

Que sera, sera

A month has passed since Lexi submitted her writings. Although she has prohibited herself from having false hope, daydreaming has become an almost daily routine of hers.

She spent her days studying, reading books, writing essays and working on her Korean. She might not have been scouted by the companies she reached out to, but her writings still gained recognition elsewhere.

SNU Lecture Classroom – 11.20 AM

“Your mid-term exams are around the corner; please make sure to project your inner scholar on your papers. Class dismissed” Pr. Jenkins concluded his lesson.

“Lady Scholar, may I have a word?” he called for Lexi as she was preparing to leave the room.

“Yes, Mr. Jenkins. What can I do for you?” she politely replied, her curiosity being triggered the minute she heard her nickname.

“I am truly amazed by the couple of essays you have submitted so far. I was wondering if it would be alright with you to use them as reviews for the books you read. Of course, your name will be mentioned in full. I just think that it would be a waste to let your papers gather dust” he answered.

“I would be more than honored, sir. I will make sure to bring you the next essay before the due date” she fervently said.

Their talk lasted for about an hour. The wise man admired the way Lexi portrayed her feelings in words, and as he did with all his favorite students, which weren't many, he encouraged her to reach her full potential and never hold back. While obviously knowing her full name, Pr. Jenkins couldn't help but find a more suitable nickname for her. Lexi, who always had a thing for labels, did not mind.

Ahjumma Snack Bar – 1.10 PM

Every now and then, Lexi and David would meet at the snack bar which became their official hangout spot. The Ahjumma in charge often treated them to free desserts, as the pair was her most loyal customer.

“Alright, what’s today’s lesson?” Lexi asked as David often gave her homework outside the sessions they usually set for Korean lessons.

“You’re supposed to know your pronouns by now” he answered, in a teacher like tone “Give me an example of what you have learned so far”.

“*Neon nago nan neoya*” she pronounced in a perfect accent, proud of her rapid response.

David sighed, almost embarrassed at the situation “Since when is **Zico** a better teacher than I am?”

“He’s got flow, you have an *Ahjussi* aura” she smiled widely at him, amused by the flustered expression on his face as he looked at her, dumbfounded.

“I bet you don’t treat the old man the way you treat me” he finally broke his silence.

“Pr. Jenkins is anything but an *Ahjussi*, sometimes I wonder if a youngster spirit resides within him” she kept teasing him for a while, making David red-faced rather than upset. They broke into laughter afterwards, jokingly making amends. The jolly ambiance got interrupted when Lexi’s phone rang: the number was masked.

“*Yo-Yoboseyo?*” she hesitantly answered, surprised that her number was contacted when nobody had it aside from David and her parents.

“Martinez-ssi? this is **BIGHIT Entertainment**. We are contacting you regarding the mail you submitted a few weeks ago” said a female voice, in broken English.

Suddenly, Lexi froze, putting the phone down. She did not know how to process this, although she had dreamed about this moment for the past thirty days. David stared at her in confusion, unaware of the nature of the call.

“Martinez-ssi? *Yoboseyo?*” repeated the secretary before Lexi got a hold of herself and put the phone back “Y-yes, this is she”.

The secretary informed her that the CEO has read her work and has set up a meeting for that matter on the next day. She asked her to bring any additional work she had on the side that could help her during the evaluation, and eventually produce a positive feedback.

Once she ended the call, Lexi turned towards her lunch date and exclaimed, smiling to the fullest “David, it looks like I have been given a chance to mend my soul”.

BIGHIT Entertainment – 1.55 PM

Luckily for Lexi, the time set for the meeting didn’t interfere with her classes. She arrived at the building five minutes before the scheduled appointment; life has finally granted her a chance, and she was not going to ruin it by being late. After announcing herself to the secretary with whom she has spoken the day before, she took a seat on a sofa in the hall, closely observing the area: the portraits on the wall screamed “Idol factory”, however no artist was roaming around the place at the moment.

The waiting took about an hour or so. While she was complaining inside her head about being forgotten, she took a second look at her outfit, dying of embarrassment about her wardrobe choices. She was dressed in denim overalls with a white shirt underneath and a pair of Crimson red converse. Trying to break free from hoodies and sweatshirts, she aimed for a different style, while keeping the comfort tag.

As she got lost in her thoughts, the elevator doors opened. A tall figure wearing all-black clothing accessed the floor. He hid his face under a hat and a face mask, and approached the secretary desk to pick up some files. Whilst trailing him with her eyes from the moment he set foot in the room, Lexi’s focus got cut off when the secretary walked towards her and halted “*Sajang-nim* will see you now”.