

Love Slave 88

88 His Genius Idea

“Let’s see what food they have on the menu. If there’s nothing that you fancy, we can always go to one of the restaurants in the hotel,” Ace told me as he offered me the menu book.

“Thanks...” I thanked him softly as I took the menu from his hand.

While I was sitting on the sofa in the living room of our hotel suite, Ace took out his laptop before sitting down close to me on the sofa. I glanced over to find that he had already started working on something. Suddenly, I felt bad for leisurely choosing food for my dinner while he was busy working.

“Ace...is there something that I can help out with?” I asked.

“Yes, order some food for yourself and order some for me too,” Ace replied without shifting his eyes off the laptop’s screen.

“Umm...Ok...I’ll do that...” I mumbled.

After picking out a few items that should work, I dialed the operator via the hotel phone to place my orders.

“Can you list out some insights and potential angles for the storyline please?” Ace told me while his eyes still stared at his laptop screen.

“Yes...I’ll do that,” I replied.

.....

“Let’s discuss it in 15 minutes, I’ve got some ideas too...” Ace said without looking my way.

He seemed busy. I guess apart from this project it wasn’t unusual for him to have other projects or work on hand. I stood up and took out my notebook and the voice recorder before taking a seat at the table. Soon enough Ace followed me and took the seat next to me before his attention returned to his laptop again.

We worked side by side in silence. He sorted out his work while I listened through some of the interviews using headphones. It was hard for me to think of any creative angles for the storyboard. Honestly, every time I listened to the interview, I just felt depressed about the topic. Showing a very depressing story probably won’t be good enough to get the message across. There’s also the issue of preserving culture which gave me pause. If we support this cause and campaign for donations to end the dog meat trade, that will mean that we would be choosing to end some traditions and culture, right?

The worst part was that that tradition and culture wasn’t even ours in the first place. Did we have the right to do such a thing? Is there a middle path solution somewhere that is acceptable by both sides?

If there is, how do we push for it, and would that lead to a weak messaging in the campaign?

Let’s say...

“I’m done. Now, tell me your ideas,” Ace ordered as he turned to face me.

That was fast. Time flew by much faster than I thought when I was deep in thought. Seemed like my time was up and now Ace wanted some answers.

“Umm...I don’t have anything solid, but I do have some thoughts on this. I think that it might be good if we can find some middle ground...” I began explaining.

Ace gave me a curious look and I knew that he didn’t fully understand.

“What kind of middle ground are you thinking of?” he asked.

“Well, it seemed like all the local people that we interviewed mentioned about traditions and culture, so I was thinking that if we campaign to end all dog meat trade then we would essentially be ending their traditional practices as well...” I voiced my concern.

“So, you’re scared of killing some old customs and traditions?” Ace asked.

“Well, yes. The thing is, we’ll be campaigning to kill customs and traditions that is not ours simply because our values are different. Dogs are purely pets for us but for people of other cultures, dogs can be food. After listening to them, it’s hard to draw the line...I think...” I tried my best to explain.

“If we present a middle ground of compromise, what would that be?” Ace asked with interest.

“I’m not sure. Maybe something like raising money to improve the conditions and practices in the dog meat farms?” I voiced hesitantly.

“In other words, we’re not campaigning for the end of the trade at all. We’re saying it’s acceptable as long as the farms are clean, and the dogs are treated well in the farms?” Ace asked to make sure that he understood.

“Something like that. That’s all that I can think of right now. I know that the message is weak and very confusing...” I admitted weakly.

“I agree. It’s very weak. If I find it confusing, the audience will too. I doubt a messaging as weak as this would lead anyone to donate money to the cause. Most donators will want to end the trade, they probably won’t pay for anything else especially if it seems to suggest that their money will be used to support the continuation of the trade,” Ace pointed out sternly.

Right...I had not really thought about that.

“I guess you’re right. I’m sorry...” I mumbled.

“Everyone that we interviewed seemed to think that the dog meat trade industry is in its sunset phase anyways. New generations are treating dogs as pets even in this country. The tradition of eating dogs hasn’t been widely adopted by the younger generation. Over time, the practice will probably disappear along with the old tradition just like any other old traditions that has lost popularity as time went by,” Ace stated his point of view calmly.

“Do you have any ideas?” I asked.

“What about something that shoots down two birds with one stone?” Ace suggested with a smile.

“Like what?” I asked. He certainly had me interested in his proposal already and I haven’t even heard it yet.

“Ending the dog meat trade and all the animal cruelty associated with it while showing cultural transition of the newer generation embracing change. The change in the role of dogs in society might be a nice note to end on. We can show the natural progression in terms of culture while still sticking to the cause of ending the dog meat trade,” Ace suggested before smiling confidently at me.