

我的故事 ~ 22. 开辟属于自己的天地才是真生活



“每位出国者都怀揣各自的梦想，但有一点是相同的，希望有更美好的明天。”

在珀斯已经生活了三十多年，但每当想起在国内的生活仍然是历历在目。80年代改革开放以后，很多人就是拼了命地往国外跑，去寻求自己的梦想，觉得只有在国外才能实现个人目标，创建属于自己的美好生活。其实我并不是很积极想出国的那种人。其中有两个原因，一个是我妈坚决反对我出国，她是比较保守、传统的人，她不希望女儿离她太远；还有一个原因就是我本身是学中医的，我不知道我出国干什么。我的先生是学理工科的，是大学老师。我和他谈恋爱的时候，正赶上出国热。可是母亲不同意，因为她认为一旦两个人分开，这其中的变数就不好说。原因就是她有一个朋友的女婿去了美国，头两年小夫妻俩关系很好，虽然一个月才50多块钱工资，打一次电话一分钟就得十几块钱人民币，他经常给妻子打电话，到了后来联系越来越少，再后来连人影都找不到了。她女儿一个人在国内带孩子，想离婚都找不到人。最后只得上法庭登记，说这个人失踪了，才办了离婚。这件事情对我父母刺激很大，所以母亲坚决要求，如果是他一定要出国，那我们就不要结婚，等他回来我们再结婚。我们就打消了出国的念头。后来我们结了婚。我自己也没有一点出国的愿望了。

中国改革开放以后，人们开始重视学历了，他在大学里干的也不错，当上了系副主任，属于年轻人里提拔比较早的人。他是硕士研究生毕业，本校没有同等专业，所以他在攻读博士是不可能的。他年轻想往事业上更进一步，没有一个博士学位的话，是不可能进高级职称的，所以他还是想读一个博士。就在这个时候。他得到了一个公派访问学者的机会，87年他来到澳大利亚墨尔本大学做了一年半的访问学者，当时写信回来和我商量，说他想争取奖学金，在外头读博士。我想读博士大概得四年时间，他已经在外头待了一年半了，再继续待四年，就是四年不回家，而且那个时候的政策也不允许我出来探亲，那我就觉得有点太难了，这四年我熬不过来。于是他就回来了。

回国以后我们就有了我们的女儿。就像其他中国人一样过着平平淡淡的日子。后来到了我女儿两、三岁的时候，他们学校又有一个公派出来读博士的名额，学校把这个名额给了他，因为当时他是系里的副主任，他的英语成绩也已达到出国的线了。当时报名表要的很急，所以他没有和我商量就报了名。但是当时我考虑到我女儿太小，才两三岁，我又在医院里工作，还要上夜班，再加上我身体也不太好，就我一个人带孩子

太辛苦了。鉴于这个缘因，他自己又决定放弃这次出国学习的机会了。又过了一年多，又有一个出国读博的名额，系里的领导问他想不想去。这次我已经跟他说不能放弃了，很多年轻人都已经读了博士，如果要是没有一个博士学位的话，将来他的学历会拖后腿。同时这次的是有奖学金可以让我陪读，我可以跟他一起去。所以他才下决心了，我们当时都很年轻，就是一心地想学完以后回国想好好地发展。当时他拿的奖学金是澳大利亚援助第三世界国家，是有条款的，就是说学成以后不能留在澳大利亚一定要回国的。我的丈夫出国六年之后，1993年。我带着四岁的女儿到了澳大利亚。

我是山东中医药大学。我学的是中医专业。毕业后我就分到山东济南市中医院，针灸科医生。在我们的科室里，我是文革后正规的大学5年毕业第一个进科室的，所以从院里到科室，很器重我。我那时不想出来的原因就是进主治医师。那个时候国内晋升职称是很难的，基本上是论资排辈评职称的。从填表报材料，一级级地等着审核批准，然后到卫生局正式批文下来，到最后拿到主治医师证，前前后后大概拖了有快两年多时间。那就不想放弃呀，我想我已经在中医院工作十年了，即便是出国我还是想回来的，我丈夫和我的想法一样，只是出国探亲，看看外面世界，不可能一辈子呆在外国的，因此，早点晚点出国也无所谓。等我晋升完职称再去也不迟。

职称很快就下来了。我带着我的女儿匆忙地到了澳洲。我还记得第一天到澳大利亚的样子，这印象太深刻了。因为之前我没出过国，连飞机都没有坐过。也不会说英语，虽说是中医学院学了点英语，但只记得几个单词而已，毕业以后，在中医医院工作十年，没有机会讲英语，现在就是英语盲。等一次出国坐飞机就是一个大难题，当时中国到珀斯没有直飞的飞机，转机要从新加坡转。我不会说英语，看不懂那些牌子，不知道往哪走。恰好我爱人的一个朋友回北京开会，就顺便把我和孩子带到了澳洲。没出国之前，从电影上看到国外都是高楼大厦、多彩霓虹灯、繁华大城市，至少比北京和上海还要繁华。从飞机场出来，越走越荒凉，看到是原始丛林，荒草地，还有大湖，蚊子很多。就感觉到了没有人烟的地方，完全跟自己出国前想象的不一样，人烟稀少，还不如农村呢，就像荒郊野外似的。车子就在胡思乱想中停到了一幢平房前，房子是我丈夫跟其他几个留学生一起租的。

现在住了这么多年了。我觉得澳洲很不错。空气清新，蓝天白云让人心旷神怡，最大的好处就是人口少，生活节奏比较自由放松。没有中国那样复杂的人际关系，特别像我是知识分子家庭出身，其实接触社会很少。我爸是山师大的教授，我从幼儿园到大学，就始终就没有离开山师大的那一片，所以我接触人比较单纯，在国内甚至是同事之间，都有很复杂的人际关系，挺难处理。我现在是自由职业者，一周有三天，我基本上都自己在家做中医针灸，有两天在一个朋友的诊所做中医针灸。自从1993年来到澳大利亚，现在已经十多年了。在我的记忆里面有一段很艰难的、度过的日子，也可以说是我感到比较困惑的时候。刚来那些年，心里落差特别大。一家三口就靠我先生的奖学金过日子。那时候在留学生中，他的奖学金，在当时还算挺高的。但我们也感

到经济上压力很大。除了交房租，平时的生活费用很高，国内的人觉得出国的人，在国外能赚大钱，都能成富翁，所以，为了要面子，毕竟还是想省一点钱，将来回国好给亲戚朋友买点东西带回去。另外还有一个压力是我不会英语，刚来邻居见了面向我问好，不知道他说的是什么，只能傻傻地点点头笑笑。不会说英语，购物看不懂商标，不知道是什么成份。更不用说去看病，无法和医生交流，所以诸如买东西，孩子上学联系学校，去银行办事，都得靠我先生。我一下子就觉得我就是个废物，没用的人。但也是为了解决经济问题，我必须去工厂打工。打工时心理的落差就更大了，从主治医生落到一个打工仔，我心里觉得好委屈啊，我现在为了我先生，失去了自我。不光是我这样想，连我母亲也这样认为。我还不给家里说太多在工厂里打工受的委屈，就觉得一下子落到了最谷底，不知以后什么时候才能爬上来。

在国内的时候，我觉得我跟我先生是平等的。他挣一份工资，我也挣一份工资。所以我去商店买东西从来不用问他，我就可以买我自己想买的东西。在这里我们俩一开始去超市买东西。比如说我看好一样东西，我先生就说没准下星期就会有打折。经济条件有限，只能把我喜欢的东西放回货架，当时我心里难过极了。自己没有工作，不挣钱，花我爱人的钱，就觉得自己没了底气。就感觉找不到自己存在的价值。为了从这窘境中走出来我下决心学英语，学好英语就可以找到工作。既然决定要在这里长期地住下去了，肯定要学会说英语。因此，我去珀斯城中心的英语培训中心学英语。我读了三年。然后英文慢慢好一些，能用简单的英语跟人交流。去看医生，自己去买东西，现在和我的病人基本上能沟通了。感觉我不是孤立在这个社会和人群之外了，心情渐渐地好了起来。再加上现在我又能做我自己的专业，就好像又慢慢地找回了自己。

生活渐渐好起来，就开始考虑是否长期定居的问题了。我先生读完博士，又读了博士后。留下来的主要原因是考虑到我女儿九岁多了，如果她回去没法在国内的小学上学，两个国家的教育体系是不同的。我曾经尝试保持一直教我女儿中文和算术，我母亲把国内山师大附小的每个学期的课本、作业题、考试题都给我寄过来，我每天放学强制她学习，但是毕竟没那个环境，我也没那么多时间，因为那个时候我在一家虾厂打工，下班之后，我也很累没有精力管孩子的学习，慢慢就放弃了对她的教育。在国内我从来没有做过体力活，去虾厂是我一生最难忘的经历，也使我适应澳洲生活的一个过程。去虾厂主要的工作就是包虾。那时候我的英语不好找工作很难。这个工作还是朋友介绍我去的，所以我觉得我一定要抓住这个机会，比我刚来的时候在一家意大利餐馆，一个小时两块五的工作好多了。在虾场打工，一小时十块钱。那个时候我觉得很满足了，下决心好好做千万不能因为自己做的不好而让人家给辞了，因此就知道拼命干活。因为不会讲英语整个是一个哑巴，经理亲自给我教，一边做让我一遍看，然后我照着他的样子做，他说英语我又听不懂。只能咬着牙拼命干。最后还给我评了一个月度模范工人，奖励了我一公斤的虾和一瓶白兰地，把我获奖的照片还摆在车间里供大家学习，其实发奖的时候，虽然脸上带着笑容，但我心里却不是滋味，不知道是该高兴还

是该难过，那种失落感，是我从来也没有过的。在国内我都要当主任医生了，在这评了模范工人，是不是件光荣的事呢？心情真是五味杂陈啊。但一想到为了我的家庭和我女儿，我得拼命工作。实际上那时候很想回国，想让我女儿回国上学，保持住她的中文水平。结果到后来越来越不行。因为每次学中文之前就得发生一次战争，大吵大闹，甚至打着让她学，然后女儿就含着眼泪跟我说：“妈妈，太难了。”我就又很心疼她，心想这是干吗呢？整天就跟那个凶神恶煞一样，逼着她摠着她学中文，逐渐地就放弃了。我也曾经想过回国，但是为了我先生的事业上有一个成就，为了孩子。要是回去的话，她那时候是九岁，上一年级是对她的自尊心很大的打击，我就担心着孩子可能就是一蹶不振了。所以从那个时候我们就开始动心思了，看看是不是有可能留在外面。我想我这辈子不要再想当教授了，但要让我的爱人和孩子都有好的前途。否则，我的损失就太大了。

很多人都不完全是为了自己，也是为了家庭和下一代或各种各样的原因而做出一些不得已的决定。现在在这三十多年了，觉得自己是澳洲人还是中国人？理智上我想我是澳洲人，因为我入籍了。要是感觉上我是觉得一半一半，毕竟在中国生活了三十三年了，在那里出生，在那里长大。我出国的时候是32岁，在澳洲我也生活了三十多年了，可能还要继续在生活下去，这一生总的来说，我在澳洲的生活可能还是比在中国的生活要好一点，也许在这里，我一直能生活到我生命的结束。刚来的时候，即便是我入籍的时候，我还是觉得我是中国人，并没有觉得我是澳洲人。可能在这里住的时间越长感情越深吧。因为你走到哪里人家都说你是中国人。我也觉得我自己是中国人。另外中国是我出生成长的地方，在那里有很多感情，还有很多老朋友和亲人，我的根在那里，我始终觉得我就是中国人。

记得2000年悉尼奥运会的时候，澳大利亚的运动员拿金牌了，我觉得我是澳洲人，我为澳洲运动员自豪的欢呼。当中国的运动员拿金牌时，我又是中国人，我又为中国欢呼。有时心情很复杂，你是让我砍我的左手还是砍我的右手？每逢佳节倍思亲。每当过澳洲的国庆节的时候，我会想起中国的国庆节，就想回家看看。在放礼花之前唱澳大利亚国歌的那一瞬间，大家一起唱，说实话虽然到现在我唱不下来澳洲国歌，但我也觉得自己是他们其中的一员，也是有那种心潮澎湃的感觉。也会觉得挺自豪，也会有那一瞬间的认同感。虽然我们定居澳大利亚，现在回中国就是度假。觉得中国仍然还是我的家，我到澳大利亚来就像是来度假的。我妈妈去世以后，我好象觉得没有我的家了。可能这跟私人之间的感情有关，想必很多人也是一样。从那时候开始，慢慢想家的感觉就移到珀斯来了，回国就好像度假，没有回家的感觉了。

在这里跟主流社会沟通还是有隔阂的，你始终觉得进不到他们的生活里去。包括我爱人在大学教书，在高层次人群里也有同样的感觉，不被认同不能融入主流社会。我的感觉是，因为我是做中医的，现在接受中医的程度，已经比我来的时候好很多了，但是我觉得还是没有进入他的主流文化。我的诊所有很多都是澳洲人，我的病人实际上

一半以上是澳洲人，跟他们交流没问题，可是总是觉得不能融入的感觉。我们刚来的时候，开车在马路上，我碰到过几次，就有人会打开车窗，冲我喊，“滚回你老家去！”可以说最近这十年我在也没有听过和再也没有遇到过这种情况。我相信很多外籍人都可能碰到类似的情况，但是自那以后我再没有碰到过这样的事。也许随着社会的改变，人与人之间有了更多的包容，越来越多的澳洲人也能接受这些外来的移民和多种文化。包括越来越多的人接受了中医。可是我们并没有真正地融入当地人的文化里去。有很多人在嘴上说的和心里想的是两回事。特别是一些受过教育的澳洲人，他知道他不能说出来种族歧视的话，他嘴上不会说，但他具体做事情的时候，比如在做事情和处理一些事情的时候，心理上会有倾斜，这个是我的感觉。通过平时跟朋友的交流，听到周围朋友们遇到的一些事情，我相信这种感觉很多人都有，就是说很难，即便是跟澳洲人交朋友，有些人你就是走不近他，也许是受生活方式和一些价值观念的影响。这个价值观会影响到你做事情的一些态度，或者是一些想法。虽然我的护照上我是澳洲人，感觉上自己还是中国人。从文化认同方面来看，下一代人更接近澳洲人。按中国人的传统观念，中国的年轻人住在父母家，吃父母的、花父母的觉是应该的。我的女儿都已长大成人了，她刚找到工作就从家里搬出去了，使我这个做母亲的人感到有些困惑与担忧。按中国人的传统观念，孩子应该和我们一起生活，我们为她攒点钱以后好买房子和车，但她确实无论在价值观还是在生活方式上与我们有很大的差别，具备澳大利亚人的思维方式和生活方式。她从小就非常独立，觉得向父母要钱是个不光彩、不应该的事。我们其实从来没有这样教过她，因为我们就这一个女儿，除了我们两个吃穿用，剩下的所有东西都是她的。但她会觉得，那是我们的，她不会理所应当觉我们的一切都是她的。她刚找到工作，马上就跟我说要搬出去生活。

中国有句老话：落叶归根。在中国的老朋友老同学经常会问我老了退休了会回国生活吗？我没打算回去。一方水土养一方人，我要继续做我的中医，做到我生命的终止。好在做中医即使你老了，只要你身体健康仍可以给人看病，也能解决晚年精神的空虚，不会失去做人的价值。可能将来年纪大了，会减少工作天数，可能一星期做三天、做两天。但是我觉得我会一直做下去。做到不能做为止。到那时候可能不是为了钱而做，只要有一件事情做，是让人觉得你活着还有点用。我有丈夫，还有孩子。我要和我的孩子永远在一起，和她一起分享快乐与承担痛苦，因为是我把她带到这块土地上来的。

My Story ~ 23. For All Walks Of Life, There Must Be A Master



“The Royal Australian Army has a motto: if the mind is strong, you can conquer everything.”

I followed my mother’s wish and came to Australia for further study in 1998. I was 15 years old then and now I am 31 ... amazing!

I knew nothing and was a hot-headed young man when I came from the northeast part of China to Australia. After learning English for half a year, I began my high school study.

There were not many Chinese people when I first came here. The few who were here were from the generation who were born before 1980 and students who came here in 1989. The social environment was just OK compared with now, probably because the MP Pauline Hanson had just resigned and the One Nation Party still had the upper hand. Though young at that time, I was quite interested in politics so I knew a little about it.

Australian people are basically simple and honest and most importantly, you have to achieve something to win their recognition and become accepted. After all, Australia is an immigration society. I also worked part-time when I was studying. Well, people always say that you can’t say you have worked unless you have worked in a restaurant, so I went to serve dishes and wash plates. I have also worked in the kitchen and at the reception desk, carried furniture for a moving company and worked in a Coles Supermarket as well. I found these jobs were all very easy without too much thinking required. When I first entered college, I majored in law and commerce; I transferred to social sciences in the second year. In social sciences, there are two specific majors - politics and philosophy. I was poor in English so I chose these two majors which require demanding English, I wanted to push myself. Then I was so lucky because I found a law firm, having access to the career of a lawyer. I also worked as an office clerk during my college years.

Then in a late evening in Dec. 2003, an idea took a deep root in my mind: "I want to join the army!" That evening, stars in the southern hemisphere seemed especially bright.

With the excitement of the previous night, I called my mom back in China: "Mom, I'm going to join the army. What do you think?" She was surprised and rather reluctant: "Join the army? In Australia?" I replied with affirmation: "Yes, join the army in Australia!" She hesitated for a moment and said: "Why do you want to join the army? Aren't you studying now and you want to join the army in a foreign land?" I explained to her: "Since I have moved to Australia, I feel as though I should contribute to this society and don't want to only do business, tax and dealing." She seemed to understand me and said: "So you want to contribute in this special way?" I was excited: "Yes, yes!" Mom was touched by my words and agreed with me: "All right! Good boy, do as you like and I'll support you!" My eyes were shining with light at that moment as if the stars in the night reflected my enthusiasm.

As the idea firmed up, the next stage was preparing for it step by step. I contacted the army after searching the internet and being introduced by friends and in my communication with the army; they got to know of my law major and suggested that I register for the military academy. After thinking it over, I changed my application from soldier to officer and then waited for the first round of interviews, I was quite nervous. Well, the first round was a group interview: some basic examination of English, mathematics and language which was not difficult, everyone could pass. This was followed by a medical check. If had applied to become a soldier, I could have directly joined the army after the first round and medical check, I would have been happy but I was facing the second round - a personal interview. It was not hard at all for someone like me who had gone through numerous interviews when applying to come to Australia, passing it meant you have crossed the first threshold. After the interviews, the representative of Royal Sergeant School would gather all the successful candidates together and arrange a selection from this group. The third round concentrated on the candidates' coordination ability, independent ability and creation, thus checking whether we were suitable for army life. Of course I passed again. After the final physical fitness test of 15 push-up, 45 sit-ups, and 1120 meters' long-distance running, I was admitted as a member of military school.

Well, my final enrollment was in Oct. 2006. Yes, there was a small incident. I was very near-sighted so the army required me to do a special test. It turned out that my eye-sight was not good enough for the army and I would be rejected. Having been working for so long and so hard, I didn't want to give it up so I wrote a letter to Canberra to appeal. It took me a long time but I succeeded. I made a great step towards joining the army. I have my own life and career but I contribute all my spare time to the army and became a serving reserve.

"Get up! Take your ass above the floor and catch up!" After less than two minutes' rest, the instructor with a red face shouted angrily and rushed to the head of the line. Well, a glimpse of his face told us that he was actually quite satisfied. We arrived at the training camp on Friday evening for the weekend training. It's said that though Australia is famous in the western world for its care and respect for soldiers and staff, its training is extremely hard. I obeyed the instructor and looked like a doll with 20 kilos of equipment on my back. I received strict training from noon, with the sun over head until night, with stars shining. We kept training and fighting for more than 24 hours a day. I would comfort myself by saying: "Come on, hold in there!"

I was totally exhausted after I arrived home and my mom called me from the northern hemisphere: "Son, the army is hard. How are you getting on?" After hearing mom, my numb legs and brain seemed to recover and the fatigue of training day and night disappeared: "It's OK mom, don't worry." "You poor child, don't be strong in the face of your own mother. Did you get shouted by the instructor? I know from TV that instructors are all strict and scary by pulling soldiers' clothes." I could sense the deep care and worry from her voice and there was a warm current wandering in my heart like the winter jasmine of the March, blowing in the spring wind, itching and acid. "Really, mom. I'm good and strong!" "Well, that's better. Remember to eat more and rest more." The whispering warning was just the singing of the night.

Well, physical training was one thing, but for me, the most difficult time came when I got the position of leader. The ability to be flexible, analyze and handle different matters is a must for an officer. I'm a platoon leader and when my direct boss is not around, I may lose a little support. I not only have to conquer the physical difficulty, but also have to show my analytical ability and keep a sober mind to prepare for anything unexpected. I have to calm the soldiers down and arouse their mood. I'm responsibly for anything happens.

“Monitor of class one, two and three gather here right now!” After capturing the first hill and our position becoming exposed, we might be attacked at anytime. So in order to avoid the unexpected stray bullets, I made a quick but firm order: “Prepare to retreat anytime!” I made a concise explanation of our retreat route and later schedule and ordered all the members to be alert. As was expected, an attack arrived within 3 minutes after we retreated and we marched on quickly with skill and discipline: class one in the lead with two and three following, the platoon leaders and sergeants, correspondents in the middle. There was no difference of skin color in uniform. Military rank means obedience. It’s the conscientiousness and trust between us that enables us to pass in this assessment.

From enlisting to graduation, only 10% to 20% of the original recruits go on to complete the training and only about 7% remain on active service within one year after graduation. Many of them just leave. Having gone through marriage, injury and my wife’s pregnancy, I became the platoon leader of a rear-service department in Western Australian military region in Feb. 2013. Yes, I’m one of the 7%.

The most dramatic story happened only recently. It was at the beginning of this year, and I decided to participate in the election for city councilor. There were twenty five candidates, of which only seven could be elected. Many friends offered to help me and we also held a pledging party to collect money for the campaign. The final result was quite interesting. The first place was a senior councilor with 6000 votes who had always been the first one in the past selections. The second one was a candidate of the Liberty Party with support from the government, he got only 200 more votes than I did . I was third with 5358 votes.

What makes things interesting is that there are about 3600 to 3800 Chinese in my community and less than 400 residents from other parts of Asia, like Vietnam, Korea, Japan or Indonesia. In other words, the total population of Asian residents is about 4000. Many friends with different backgrounds supported me during election campaign, including some local residents. I remember a lady asked me when I was campaigning for votes: “What can you do for us?” I replied: “Well, you can see this item which is specifically made for the locals.” Then she told me that her whole family would support me. So with the support of Asians and recognition of local people, I won the third position. This dramatic result is closely related to

cultural identity.

Seen from my point of view, survival in Australia is no big deal as long as you work hard and I think most people will agree with me on this. Probably the Chinese have no advantages in language and culture compared with the locals, but I don't think this is the key point. The key point is your will. Don't focus on present gains and losses but take a broad view to the future, 5 or 10 or even 20 years from now. Any difficulty during this process is nothing if you succeed in the end. There is such a saying in the Australian Army: "if the mind is strong, everything is easy."

I have thought about the question of my being Chinese or Australian when I was young at the age of 15 or 20. However, as my knowledge of Australian life deepened, I don't think it matters where you belong. The crucial point lies in your heart and mind, your position and which part of society you want to live in. I have joined society from a political aspect but there is still a long way to go with so many cultural differences. I'm an immigrant who has the perspective of army experience, it's unimaginable for a Chinese to be a military officer. So I don't think it is difficult to communicate with the society if you work hard. But it's hard for me to go to the bars and discos with local young people. I'm not interested so that makes it difficult for me to integrate with them.

And now, with instruction of mom, care of my wife, I'm a lawyer, a city councilor and a military officer, all at the same time. I continue to receive training every month and deal with the administrative affairs and training the soldiers. But no matter what I become, I will do my job and be responsible for whatever I do. I will be a good son, a good husband and a good father.

我的故事 ~ 23. 三百六十行，行行出状元



“在澳大利亚皇家部队里有这么一句话：‘只要意志坚定，一切都不在话下’。”

1998年，听从母亲的选择，我只身一人来到澳洲留学，这一待，便是16年。那一年，我只有15岁。

从老家东北来到澳洲，啥也不懂，愣头青一个，硬是学习了半年语言，接着上了高中。刚到澳洲的时候，华人还不是很多。感觉是五六十年代，七八十年代老一批的华人，和89年大陆来的那一届的留学生。整体社会环境呢，跟现在相比，只能说是一般。因为可能那个时候联邦议员帕林瀚森刚刚下台，一族党的势力还很大。由于我一直对政治比较感兴趣，虽然那时候还小，但也还懂一些。

澳洲人还是比较淳朴的，最重要的一点是，你得做出成绩，人家就会认同你，把你当作他们其中的一员。毕竟澳洲是一个移民社会嘛。那时候，除了上学，还打过工。人家不都说嘛，要是没在餐馆打过工就不算打工，我也在餐馆里收过盘子，刷过盘子。在其中的一个店里做过后厨，前台服务；在一个搬家公司搬过家具；后来呢就在一个Coles超市打工。我觉得这些都很容易，不费脑子。就读大学期间，一开始读的是法律和商业，第二年把商业转成了文学，文学的两个专业是政治和哲学。当时由于英文不好，所以特意选择一些相应的对英文要求高的课程，逼着自己把英文提高一些。接着，很幸运的找到了一家律师事务所，开始接触律师行业，大学期间在里面做文员的工作。

2003年12月某深夜，一个想法深深地在我脑海里扎下了根：“我要参军！”那一夜，南半球的星空格外的璀璨。第二天清晨，依旧带着前一夜的兴奋，我给远在中国的母亲打了个越洋电话。“妈，我打算参军，您觉得怎么样？”“参军？在澳大利亚？”母亲惊奇且带着疑惑地问道。“对！就是在澳洲参军！”我坚定地答道。母亲迟疑了一下：“为什么要当兵，你还在读书，而且还是在异国他乡。”“我既然在澳洲移民了，就要为这个社会做贡献，我不想单纯地以做生意、交税、创造就业这样的方式来做贡献。”我解释道。母亲似乎有所理解了：“所以你就想以参军这样比较特殊的贡献方式么？”我兴奋地答道：“对！对！”“好！儿子你尽管大胆地去做，妈妈支持你！”似乎被我的兴奋所感染，母亲豪迈地肯定了我的想法。这一刻，我的眼睛里闪烁着坚定的光芒，就像是前一夜的星空印在了我的眼里。

人一旦想法坚定了，接下来就是按部就班地着手准备工作了。通过网络、朋友等一些途径做了一番研究之后，我就联系了军队。在跟军队接触的过程之中，对方了解到我的专业是法律，就建议我报考军校。多方考虑之后，我将申请从士兵改成了军官。之

后等待我的是三轮紧张的面试。第一关，集体面试：几道简单基础的英语、数学、语文等题目，毫无悬念，基本上大家都会过。接着是医疗体检。志愿是士兵的话，过了第一关和体检之后就直接可以参军了。而我，迎来了第二关：一对一的面试。这一关对于来自大洋彼岸接受过层层面试在这片土地上移民扎根的我来说，并不太难，跨过去，就等于过了军队的第一道门槛。之后呢，由皇家军士学院的代表（在西澳是西澳大学军团），把这些选择去参加军官训练的候选人都集中在一起，进行集体选拔。这第三关，考察的是候选人之间的协同能力，自主能力和创造能力，检验我们是不是符合军队的标准。当然，这三关我都顺利地通过了。经过15个俯卧撑，45个仰卧起坐，1120米的长跑，这最后一道体能测试的小槛我也跨过去了。过五关斩六将，终于，我成为了军校学员。

而等我真正入伍的时候却是两年后的06年10月份，这其中还有段小插曲。我是近视眼，度数还不低，军队要求我上专科的诊所去做测试。体检报告下来了，我的视力刚过一点杠，不能进军队。辛苦准备了这么久，不能因为这近视就前功尽弃吧，于是我就写了一封信到堪培拉去，我要上诉！这上诉虽然成功了，时间却也在不知不觉中流逝了。好在，我在成为军人的这条路上成功地迈出了一大步。我有自己的生活，有自己的职业，但是，我把自己的业余时间贡献给了军队，成为了在职的预备役。

“起来！把你的屁股从地上挪起来！快跟上！”安营扎寨完，刚休息不到2分钟的我，被面红耳赤的教官怒吼着赶了起来，涨红着脸像离弦的箭一般，冲到队伍的最前头。侧头余光微扫，瞥到教官似乎满意地抬了下嘴角。这次周末的训练，我们周五就到了训练场安营。早就听说过，对士兵和人员的照顾和尊重在西方国家都是数一数二的澳大利亚，对于训练的要求，亦是严格之至。本着对教官的彻底服从力，背着大概40斤的装备，我就像一具布偶，被严厉的教官拎着，从日头高悬到满布星辰再到日出东方，超过24小时地，不停地在行军，在训练，在打仗。45度仰望星空，我在心里给自己打气：“加油！坚持！”

精疲力竭地回到家，接到母亲来自北半球的问候和打气：“儿子，军队很辛苦吧，和大家相处得怎么样？”听到母亲的声音，我麻木的双腿和大脑似乎渐渐恢复了知觉，夜以继日训练带来的劳累一扫而光，“还好，不辛苦，妈，您别担心。”“你这孩子，在妈面前还逞强呢！被教官骂了吧，我看电视上，那些教官都是揪着人的领子吼的，怪吓人的。”母亲的语气里透露着浓浓的担心和关怀，我的心里涌起一股暖流，像家乡三月里的迎春花，被春风拂过鼻尖，痒痒的，酸酸的。“真的没事，妈，您儿子我壮着呢！”“嗯，那就好，多吃点儿，早些休息……”母亲低低的嘱咐，如呢喃般在这夜里婉转。

面对挑战自己部分极限的体能上的苦，对我来说，真正具有挑战力的是我坐在领导之位的时候。在军队，应变和你分析问题的能力，处理问题的能力是一个军官必须的，

是士官或者说一个中级士官所必须拥有的能力。作为排长，在没有上级军官的直接掌控时，同时失去了一点小小的依靠，我不光要克服体力上的不济，在脑力上，在分析问题上，随时都要保持清醒，准备应变一切突发状况，平复及调动下属的情绪。此时，不论发生任何事情，我都要担起责任。“1班、2班、3班的班长集合！快！”面对刚刚攻下一个山头，敌人知道我们的所在位置，随时可能扔流弹攻击我们，以及对方特种部队时不时的骚扰，我快速且沉静地下达了命令，“随时准备撤退！”我向三个班的班长简洁地说明了遇到流弹时撤离的路线及后续的工作，就下令全体成员严肃待发，警惕对敌。不出所料，军令发出三分钟之后，流弹如期而至，我们排40名官兵整齐有序地按照1班最前，2班3班紧跟，排长、副排长和通信员在中间的阵势，以熟练的行军步法快速撤离。穿上军装，戴上军衔之后，不看肤色，这个军衔就是任何人都要服从的军衔。正是作为军人的这种自觉和彼此间的信任感，我们顺利地完成了这次的考核。

军校学员从入伍到毕业，大概只有10%到20%的人能坚持下来。毕业之后，一年之内，还在军队服役的，大概只剩下百分之7点几，很多人来了就走了。中间经历了结婚、受伤、妻子怀孕等种种事宜，2013年2月，我，成为了西澳军区后勤部的排长，那7%里的一员。

最具戏剧性的故事可以说是最近的一个经历。在今年年初的时候，我决定参选X市的市议员，总共有25个候选人，七个人可以成为市议员。之后有很多朋友帮助出主意，后来又举行了一个誓师宴会，集资去打这个选战。关于最终结果，我觉得还是挺有意思的。第一名是一名资深的市政议员，他的每届选举都是得票第一，共6000多票；第二名是一名自由党的候选人，有政党的支持，他呢，比我多了大概一百多票不到两百票；我呢排第三，总共是5358票。有趣的是，在我所居住的有投票权的华人大概是3600到3800人，还有大概三四百其他国家的亚洲人，比如说越南人、韩国人、日本人、印尼人。也就是说，我们亚洲人的人口大概是四千人左右。然而在竞选的过程中，还有许多不同背景的朋友支持我。举个例子，有很多原住民。记得我在拉选票的时候，有一位原住民女士说：“你会为我们做什么？”我说：“那你看这一点，有一条这个是专门为原住民服务的。”她说她会让他家族来投我的票。于是，在我们华人亚洲人的大力支持下，再加上本地人的认同，作为一名华人，我得第三，我觉着这挺有戏剧性，和文化认同分不开。

就我个人经历而言，只要你努力，在澳洲最基本的生存是没有问题的，我觉得这个绝大多数人会同意。也说是舍得这一把的力气，一定不会饿死。想要成功，那三百六十行，行行出状元，每一行都可能出顶尖的人物。也许我们华人在语言上，在文化上和他们的本地人有一定的差距，但是我认为这不是最关键的问题。而最关键的问题在于你的意志。定好目标，不要过于在乎眼前的利益得失，将眼光放到未来的5年10年甚至是20年，在此过程中遇到的挫折，20年后回头一看都不算什么。在军队有一句话“只要意志坚定，一切都不在话下”“if the mind is strong, everything is easy”

年轻的时候，大概在15到20岁这个阶段，一直在考虑自己是中国人还是澳大利亚人。然而，随着在澳洲生活的不断继续和深入，我认为，是哪里人不重要，关键在心里和头脑里，自己的定位在哪里，从哪些方面融入社会。如果说你从政治层面角度去考虑，我认为已经融入进去了。但这是一个漫长的过程，毕竟存在着这么多的文化差异。如果说是从军队的角度，作为一个海外移民，成为人家这里预备役的军官，在中国是不可想象的。所以说，我认为跟社会交流，在这些层面上如果你努力的话，不难。但是，如果你说，跟这些本地的年轻人去酒吧，周末去他们的娱乐场所，我认为对我来说太难了，我从来没有这种兴趣，所以说你要说融入他们中难不难，太难了。

时至今日，在母亲的谆谆教诲下，妻子的关怀备至中，我是一名律师，也是市议员，同时还是一位军官，每个月依然进行着训练，管理军队的行政事务和士兵的训练。不论身份如何转变，我依旧做好每一份工作，在每一个岗位上都尽上我的全力，努力成为一个好儿子，一个好丈夫和一个好爸爸。

My Story ~ 24. The Older I Get, The More I Enjoy My Life



“Draw wisdom from the spring of life and you can taste its sweetness.”

I was born in 1957; however, at the age of 40, I split my life in two different hemispheres - China, the northern and Australia, the southern. At my age, I can treat these two different countries in a mature way and not discard either of them. Normally, people at this age are reluctant to leave home for a foreign land, but I did, and after growing older I began to consider the whole world as my home, and the older I get, the more I want to travel. Yes, though old, I am never satisfied. I want new and different experiences.

I was born in a small village in Linjiang, Zhejiang, a place where all villagers

possess the same surname. This is quite unique in China which only shows that in the long peaceful life here, from one generation to the next we never left our village. There's clearly a bond between this piece of land and me, my ancestors, our blood. My name was actually given to me by a female Commission Secretary, it means hardworking and simple, expressing both the reality of material shortage in 1957 and the great ideal of "thrifty for the country and home". Then I began my schooling days relying on the spirits of endeavor which was quite unique at that time, and I left my village for a big city. What followed was graduation, working, marriage and having children, all stages of life that Chinese people did in those years, unhurried and in an orderly fashion.

I lived in Hangzhou which is one of the ancient capital cities and boasts beautiful scenery and also beautiful legends including the love story of Whitesnake. Also located in the downtown area is a famous lake - West Lake which has stimulated thousands of poems and tears. My wife and I worked in a university at that time and we would go to West Lake in our spare time. Compared with cities of today, Hangzhou at that time was a small city with a population of only several million. Not much industry, no excessive construction, this small city was actually quite clean and beautiful. I still remember that I would ride a bike, with our little daughter in the front and my wife in the back seat, to the Lake during holidays. There would be lots of tourists in fine weather, all contributing to a lively, free and comfortable atmosphere. Yes, this is the main leisure activity in Hangzhou. During those days, I had no idea of what my life would become.

My wife was transferred to Australia in 1995. It was at that time that the idea of immigration came into her mind and she also encouraged me to consider doing the same. However, I rejected the idea. What I was thinking was that I was nearly forty years old and it was really a major decision to fit into a new environment. Actually, the biggest difficulty would be the language. You can't imagine what it is like to live and communicate with others if you don't know English. Besides, I lived pretty well in Hangzhou. Going to Australia meant I had to abandon all that I had accumulated after years' of effort and start all over again, like a young man, which would be a big challenge for me. So what I planned then was to wait for several years after I had retired.

However, I finally came in 1997 when I was forty years old. It seems like a law that something which is hard to decide after much hesitation and second thoughts will always be solved because of a small accident, which pushes you onto a brand-

new like track easily and gently. What I was not comfortable about was my daughter's schooling. Date of birth usually decides a child's schooling date - start now or wait for another whole year. That is to say, if your birthday is before this fixed date, you are admitted to school with other children of the same age, while if you are born later, even if only a few days, you have to wait for another whole year. Unfortunately, my daughter belonged to the latter group and this was beyond my control. She was quite clever actually which added to my annoyance of her being held back a year. As a result, I finally made up my mind to come to Perth. My wife helped me and we enjoyed a family re-union in Perth.

According to Confucius, a person at the age of thirty should have established his family and at the age of forty should know his destiny. Well, when I was thirty, I thought I had basically settled down. However, I entered a whole new life of uncertainty at the age of forty! I remember there were numerous people on the street, at my workplace, and the roads and parks were always full of tourists during holidays. It was hard to find a quiet, peaceful place but, here in Perth, I finally discovered what peace was like, but this peace was too horrible to enjoy. Day or night, there were few people on the street except in the shopping malls. I couldn't fit into this quietness and I even began to miss the noisy market back in Hangzhou. Well, later I know, people like us who have lived in the same village for over three generations will visit our neighbors and establish strong bonds, similar values and recognition through communication. Though having left the village a year ago, the city was never too big to feel separate from each other and occasional quietness was unable to break the habit of being in a noisy place. We couldn't put up with living alone, away from others.

The biggest problem was how to start life here. With my wife still studying, I had to shoulder the responsibility of raising our family. So I had to work. Well, what I could do became another serious headache because I knew no English. A friend of mine was going to Singapore at that time, so he recommended that I take over his job and peel onions with some Malaysians in a factory. With Chinese around and easy work, I gradually gave up what I had learned and done in China. At the age of forty, peeling onions was the beginning of a new life in Australia. This was a low-paid job - 11.5 dollar per hour with 8 hours a day, but I would usually have my work done within 5 hours. So after three months, the boss appointed me as a leader and I worked in that position for another one and a half years.

While it's hard to imagine a leader with no knowledge of English, it was actually

quite easy work - to finish your order was all you had to do. My wife had to study, our daughter had to go to school at that time, I would send her at 8:45 and pick her up at 14:45. I also had to take time to cook lunch for my wife in case she was late. So on the one hand, I had to work, while on the other hand, I had to complete this seemingly routine house work which was hard to believe. Forced by circumstance, I succeeded in finishing my work and also play the role of a house husband. I also cared for our second daughter; I often took her to work. Yes, a person's potential is often great which is formed by force and after becoming accustomed to change, nothing is impossible. Actually you have no time to think about it. This job ended when the factory was sold and although I found another job and worked there for three weeks, I finally quit because of the long working hours and low payment.

Once I got the opportunity of a decent job from a Taiwan boss who wanted to appoint me as factory manager, this meant that, my management experience gained in China could be used. However, the aluminum ingot manufacturing plant finally failed because of his poor management. This should have been a good work opportunity, but it ended badly.

Working and living in Australia is actually more about observation and experience. The most interesting experience I have met is a story about a policeman and a thief. It was when I was working in the factory and I came across a thief. I called the police but they didn't arrest him when they arrived but informed him that they had arrived outside of the factory. After hearing the police, the thief sneaked away. Well, I got the impression that there's an understanding between police and thieves: police are not after the thief but just want to stop a crime. The thief's slipping away doesn't matter. Once the police released a thief who had been caught by us, they told us that the thief was under 18 and should be released. Obviously, police are too merciful to criminals including thieves.

I have always been thinking of an example to express the hospitality of Australians. What impresses me most after I came here is that Australians usually offer to help others expecting nothing in return; they trust each other, no distrust exists between them. Even strangers in the street will smile to each other. If encountering an unhappy situation, they will be patient and polite even if they are not so comfortable. For example, if we stain their floor, they will tell you that it's unfortunate but will not criticize or blame you. Australians don't like to be in

conflict or argument.

What Australia changed me most in me was the sense and acknowledgment of equality. While in China, the different levels of occupation, no matter in a factory, company or in society, not only represents different responsibilities, but also defines one's identity, social status and even power. Obviously, managers possess power and advanced identity and status, different to workers. Working in the service industry is considered to be a low level job and the workers can be treated badly in restaurants. In Australia, the concept of equality is a core value. You are just a person and on this basis, different jobs simply mean different responsibilities. So differences in wealth, occupation and status constitute no inequality or discrimination. The simplest and most obvious manifestation is that I'm wearing more and more casual clothes, just like other Australians.

This equality and respect for each other releases the tensions and pressures found in society. Poor or wealthy, people can live a happy life and just be themselves. Of course there is a precondition - life in Australia is not that difficult; you can be an ordinary person, but as long as you are hardworking, you will always be paid. Such a life will overcome vanity and pressure. I'm getting more and more used to helping other people if I'm free. These are the changes that I personally felt after living in Australia.

Maybe you think I have totally adapted to life here, well, no, probably because of my age, I just can't abandon my previous life and neither can I get on with life here easily, so my English is still poor after living here for nearly twenty years. That seems to be the final defensive line that I use to resist changing completely. I still possess a Chinese passport, I still have my Chinese nationality. Chinese or Australian - if it is a choice between the two, I will always choose the first. I often go back to China to get together with friends and relatives. Though separated from each other, there is no distance between us both in time and in space. We are close to each other just like before. My wife even complains to me that although I'm living with her, I'm closer to my brothers and sisters back in China and my heart always stays there. I think this has probably originated from the tradition of my hometown - you have to rely on your brothers and sisters when getting old. Maybe the first forty years of life has taken a deep root and just can't be given up so easily. Or maybe although Australia has changed me and I agree with everything here, I just cannot fit in. As for the real reason, I haven't figured it out yet.

But am I still a complete Chinese? Actually no. After all, my wife and two daughters are Australians and the closest people to me in the latter half of my life have taken root here. Especially my daughters, who eat Australian foods, speak English and both have grown taller than me, have identified themselves as Australians. Though they can speak good Chinese and will have to go back to Hangzhou for college, they are closer to Australia deep in their hearts. Of course, maybe it's just me thinking too much like other sixty years old, that young people don't care so much about being Australian or Chinese and the world is actually not so big in this internet age.

As for me, I can't abandon my identity and status and this extreme change just urges me to think more. And this change actually began when I was still in China. Born in a poor village during hard times, and then shifting to a rich city before I had time to reflect, I was pushed to the other side of the ocean, hearing a different language and communicating with different people with another skin color. What does it mean to me when I am faced with more changes than others of the same age? I thought I would have no time to think and would probably never find the answer, while actually there's an adjustment and choice made in my mind. For the current me, both China and Australia are my home, neither of which I prefer. At the age of sixty, I don't feel confused and have no time to be confused. After my father passed away and friends in China left me one by one, death actually taught me an attitude to life: wherever you stay is your hometown, so cherish and enjoy what you have.

Am I old? Sixty is definitely old in traditional China, but living in Australia inspires me to pursue a healthier life, diet and exercise. I have fully realized the importance of good health. The older you get, the more you want and the happier you should live. We should travel and it was leaving China that made me realize how big our world is. It is not like the small map or the shallow life on TV. The real life is deep, with real sense and feeling and also has surprises awaiting us. So I will travel around with my wife to China and other countries, to deserts, high mountains, temples and parks.

Look, the life divided between China and Australia has never overwhelmed me, I discovered a bigger, wider world. Draw wisdom from the spring of life and you can taste its sweetness.

我的故事 ~ 24. 越老越没活够



“只要你能低下头，就能尽情畅饮”

我，1957年生，却以40岁为分界将生命的前后分为横跨不同半球的两截。前半部分在中国，后半部分在澳洲。四十岁才开始的转折如此的平均，使得无法割舍其中的任何一端，四十岁的分割又如此理性，可以用成熟开放的心态来看待这两个不同的国家，四十岁出走的又这样特别，中国人越老越留恋故土，我却越老越把世界当成故乡，还想等再老一点到处走走，越老越看不够！

我出生于浙江临海下面的一个小村庄，整个村子的人同一个姓，包括村名。这样的村庄在中国很常见，这既表明在漫长的平静农村生活中，我们祖先大概有很多年没有离开这片土地了，同时也是我和祖先、土地、血脉至今无法割舍的勾连。我的名字还是当时的一个女区委书记起的，寓意“既勤且俭”，既暗示着57年建国初期物资匮乏的现实，却又激荡着那个时代“勤俭治国、勤俭治家”的伟大理想。就这样上学、上学，依靠着当时并不多的奋进的渠道，我一步步从乡村来到了城市，毕业、工作、结婚、生子，就如当时身边的大多数中国人，不紧不慢、一步一步地走入预定的轨迹。

我当时所在的城市是杭州，这里曾经生活过痴情的白蛇、伟大的文豪、神圣的帝王，在这个城市最中心还有一个可能是中国历史上最有名的湖——西湖，文人墨客的诗句和离人的泪水从没有间断过向湖水中倾注。我和妻子当时在大学工作，空闲时间就在这个美丽的城市中游玩，和今天的城市比起来，当时的杭州还仅仅是一座小城市，仅有几百万人口，也没有太多的工业，也没有到处大兴建设，所以城市很干净、很漂亮，空气也很好。至今最深的记忆就是在假日里我骑着自行车，前面坐着当时还小的女儿，后面坐着妻子，十分钟就骑到了西湖边，在天气好的时候，湖边有着各种各样的游客，热闹、自在、闲散又舒适。这就是当时杭州人的最主要的休闲方式。就在这样自在的生活中，我完全没有意识到生活会在后来大变样。

在1995年的时候，妻子被学校公派到澳大利亚工作，也就在那时，她就有了移民到澳大利亚的打算，她自己在准备的时候，也鼓动我到澳大利亚来，我却立马拒绝了。我

想的是，自己年龄也不小了，当时三十好几快四十岁了，完全习惯了当时的生活，还要下这么大决心去一个完全陌生的地方。其实最主要的困难在于我完全不懂英语，无法想象到澳洲怎样生活、怎样和人交流。况且当时在杭州生活条件还不错，如果下定决心到澳大利亚，就要抛弃自己努力多年的成果，和年轻时一样从头打拼，这让我很难接受，所以当时的打算是，再在中国工作几年，等到退休时来澳大利亚就不用这样犹豫和牵挂了。

但，最终我还是来了，是在97年的时候，正好四十岁。事情往往就是这样，在面临选择的时候犹犹豫豫、百虑千思，似乎很难鼓起勇气，但最终解决的方式却是一个突发的偶然的事件，一下就把自己推到一个轨道中，轻轻地，毫不费力。那时面临一个很让人想不开的事情，就是女儿入学，在国内孩子的出生日期会直接决定是否能早些入学或者再晚一整年，也就是说，在这个固定日期之前出生的孩子就可以与同龄的孩子一样准时入学，如果哪怕晚几天，结果就是要晚一整年才能进学校，而很不幸我无法决定孩子的出生日期，我的女儿成为后者，但她的学习一直很好，我就很不甘心她比同龄孩子晚一年，这种不甘心在国内没有办法解决，于是，就这样，为了这件事，我终于下定决心来珀斯了。妻子帮我们办，我们就又在珀斯重新聚合为一个完整的家。

四十岁，孔夫子说过：三十而立，四十不惑。三十岁时，在中国我以为自己基本上安身而立命了，但四十岁的时候，一个完全崭新的开始却使我重新陷入了疑惑。刚到珀斯的时候真的很不适应，为什么，也许生活在这里的人很难理解，珀斯太冷清了。记得在杭州的时候，街上有很多人，单位有很多人，大街小巷有很多人，假日里公园湖边也有很多人，当时曾经一度还觉得太吵闹，很想找一个清静的地方，而到了珀斯，清静是找到了，可太清静了，怎么会如此安静，不管白天晚上，除了商业区，街上很少见到人。这种清静一度让我不适应，甚至很怀念杭州热闹喧嚣的菜场。后来我才明白过来，像我这样从小就生活在周围三代以上为同一祖先的同姓村庄中，大家相互串门、寒暄，我们在和别人尽情地交流中建立了价值和认同，即便是到城市中生活，不大的城市把很多人糅合到一块，所以虽然偶尔想清静，其实骨子里却又离不了热闹，受不了孤零零和他人无关的生活。

更大的难题还是怎样重新开始完全崭新的生活，当时妻子还在读书，所以我要养家糊口，就必须工作，不会英语，怎么开始工作就成了一个大难题。一个认识的朋友要去新加坡了，他很放心我的为人，于是他把自己之前的工作推荐给我，就是在工厂中和一群马来西亚华人一起削洋葱。因为周围一起工作的大都是华人，工作也很简单，于是我完全抛弃了在中国所学到的和从事的，四十岁的时候，在澳大利亚从削洋葱开始了一段新的生活。这份工作开始工资并不很高，每小时11.5元，每天工作8个小时，但一般5个小时就能结束。在干了三个月后，洋人老板就让我去做工头了，我又干了一年半工头。

很难想象不会英语还能当工头，其实工作本身就很简单，完成好订单就行。在那段时间妻子要读书，女儿要上学，她们的时间都很固定，我八点45分送女儿，下午两点45分接她回家，还要抽空回家给妻子烧点简单的饭以免耽误她上学。我一面工作，一面在间隙完成这些既定的任务。在国内的时候很难想象自己竟然如此强大，但时势所逼，我成功地做好了自己的工作，又完成了家庭妇男的任务。到后来第二个女儿出生了，仍然是我带，经常在工作的时候把她带在自己的身边，人的潜力就是这样强大。逼迫着、习惯了，也就没有不可能，根本没来得及去想累不累，受不受得了。这份工作直到工厂卖掉，我虽然又继续工作了两三个星期，但因为工作时间长，工资也不多我就没有再干了。

也曾经有机会给一个台湾老板打一份体面的工，想派我去当厂长，我在国内从事的管理恰好找到了用武之地，但那位老板计划开设的铝锭制造工厂却因考虑不够周全，在工厂的建设进程和排污用水方面有很大问题，最终计划没能实现。这是我曾经打的一份最大的工，但最终没有结果。

在澳大利亚工作、生活，其实更是在观察和体验，在珀斯遇到的最有意思的事就是警察与小偷的故事了。我在工厂里干活的时候有小偷进工厂偷东西，我赶快报警，警察到了以后不是马上组织抓捕，却在工厂外面大声通知小偷出来，听到警察如此大张旗鼓地到来，小偷当然悄悄溜走了。于是我发现这里面有一种默契，警察并不是来抓小偷的，他们只是制止了一起犯罪，而小偷只要悄悄溜走也就没有太大问题。甚至有一次我们抓住小偷之后，警察来了，认为小偷还不到18岁，就把他放了。警察显然很仁慈，包括对小偷。

我一直在想，这是否用一种极端的例子证明了澳洲人的友好呢？从中国来了以后，很深的感受就是澳洲人经常会不求回报地向别人提供帮助，对别人会无条件地信任，人与人之间并没有紧张地相互防备，人与人也很和善，哪怕素不相识的人街头偶遇，也会以微笑相互示意。如果遭遇了不愉快的事情，这里的人也会婉转而极具耐心地暗示，哪怕他们心里并不舒服。比如说我们把他们的地板弄脏，他会说这样会不好看，而不是批评、指责与爆发。在人与人的相处方面，澳大利亚人还是以其较高的素养忍耐并消解了相互之间的矛盾。

而澳大利亚对我最大的改变就是让我感受并深刻地认同了人与人之间平等的观念。在国内的时候，无论是工厂、公司还是社会中，职业的划分并不仅仅是代表着分工的不同，更意味着身份、地位、甚至权力的差异。显然管理者显然是掌握着权力并拥有身份和地位的优越感，而劳动者则恰恰相反。服务业显然因此被认为是一种并不高贵的职业，因此哪怕去饭店吃饭，对服务员也可以任意呵斥。在澳大利亚，人与人之间的平等观念是最为核心的一种认识。你首先是一个人，然后在这个基础上职业仅仅意味着分工的不同。所以金钱、职业、地位的差异并不构成人与人之间的不平等甚至歧视。

最简单也最表象的一个改变是——在澳大利亚我的穿着越来越简单和普通，就和大多数澳大利亚人一样。

这种平等与相互尊重缓解了人与人的紧张与社会的压力，在这里富过穷过都可以过得很自在，人可以毫无压力地过自己本然的生活。当然这种安然自在还有一个前提就是——其实在澳大利亚生活是一件并不很困难的事情，并不一定你优秀了才能很好地生活，只要你能吃苦，肯干，总能过得很好。这样的日子消磨了人的虚荣心，也消解了生活的压力，而我也习惯了在自己有余力以后更多地去帮助别人，这些都是澳大利亚生活这么多年以来潜移默化的改变。

也许，听了上面的介绍，你们会以为我已经完全认同并融入了这里的生活，其实，也不尽然。或许是因为四十岁的人生分割太平均的缘故，所以我既无法决然地抛弃前半部分，也无法安然地融入后半程生活。直到今天，我的英语依然很差，算一算，我已经在珀斯生活了将近二十年了，但似乎是竖起了抵抗的最后一道防线一样，我依然在暗地里拒绝这里的语言。而且，直到今天，我还拿着中国的护照，在身份上，我还是中国人。中国人或者澳大利亚人——这是一个非此即彼的抉择，但我依然还在守护者前一个身份。我也会经常回国内，去和朋友、亲戚、兄弟姐妹相聚。虽然分开日久，但时间和空间却并没有拉开相互的距离，我们还是那么友好、友爱，一如分离之初。甚至我与兄弟姐妹的感情都让我妻子有些微微的抱怨，似乎因为虽然和她一直生活在一起，心的一部分却永远地分割在中国，在兄弟姐妹身边。这或许是因为我们老家的传统，养老归根要靠兄弟姐妹。或许是四十年的生活根扎得太深，舍不得放弃。又或许是虽然澳洲改变了我，虽然我认同并欣赏着这里的一切，但却无法彻底融入。原因到底是什么呢，到现在还没想明白。

但我是彻底的中国人吗？其实也不是，因为毕竟妻子和两个女儿都是澳洲人了，这些后半生与我最亲近的人已经深深地扎根在澳洲。特别是两个女儿，她们吃着这里的食物，说着这里的语言，长得比我们小时候都高大。她们从生长的环境里早已认同了自己的身份，尽管她们汉语也掌握得很好，还得回杭州去读大学，但在心理上却离这边更近一点。当然，也许是我想得太多，快六十的人总是会想很多，也许，不管是澳洲人还是中国人对于更年轻的她们根本不是问题，对于互联网时代的她们来说，世界的分割没有想象中那么大。

而我，却曾经一度无法摆脱对于自己及身份的定位，变化剧烈的时代刺激我更多地思考。这种变化其实从中国就开始了。出生在物质匮乏、勤俭奋进的时代，后来却一下迈进了商品丰富、高楼遍地的城市，这个变化就足够大了，我还没来得及思考这种变化，却一下又被命运推入到大洋彼岸，听着不同的语言，和不同肤色的人打交道。我又比一般的同龄中国人更多一重变化，这对我意味着什么呢？我好长时间以为自己来不及思考这些问题也无法得到答案，但其实我的心早已做出了调整 and 选择，现在的我，

把中国和澳洲都看做自己的故乡，却并不执著于任何一边。中国人也好，澳洲人也好，无论是身处何处，都不要纠结，哪有时间纠结呢，已经快60岁了，父亲也去世了，在中国的同学同事也一个个走掉，死亡教会了我一种生活的态度，就是无论在哪里，身处之地就是故乡，珍惜眼前的时刻，尽情地欢乐相处。

老了吗？在中国60岁就被打上老人的标签了，但澳洲的生活也让我努力过一种对身体更健康的生活，饮食、锻炼，澳洲让我认识到身体的重要性。越老，越没活够，还要高兴地活下去，四处走走。正是走出了中国，才知道世界真的很大，不是地图看到的那么小，更不是电视上演的那么浅，真实的生活体验既深刻，充满着切肤之感，又浩瀚，在细微之处往往为有心的人藏着惊喜，看不够。所以我还要到处走走，中国、外国、沙漠、高山、庙宇、乐园，我不但自己走，还鼓动着妻子。

你瞧瞧，生命的割裂并没有把我压垮，反而找到了更广阔的世界，从一切生活中汲取清泉，只要你能低下头，就能尽情畅饮。

My Story ~ 25. Half Australian And Half Chinese



"It's an advantage to have both quality and education of the East combined with an education and background of the West."

I came to Australia in August, 2003.

I choose to study abroad after graduation from high school like many people who were born after 1980. Though I could enter a second-level college with my college entrance examination score, I made the conclusion that there would be no ideal work for me in China.

My presents chose Western Australia because a friend of my father worked there and thus could take care of me. I still remember clearly how depressed I was

feeling when I left home. I'm the only son in my family and had never left my parents. After my 17th birthday, I came to this foreign land 10 thousand miles away from home. It was the first time for me to have this lonely feeling with no one to turn to. Though there was a friend of my father's, I had no sense of home.

At first, my school was in Fremantle and I studied preparatory courses there, while my home was in the northern part of Perth, which meant I had to transfer two buses, two trains and then walk to school. I had a hard life, but on the other hand, I made many friends, some on the train and others from school. Actually it's quite easy to make friends here and compared with other students of the same age in 2+2 class, my greatest advantage was that I knew a lot about Australian communication and working methods because of my year's study. I had more friends, not only had a good relationship with Chinese and Asian people but also the Australian world. They became my study and life companions and I did not feel unfamiliar after entering the college, the feeling totally disappeared.

I entered college one year later. Quite unexpectedly, another problem emerged: the major of computer science was too boring for me to go on with.

After discussing this problem with my parents, I transferred to commerce; accounting and finance which finally made me feel at ease. With more spare time, I found a part-time job just like other students. I like to try different things and I've been a waiter and a dishwasher; I repaired computers, prepared accounts, delivered newspapers, conducted surveys and sold things; later I did business accounts and financial accounting. I gained a lot during this time, not only extra money but a sense of independence and cherishment and appreciation, as well as my value to society and how to become part of society. I always made friends with my workmates after several weeks. We were responsible and we communicated a lot during rest breaks. We hung out together and had fun. Well, the only thing that made me sad was on my birthday. I worked late, until 11 o'clock in the evening and it was a Saturday. I got on the bus and found I was the only passenger. I called my mom and she started to wish me a happy birthday and asked me what I was doing, whether I was celebrating with friends? I said no and told her that I had just finished work and was sitting on a bus going home. It was really hard but you should take the responsibility as long as you are in charge. People here actually pay more attention to punctuality and responsibility. And of course I've learnt a lot during this process.

I have experienced a lot in the past several years' study and work and I experienced the most important thing in my life in 2010 when I started work in the finance section of a college in Perth — meeting my fiancée.

The first impression I made was not very good — I look like a Chinese and with a seemingly Chinese name, but I never speak Chinese, so she felt strange. I was a minor financial manager at that time but we were not in the same department. Later, we had a position vacant and she applied for it. After working for a time, we got to know more and more about each other and always had dinner together. She thought of me a mature man always wearing suits and doing things efficiently. Actually, everyone in my department is ten or even twenty years older than me. But I just handled it in a more mature way so they were quite cooperative and admired me. Well, I had to quit because of our relationship and my colleague always mentioned to her that I was the best and more responsible manager they've ever met.

I also knew her experience in Australia. She was born after 1980 and is two years younger than me. She studied in Tianjin Foreign Studies University before she came to Australia for the 2+2 articulation program [2 years study in China and 2 years study in Australia, then graduate with 2 degrees]. She encountered the same problem as I did and the most obvious one was that though she had a high enough score to enter a formal class, she just couldn't understand the teacher. Language again became a serious problem. So she went to the teacher after class and asked the native teacher who was over 50 years old: "What can I do so that I can understand you?" the teacher was quite embarrassed and even stuttered after seeing this crying and helpless girl: "What do you want? Do you want to continue or transfer to other class?" she said: "I want to continue but I can't understand. Please help me." The teacher was quite helpful and comforted her: "Calm down and don't be nervous. This problem is actually quite common when you first come here." Then he recommended her to a tutor who could instruct her English and assist her to eliminate her nervousness. So she began to talk and cry at the same time and the English teacher said to her: "See? You are fine and you can cry in English. So don't worry, your basic communication is all right. Maybe there are some difficult words in the first class but it's the same for all students. It's quite common." The teacher's encouragement gave her a lot of confidence and she finally found her direction.

She was actually quite nervous at the interview. There were two people

conducting the interview — one was the manager of the financial department and the other was the business manager. Both of them native Australians, they spoke fast with an accent. She was very worried that she couldn't understand them, so she just smiled and asked them to speak slowly. They were nice and understood her. Every time she didn't know what to say, she just smiled to them and finally she got the job. Later she asked the manager why they chose her among so many excellent interviewees. The manager told her that it was because of her smile and because she asked them to speak slowly, which showed her responsibility and confidence.

I think maybe our meeting each other was destiny.

After one month of our contract, I resigned.

Maybe I had been affected by my family. I did not plan to find another job after I resigned; instead I decided to further my studies for a PhD. My girlfriend has opened a small jewellery shop since her internship. Having majored in International Trade in Tianjin and studied some courses about commerce, she thought it was a good opportunity to put the theory into practice. She went to Yiwu during the summer holiday to stock her shop with goods. Her parents are quite supportive though they don't think it will succeed. She had to apply for stall. My girlfriend had been living under the protection of her parents and knows nothing, so it was a great experience for her. The greatest difficulty was that she didn't do a full survey, thinking that the basic step was just to stock goods and sell them, with no special skills at all. In the end, all her goods were held by Customs because there was no label of origin. It turned out that all the goods needed a label of "Made in China". She was shocked and called Customs at once. Customs allowed her one week to add a label to every item. Half of the storage area was full of the goods and she called all her classmates for help. They worked day and night and finally got it done within one week.

Both my girlfriend and I have gone through a lot since we came here and we've considered a lot about whether we should stay in Australia. After all, we are both single children. Our parents want us to stay with them and we can also be provided with better resources and advantages back in China, while staying here means we have to start on our own. So my parents want me to go back home after working for a short period. However, I like the life style, environment and work here and after a long and careful consideration, we finally decided to stay and live

here.

All you have to be in Australia is actually to be useful. For example, in China, the more you study, the better people like you while after graduation with a PhD, the only thing you can do is mostly just teaching, the PhD has little use in other aspects of work.

Australia is a multi-cultural society with white people being the mainstream. There are maybe some white people who have doubts about Asians or non-whites but I've never struck that situation. Getting to know a new culture before I have total knowledge of the other can assist me to better adapt to the former one. We can see things with a new perspective. Taking the essence and discard the dregs. What's more, cultural recognition is closely related to the company where you work. If the company is multi-cultural, people working there are definitely from different backgrounds as well. They won't reject those from Asia or China. If you are working in a mono-cultural environment and a new face with different features arrives, it will take a long time for all members to readjust. Groups or organizations all seek to survive though through different paths. So it's understandable that there will be some conflicts when you are fitting into a new environment.

Many Australians and Westerners are willing to communicate with Chinese people because China is becoming stronger and stronger and Chinese culture is more and more accepted by them, not only Chinese character and traditional culture, but also Wushu and handwriting. Many western friends actually envy me because I can speak two languages. Some even want their children to learn Chinese from me which satisfies me a lot. This is a sign that we are getting more and more powerful and they can totally accept us. My advantage is that I've received a western education and I can speak fluent English. But there are also disadvantages. I can communicate with westerners without difficulty but in technical terms beyond my major, including medicine, law or sports, I'm not that capable.

Having lived in Australia for so long, the biggest advantage for my girlfriend and me is that we retain eastern values or habits among westerners while we can also show our western attitudes when with easterners. We are in the middle. Besides, there's another strange thing: many friends are curious about which language we use at home. Well, it depends. We speak Chinese for life and emotion and English

for study and work or something related to Australian society. This is not on purpose because we really don't know how to express such things in Chinese. We learnt these things like accounting and financing when we are in Australia and we don't know what it is called in Chinese. Well, it would be a disadvantage if we were back in China.

We are seeking a balance between western culture, or the English-speaking environment and the Chinese environment. To communicate in English means to express accurately either for communication or for work, but at the same time the cultural aspects are lost in this process. In our childhood we didn't understand why we should recite so many poems and texts off by heart and it really bothered us. But now we understand, Chinese conveys some meanings that can't be expressed in plain words. Well, maybe this is what confuses foreigners who learn Chinese. They can understand every word they read, but don't know the whole meaning when they are put together. Only when they know something about Chinese culture can they appreciate the language.

My friends and family will make jokes such as "Look, the foreigner has come back" when we are back in China but in Australia, people will know you are Chinese once they see your face, so you don't have to pretend. I won't define myself as a Chinese or an Australian. I am myself and this is me. We have received traditional education including how to handle things and we think in Chinese ways. But we live in Australia. So we have both Chinese and Australian thoughts. And it depends if you ask me where I belong. If defined in terms of place and the time we spent in Australia, we are Australians; but if defined in terms of deep culture and how we want people see us, the answer is definitely Chinese.

We actually often ask people such questions. For example, we have a friend with an Asian face but he may be Singaporean or Malaysian or Vietnamese, so I will ask him: "Where are you from?" He says: "I am from Perth." Then I will go on to ask: "Where are you originally from?" With such an Asian face and an answer of "from Australia", I feel quite strange because I want to know his native home and what is his cultural background. His answer of "from Australia" can't satisfy my curiosity and I want to know where he is "originally from". Some people will say that they were born here but their parents are from somewhere else. Some will just get annoyed and reply: "from Perth, I was born here, so what is your question?"

In all, I feel fortunate here and I have received both western and eastern education during the formation of my values and I can select the best and drop the worst of both cultures. So we have the advantages of both eastern quality and education and western education and background.