Creating Value

Punpun

Having a piece of blank paper in my hands, no single word can be used to answer just a simple question, “What do you want to be in the future?”

I decided to leave DSNPRU, my memorable previous school. It focuses on science, and it is mostly recommended for people who want a challenging life of doctor. I remember the hard time taking score-recovered quizzes. However, because I sacrificed most of time to study, the school accepted me to take another three years.

The time was late December. I was shockingly staring at my full name listed on a bright computer screen, it was MUIDS’s admission result. Wondering how my life would change moving there, I made a significant decision. Although I was able to continue my childish life with my beloved friends in DSNPRU, I applied for an unpredictable future. I remember the noisy sound of my classmates chatting, while I was drawing next to an opened window, and the scents of leaves and mud in the hot summer blast. I remember the taste of the sweetest white-chocolate cake my DSNPRU friends gave me on my fourteenth birthday. Choosing to leave, this relationship would change. Time and distance would create an eternity separation. On the other hand, I was sure, I didn’t want to be a doctor.

An endless typing sound, piles of monotone documents, velvet check marks, and the scent of ink in the atmosphere were put together in my father’s company, second floor office. I was sitting and silently drawing at the corner of that room. Whereas, everything was set. Since both of my sisters could not do well, it had to be me who would continue the family business. For that reason I was persuaded to study international business at MUIDS. It should be just a cinch if I could do like how my father and mother did. Nevertheless, how?

When it reached 2016, the spring breeze passed through my cheeks for the first time in Japan. It was cold, but full of fresh, wonderful scent of rain. I remember how I jumped in the puddle with my own feet, and travel anywhere I desired. There was no step-by-step instruction; I relied on no one. When I didn’t know the way, I asked the local people. Noticing my hair soaked with cold drizzle, the old man at the grocery store in Shibuya said with his sympathy to me, not having an umbrella was terrible, especially in this season. I smiled, nodded, and then paid five-hundred yen for an umbrella before answering with my simplest Japanese skill, “Hai.” That was when I had learned the real taste of freedom: like the cake I had had before, sweet.

One evening, I rested on one of the short benches on Omotesando-Street. Turning my sketch-book’s pages, I enjoyed watching people crossing from a side of the road to another. A middle-aged man in a working suit rushed for a meal, and a group of teenage girls wore the similar style long coats. Suddenly, I began to think deeply about my future. Thinking of the picture of me doing something worth and meaningful to myself, I returned to the reality and thought of my assigned fortune. It must have my freedom. What if it was not my duty, but a thing I would love to do? Then I unexpectedly, easily found the equilibrium.

Maybe I should contact my friends in DSNPRU sometimes. Quitting friends is not worthless, people just have different dreams, therefore different moves. Yet time and distance still create an eternity separation, but doing something is much better than nothing. Celebrating success alone would be too lonely, as disappointed as I ever imagine. Having a piece of blank paper in my hands, I am now able to answer the question undoubtedly. Success cannot be created by only knowledge or experience, it is completed by love.