

Love Slave 9

9 My Inspiration

Then, I felt it. A single drop of water on my forehead. I silently wished that this is all just my own imagination playing tricks on me. However, the next wave was an all-out rain pour that left everyone, including myself, scrambling for cover.

This is just great. I've just been told that I've lost my scholarship for school next year and on top of that it is now pouring like the sky is falling. I hate the rain. The feel of it on my skin, the smell of it in the air, and the sound of it. Everything about it just makes me feel sick.

Just like the people around me, I found cover at the nearest subway station. It really looks like it's going to be a long while before the rain would stop. Nothing I can do but to wait it out. As I stood there and wrestled with my own worries and negative thoughts, I felt a warm wetness on my cheek. When I reached up my hand to wipe it away, I realized that I had started crying.

Shit. This is the worst. While other people proceeded deeper into the station to hide from the rain, I found myself sitting down with my back leaned against the wall close to the station's entrance. The rain was beating down loudly. I pulled my knees up and hugged it close as I watched the rain fall.

I couldn't even begin to describe the stressful and dark thoughts that crossed my mind as I reflected on my troublesome life while I watched the rain fall. I couldn't understand why life was so harsh...

and so unfair. Sometimes, I just plainly hated my life. It was hard to go on living, so why do we even bother...

At that moment, the rain that had been pouring down slowly started to stop. The dark clouds began to part, and some light started shining through. I looked up from the ground for the first time since I started curling myself up into a ball.

Suddenly, there in front of me, on the large screen stretching across the whole length of the skyscraper opposite the subway station, was a scene of a sun rising. Although it was just on screen, I felt that the rising sun was so captivatingly beautiful. The rich orange, pink and red melted together as the sun slowly lit up the sky at the break of dawn.

The next scene showed children running freely and then into the warm arms of their mothers. The smiles of their faces were all filled with love and hope for a better future. I watched as the many pairs of mothers and children hugged each other tightly and I felt a warm feeling creep into my heart.

The final scene showed a chubby little boy's face in a close shot. I watched as he smiled adorably before winking at me as if he had a secret to tell. I didn't quite understand why but in that moment, I felt like he was trying to tell me that things will turn out ok...if I would just hang on...

The next thing I knew, I had started crying again but now for a completely different reason. In the end, I didn't even remember what that commercial was trying to sell to me exactly. However, I remembered every scene from the commercial so clearly.

It might sound like a random and unbelievable thing but sometimes the smallest and most random thing can have such a huge impact on you. That was exactly how I felt when I watched that commercial. I closed my eyes as I felt the warmth in my heart spreading throughout my body, giving me life.

The person who made the commercial probably never knew how much his or her work had an impact on me. The producer of the commercial probably never knew how his or her work saved me that day...

...

“I want to produce commercial and films that can one day move the hearts of people and perhaps even save someone...just like that commercial saved me on that day. This is my motivation and inspiration. I want my work to connect with people and their feelings,” I said with conviction.

I meant every word that I said. Over the years, I have thought about what I wanted to do with my life and my career. Whenever I thought of that, my mind always wandered towards the moment that I first saw that commercial. It was burned so clearly in my mind that I had looked it up on the internet and found out about the company that produced it.

Once I had that information, it was like my mind was made up just like that. Whether it was on the spur of the moment or it was actually well thought out by the subconsciousness of my brain, I didn't know. However, I had already written down on my career survey form that I wanted to work in advertising and film production. My first and only company choice was: Jessen & Hills.

“Don't you think the commercial was a very lousy one if you couldn't even remember what it was trying to sell?” the very handsome stranger in a suit asked quite bluntly after I had finished my story.

“Umm...I think that there are many elements that can make a good commercial,” I replied softly.

“That might be true...but I bet that commercial you were talking about was made by a lousy rookie producer who didn't know what he was doing. What's the point of a commercial if it doesn't lead to sales for our clients? I mean, they hired us to make commercials to increase their sales in the very first place, right?” the man said before laughing a little.

I knew it. This man is so rude, arrogant, and offensive. He hasn't even seen the commercial that I was talking about and yet he's making so many negative comments. Not only that, but he's also insulting the producer of the commercial.

How can the commercial be so bad? I mean, it was produced by Jessen & Hills. This very company that I am interviewing for. If the commercial did not meet this company's standards, then why was it released to the public? I wanted to ask him all these questions, but I just held my tongue.

“Well, she did tell us a very convincing story of her motivation to join the company...” the woman said as she shot me a sympathetic glance.

Thankfully, the topic was dropped. After exchanging a few more words, my interview officially came to an end, and I was asked to leave the room.