

安稳的日子 Peaceful Days

Winnie Mo

生活像一条流动的河，河水无论遇到怎样的起伏，都不会长期停留在同一个地方。

阿碧住在岗厦那间小套房不到一年，便接连遇到几件让人不安的事：书包莫名其妙地出现在隔壁露台，阳台的铁栏杆一夜消失，而那次发生在楼梯间的经历，则让她意识到，这里已经无法再让人安心住下去。那并不是恐惧持续存在，而是一种隐约的感觉——她无法再安然打开那扇铁门。

房东比她想象中要细心，察觉到她的不安。没过多久，便主动提出，让她搬到三楼去住。那是一套两房一厅的大单位，隔壁就是房东一家，人来人往，总能照应得到。这份善意来得朴素而直接。阿碧没有多犹豫，便答应了。

搬到三楼以后，生活的尺度明显改变了。房子大了许多，光线也更好。她在客厅隔出了一半，做成画室；另一间房则转租给别人，经济上的压力也随之减轻。那是她第一次真切地感到，“住处”不再只是落脚之地，而是可以慢慢安顿生活的空间。

那段时间，她的日子变得充实而稳定。上午去大学上课，下午回到家画画，时间被清楚地分配着，生活显出明确的节奏。画画时，她常常一坐就是半天，外面的城市喧闹仿佛与她无关，那些不安与惊悚的往事，似乎也成了梦幻，逐渐淡去。

她的好朋友刘畅，也在那时找到了一份相对稳定的工作，在一所学校担任美术老师。课余，他接些零散的绘画工作，为酒店画装饰画，也替公司设计广

告，并顺势把一些机会介绍给阿碧。两人的生活由此逐渐交织在一起，常结伴看画展，或外出写生。因为共同的兴趣，日子过得踏实而具体。朋友之间不必多言，只是在彼此的生活里，并肩走着。

那时，与阿碧情同姐妹的阿洁，也完成了人生中的一件大事——她和阿唐结婚了。阿洁来自新疆，原以为申请香港定居并不容易，却出乎意料地顺利。不久，她便移居到香港，开始新的生活。她常去那里的画廊走动，把接触到的一些与绘画相关的业务转给阿碧。初到香港，除了丈夫，她几乎没有熟人，便常常回深圳，把阿碧的家当作自己的落脚处，与她倾吐心事，说起适应新环境的挑战与困惑，也谈及对未来的打算。

阿碧的生活视野由此展开。原本在校园与住所之间往返的日常，开始向更远处延伸。绘画不再只是兴趣，也逐渐成为一项能够带来稳定收入的技能。她对香港的印象不再停留在想象之中，仿佛与那座城市的距离，被悄然拉近。那时的阿碧并没有刻意对未来作出规划，只觉得当下的生活已经足够安稳，便顺着这些变化，一步步往前。

只是每次与阿洁聊天，她的话语里总夹带着一种不言明的催促——结婚、去香港，像她现在这样，似乎才是一条前途明朗的路。阿碧听得出来那份关切，却始终没有回应。她知道，这一步一旦迈出，生活便不会再如眼前这般舒心而确定。

回头再看，那是一段并不起眼的时光，没有剧烈的起伏，也没有惊人的转折。日子平稳而有序，精神、物质与情感，恰好维持在一种相对的平衡中。这并非因为外界忽然变得安全，而是阿碧在生活的推移里，学会了调整心态，接纳那些未曾预料的变化。没有惊喜，也没有惊悚的日子，反而显得格外安稳而踏实。

Peaceful Days

Winnie Mo

Life is like flowing river. No matter what rises or dips it encounters, the water never lingers in one place for long.

Abi had lived in the small apartment in Gangxia for less than a year when a series incidents occurred. Her backpack was found on a neighbor's roof. The iron railing on her balcony disappeared overnight. What followed in the stairwell made it clear that the place was no longer safe. Fear did not stay with her, but a quieter unease remained—she could no longer open the metal door calmly.

The landlord proved more attentive than she had expected. Noticing her hesitation and unease, he soon suggested that she move to the third floor. The apartment there was spacious, with two bedrooms, located right next door to his own family. With people coming and going, help was always close at hand. The kindness was plain and unembellished. Abi did not hesitate long before accepting.

After moving downstairs, the scale of her life changed noticeably. The apartment was much larger, with better light. She partitioned half the living room into a studio, and sublet the other bedroom, reduce the financial pressure. For the first time, she felt that a place to live was no longer just somewhere to land, but a space where life itself could gradually settle.

Those days became full and steady. Mornings were spent at the university and painting at home in the afternoon. Time was clearly divided, and her days took on a reliable rhythm. When she painted, she often worked for hours at a stretch. The

noise of the city seemed far away, and the earlier moments of fear and unease faded into something dreamlike, gradually losing their hold.

Around the same time, her close friend Liuchang found a position as an art teacher at a school. After teaching, he took on freelance work—decorative paintings for hotels, advertising designs for companies—and passed along opportunities to Abi whenever he could. Their lives became increasingly intertwined. They went to exhibitions together or headed out to paint landscape. Sharing the same interests gave their days a grounded, tangible quality. Between friends, there was little need for words—they simply walked alongside each other in life.

It was also during this time that Ajie, Abi's closest friend, reached a major milestone: she married Atang. Ajie was from Xinjiang and had assumed that obtaining residency in Hong Kong would be difficult, but the process went more smoothly than expected. Soon after, she moved there to begin a new life. She often visited local galleries and passed along painting-related work to Abi. Newly arrived, and knowing almost no one besides her husband, Ajie frequently returned to Shenzhen. Abi's home became her place to land. There, she confided in her—talking about the challenges and uncertainties of adjusting to a new environment, and her thoughts about the future.

Through all this, Abi's world gradually expanded. What had once been a routine confined to campus and home began to stretch outward. Painting was no longer just an interest; it became a skill that brought in steady income. Hong Kong, too, no longer existed only in her imagination—it felt as if the distance to that city had quietly shortened. At the time, Abi made no deliberate plans for the future. Life felt stable enough as it was, and she simply moved forward, step by step, following the changes as they came.

Yet whenever she spoke with Ajie, there was always an unspoken urgency woven into her words—marriage, Hong Kong, the life she herself was now living, as if it were the clearer and more promising path. Abi could hear the concern behind it, but she never answered directly. She knew that once this step was taken, life would no longer feel as comfortable or certain as it did now.

Looking back, it was an unremarkable period—no dramatic highs, no shocking turns. The days were steady and orderly, with mind, material life, and emotions held in a fragile but workable balance. This wasn't because the world had suddenly become safe, but because Abi had learned, over time, to adjust her inner stance and accept the unexpected as part of living. Days without excitement, without fright—only later did she realize how deeply peaceful and grounded they had been.