

Ch4 选择改变命运 Decision Changes Life

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选择就像赌博，你永远无法预知结果。人们常说：“人的命运天注定”，但命运也会给你机会，如何选择这些机会则是你自己的事。

电话交流可能是练习二语的最佳方式。上一章《选择的困惑》中提到，他最终选择了她，并且再也没有提起过那位艳女和兰桂坊的事。从此，电话聊天成为了他们每晚最期待的时刻。为了准备每天的通话内容，她经常把当天做的事情一一记下来，无论是坐车还是走路，脑海里总在想着当天的谈话内容，比做学校功课还要认真。渐渐地，他们无话不谈，她的英语水平也有了很大提高，至少在没有准备的情况下，也能表达自己的想法。

无话不谈到无话可谈，或许是一种感情的升华。那种会议式的电话已经无法表达他们的情感。有时拿起电话，只是一声简单的问候：“How are you today?” 她不再为了练习口语而夸夸其谈，而是只想倾听彼此的呼吸声，然后放下电话。过了一会儿，电话又响了，这时，他们不想说什么，只想知道对方还在。他们的心里只装着对方，做每一件事都会打电话告诉对方。这时，那客套的餐厅约会和浪漫的酒吧凝视，都难以表达他们内心的激情。

家是一个人文化和兴趣爱好的私密天地。人们通常不会随意让他人进入这个精神避风港，只有那些深受信任的朋友才会被邀请。

一个星期六，他很早就给她打电话，邀请她到他家吃晚餐。这是她第一次到他的家，她简直不敢相信一个单身汉住的地方竟然如此奢华。三房一厅，配有现代感的中国木制家具。客厅的大玻璃窗面向维多利亚港，楼前林立的高楼也显得十分矮小，窗外那一望无际的景色十分迷人。窗台上还放着鱼缸，几条鲜红的鲤鱼在里面欢快地游动。餐桌上铺着雪白的台布，上面绣有花鸟图案，

桌上放着一束鲜红的玫瑰，还有两对十分精美的西方餐具，刀叉都按照顺序排列，跟高级西餐厅的摆设一样，只是多了两双筷子。他已经慢慢地将中国文化带进了他的家。

精心准备的晚餐是最令人感动的礼物。他带她参观了所有的房间，里面应有尽有，只差一个可以分享的人。过了一会儿，他端来了特意为她准备的西餐，打开了葡萄酒。她看到桌上精美的摆设，好像一幅古典油画，不想乱动。他耐心地示范：左手拿叉，右手拿刀，用叉子固定食物……。她显得有些笨手笨脚。他不想使她感到难堪，便不再谈如何吃喝。于是打开音响，轻柔的音乐在耳边袅绕，他们一边吃，一边脉脉含情地望着对方。餐桌上的一切都凝聚着他为她的付出，她也深深地被他的盛情打动，相信这一餐的含义。从此，这样的聚餐成为他们周末最期盼的活动。

一周的等待对他们来说越来越漫长。他总是期待奇迹的出现，经常把钥匙放在门前的地毡下，找各种借口让她可以随时进出。他盼望有一天，打开门时，脑海中的她会突然出现在眼前。她偶尔会给他惊喜，这让他更加渴望这样的生活。然而，他始终不明白，为什么她总是不肯留宿。即使到了深夜，再怎么依依不舍，她也坚持要赶回家。

Decision Changes Life

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Making choices is like gambling, you can never predict the outcome. People often say, "A person's life is predestined," but life also gives you opportunities. How you choose these opportunities is up to you.

Phone conversations are probably the best way for a second language speaker to practice. In the previous chapter, "The Dilemma of Choice," it was mentioned that he ultimately chose her and never brought up the other woman or Lan Kwai Fong again. Since then, their evening phone calls have become

the highlight of their day. To prepare for their daily chats, she often jots down what she did throughout the day. Whether on the bus or walking, she's always thinking about the day's conversation topics, more diligently than doing her schoolwork. Gradually, they began to talk about everything, and her English improved significantly. She could express her thoughts without any preparation.

Transitioning from talking about everything to having nothing left to say might signify a deeper connection in their relationship. The structured phone conversations could no longer capture the depth of their feelings. Sometimes, when they picked up the phone, it was just a simple, heartfelt greeting, "How are you today?" She no longer spoke at length just to practice her language skills; instead, she cherished the moments of simply listening to each other's breathing before hanging up. After a while, the phone would ring again, and in that moment, they didn't need to say anything—they just wanted to feel the presence of the other person. Their hearts were so intertwined that they would call to share every little detail of their day. At this moment, the polite restaurant dates and romantic bar gazes could hardly express the passion they felt inside.

Home is a personal sanctuary for your culture and interests. It's a special place where you rarely invite others, except for those friends you trust the most.

One Saturday, he called her early to invite her over for dinner. It was her first time visiting his place, and she was amazed at how luxurious it was for a bachelor. The three-bedroom apartment was furnished with modern Chinese wooden furniture. The living room's large glass windows faced Victoria Harbour, making the tall buildings outside seem small, and the endless view was mesmerizing. On the windowsill, there was a fish tank with a few bright red koi swimming happily. The dining table was covered with a white tablecloth embroidered with floral and bird patterns. On the table was a bouquet of red roses and two sets of exquisite Western tableware, with the knives and forks arranged just like in a luxury restaurant, but with the addition of two pairs of chopsticks. He had gradually incorporated Chinese culture into his home.

A carefully prepared dinner is the most touching gift. He showed her around all the rooms, which had everything one could need, except someone to share it with. After a while, he brought out the Western-style dinner he had specially prepared for her and opened a bottle of wine. She saw the beautifully set table, which looked like a classical painting, and didn't want to disturb it. He patiently demonstrated: left hand holding the fork, right hand holding the knife, using the fork to steady the food... She was following him and seemed a bit clumsy. Not wanting to make her feel embarrassed, he stopped talking about how

to eat and drink. Instead, he turned on the stereo, and soft music filled the air. They ate while gazing at each other affectionately. Everything on the table reflected his efforts for her, and she was deeply moved by his hospitality, understanding the significance of this meal. From then on, such dinners became the most anticipated part of their weekends.

The week-long wait felt endless. He held onto the hope of a miracle, often leaving the key under the doormat and finding excuses for her to come and go freely. He dreamed of the day she would suddenly appear when he opened the door. Occasionally, she would surprise him, filling his heart with joy and deepening his longing for this life. Yet, he never understood why she always refused to stay the night. No matter how late it got or how reluctant they were to part, she insisted on going back home, leaving him with a lingering sense of longing and unanswered questions.