

## 关系与结果 Relations and Outcomes

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来深圳已有三年多了，阿碧一直在寻找，却说不清要落脚何处。她没有明确的方向，只是顺着感觉前行。一路上，她对一切实用知识都产生兴趣：学粤语沟通，学英语拓展边界，摸索电脑组装与绘图，也练习打字。那些看似零碎的学习，渐渐成为她在这座城市立足的依凭。

随着知识与经验的积累，她对自己的能力有了信心，也开始认真考虑找一份与电脑相关的工作——那正是当时最热门的行业。

一次在华强北闲逛，她看到路边一块简单的招牌：“打印广告、建筑图纸、修改图纸及各类电脑设计，请上二楼。”几行不起眼字却让她好奇地上了楼。只见门口一位打扮时髦的中年女子正坐着喝茶，来往的人都叫她“老板娘”——神情从容，待人熟络干练。听说阿碧来找工作，简单聊了几句，便对她产生了兴趣——会硬件，也懂绘图。老板娘爽快地说：“我们正需要请一名员工，你明天来试试吧。”

老板娘一边说，一边带着阿碧进了工作室。里面摆着几台电脑和一台大幅面打印机。两个员工正忙着画图、出图，机器声不断，气氛严肃。老板娘不时催促：“快点儿，一会儿客人就要来拿图纸了。”

阿碧看到角落有一台空着的电脑，心里一动，隐隐觉得，那或许就是留给自己的位置。

这间小店规矩不多。老板娘守在门口，负责接单和收钱，具体工作全靠员工完成。起初，阿碧只是改图，很快就需要直接面对客户，甚至谈价。

老板娘并不细究每一单的具体难度和所需时间，只能凭员工的经验和机器的顺畅来判断。客人上门，问需求、谈价格、画图或修改、再打印出图，流程清楚，简单的，客人常常等在一旁；复杂的，回头再取。员工们几乎难以挤出吃饭时间。打印机卡纸时，要处理，电脑变慢时，要检查，有时还要装驱动、修故障。没人教，做错了就改，改过就记住了。所有能力，都在处理问题中一点点积累起来。

几个月下来，阿碧逐渐熟悉整个流程，从接单，改图及设计到出图，心里开始有数。原本的慌乱慢慢变得有序。她也学会与客户周旋，判断需求轻重，拿捏价格分寸。许多原本模糊的界限，在反复试探中变得清晰。她第一次感到踏实——所学终于有了用处，也换来了信任。

慢慢地，熟客多了。有些人开始绕开公司，直接找阿碧，在家画图、改图，再带回店里打印。她几乎没有闲下来的时候，白天在店里，晚上继续工作，但这些额外的付出，也带来了直接的收入。

变化在不知不觉中出现。老板娘察觉到客源的流动，开始变得警觉。起初只是提醒——客人离开时会多说一句：“有事直接找店里。”有时也当着阿碧的面重复，语气平常，却已有指向。再后来，规矩变得明确：不允许员工与客户私下交换联系方式，也不允许直接与客户沟通。店里的气氛随之收紧了许多。

当客户坐在电脑前讲需求时，老板娘经常会站在一旁看着，像是把关，也像是在划清界线。有些客户悄悄把名片夹进图纸里，想留下联系方式，但大多被她发现并收走。

监管越来越严，却仍无法阻断私下联系。有一次，一个客人来改图，把图纸递上就准备离开。阿碧展开图纸时，看到里面夹着一张写着电话号码的纸

条。还未来得及反应，老板娘已经走过来，一把拿走纸条，语气严厉：“店里有规定，不可以给员工电话。”

客人看了看她们，没有争辩，点了点头，收回图纸离开了。那一瞬间，空气像停住了一样。阿碧感到一阵局促——事情并不由她决定，结果却落在她身上。

类似的事越来越多。客户在老板娘不在时留下电话，或低声说：“以后直接找你。”阿碧没有主动联络，也没有刻意回避。那时的她，对这些界限还不清晰，只觉得，对方是信任她的手艺。

直到有一天，事情被彻底摆到台面上。老板娘把她叫到一边，没有追问，只说了一句：“你不能再留在这里了，客人都被你带走了。”阿碧没有辩解。她早已有所预感，知道每件事都会有最后的结果。

她收拾好东西，离开了那间店。那一刻，她感到十分轻松，一段依附于他人的工作结束了，提心吊胆的日子过去了。接下来，要靠手艺独立支撑生活，虽然不可预知，却更加自由了。

阿碧虽然有些失落，可庆幸，又一次站在了新的起点，寻觅另一段不可预知的未来。

很多年之后再看，能力当然重要，它让人被看见，也让人被需要。但在一些环境里，被需要本身，也可能意味着另一种承担，甚至风险。事情的走向，未必取决于事情本身，更多时候，取决于关系、规则与所处的位置。走过这些，才慢慢明白：变化不可避免，学会接受，才能更从容地面对现实。

## Relations and Outcomes

It had been over three years since Abi arrived in Shenzhen, yet she was still searching, unsure where she truly belonged. With no clear direction, she simply moved forward by instinct.

Along the way, she grew interested in a range of practical skills—learning Cantonese to communicate, English to broaden her horizons, assembling computers, doing graphic design, and practicing typing. What once seemed like scattered efforts gradually became the foundation that sustained her in the city.

As her knowledge and experience grew, so did her confidence. She began seriously considering a job related to computers—the most promising field at the time.

One day, while wandering through Huaqiangbei, she noticed a roadside sign: “Printing ads, architectural blueprints, revisions, and various computer design services—2nd floor.” The plain wording caught her attention, and she headed upstairs.

At the entrance sat a fashionably dressed middle-aged woman, calmly sipping tea. People came and went, all calling her “Laoban Niang ” ( Boss Lady). She seemed at ease, familiar with everyone, efficient in her dealings. After a brief conversation, she showed interest in Abi—she knew hardware and could draw.

“We’re actually looking to hire,” she said readily. “Come try tomorrow.”

She led Abi into the studio. Inside were several computers and a large-format printer. Two employees were busy editing and printing; machines hummed

constantly, and the atmosphere was tense. The Laoban Niang urged them now and then, “Hurry up—the customer will be here soon to collect the work.”

Abi noticed an empty computer in the corner. Something stirred in her—she felt it might be a place meant for her.

The shop had few formal rules. The Laoban Niang stayed at the front, taking orders and payments, while the actual work depended entirely on the employees. At first, Abi only edited the blueprints, but soon she was dealing directly with customers, even negotiating prices.

The Laoban Niang didn’t examine each job’s complexity or time required in detail. She relied mostly on the staff’s experience and how smoothly the machines ran. Customers would state their needs, agree on a price, then the staff would edit, revise, and print. Simple jobs were done while customers waited; more complex ones were picked up later. There was barely time to eat. When the printer jammed, they fixed it. When computers slowed down, they checked them. Sometimes they installed drivers or troubleshoot issues. No one taught them—mistakes were corrected, and lessons were learned. All their skills were built gradually through solving problems.

After a few months, Abi became familiar with the entire workflow—taking orders, editing, designing, and outputting prints. The initial chaos in her mind slowly settled into order. She learned how to deal with customers, gauge their needs, and set prices. Many blurred boundaries became clearer through repeated trial. For the first time, she felt grounded—her skills were finally useful, and trust followed.

Gradually, regular customers increased. Some began bypassing the shop, going directly to Abi. She would work on editing and design at home and bring them back

to print. She was rarely idle—working in the shop by day and continuing at night. The extra effort brought additional income.

But change came quietly. The Laoban Niang noticed the shift in customers and grew cautious. At first, it was just small reminders—when customers left, she would say, “Come back to the shop if you need anything.” Sometimes she repeated it in front of Abi, casually, but with a clear undertone. Later, the rules became explicit: employees were not allowed to exchange contact information with customers or communicate with them privately. The atmosphere in the shop tightened.

When customers sat at the computer explaining their needs, the Laoban Niang often stood nearby, watching—partly supervising, partly drawing boundaries. Some customers slipped business cards into drawings to leave their contact details, but most were noticed and taken away.

The supervision grew stricter, yet it couldn’t fully stop private contact. Once, a customer handed over drawings for revision and was about to leave. When Abi unfolded them, she found a slip of paper with a phone number inside. Before she could react, the boss lady stepped in, snatched the paper, and said sternly, “We have rules here. You can’t give employees your number.”

The customer glanced at both of them, said nothing, nodded, and left with the drawings. For a moment, the air felt still. Abi felt uneasy—the outcome had nothing to do with her decision, yet it fell on her all the same.

Such incidents became more frequent. Customers left numbers when the Laoban Niang wasn’t around or whispered, “Next time, I’ll go directly to you.” Abi neither initiated contact nor deliberately avoided it. At the time, she didn’t fully understand these boundaries—she simply felt it was trust in her work.

Until one day, everything surfaced. The Laoban Niang called her aside. There was no questioning, just a single sentence: “You can’t stay here anymore. The customers are all going with you.”

Abi didn’t argue. She had sensed it coming. Every situation, she knew, would eventually reach its conclusion.

She packed her belongings and left the shop. In that moment, she felt unexpectedly light. A job dependent on others had come to an end; the days of quiet anxiety were over. From then on, she would rely on her own skills to make a living. The future was uncertain, but it also meant greater freedom.

There was some regret, but also relief. Once again, she found herself at a new starting point, searching for another unknown future.

Years later, she understood: ability matters—it makes you visible and needed. But in some environments, being needed also carries risk. Outcomes depend less on the work itself than on relationships, rules, and position. In the end, she learned that change is inevitable, and acceptance brings a quiet steadiness.