

暖屋与微光

A Warm Room, A Quiet Light

自从阿碧和阿洁住进阿英的套房，那间冷清的屋子立刻有了生气。原本安静得近乎孤寂的空间，被笑语、闲谈，以及画笔轻触纸面的沙沙声填得暖洋洋的。一向沉稳的阿英，也因她们的到来添了几分少女般的好奇与轻快。

阿英很乐意做阿碧的模特。她常常安静地坐在窗边，摆出一个舒展的姿势，不说话，也不催促。直到自己的轮廓在画布上渐渐清晰，她才端起水杯轻轻抿一口，露出一丝满足的笑意。

三个人常围坐在客厅的小圆桌旁，边吃饭，边分享各自的故事：家乡的趣事、初来深圳的梦想、第一次离家的惶恐，以及对未来朦胧却执着的期许。小小的套房渐渐成了她们三人的避风港。外面再喧嚣奔波，只要关上门，心就安稳下来。

慢慢地，屋子便成了半个画室。阿碧的画笔总停不下来：阿英看电视的模样，阿洁学英语的神态，三人说笑时的表情，都被她悄悄捕捉。画得生动时，阿英和阿洁围在一旁赞不绝口，时而笑得前仰后合，时而佯装嗔怒，把画纸藏在身后。墙上贴满了素描、速写和静物画，把狭小的空间装点成艺术家的临时工作室。

村里的女子们听闻阿碧会画肖像，纷纷登门，想求一张速写。她们也因此结识了更多邻居。屋里常常坐着六七个姑娘，喝茶闲谈，轮流做模特，欢声笑语里裹着淡淡的文艺气息。她们羡慕阿英，不再独守空屋，生命如同悄然绽放的花，在陪伴里慢慢舒展。

阿英的男友黎生周末回来，见屋里充满热闹与温情，由衷为她欣喜。黎生爽朗大方，非但不介意家里多了两个人，反而觉得这个空间更有了家的气息。他特意添置了床褥，收拾好另一间小房，温声说道：“你们安心住下，人多才热闹。”

在这种被善意托住的日子里，三人愈发安稳而惬意。睡觉、画画、学习粤语与英语、煮饭做菜、去村里探望朋友、去草地享受阳光，成为她们的日常节奏。她们走到哪里，都带着轻快的步伐，引来旁人羡慕的目光。在外人看来，她们的日子像一阵自由的风，轻盈又写意。

黎生也被这温暖感染，周末常带同事朋友上门。饭桌上笑声不断，空气里混着啤酒的清爽与蓬勃的活力。一周积累的疲惫与烦闷，都在这间小屋里悄然散去。这间小小的屋子，成了他们在异乡最踏实、最自在的落脚处。

一个周末，他们相约去香蜜湖游玩。游乐场里人声鼎沸，尖叫声此起彼伏。阿碧第一次坐上过山车。爬升时，她紧握护栏，心跳几乎撞出胸膛；俯冲的刹那，尖叫被风撕碎，生命仿佛被抛向深渊。她闭上眼，把自己完全交给那飞速转动的齿轮，任其在空中甩动、翻滚。停下的那一刻，她恍若从悬崖边被推回现实，忽然体会到：生命有时是如此轻盈、虚幻，近乎失控。

香蜜湖的另一角却安静如画。一位长发的女子正专注地为游客画肖像。阿碧站在旁边观望许久，心底涌起久违的冲动——她也想这样，用画笔留住人间片刻的模样。

夕阳渐沉，人群渐散，女画家终于得闲。阿碧上前搭话，两人一见如故，相谈甚欢。她叫阿云，来深圳多年，已与台湾伴侣成婚，正等候赴台定居。趁这段过渡期，便在香蜜湖画肖像——既是爱好，也是生活。

阿云自信爽朗，言谈间尽是阅历沉淀的通透。她们聊艺术的执着，聊生活的艰辛，也聊一个女子该如何抉择人生的方向。

临别时，阿云看着阿碧，轻声却坚定地说：“生活有很多选择。只要你坚持，哪条路都会走向光明。”这句话像一束微光，照亮了阿碧心底那间久未开启的暗室。

回程的路上，阿碧脚步格外轻盈。她仿佛明白，很多答案不必急着寻找，走着走着，路自然会在脚下清晰。

那天的过山车、湖面上的阳光，以及阿云专注作画的神情，一起在阿碧心底汇成了一幅既刺激、又温和而明亮的图画。未来的画面虽仍未成形，但她清楚地感觉到——自己的人生草图，正悄悄在心里一笔一划地勾勒出来。

Warm Room and Quiet Light

When Abi and Ajie moved into Aying's flat, the once quiet room came alive. The space that had felt almost hollow was suddenly warmed by laughter, easy chatter, and the soft scratch of pencil on paper. Even steady, composed Aying brightened, her calm exterior gaining a touch of youthful curiosity and lightness.

Aying enjoyed being Abi's model. She would sit quietly by the window, holding a relaxed pose without speaking or rushing. Only when her outline slowly appeared on the canvas would she lift her cup, take a small sip of water, and allow a faint, satisfied smile to appear.

The three often gathered around the small round table in the living room, eating while sharing their stories—childhood tales, early dreams of Shenzhen, the

fear of leaving home, and their hazy yet determined hopes for the future. The small flat gradually became their refuge. No matter how noisy or exhausting the outside world was, the moment the door closed, their hearts settled.

Gradually, the flat turned into a half-studio. Abi's pencil never stopped—capturing Aying watching TV, Ajie studying English, and the fleeting expressions they shared while chatting. When a drawing came out vivid, Aying and Ajie hovered beside her, laughing until they bent over or pretending to snatch the paper in mock anger. Soon the walls were filled with portraits, sketches, and still lifes, transforming the cramped room into a temporary artist's workspace.

Women in the village heard that Abi could draw portraits and came knocking, hoping for a quick sketch. Through them, the trio met more neighbors. Six or seven young women often sat together in the room, drinking tea, chatting, taking turns posing. Laughter and a gentle artistic spirit filled the space. Many envied Aying—no longer alone, her life seemed to bloom quietly with companionship.

Aying's boyfriend, Li Sheng, returned on weekends. Seeing the warmth and laughter filling the room, he was genuinely happy for her. Straightforward and generous, he didn't mind the extra company—if anything, he felt the flat finally resembled a home. He bought an extra mattress, cleared the spare room, and said gently, "Stay as long as you like. A home should feel full."

Supported by such kindness, the three settled into a steady, comfortable rhythm—sleeping, painting, studying Cantonese and English, cooking, visiting friends, lying in the sun. Wherever they went, they carried a lightness that drew admiring glances. To outsiders, their days looked like a small, free wind—bright and unburdened.

Li Sheng, warmed by the atmosphere himself, often brought colleagues and friends over on weekends. Laughter filled the table, and the air smelled of beer and youthful energy. A week's worth of fatigue melted quietly in the small room. The flat became the most effortless place to rest in a foreign city.

One weekend they went to Xiangmihu. The amusement park was packed, screams rising and falling. Abi rode a roller coaster for the first time. As the car climbed, she gripped the bar tightly, heart pounding; in the plunge, her scream was torn apart by the wind as if her life were cast over a cliff. When the ride stopped, she felt pushed back from the edge of reality, suddenly aware of how light, unreal, and nearly uncontrollable life could be.

In another corner of Xiangmihu, it was as quiet enough as a picture. A long-haired woman sat at her easel, drawing portraits with steady focus. Abi watched for a long time, feeling a familiar stirring—she, too, wanted to capture the world's fleeting moments with a pencil.

As the sun dipped and the crowd thinned, the artist finally paused. Abi approached, and they fell into conversation as if they had known each other for years. Her name was Ayun. She had lived in Shenzhen for many years, married a Taiwanese partner, and was waiting to move to Taiwan. In the meantime, she came to Xiangmihu to draw portraits—part passion, part livelihood.

Ayun was confident and open, her words carrying the clarity of experience. They spoke about artistic persistence, the hardness of life, and how a woman chooses the direction of her own path.

Before they parted, Ayun looked at Abi and said softly but firmly, "Life offers many choices. As long as you keep going, any path can lead toward the light." Her

words fell into Abi's heart like a small beam of light, illuminating a long-closed room within her.

On the way back, Abi walked lightly, as if her feet touched the wind. She realized many answers did not need to be chased—if she kept walking, the road would reveal itself.

The roller coaster, the sunlight on the lake, and Ayun's calm focus blended into a single vivid image in Abi's heart—both thrilling and gentle. The future was still unformed, but she could feel it: the sketch of her life was beginning, quietly, stroke by stroke, within her.