

# 希望之光的阴影

## The Shadow of the Light

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叔本华曾说：“希望是人类最大的安慰，也是最大的欺骗。”这句话提醒我们，人生中的希望，常常如街灯般闪耀，却也可能在现实的微风中，悄然熄灭。

1993年的冬天，深圳的天气虽然不算寒冷，却整天阴沉沉的，阿碧跑了几个月的业务，鞋也磨破了两双，办公室的工作成了她心中的梦想。有一天，她来到八卦岭的一家装修公司，站在门外，透过橱窗望见陈列的室内设计图，心中泛起阵阵羡慕——那些图纸，仿佛描绘着她梦中的居所。她鼓足勇气，轻轻敲门，只见一位东北口音的高大男子站在面前。几句交谈，他见这位眼前推销报纸的小姑娘，竟然对室内设计很有见解，又听说她学过绘画，便笑着邀请她进屋，一起聊起室内装修的话题，并邀请她到公司画室内效果图。

第二天，阿碧怀着满心希望走进公司。老板给她安排了一间小办公室，每天递来一叠装修示范图，要她照着画。起初，老板常常过问工作情况，提出意见和建议。渐渐地，阿碧画的室内图形象生动，得到老板的称赞。这给她带来了无限的喜悦，觉得这份工作会让生活有转机。然而，好景不长，慢慢地，老板过问的次数越来越少，图纸也很少给她。一个月过去，到了发工资的时候，阿碧不得不鼓足勇气开口询问。老板却置之不理，既不给工资，也不给事做，最后一切都在沉默中消散。

在那个“无论黑猫白猫，抓到老鼠就是好猫”的年代，老板们只顾拼命“抓老鼠”，哪里还顾得上工人的利益？劳资双方既没有合约，也无制度监

管，工人投诉无门。希望的光芒，原来只是虚幻的火花，照亮一瞬，却在风中熄灭。

夜幕低垂，街灯冷冷地亮着，啊碧孤独地走在凉飕飕的街道上。灯光投下长长的影子，映照着她心中希望之光的阴影。她抬头望去，城市依旧灯火辉煌，仿佛在告诉她，前面还有另一种希望。

## The Shadow of the Light

Schopenhauer once said: *“Hope is humanity’s greatest comfort—and its greatest deception.”* His words remind us that hope often shines like a streetlamp in the night, yet can quietly flicker out in the gentle breeze of reality.

In the winter of 1993, Shenzhen was not bitterly cold, but the skies hung heavy and gray. For months, Abi had trudged through the streets, chasing sales, wearing out two pairs of shoes, while an office desk remained her distant dream. One day, she stopped before a renovation company in Bagualing. Through the glass, she glimpsed interior design sketches displayed like visions of another world—blueprints of the home she had always imagined. Summoning her courage, she knocked gently. A tall man with a northeastern accent opened the door. A few words revealed that this young newspaper salesgirl had a keen eye for interior design. When he learned she had studied painting, he smiled and invited her in to talk—and even asked her to draw some interior renderings for the company.

The next day, Abi walked into the office with a heart full of hope. The boss gave her a small workspace and a stack of sample designs to copy. At first, he often checked her work, offering advice and suggestions. Gradually, her drawings became vivid and

lifelike, earning his praise. Joy flooded her heart—she believed this job might change her life. But the glow didn't last. The boss's visits grew rare, and the flow of drawings slowed to a trickle. A month passed. When payday came, Abi gathered her courage to ask about her wages. The boss ignored her—no pay, no work, and finally, silence swallowed everything.

In those days of *"It doesn't matter if the cat is black or white, as long as it catches mice,"* bosses were obsessed with chasing profit, with little regard for workers' rights. There were no contracts, no regulations, and nowhere for workers to turn. The light of hope, it turned out, was only a fleeting spark—bright for a moment, then extinguished by the wind.

Night fell. Streetlamps glowed coldly as Abi walked alone down the chilly street. Their light cast long shadows, mirroring the darkness hope had left in her heart. She looked up—the city still glittered with lights, as if whispering that somewhere ahead, another hope awaited.