

Railway Station Volunteer

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When you think of migrant workers returning home for the Spring Festival, most people probably picture them carrying heavy bags in both hands, and maybe even with things on their shoulders, walking on their way home.

Indeed, this time, through the Spring Festival volunteer platform, I witnessed them on their journey home for the New Year more closely. Among them, the most touching were the middle-aged men and women whose faces were etched with wrinkles and hardship. For them, going home is the most important event of the year.

If they cannot reunite with their families for the New Year and have to spend the Lunar New Year's Eve and the Spring Festival in Guangzhou, not only will the year be meaningless for them, but they will also feel unmotivated to work in a foreign land for the coming year.

However, while most people are fortunate enough to go home, there are also those who are constantly by the phone, making endless calls, desperately "begging" for train tickets, and still unable to return home by New Year's Eve. If their beloved wives and children are in their distant hometowns, the pain of separation is no less than a knife cutting through their hearts. It's truly "Every festive season, one thinks of their loved ones; on New Year's Day, one remembers their family; on New Year's Eve, one is missing from the family gathering!"

From their residences in Guangzhou, they travel to the Pazhou Complex, then through long corridors into the waiting area. After a slow passage of time, they finally depart for the train station, then endure more than ten hours standing on the train, and possibly a bumpy ride on a rural bus before finally arriving home! Finally home! But to see their families, to go home for the New Year, they endure it all. They are like the song Wang Baoqiang sings - "Whether you have money or not, go home for the New Year!" And some passengers are like Wang Baoqiang's movies - "Lost on Journey".

One middle-aged passenger, upon seeing a volunteer, immediately shared his time management success: "My train doesn't leave for another four hours, I'll definitely make it." The volunteer was puzzled because four hours later would be 4 PM, and there were no train departures at that time, only during the night and early morning. So, the volunteer said to the middle-aged man, "Please check your ticket." The middle-aged man said in his local accent, "Four in the afternoon, that's right." He felt that words couldn't express his confidence and optimism, so he patted his chest and said, "Don't worry, I won't miss it." The volunteer said, "There are no trains departing at 4 PM, please check your ticket carefully." Hearing this, the middle-aged man smiled and took out his ticket to take a closer look. Then, with a big smile, he held the ticket in front of the volunteer and said, "Look, look, the train is at 4:12, how could I be wrong?" The volunteer said with great reluctance, "That's 4 AM." In an instant, the middle-aged man...

Another protagonist, also middle-aged, but a woman, started talking nonsense and seemed dazed as soon as she entered the exhibition hall. Was it because she was too excited to go home? Or was she overwhelmed by the hardships of the journey? Or was it because she had been unable to buy a train ticket for many years and this year...? Could it be that our volunteers' dedicated service touched her, someone who had always thought that people in Guangzhou were cold and heartless? Regardless of the reason, in the medical center under the white tent, after a sedative injection, the middle-aged woman finally returned to normal and bravely faced reality.

The middle-aged woman smiled again under the care of our medical staff. The medical staff would be genuinely happy about this. This is the true reason for volunteer service.

When we see passengers find their waiting areas without confusion, with smiles blooming on their faces, we feel that the world seems a little bit better. And when they truly feel the sincere service and warm greetings of the volunteers, they also feel that the world is still quite beautiful. They genuinely feel the power of warmth, otherwise, their smiles wouldn't be so sincere.

And in the eyes of the volunteers, it seems that because of their existence, the world has become a little bit better. Even if it's just a tiny bit, like an ant compared to the Pazhou Complex, in the eyes of the volunteers, it's something they created, something they brought to the world. Therefore, working for the happiness of others can realize self-worth, enhance self-recognition, and increase happiness.

A volunteer colleague told me about something that happened last night. She said that a young woman lost her bag in the crowded area and was extremely anxious. If it was an unimportant bag, containing just a book or two and a couple of chicken wings, she probably would have walked away without looking back. My colleague told her, "Don't worry, don't worry." Then, my colleague called some people to start a search that might never have a result. Another comedy was staged at the Pazhou Complex, and God was the director of this comedy. When he felt that the search was almost over, he made my colleague appear with the bag in front of the female passenger whose face was full of anxiety and sadness. The female passenger...

After a long time, the female passenger recovered from the roller coaster of emotions. I don't know what was in the bag, but the female passenger was eager to get my colleague's phone number so she could thank her later...

Many of my classmates are also working on the front lines of the Spring Festival travel rush. How many days have they worked in the old district? Compared to them, what am I?

I also made some friends, including two leaders from South China University of Technology and Sun Yat-sen University (they worked together for three days). The one from Sun Yat-sen University often uses a handcart to push passengers' luggage directly to the waiting area, so he is often not around. The one from South China University of Technology would come back after work and ask me, "Where is my partner? Where is my partner?" I always laugh at this, especially because I find the word "partner" to be used so wonderfully. Yes, the term "partner" is very affectionate and a bit childish. They fought together for three days, and they were closer than siblings.

I also met Dai Chuanqi, a girl who likes to imagine ghost activities and has a bit of a legendary aura. She likes to ask passengers a confusing question first, then the core question: "What is your train number..."

What time is your train?"

The people and things that impressed me the most include the young female volunteer who finally told us that the road ahead was closed, the calm and collected volunteer leader who is going to take the civil service exam and often watches G4, the colleague from Hunan who is volunteering in Guangzhou this year because he has experienced the hardships of the Spring Festival travel rush himself, the girl at the book stall who told me that although the sign says "10 yuan for 3 books," it only applies to the magazines next to it, the carefree passenger who didn't pass security and loudly argued, "I don't have a hammer, I don't have a hammer," the cute girl who asked me if she needed to pay when I gave her water in a disposable cup and I said "zero yuan," the innocent junior high school boy who tested his Wing Chun skills on my back and turned the handcart into a skateboard, the delivery aunt who said "You're welcome" in a very cheerful voice when I said thank you for the lunch box, the cute guy who told me that jasmine tea (which sells for 3.5 yuan outside) only costs 1.5 yuan and then spent 1.5 minutes explaining that they were not expensive at all, and Biying and Di who waved to passengers for an hour, recreating the scene of North Koreans reluctant to part with the People's Liberation Army and migrant workers reluctant to part with the volunteers, the classmate who worked at Pazhou until 3 AM and ate instant noodles, causing endocrine imbalance and acne, and stood on the sink to blow-dry his feet with a hairdryer, and Li Kai and his buddies who couldn't forget the smell of the blankets at Pazhou... I thank them all for bringing me wonderful memories. They all did their best for the Spring Festival travel rush...

Next, I would like to thank some things that brought me new experiences: the 40-inch touch screen computer with Wi-Fi next to the station, which made us discuss what kind of image a person would make when passing through it, the security scanner that the junior high school boy wanted to try out with me after winning a game of rock-paper-scissors, the government-supported food store that sold goods at almost cost price to bring food and care to migrant workers, the food stall that sold two meat and two vegetable dishes for only 8 yuan with quality and integrity, breaking the high price and poor quality situation, the book stalls filled with books like "The Thick Black Theory," "Be Low-Key," "These People Must Be Guarded Against," and "Three Parts Doing, Seven Parts Being," the handcart with almost zero friction that I wanted to have for school opening and closing because it kept sliding, and the viewing platform where someone said they came to take a walk after washing their hair, where I used to dry salted fish, and where you can see the Pearl River and the new city of Pearl River.

Okay, reader, if you are visiting late at night and haven't showered yet, then it's time for you to wash your hair and go to sleep. Thank you again to the Spring Festival Volunteer Dispatch Center and all my colleagues, and the passengers I met! I also hope that all travelers, whether they have money or not, can go home for the New Year!