

Life decisions

“And that’s how I got here” Lexi sighed in despair, worn out from reliving her past through the storytelling.

“I-I didn’t think it was this deep, I apologize” David could barely find his words, afraid to upset her further. Nevertheless, his curiosity got the best of him “Earlier at the coffee shop, you said that you came with a broken heart, mind and soul” he paused before resuming “Didn’t you say you healed in your years of solitude?”

She chuckled, amazed at his ability to remember details “I came with a broken heart because although I have moved on, I decided to keep my heart out of reach. It’s time for me to love myself before letting anyone else have feelings for me” she breathed out as she added “my mind is still broken because other possibilities showed itself to me along the way, and I still don’t know whether I should go through with it or not”.

“I see. But what about your soul?” he wondered, still confused by her previous explanations.

“Let’s leave that for another time” Lexi concluded. She then stood up and headed to the elevator “Are you going up?”

“I have a couple of errands to run, I will catch up with you later” David smiled at her and headed towards the exit.

External Dormitory, Room 613 – 9.01 PM

As she laid her head on the pillow, Lexi thought about her conversation with David. She wondered if she had made a mistake by opening up to him, knowing the guy for less than a month. She rapidly brushed off her regrets and thought of her second piece of the puzzle: her broken mind.

Although pursuing a writing career was the reason why she broke free from her lab coat, her motive for applying to a Korean university amongst other choices was more than just earning herself an English degree. In fact, whilst she was healing herself with Kpop, she allowed herself to express her deepest thoughts in lyrical waves. Korean artists fascinated her so much that she was inspired to write rap songs of her own, or at least she attempted to. The dreamer in her has hoped to submit some of her writings to her favorites’ respective companies, whom she called mentors.

Wandering in her thoughts throughout the night gave her a headache. She decided to sleep it off and think about her next move in the morning.

External Dormitory, Study hall – 6.13 AM

The next morning, Lexi woke up from her slumber in shape as she finally came up with a decision. She grabbed her gray binder, her favorite pen and a stock of blank papers and headed to the study hall. She went through her journal, reading her work multiple times, trying to decide which draft would make a suitable candidate for her plan. She ended up choosing a few verses, labeling them with their respective song titles, hoping the diversity will grant her a better chance at being scouted rather than presenting one full song, which could build or abolish her.

“I’m an enthusiast, a dreamer, an overachiever
I’m a born theist, grew up to be a sound believer”

— Wishful Thinking

“Hold up, what’s that?
You have a say, but you can’t go past that?
Past the tormenting looks, past the judgmental gossip
I say what I think, I do as I say, if you don’t like it, toss it!”

— G.O. (General Opinion)

“You see, I’m a visionary, Life’s my apothecary
Yesterday I was melancholic, today I’m feeling euphoric
Patching up the pieces of my life with the band-aid of love
The people I’m surrounded by are the best gift from above”

— Visionary

“23 years later, this is my first attempt
I’m not used to writing happy lines, but recently I’ve been blessed
Today has been one of my happiest events”

— Gratitude

Her lyrics screamed “dreamer, fierce, emotional and dark”. No matter what she wrote about, these four features always crowned her writings.

As she prepared two copies, she included what seemed to be a letter of motivation. She was going to address company CEOs; being formal was her diplomat move. She slid each copy in a large envelope, wrote down the addresses and stamped them, then headed to the nearest post office.

Heart of Seoul – 9.03 AM

Once she arrived at the post office, Lexi hesitated. For some reason, she had a feeling her mail won't leave the building once she submits it. With her OCD kicking in, she faced the street, held her envelopes tight against her chest and grabbed the first taxi she spotted.

“Annyeonghaseyo Ahjussi” she greeted before telling him her destination in a decent Korean accent *“Mapo-gu, Seogyo-dong, Hongdae gajuseyo”* she felt embarrassed throwing random street names instead of a proper phrase, but she wouldn't risk humiliating herself with a broken sentence from Google Translate.

The ride gave Lexi more time to think. She barely got used to the fact that she was miles away from home following one of her dreams, and now she was pushing herself to pursue another one. She would often suspect her own sanity as the events happening in her life seemed out of place yet fitting perfectly.

Approaching her destination, Lexi gave a quick call to David *“Yoboseyo. David I am going to hand over my phone to the cab driver, can you please tell him to wait for me? I am going to deliver something and be right back”*.

“Delivery? What delivery? Where are you?” he asked, confused at the little amount of information he just received.

“I will tell you all about it later. Here, say hi to Ahjussi” she smirked as she handed her phone to the cabbie.

“Kamsahamnida Ahjussi” she politely said once David handled the situation.

Lexi stood in her spot. She contemplated the beauty of the scene in front of her: it wasn't nature or art; it was simply a building, the building that held the **HIGHGRND** label above the main door.

She wasn't planning on meeting her number one mentor, knowing that would be impossible. However, she was there and she wouldn't leave until her mail was delivered. After handing the envelope to an employee, Lexi jumped back in the cab, giving the old man a new address "*Dosan-daero, Gangnam-gu gajuseyo*".

Arriving at her second destination, Lexi stepped out of the car. The building was as fascinating as the previous one, not only in terms of architecture, but also because of what lies behind the closed doors. More courageous than she was half an hour ago, she climbed the stairs, before realizing that access was denied. She wasn't surprised, but rather disappointed.

She dragged her tail, heading back to the cab, when two tall men arrived at the scene. Spotting a badge on one of them, she greeted them with a bow and asked if they could deliver her envelope to the CEO. Startled by her spontaneous behavior, they accepted her package and nodded in agreement.

Satisfied with her achievement for the day, Lexi dialed David's number as soon as she got back inside the cab "Hey there. What is the best restaurant in Gangnam?" she chuckled before adding "I believe I owe you both a story and a meal".

As the cab drove to the appointed site, Lexi glimpsed one last time from the rear window. She could still clearly read the panel in front of the building: **BIGHIT Entertainment**.