

Visionary

For the past month, Lexi's literary work has been improving on both academic and occupational levels. Stressing over her exam results, she buried herself in book reviews while praying for D-day to come.

SNU Campus – 09.01 AM

The last time that Campus happened to be this crowded was on integration day. Students from different majors lined up in front of their respective departments, eagerly waiting for the mid-term results as they crossed their fingers and prayed to at least pass most of the subjects.

Far away from the crowd, Lexi sat on a bench near the Campus fountain. She was nonchalant towards the whole fiesta happening in front of her; she would rather appease her mind in moments like this, rather than join her colleagues in the adrenaline rush.

"Here you are, I knew I'd find you here!" David called out, interrupting Lexi's meditation.

"Oh hey there, David! Did you come to show me moral support today?" she jestingly proposed.

"I wouldn't lie and say I did" he chuckled nervously "I was actually summoned by Pr. Jenkins today. He wanted to discuss some points regarding the research I submitted recently".

"That's wonderful, *Aja Aja Hwaiting !*" she ecstatically cheered.

"I'm glad you still remember the basics" he taunted her with a hint of culpability.

Lexi snickered at his sudden change of tone "What brings you here, then?"

"The wise man requests your presence. It's about your mid-term essay" he finally disclosed.

SNU English Department – 10.13 PM

Lexi waited for about an hour in the hall while Pr. Jenkins was finishing up some paperwork. Unaware of the nature of this unexpected meeting, her pulse started racing, weakening her in the process. She felt a panic attack around the corner, but managed to regulate her breathing, thus allowing herself to calm down.

“Lady Scholar, I’m glad to see that you received my call. Come on in” the old man welcomed her.

Lexi’s nervousness started to get the best of her. Her anxiety resurfaced bit by bit while her mind tried its best to control the situation.

“Pr. Jenkins” she uttered “Is there something wrong with my mid-term exams?”

“On the contrary, Miss Martinez. I actually enjoyed reading your latest essay” he announced “Nonetheless, I called you in for an entirely different matter. I shared your **Dan Brown** review collection with David, and he suggested that you give creative writing a try. Judging from your previous work, he believes that you have what it takes to tell a story, a good one. Personally from what I read so far, I can only push you to go further”.

Hearing her teacher’s statement, Lexi’s heartbeats finally calmed down. Pleased with both their testimonies, she breathed out a sigh of relief “Thank you very much Pr. Jenkins, I promise to deliver”.

“I have no doubt about that. I expect to receive your work before the end of the year” he added.

Trapped in a rollercoaster of emotions, Lexi thanked the old man, brushing off her worries from earlier. She turned the door knob ready to leave the office, when she heard her name being called.

“Oh and Miss Martinez, congratulations on passing the semester” he complimented her.

Leaving the office, Lexi ran into David on his way back in. She shared the good news and expressed her sorrow for growing apart these past weeks.

Accepting her apology, the young man cleverly demanded “How will you make it up to me?” to which she replied “Are *Ahjumma*’s meals as good by night as they are by day?”

BIGHIT Recording Studio – 7.15 PM

Today has been eventful. Upon receiving news of passing her mid-term finals, Lexi set the studio on fire. Although she was always a fiery trainee, her energy went through the roof that day.

After finishing all of her usual homework, she sat with her mentor for a global evaluation. Her writing skills improved, and her stories were more vivid since she lost the vagueness she used to coat her lyrics with.

“You have come a long way since our first meeting, I am proud of you” Namjoon praised her “I think that you might be ready just in time for what *Sajang-nim* has in store for you”.

“What could it be?” she asked in anticipation.

Seeing that his announcement peaked her interest, he assured her “You’ll find out when the time is right”.

As their conversation was brought to an end, a package was delivered by the front desk secretary.

“Lexi-ssi, this came for you in the mail” the secretary informed her, handing over the box.

“*Kamsahamnida*” she replied as she received the package.

Lexi sat down, put the parcel on the table and, using the tip of her pen, cut through the wrap.

“Were you expecting a delivery?” Namjoon inquired, peculiarly eyeing the item before him.

“Ah yes, I ordered this book a few weeks ago. I gave them the company’s address because I spend more time here than I do at the dorm” she pleaded “I hope I didn’t abuse of my privileges”.

“Not at all” he ensured “Are you going to write a review about it as well?”

“Most likely, it’s a self-help book” she stopped to study his facial expression “I know you’re not a fan of this genre, but I thought it could give me a new perception on things. I want to generate a fresh concept for my future writings”.

“Well, feel free to enjoy your purchase as long as you don’t make me read it” he goaded her, to which she gloomily nodded.

While Namjoon was finishing up in the studio, Lexi went down to the main hall. She had set up a little hangout with David to make up for lost time and celebrate her academic achievements. To kill time, she took a seat and leafed through her new book, repeatedly checking her phone for missed calls or texts.

It was getting late, and David was nowhere to be found. She tried calling his number many times, but in vain. As she prepared herself to leave the building, the elevator door opened and a weary Namjoon stepped out of the platform.

“Alexandra, what are you still doing here?” he questioned “It’s getting late”.

She stood up as soon as she saw him “I was waiting for a friend. We had plans for tonight but I can’t get hold of him”.

“I was going for a stroll in the city, would you like to join me?” he offered.

“I wouldn’t say no to that” she gladly accepted.

Myeongdong – 11.45 PM

Once they reached their destination, the duo stepped out of the car. Although Myeongdong was one of the busiest districts of Seoul, Namjoon felt comfortable walking around in disguise on a school night. As for Lexi, the neon lights illuminating the location fascinated her, the area’s name literally meant “Bright tunnel”.

“What’s your vision in life?” Namjoon asked all of a sudden, breaking the silence.

Lexi looked at him, not sure how to answer his question “What do you mean?”

“Your dream is to become a writer, right?” he cleared up “But what’s your vision? What do you want to accomplish in life with your writing?”

“I want to be read” she declared, leaving her companion puzzled for a split second before she continued “Be it in a year or five times that, I want to be read. I want my scripts to mean something to somebody, anybody. I want to mark people’s lives, and most importantly, I want to be remembered”.

Although Namjoon couldn’t read through her ciphered response at first, it somehow made sense afterwards. By the time he gathered his thoughts to come up with an ardent reflection, Lexi was already glued to a gift shop’s display window, admiring a set of colored rings. She spotted a silver one in the shape of a crown, and motioned for Namjoon to wait for her while she purchased it.

Entering the shop, she asked the owner if he could engrave her name on the inside of the ring.

Meeting her request with approval, she wrote the foreign letters on her phone and showed it to the *Ahjussi*. Once the carving process was complete, six letters spelled a name: **Dextra**.

As she left the shop, she came running towards Namjoon to show him the ring. Raising the index finger of her right hand, she said “Namjoon-*ssi*, meet my new good luck charm”.

External Dormitory – 1.09 AM

Worn out from what seemed like the busiest day of her life, Lexi fell asleep throughout the whole ride on the way back. Namjoon couldn't help but glance every now and then at the aspiring visionary sitting beside him: her dormant state was peaceful. As the car moved, her silver ring reflected the moonlight.

Once the car stopped in front of the dorm's entrance, Lexi woke up from her slumber. She apologized to both the chauffeur and Namjoon for the grand detour they had to make to drive her home and she hurriedly headed to her dorm room. The moment she opened the door, she tossed her shoes recklessly and threw herself on the bed.

Half an hour later, the building's main door opened. Across the hall, a tipsy David is seen walking woozily towards the elevator.