

Daytime Dance Club

Mindy LUI 2026

The first thing I did that morning was to pick up something for my father from a dance club about a fifteen-minute walk from home.

It was before their opening hours. A few chairs and signboards were stacked at the entrance as a makeshift barrier. I gently moved aside one chair with a torn cushion to make way, noticing its stuffing slightly exposed. I knocked, pushed the glass door open, and stepped inside.

Unexpectedly, the space didn't carry the scent of tobacco; instead, it was filled with the faint scent of sandalwood, mingled with the stale breath of overnight tea.

There was neither a rhythm to latch onto nor any swaying bodies. On the counter to the right of the entrance sat a few potted plants, their leaves half yellowed, with crystal ornaments scattered carelessly in the soil. The club was small and has a surprisingly low ceiling—it felt more like an ordinary office space.

Strings of lights, crystal chandeliers, and spotlights were all washed out by the glare of yellow-white fluorescent tubes, muting their attempt at being opulent. Tables and chairs had been shoved to the sides. The windowless walls were completely covered, plastered with wrinkled papers, posters, and menus, the details of which I can no longer recall.

A two-seater sofa with worn, reddish-brown leather occupied a corner. Around it, the wooden flooring, emerging from beneath the grey-red carpet, gleamed with an oily sheen under the lights.

I stomped heavily on the wooden floor a few times, deliberately making noise.

About thirty seconds later, a woman with short, curly brown hair emerged from behind a half-closed wooden door. She looked at me, still drowsy.

"Morning. I'm here to pick up something for Fung Gor," I said to her, nodding. My voice came out very dry.

She blinked, a look of realization appearing on her face, as if she'd finally made the connection. She moved across the dance club, going past me to step behind the counter and crouch down. When she stood up again, she was holding a slightly bulging manila envelope.

I took it and stuffed it into my backpack. After a few pleasantries, I said goodbye and headed straight home.

To this day, what was inside that envelope remains unknown to me.

《白日舞廳》

雷恩兒 2026

早晨，第一件事就是到離家約十五分鐘腳程的一家歌舞廳替父親取回些甚麼。

還沒到歌舞廳的營業時間。門口堆疊著幾張椅子和看板作出入口的臨時隔擋。挪開坐墊破裂、棉絮微露的一張，輕敲兩下玻璃門後便甫進舞廳。

空間沒有預想中的菸草味，卻瀰漫拜神用的微弱檀香，混合著隔夜茶水的氣息。

這裏沒有可依附的節奏與搖曳的身姿。玄關右方的櫃檯上擺著幾盆觀葉植物，葉子一半泛黃，泥土上隨意散落著些水晶飾物。歌舞廳不大，天花板亦非挑高的，倒與常見的寫字樓裝潢相近。

各種花樣的燈串、水晶燈和射燈都被統一照亮，暖白的日光燈管壓抑著華麗的企圖。桌几與凳椅被置放於廳的兩側，牆壁沒有一處空白，也沒有窗戶，桌椅之上貼著些皺皺的紙張。海報也好，菜單也好，內容已記不清。

角落的雙人沙發被殘舊的紅棕色皮革所包裹。未被灰紅地毯覆蓋的木地板在燈光下泛著油潤的光澤。

在木地板上重踏幾下，故意發出聲響。

約三十秒後，留棕色短捲髮的女士從另一端虛掩的木門後探出身子，迷迷糊糊地打量著我。

我向她點了點頭。

「早晨，我是來替風哥取東西的。」

聲音乾癟。

她眨眨眼，露出恍然的表情，像是終於接上線。她穿過廳中央，擦身而過走進櫃檯蹲下。再次站起來時，手裏晃著一個微鼓的公文袋。

我接過並塞進背包。寒暄幾句後便告別，徑直走回家。

直到今天，那個公文袋裏裝著甚麼，依然無從知曉。