street soon returned to its usual noise. Music, hawking, footsteps—everything resumed as if nothing had happened. But the two of them could no longer return to the lightness from before. Awen walked in silence, the earlier awkwardness

still circling in his mind. Abi said nothing either, wondering who those children were, and whether their parents knew what kind of life their kids were living in Shenzhen.

They walked a long time, their shadows stretching in the late-day sun. Abi wanted to speak, but felt that their shared silence said it all.

After a while, Awen finally murmured, “I... shouldn’t have given her that ten yuan, should I?”

Abi shook her head. “It’s not your fault.”

It wasn’t pity, nor annoyance—just a quiet helplessness. As if, in a city growing at breakneck speed, a tiny seam had suddenly split open, revealing the hardships hidden behind the neon lights: small, fragile lives swept along by the tide of the times.

From that day on, the scene became a small, shadow in their memories. They realized, for the first time— Some kindness can only stay in the heart; and some helplessness, one can only learn to live with.