

回眸

Looking Back at the
Women's World

『女兜谷』

周建萍 著

中国文联出版社

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内容简介

Synopsis of the Book

这是一部真实感人的作品。女作家周建萍历时多年，八次赴女监体验生活，以细腻的笔触深入到那些堕入深谷的女人们的内心世界：通过她们从涉世不深到走向杀人、投毒、流氓、纵火、同性恋、卖淫等犯罪的生活经历及一个个令人心灵震颤到灵魂复苏的故事，令人思索罪与罚的交锋、善于恶的较量，领悟每一颗灵魂的沉浮和升华。

本书初版收入的同名电影剧本及此次重版增加的作者为创作此书的十个访谈笔记，无疑是读者的意外收获。是领略从文学创作到电影创作的难得教材。

根据该书改编的电影《女儿谷》，被选为联合国第四次世界妇女代表大会展映影片，参展第二届上海国际电影节，参赛第四届大学生电影节并获得组委会特别荣誉奖。

This is a documentary novel that is both realistic and moving. Authoress Zhou Jianping went to a women's prison for 8 times over the years in order to learn about the life there. With her exquisite style, she has touched the inner world of those women prisoners who have dropped into the deep and secluded valley. Their life experiences from being not familiar with the ways of the world to committing such crimes as murder, killing with poison, hooliganism, arson, homosexuality and prostitution coupled with their heart-quivering and soul-resurrecting stories one after another make us ponder over the trial of strength between crime and punishment and contest between the good and evil and comprehend the drift and distillation of their souls.

As for readers, the scenario of the book's same name and the notes taken by the authoress at 10 interviews for the sake of writing the book added to this new edition are no doubt unexpected rewards and rare teaching materials in the light of appreciating the literary and film creation

Adapted from this book, the film *Women's Valley* was chosen to be shown at the 4th World Women's Conference sponsored by the United Nations. Later it was shown at the 2nd Shanghai International Film Festival and won the special honorary award conferred by the festival organizing committee at the 4th University Student Film Festival.



周建萍 编剧

1964年出生 浙江大学中文系作家班毕业
原浙江省电影家协会副主席
现为中国电影家协会大型活动部主任
中国电影家协会理事
中国电影基金会常务理事
中国夏衍文学学会副秘书长
中国电影制片人协会秘书长
中国田汉基金会理事
杭州市影视家协会副主席

Screenwriter Zhou Jianping,
born in 1964, graduated from the writer class
of Chinese Department, Zhejiang University. A
former vice-president of Zhejiang Film Association,
she is now division chief in charge of large-scale
activities of China Film Association, director of
China Film Association and standing director of
China Film Foundation, secretary-general of both
China Xia Yan Literary Society and Chinese Film
Producers Association, director of China Tian Han
Foundation and vice-president of Hangzhou Film
and TV Artists Association.

序

上个世纪八十年代末，在杭州的一次文学研讨会上，我认识了一位才华横溢的青年作家，并通过他认识了周建萍。不同于那些江南女孩，建萍不但秀美还不失大方典雅。至于建萍对文学的向往、与文学的缘分，我不得而知。只觉得她还那么小，那么单纯。就像一棵长在西湖岸边的稚柳，美则美矣，却还未长出临风飘洒的风采。

大约三四年后的一个春天，我接到她来自北京翠明庄宾馆的电话，约我见面。从电话中的声音到初见她的样子，感到这株稚柳已经经过岁月阳光的照拂，生命风雨的吹打。更让我吃惊的是她经过多年往返于女子监狱、劳改农场的奔波体验，已写成一本四万多字的中篇小说《回眸女儿国》，并准备来京报考中央戏剧学院戏文系。希望听取我的意见。

接过厚厚的书稿，听过她诉说几年来为创作这部纪实作品的艰辛、羞辱、震撼、惊叹、同情、感悟……直至成书的心路历程，令我由衷地惊喜和赞美。一个从未寄望过写作的姑娘，竟以那么大的毅力、那么多的艰辛，写出一部无人涉猎过的作品，光是她的执着和勇气已让我感动，只要达到刊发水平，我都愿尽力在我主编的大型文学期刊《小说》上刊出。

我快速读完稿件。我为她的选材视角、描摹的真实细腻和真诚的心与心的对话震撼了。读着它，屡屡想到托尔斯泰笔下的马丝洛娃，我甚至经常意识错位，将作品中的七位失足女孩辨认为马丝洛娃的姐妹……不同的是《复活》中那个孤绝的“道德自我完善者”聂赫留道夫的血脉已经流入七个女孩，不，是从她们扩及到监狱内外人们的血管中……爱与恨、罪与罚、生与死本来就是文学的永恒主题，对这个主题的开掘曾一次又一次唤醒过被冷漠和淡忘封闭住的温馨与关爱，人类也才能一次次踏过残暴与杀戮的冰河，走向善与美与人性普照的阳光。

可为什么这么多年来，直至在新文学的春天，《回眸女儿国》还是在这个题材领域里的第一部？足见作者的勇气和敏慧，足见作者那母性的大爱，和她要播撒这大爱付出的奔走呼号之心！因

为是处女作，谋篇布局与话语运用上难免有疏漏稚嫩处，提出建议后我让她改后寄回，于一九九三年初在《小说》刊出。

此后几年，就陆续出现了谢晋以此执导、由建萍改编的电影《女儿谷》，由谢群责编，中国文联出版社出版的小说与电影剧本合集的《女儿谷》。电影《女儿谷》以“青春激情、学生品位、文化意识”为特色，在第四届大学生电影节中获组委会特别奖，荣选为联合国第四次世界妇女大会展映片，足见作品的魅力与张力，也足见建萍的创作潜力。可惜此时我已去美国定居，无缘参与其盛。

去国多年，最近几次回京见到的当年那株西湖稚柳已经扎根北京，成为一株风姿绰约的大树，虽仍不失当年的热情率真，却已渗透出更多的成熟和岁月磨砺后的练达与睿智。在一次建萍和她丈夫著名画家韩美林盛邀几位老朋友的家宴上，酒后吐真言，说当年所以那么大的胆子在女监里一住一年多，与那些失足女子同寝食共劳作，自然是为创作体验，心底里其实也是为了一种痛；爱的失衡之痛……是啊，欣赏艺术的人所以那么痴迷，往往是为从中寻找自己；创造艺术的人那样痴迷，又何尝不是为寻找自我，寻找自我理想的完成，寻找自我审美的寄寓？作者当时正是怀着这种爱的错失的大爱，呼唤世人，呼唤人生，才得以成就这部温馨的交响。她说的是酒后真言，其实也是任何一位艺术家成就成功艺术品的真谛和机缘。

读书读人就像看风景。清澈见底固然莹然可人，“横看成岭侧成峰，远近高低各不同”则会带给人更多的惊喜和久远的魅力。借《回眸女儿谷》重版的机会，写出我对建萍其人其作的真实感觉，我不能不感谢并祝贺作者，她称其为序，只好欣然从命。

李硕儒

二〇〇五年十月 於北京



Preface

At a literature seminar held in Hangzhou at the end of 1980s, I got to know a young talented writer and through him I came to know Zhou Jianping. Unlike some southern girls, Jianping was both graceful and elegant. However, I had no idea about her aspirations for and relationship with literature. My only impression of her at that time was that she was so young and so simple. Pretty as she was like a young willow standing by the bank of the West Lake, a woman's charm was not matured in her.

One spring day some 3 or 4 years later, I got her phone call from Cuiminzhuang Hotel of Beijing to make an appointment to meet me. Judging by her voice over the phone and her air at our second meeting, I felt this young willow, nurtured by sunshine, had stood the trials and hardships of life. What made me more amazed was that she had written a novelette of over 40,000 words entitled *Looking Back at the Women's World* based on her experience of making trips between the women's prison and reform-through-labor farm over the years and that she was prepared to enter herself for an examination to be admitted into the playwriting department of the Central Drama Institute. That was why she would like to hear my advice.

Her thick manuscript in hand, I was pleasantly surprised and heartily impressed after hearing the hardships, humiliation, shock, surprise, sympathy, realization as well as personal experience for creating and completing this documentary work over the past years. I was touched by the persistence and courage of this girl who, after overcoming so many hardships, had written with such a will a book nobody had ever read. If her work was up to the mark, I would try my best to publish it in *Novel*, a large literary journal edited by me.

After quickly going over her manuscript, I was deeply touched by her material-selecting perspective, realistic and meticulous description as well as candid heart-to-heart dialogue. While reading it, I often thought of Marslova created by Tolstoy and even often misplaced my consciousness by taking the seven fallen girls in her work for Marslova's peers. The difference here is that the blood of Nehliudov, the solitary "moral self-perfectionist" in Tolstoy's masterpiece *Resurrection*, has circulated into the veins of the seven girls, and more accurately speaking, spreading into the veins of people behind and beyond bars via these girls. Love and hate, crime and punishment as well as life and death are exactly literature's eternal theme. Exploration of this theme has once and again awakened the warmth and care that used to be indifferent, forgotten and secluded, and man could once and again traverse the glacier of cruelty and murder to reach the sunshine of kindness, beauty and humanitarianism.

Why then *Looking Back at the Women's World* has over these years remained the first book featuring the aforesaid theme until the advent of new literature's spring? Obviously, it is the authoress' courage and wisdom, grand maternal love and indomitable efforts made to spread this grand love. As a maiden work, its composition and diction could not be free from oversights and immaturity, but it

was published in Novel at the beginning of 1993 after sent back to me again by the authoress who had revised it according to my advice.

In the following years, came in succession the film *The Women's Valley* directed by Xie Jin and adapted by Jianping and the collection of the scenario and the novel-edited by Xie Qun and published by the Press of China Federation of Literary and Art Circles, both entitled *The Women's Valley*. The aforesaid film, featuring "youthful passion, student quality and cultural awareness", won the special award conferred by the festival organizing committee at the 4th University Student Film Festival and was chosen to be shown at the 4th World Women's Conference sponsored by the United Nations, which has clearly shown its charm and resilience as well as Jianping's creative potential. What a pity that I was unable to attend the aforesaid activities as I already moved to settle down in the US by then.

I've been back to Beijing several times since leaving China many years ago and found the young willow that had stood at the West Lake was rooted in the capital and had grown into a gorgeous big tree, which seemed more matured, experienced, wise and farsighted after going through hard times. At a family dinner in honor of several good friends hosted by her and her husband—the famous artist Han Meilin, Jianping unbosomed herself after drinking a few cups of wine. She said that it was not only for the sake of her creative experience but for the sake of sadness of a kind felt at the bottom of her heart—the sadness over unbalanced love that she was then courageous enough to spend more than one year in the women's prison living, eating, and doing manual labor side by side with those fallen girls. Yes, why people become so infatuated with art is that they usually want to find themselves in it. Don't the art creators who are so obsessed with art also want to find themselves in it, seek to accomplish their ideals, and find a place away from home for their self-aestheticism? Cherishing the aforesaid missed love, the authoress, who is calling the people and life, is able to accomplish this warm symphony. The truth she told after drunk is in fact the essence and luck any artist should possess to create successful art works.

Reading books and people is like enjoying scenery. It is pleasant to see their crystal-clear bottom while the impression that "They look like mountains or peaks if you look at them from different angles, and are different from one another in terms of distance and height" will bring to you more surprise and joy as well as lasting charm. Taking the opportunity of reprinting the book *Looking Back at the Women's Valley*, I have written my true feeling of Jianping and her work, and can't help thanking and congratulating the authoress. As she said this essay was the preface to her book, I had to comply with her claim gladly.

By Li Shuoru
In Beijing

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纪实小说

『回眸女儿国』

Documentary Novel:

Looking Back at the Women's World



十二月二十四日，冬至。

平园女子劳动教养所四位女劳教出逃。

那天，沉默数年的警铃爆响。

所里惟一的男性队长，外号“大炮”，深夜从床上蹦起，数九严寒顾不上穿袜子便将光脚扎进鞋中，心急火燎地集队进行搜捕。

从那以后，原本长满蔷薇花的高墙上安了双层电网；

从那以后，所有长发飘逸的姑娘一律在泪眼汪汪中剪成了“五四式”；

从那以后，队里开始频繁地出操、集队、静坐、汇报、谈话……

领头逃跑的是闵丽英，自称要讨还这三年劳教的风尘女子。

“如果判我一年，我就想想开；如果判两年，我就没命地逃。”

结果，判了三年。

她真的逃了，并且还带了三个同教。

因为冬至，队里吃年糕。静坐反省了一天的闵丽英依旧骂骂咧咧地到上铺取卫生纸擦筷子，不料，床头边五岁女儿因因的照片跌落在地。因因穿着那件紫色白点带花边的公主服在绿草地上放风筝。

闵丽英捡起照片哭了，哭声震动全屋，感染全屋。不一会儿，屋子里其他三位姑娘也开始抽泣，手里捧着咽不下去的年糕。

不知哪位失手，“啪”地一碗年糕跌落在地，大家一愣，闵丽英却一声大喊：

“哭什么？没用的货！我们逃出去！”

于是，四个姑娘开始出逃。

房子老了，铁栅一根一根被双双纤手摇下，留下斑斑血迹。

被单被撕成绳，接好。

大的先下，小的在后，纷纷从二楼滑下。

没命地往茶叶地里逃，一直逃到眼前一片漆黑，回首也是一片漆黑。

夜深了，万籁俱寂。几分惊心，几分忧心，几分寒心，忽然，前面出现一派光明。夜行车灯似一条长龙。

为了不露马脚，她们截住了一辆反方向的货车。

在刺耳的喇叭和扎眼的车灯前，四个穿着白底蓝边劳教服的姑娘们一齐跪倒在一位愣头司机前……



娜佳躺在床上，左手捧着剧本，右手转着胸前的玉坠，再一次被剧中营造的紧张氛围所打动。

客厅里电话铃不停地作响，无奈，她只得下床走向客厅。

“喂，哪位？”

“姐，是我。你晕在厕所里啦！怎么半天才来接电话？”

“什么事？娜拉，火急火燎的？”

“听我一句话，姐，明天去劳教所，千万得穿上长裤，要厚点的，穿我那条黑的牛仔去，据可靠消息说，那儿的女人百分之八十有性病，知道吗？姐！”

“娜拉，我说你怎么像三岁小孩似的，神经兮兮的，性病也并不是这样就能传染上的。好好给我复习珠算，待我这次体验生活回来如果会计上岗证还拿不到，看我怎么收拾你！”

“姐，这次我可是诚心的，听不听由你，千万别坐她们的床，别上她们的厕所！”

“你复习完了没有？快点回家，我明儿大早起程。”

娜佳将电话挂了，好一会儿沉默。妹妹让她操心了多少年，二十三岁，年纪也不小了，可怎么看也像十八岁似的，长不大。一会儿想当空姐，一会儿又想当演员。最实际的是当会计，什么都通过了，就差珠算，可别瞧她那双细巧的手，笨死了，老是将算盘子几十位加到个位上，个位又加到百位上。

咳，没法说。

父亲早死，母亲在姐妹俩读小学的当口远渡重洋嫁人了，在异国又生了一串儿女，除了圣诞节寄一张贺卡来，几乎没了来往。

最最亲的要数爷爷、奶奶。

二老慈祥的面孔，姐妹俩永生不忘，他俩前年过世后，大过妹妹两岁的娜佳身上平添了一份长辈的责任。

娜佳、娜拉的名字是爷爷给起的。爷爷是俄国人，他是建国初期政府请来的桥梁专家，自从和穿旗袍的外婆相识、结婚，这位俄罗斯公民就在他的中国故居中生活，直到生命终点。

两姐妹并非是爷爷的亲传，听外婆的麻将牌友说，爸是奶奶与一位修秤的白面小生所生，姐俩是纯正的中国血统。

娜佳与娜拉从未相信过，她们爱爷爷。小时，每天清晨起来，桌上总是放着两杯热腾腾的牛奶，当时牛奶紧张，是街道为照顾俄国人才给订一份的。看着孙女们喝完牛奶，爷爷总是一手牵一个将她们送入学校。然后又早早地在学校门口等着孙女们放学。

同学们总喊：“娜佳，高鼻子又在等你们啦！”





为此，从未打过人的娜佳，当时扇了同学一记耳光，扇得很重，从脸部一直红到耳根。

这位同学一直记仇到现在。


娜佳也从未内疚过。

五月的天，忽冷忽热。清晨，天蒙蒙亮，大雾。

男朋友伟光没来送她，她本来就预感到他不会来，起早等于要了他的命。

上了火车，往身上一摸，呢外套上湿漉漉的，喷了摩丝的刘海儿已像落水鸡毛一样挂在额前，好一阵沮丧，情绪也如湿淋淋的落帆，盘在心底。

娜佳站在康城女子劳教所二中队管教室窗口，导演几经周折才让她争取到来该队体验生活的机会。

 导演不是别人，正是娜佳的男朋友伟光，跟第五代导演沾了点几边。

劳教所坐落在山脚下，昨儿下了火车，娜佳背着行李坐上残疾人开的机动三轮车才来到这儿，一路风尘也带了一路奇妙的目光。

她打心眼里喜欢《女犯二十四小时》这个剧本，作者是一位比她大五岁的女记者，她曾经与女劳教们同吃同住三个月。据说，当她离开劳教所的那一天，姑娘们送上各自心爱的物品以及张张贺卡并同喊一声：“大姐，几时再见你！”

娜佳捋了捋散乱的头发，连日早起使她气色不佳。

说来惭愧，自那年一位白发导演点中课堂上坐着她时，屈指算来，已有十个年头。这次将在影片中扮演一号角色是头一回。当然多少也沾点伟光的光。

娜佳自幼好胜要强。她明白，要更深地理解剧本，把握好角色，就要像作者那样，扎下去生活。

天色微亮，也是大雾。

窗下草场上是整齐排列的出操队伍。

台上英姿飒爽地站着昨晚向娜佳借剧本的那位叶老师。今天，她身着警服，腰系皮带，精神地喊着口令：“立正，稍息，立正，报数！”

随即，从出操队伍中迅速跑出一位年轻漂亮的警官，一路小跑到叶老师面前，立正，一个军礼。



“报告总指挥，今天应出操人数三百五十五人，两名病员，十二名夜班，实到人数三百四十一人，报告完毕。”

“回原地待命。”总指挥回了一个漂亮的军礼。

此时的娜佳一扫困意，这军事化的出操使她莫名地振奋，尤其是在劳教队，这里面的女人曾经过着多松散、悠闲的生活。

马静站在广播室窗口，她已将国歌音带倒到头，准备升旗时播放。每天早晨她都重复着这个工作。

她认真地听着总指挥喊着口令。突然她的目光与窗边一位头梳发髻、身着翠绿色呢外套的姑娘的目光撞击到一起，心里好一阵颤动！来这儿快三年了，除了管教与一些前来参观的人员外，几乎看不见别人，尤其是在早上。

凭她的直觉断定，她不是管教。

瓜子脸，大眼睛，五官端正得像演员。

她是记者吗？

不像。

劳教亲属？

也不像。

真是演员？

演员来这儿干吗！

总指挥喊着升旗口令，马静轻轻地按下录音机按钮。

国歌起——娜佳也注意到了马静，眼睛不由得一亮。好一个娟秀、文静的弱女子！白净的瓜子脸上虽然有些苍白，可五官长得无可挑剔。无论如何不能同她那一身五元钱一套的劳教服统一起来。

哦！天哪。她身上明明白白挂着犯罪卡。

娜佳不住地问身边的小方队长：“队长，对面那位放广播的姑娘是劳教吗？”

“当然是，她现在还兼我们这儿医务室的护士，二小组的组长，扫盲班的老师。”

“为什么进来？”娜佳愈加好奇。

“唉，她命太苦！”小方队长直摇头，眼睛里有一闪而过的怜悯。她没再说下去，用手指了指窗下。

只见三个一般高低的姑娘正迈着方步走向前面，她们穿过队伍，随着国歌，中间那位姑娘将红旗插入旗杆，然后用她那双纤手缓缓地、熟练地拉着旗绳，三位姑娘仰着头望着徐徐上升的红旗，她的齐耳短发在晨风中飘动，如黑色火焰。

娜佳又问小方队长：“中间升旗的姑娘叫什么名字？”

“她叫施霏霏，是一个大酒店的歌手。”





“为什么进来？”

“卖淫。我们去抓她时，饭店老板拼命求情，她是酒店撑台面的人。”

“真可惜。她很漂亮，气质也不错。”娜佳欣赏地说。

“是的，她能歌善舞，口才绝佳，人也聪明。”

“这姑娘可以拍戏。”娜佳自语。



早操音乐戛然而止。不久便听见门口“一、二、三、四”的报数声，劳教们一个个神情严肃地在队长们的目光中踏入各自的寝室。

“站住！”

随着严厉的一声喝，二小组全体队员像钉子一样被钉在原地，个个神情紧张。

“怎么只有二十五人？重报一遍。”发话的是一位留着男儿短发、长得结结实实的女孩，她是二中队的民警，叫张芳芳。

于是队伍整齐地排列报数，从“一”到“五十六”。

“刚才谁开小差报错了数？出来！自觉点。”张芳芳用她那双不太大的眼睛扫视全队。

沉默。

张芳芳的眼神由严厉变为平和，目光从排头扫到队尾，不紧不慢地说：“既然没人承认，那么是我听错了喽？赶快进屋休整，准备吃早饭。个人卫生刚才来不及搞的人，现在补上，别等我查出来后罚分难为情。解散！”

队里“嗤”地有几个人笑出了声。

张芳芳歪着脑袋自己也笑了。

“呀！怎么，她没有左耳？”娜佳差点喊出声来，好一阵子，胸口透不过气。待平静下来，已经走到张芳芳寝室门口。

“起立！”

“刷”的一声，屋里十几个女孩子一同立正。

娜佳心里一怔，望着十几位面无表情的姑娘温和地说：“姑娘们，大家随意点，坐下，都坐下。”

这似乎是首长的口气，她很尴尬。

一位头扎一小辫的女孩弯下腰递上一双拖鞋。

天蓝色拖鞋上绣着两只小猫咪，一眼望去，每人都踩着红橙黄绿的亮色。

娜佳很好奇，便问：“你们的拖鞋怎么一样？”

“队长用我们劳动所得的钱统一买的。”张芳芳说得很认

真。

房里干净得令人无法想象，毛巾架上整齐地挂着毛巾，一共三条，一尘不染，那上面该有多少雪白的希冀？

“十几个人，三块毛巾？”娜佳又发问道。

“那是样品毛巾，我们的毛巾都在柜子里。”张芳芳打开窗户下的木柜，里面瓶瓶罐罐整整齐齐，连杯子的把手都是一个朝向。娜佳的目光在每一个杯子上碰撞出惊讶。

有几个姑娘开始交头接耳，娜佳会意地一笑，开口自我介绍。

“哦，原来是演员哪！怪不得长得那么有味道，小姐妹，不错吗？”一位年纪略大点的女人凑过来一张满是疙瘩的脸。

“少来这一套，又看上人家，是不是？流氓！”张芳芳一把将那人拎开。

娜佳顺势坐在一张放着“最佳内务”牌子的床上，她好奇地扫视着床的四周，五颜六色的绒线扎成的小粽子，高低错落地挂满了墙。

“起来！”屋门口出现一位五官俏丽的姑娘拿着脸盆冲她怒目而视。

娜佳像触了电似的从床上跳了起来，目光同时触及到这女孩衣上的犯罪卡：施霏霏，卖淫，三年。

这不是刚才升旗的那位姑娘吗？不施粉黛天生五官如此协调，即使用挑剔的目光去审视，也几乎无懈可击。娜佳暗暗惊叹，生平第一次品味出“相形见绌”是什么意思。

“霏霏，你叫霏霏吗？”娜佳伸出手，对刚才的呵斥不以为然。

霏霏面无表情，走上前却冷冷地说：

“对不起，你脚上的拖鞋是我的。”

娜佳不知所措地愣了一会儿，露出一个匆匆的微笑，赶紧将脚从天蓝色的拖鞋中褪了出来，穿着肉色丝袜的脚站在花色地胶板上，谈不上屈辱也有点儿难堪。娜佳知道来这儿的人多少有点心灵创伤，相当多的人有心理变态，来前，作者与她谈过体会。

幸好此时张芳芳弯腰递上一双自己穿的拖鞋，回头冲着霏霏说：“今天你怎么啦！吃错药了？瞧你这臭样，老子看不惯！”

“说老子臭，难道你自己香啦，不撒泡尿照照自己。”霏霏边骂边狠劲掸着娜佳坐过的床。

“老子流氓总比你卖淫强，昧着良心赚臭钱。”张芳芳不由得又骂道。

寝室鸦雀无声，吵架的人，一个是她们的头，一个是在队长面

