

无果之事，也有光

Even the Unfinished Has Its Light

Winnie Mo

1995年的春天，阿碧决定给自己一段不被定义的时光，去试探人生的多种可能。

她与阿洁、阿英同住了三个多月，也认识了许多在深圳寻梦的年轻女子。她们各自怀着不同的打算：有人想多赚些钱，回乡修房、照顾父母；有人期望找到条件优越的伴侣，成为体面的家庭主妇。唯有阿洁，目标最为明确——她一心想嫁一位外籍丈夫，通过婚姻走出国门。为此，她每日勤勉，天光未亮，阿英尚在沉睡时，她已起身背诵英语单词，为自己的理想悄悄铺路。

阿碧的选择却与她们有些不同。她始终放不下对艺术的追求，因此走了一条折中的路：一边跟着阿洁学英语，一边继续寻找工作，一边等待爱神降临。她不急于给自己一个最终答案，只把期待藏进日常，在行动里静待命运的指引。

不久，她收到一家广告公司的面试通知。阿碧带着忐忑与期许前往。刚踏入大厅，便被眼前的景象怔住：数十位青年齐聚一堂，带着未褪的稚气，也带着欲展锋芒的艺术气息。老板展示几幅广告稿，讲明要求，要大家现场创作一幅广告画——新意、主题、吸引力，缺一不可。

话音刚落，大厅立刻变成一间临时画室。有人勾勒草图，有人打开油画箱，有人调配水彩，空气里混着颜料与纸张的味道。空间狭窄，几乎难以转身。

阿碧刚摆好画具，一不留神，打翻了洗笔的小桶，清水溅湿了身旁考生的画纸。她连声道歉，抬头时，却看到一张温和的脸——微卷的头发，白净的皮肤，眼睛又大又亮。他没有生气，只轻声说：“没关系，先画吧。”

两人继续各自作画。偶尔瞄一眼对方的画，发现彼此的色调、笔法都十分相近，不知是坐得太近相互影响，还是原本就心意相通、笔意相投。

面试结束后，人群陆续散去。有人依旧沉浸在刚才的创作中，有人自信满满。那位卷发青年走在阿碧身旁，自然而轻松地聊起方才的作画经历。他介绍自己：“我叫刘畅，四川人，毕业于师范大学艺术系”。画风的相似，也因此有迹可循。

刘畅是骑单车来面试的，车就停在门外。聊了几句后，便问：“你去哪儿？我送你。”

在深圳寻梦的路上，遇见同频的人并不容易。阿碧便轻轻坐上他的单车后座。一路上，两人像久别重逢的旧友，话语不绝。

单车从闹市穿过蜿蜒小巷，又一路驶向田埂与港湾，迎着初春的风。两人闲聊不断，从喧嚣谈到宁静——童年趣事、少年读书、青春心事、工作疲乏，以至于对艺术的执着与迷惘，无所不谈。

话语如水，自然流淌。时间仿佛被无形之手轻轻按下了暂停键。那一路上，他们忘了归途，只在彼此的交谈里，重新拾回久违的轻松与被理解的安宁。

只是人间相聚，总有散场。那时通讯不便，大家居无定所，没有固定电话，也来不及留下联系方式。分别来得安静又自然。

那场面试最终没有结果，但那段相遇与创作的时光，却长久留存在阿碧的记忆里。许多事本不必强求结局，过程里的心动与微光，已经足够。

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In the spring of 1995, Abi decided to give herself a stretch of unlabelled time, a chance to test the many possibilities of life.

She lived with Ajie and Aying for more than three months and met many young women who had come to Shenzhen to chase their dreams. Each carried her own hopes: some wanted to earn more money, return home to rebuild a house and take care of their parents; some wished to find a well-off partner and become a respectable homemaker. Only Ajie had a goal as sharp as a compass—she dreamed of marrying a foreign husband and leaving the country through marriage. Every dawn, while Aying was still asleep, she was already up memorizing English words, quietly paving her way toward that future.

Abi's choice was a little different. She could never set aside her longing for art, so she took a middle way: learning English with Ajie, searching for a job, and waiting for love to arrive. She wasn't in a rush to define her life. Instead, she folded her hopes into the everyday, letting her small actions wait for fate's gentle hand.

Before long, she received an interview notice from an advertising company. Abi went with a mixture of nerves and anticipation. The moment she stepped into the lobby, she stopped short, dozens of young people were gathered there, still carrying traces of youth, yet eager to show their artistic ambition. The boss displayed several sample ads and explained the task: create an advertising illustration on the spot—originality, theme, and impact were all essential.

As soon as he finished, the lobby turned into an impromptu studio. Some sketched outlines, some opened their paint boxes, some mixed watercolors. The air was filled with the smell of paint and paper. The space was so tight that turning around required care.

Abi had just arranged her tools when she accidentally knocked over her rinse cup. Water splashed onto the drawing of the candidate beside her. She apologized at once. When she looked up, she met a gentle face—soft curls, fair skin, and bright, wide eyes. He wasn't angry at all. He simply said, in a quiet voice, "It's alright. Go ahead and paint."

They returned to their work. From time to time, they stole glances at each other's drawings and noticed how similar their tones and strokes were. They couldn't tell whether it came from sitting so close or from a natural meeting of sensibilities.

When the interview ended, people drifted out—some still absorbed in their artwork, others full of confidence. The curly-haired young man walked beside Abi, chatting about the drawing process. "I'm Liu Chang," he said. "From Sichuan. I majored in art at a teachers' college." Their similar styles suddenly made sense.

He had arrived on a bicycle, which waited outside. After a few minutes of conversation, he asked, "Where are you going? I can give you a ride."

In a city like Shenzhen, where everyone was searching in their own direction, finding someone who felt familiar was rare. Abi settled onto the back seat of his bicycle. They talked like friends reunited after a long time apart.

The bicycle slipped out of the busy streets, wound through narrow alleys, and then rolled toward fields and the quiet edges of the harbor, catching the early spring wind. Their conversation drifted freely from noise to stillness—touching on childhood

mischief, school days, youthful romances, the dull fatigue of work, and even their shared devotion and confusion about art. Nothing felt off limits.

Their words flowed like water, natural and unforced. Time seemed to be paused by an invisible hand. Along that ride, they forgot where they were supposed to go, wrapped instead **in** the comfort of being understood.

But all human meetings have their ending. Communication was inconvenient then; people moved often, had no landlines, and rarely had time to exchange contact information. Their goodbye came quiet and naturally.

The interview led nowhere, but the encounter—and the hours spent creating side by side—stayed with Abi for years. Not everything needs an outcome. Sometimes the heart's flicker during the process is enough to light a lifetime.