

大亚湾的周末舞会

A Weekend at Daya Bay: A Dance into a Different World

Winnie Mo

在无趣的日子里，谁能想到，一次随意的决定，会将她们带入一个陌生又迷人的世界——宛如《爱丽丝梦游仙境》。

缺乏精神支柱的生活格外乏味。得知教授不再回龙岗，阿强和阿辉也被调往其他工厂，阿碧和阿洁似乎失去了依靠。整日伏在画桌前的日子显得沉闷，生活仿佛失去了激情。偶尔，只见阿洁盯着精细的设计图，自言自语，嘴角浮现一丝微笑，独自沉浸在美好的回忆中。

没有期待，她们的脚步慢了下来，回到原来的节奏。下班后，边走边聊，谈起阿强和“大森林”的故事，时不时流露出淡淡的叹息。晚饭后，她们各自守住一片孤独。阿洁独自坐在阳台上，回忆那些“竹竿传情”的笑话，想象对面空荡阳台的新主人；阿碧则静静坐在大门前，目送夕阳缓缓西下。

生活像一首乐曲，有高低起伏的旋律。高潮太长让人难以承受，低音过多也令人烦闷。年轻的寻梦者，总在无趣的生活中寻找机会，探索这个好奇的世界。一天，阿洁对阿碧说：“听说‘大亚湾’有很多外国人，很好玩。”阿碧第一次听说“大亚湾”，心里自然充满好奇。于是，两人决定周六去大亚湾，寻找新的乐趣。

周六清晨，阿碧和阿洁带着兴奋与好奇，仿佛踏上一次国外旅行。她们坐在空荡的公交车上，目光越过车窗，望向那片正在开发的工地。阿碧默默想着：“如此广阔的大地，总该有一个属于我的位置。”车子缓缓驶上海岸公路，向大亚湾进发。海风带着咸湿气息扑面而来，仿佛在轻声召唤。还没到终点，

她们已被那一望无垠的海景吸引，决定提前下车，沿着海岸慢慢走，感受大海的宁静，聆听小鸟的歌声，偶尔停下脚步，观察小动物的趣事，心情像海风般轻盈自在。

渐渐地，修拉的名作《大碗岛的星期天下午》仿佛在眼前铺开：穿泳裤依偎草地的男人，穿三点式拥抱阳光的女人，撑伞呵护孩子的母亲，抱着小狗慵懒躺在树荫下的情侣。阿碧心中一震——原来那些画作并非虚构，而是艺术家生活的真实写照。



“大亚湾”仿佛是中国土地上的另一个世界，陌生却带着几分熟悉。那里的保安和售货员都是和她们一样的年轻人，让她们心里多了几分亲切。那里除了工作人员，很少有外人进入，因此看到这两张陌生面孔时，大家竟像见到久违的家人般热情。

很快，大家聊开了，谈起工作点滴，外国人的生活方式，话题轻松自然。没多久，气氛变得亲密，仿佛老朋友重逢。临别时，他们热情挽留：“今晚有个Weekend Party(周末晚会)，留下来参加！”

有了这些新朋友，阿碧和阿洁心里多了几分安全感，决定留下来，探索这个神秘世界。她们漫步到酒吧前，只见一群高鼻梁、蓝眼睛的男人举着酒杯，谈笑风生。偶尔有人微笑，轻轻说一句“Hello”，她们却不敢多说，只是礼貌地点头，匆匆离开。

为了准备晚上的舞会，阿碧和阿洁坐在草地上，挖空心思，把记忆里学过的英语单词一一搜索出来，写在小本子上，仿佛为这场未知的盛宴做最后努力。晚会终于临近，她们走到舞厅旁，只见女士们化着精致浓妆，高挑纤瘦，穿吊带长裙，脚踩高跟鞋，蓝眼睛在灯光下闪烁宛如电影中的女主角，伴着轻柔的音乐登场。

舞池里响起交际舞的旋律，成双成对的舞伴翩翩起舞。男士举止优雅，偶尔邀请她们加入欢乐的舞步。一杯啤酒下肚，胆量骤增。交谊舞之后，音乐节奏一变，迪斯科的狂热气息弥漫全场。阿碧尽显大学时代周末舞会的风采，偶尔赢得掌声。语言有障碍，但音乐和舞蹈无国界，阿碧带动阿洁尽情释放青春魅力，瞬间融入这片异国风情的海洋。

“Time flies when you have fun”——当你开心时，时间总是飞快流逝。不知不觉，太阳已缓缓升起，仿佛在催促这些活力四射的男女们该休息了。昏昏沉沉回到宿舍，她们仿佛做了一场奇幻的梦，一场属于自己的《爱丽丝梦游仙境》。

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Who would have thought that in the midst of dull days, one spontaneous decision could lead them into a world as strange and enchanting as *Alice in Wonderland*?

Life without purpose felt unbearably dull. When the professor stopped returning to Longgang and Ah Qiang and Ah Hui were reassigned to other factories, Abi and Ajie lost their hope of support. Endless hours at the drawing board drained their passion. At times, Ajie would linger over a delicate design, whispering softly, a fleeting smile revealing memories she couldn't let go.

With no expectations left, their steps slowed, settling back into routine. After work, they walked and talked, reminiscing about Ah Qiang and the “Big Forest,” sighing softly now and then. After dinner, each retreated into her own solitude—Ajie on the balcony, recalling the jokes about “messages on bamboo poles,” imagining the

new owner of the empty balcony across the way; Abi at the gate, quietly watching the sunset fade.

Life is a symphony of highs and lows—too much crescendo overwhelms, too much bass dulls the soul. Young dreamers, restless in their dull days, longed for chances to explore the curious world beyond. One day, Ajie said, “I heard there are lots of foreigners in Daya Bay—it sounds fun.” Abi had never heard of Daya Bay before, and curiosity sparked. That Saturday, they decided to go and seek something new.

On Saturday morning, Abi and Ajie set out with excitement, as if bound for a foreign land. On the empty bus, they gazed at sprawling construction sites while Abi wondered, *“There must be a place for me on this vast earth.”* As the bus wound along the coastal road, the salty breeze brushed their faces like a gentle call. Before the last stop, the endless ocean view drew them in. They got off early and strolled along the shore—breathing in the sea’s calm, listening to birdsong, pausing to watch tiny creatures at play. Their hearts felt as light as the wind.

Gradually, Seurat’s masterpiece *A Sunday on La Grande Jatte* seemed to unfold before their eyes: men in swim trunks lounging on the grass, women in bikinis basking in the sun, mothers shading their children with umbrellas, couples with dogs dozing in the shade. Abi was struck—those paintings weren’t mere imagination; they were life itself.

Abi and Ajie felt as if they had stepped into another realm—distant yet strangely familiar. The security guards and shop clerks were young like them, which put them at ease. Few outsiders ever came here, so when the staff saw these unfamiliar faces, they welcomed them like long-lost friends.

Soon, conversation flowed—stories of work and glimpses of foreign lifestyles. It felt like a reunion with old friends. Just as Abi and Ajie were about to leave, someone said warmly, “Stay for the Weekend Party tonight!”

With new friends around, Abi and Ajie felt safe enough to stay and explore this mysterious place. They wandered past a bar where tall men with blue eyes and high-bridged noses raised their glasses, laughing and chatting. Occasionally, someone smiled and said a soft “Hello.” They nodded politely and slipped away.

To prepare for the evening, Abi and Ajie sat on the grass, racking their brains for every English word they could recall, jotting them down like last-minute notes for an exam. As night fell, they approached the ballroom. Women appeared like movie stars—slender, elegant, in strappy gowns and high heels, blue eyes glittering under the lights as soft music played.

The dance floor came alive with the rhythm of ballroom music, couples gliding gracefully. Gentlemen moved with poise, occasionally inviting the two newcomers to join. A glass of beer gave them courage. After the waltz, the beat shifted—disco fever swept the room. Abi shone with the flair of her college dance nights, earning bursts of applause. Language was a barrier, but music and dance knew no borders. Abi led Ajie into the rhythm, releasing their youthful energy and melting into this sea of foreign charm.

Time flies when you’re having fun. Before they knew it, the sun was rising, urging the lively crowd to rest. Back at their dorm, drowsy and exhilarated, they felt as if they had lived a dream—a dream straight out of *Alice in Wonderland*.