

GO FUTA

K-Pop Idol Diaries
Volume 1

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Entry 0: Intro



*D*ear Diary, I always knew I'd be an idol. I didn't know how or when...but I knew I was destined for it.

Since this is my first entry, I feel like I should introduce myself – a weird feeling considering no one else is supposed to be reading this... In any case, I go by the stage name 'G.G.', which stands for 'Gangnam Goddess', but I prefer to spell it as 'Gigi.' I adopted the name because I'm well known in the Gangnam district, where I've been performing in front of the train station entrance on K-Star Road every day after school for the past year and a half. What it is that I perform is something unusual for most 16-year-old girls coming straight outta Seoul – rap music.

Rapping has been my passion for half of my life. I still remember the day when I first aspired to become a rapper. It happened eight years ago, when my Oppa introduced me to the hip-hop quintet, BoOm. I immediately became a HUGE fan after watching the music video for their smash hit "BOomBoOmBooM," having been captivated by their flashy

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style and hardcore edge. However, it was one member in particular who caught my attention and made me really stan the group – the leader and main rapper, G6 – named because he’s “so fly.”

What attracted me to him was his beautiful, androgynous appearance, his constantly changing fashion sense, and above all, his high-pitched quick and quirky raps. I soon learned that he was the most talented member in BoOm, having wrote and produced nearly all of their songs, and even directed a couple of their videos, which included BOomBoOmBooM. As an 8-year-old, I had never seen an artist like G6 before, and I dreamed of being just like him one day. From that moment on, I made it my goal to become a rapper, and to one day make a song with G6.

G6 inspired not only my dream of becoming a rapper, but my whole rap persona. From my stage name – which I purposely chose to start with a ‘G’, and added another ‘G’ since it closely resembled a ‘6’ – to my fashion – which is 90’s hip-hop and grunge inspired – all the way to my rapping style – which I developed by studying G6’s lyrics to all of his songs for practically every minute of every day. Reading this, it probably sounds like I’m an obsessive fangirl...but I’m not ashamed to admit that I am, cause he truly inspired almost everything about me as an artist! In spite of that, I still managed to acquire my own distinct style by writing my own songs, and cultivated a unique flow by practicing free-styling. After years of hard work polishing my style and refining my craft, I finally felt I was ready to pursue my dream nearly two years ago, and set my sights on getting signed by one of the top talent agencies in the industry – One-Shot Entertainment.

One-Shot Entertainment is one of the top talent agencies in

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all of South Korea. They're responsible for launching some of the biggest names in the music industry, which includes BFF, Storm, RainBow, and BoOm – yes, BoOm! I'll be honest and admit that the #1 reason I *really* wanted to be a part of One-Shot Entertainment was because I wanted to belong to the same label as BoOm, but One-Shot's reputation for producing big stars was a close 2nd. Getting signed to One-Shot is a dream shared by many aspiring idols, making it hard to achieve. I suppose that's why I adopted the philosophy that if something's hard to achieve, then you have to work harder to achieve it, which is why I'd never let anything or anyone deter me from fulfilling my dreams – not even my parents.



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My parents have never been supportive of my career aspirations, and believe I'm wasting my time performing on the streets of Gangnam. My mother runs a successful family salon, and wanted me to learn the business so that I'd eventually take over one day. As much as I love my mother, I couldn't give up my dreams, and let her know that rapping is what I really wanted to do. I guess she took it personal, because she's been pretty vocal about how disapproving she is of my dream, and constantly reminds me how hard it is to make it as an idol, so I should just quit "fantasizing." My father, a well-respected doctor, isn't too vocal about his disappointment, but he has mentioned how he would rather I make a name for myself doing something "meaningful" rather than being an idol. My Oppa is the only one who cheers me on in the house, having decided to go against our parents' wishes himself to pursue his dream of being an artist, making him the one person I depend on for support. Still, despite his words of encouragement, knowing my parents are rooting against me, along with my mother's constant negativity, caused me to question whether working for One-Shot was a realistic goal, and discouraged me from auditioning for them, which is the main reason I decided to perform in Gangnam in the first place, hoping that if it were meant to be, a talent scout would discover me and recruit me to One-Shot...

I guess it was meant to be, because that's *exactly* what happened. Just yesterday, after a year and half of performances in Gangnam, a talent scout from One-Shot caught my performance, and said that he was highly impressed with my rapping abilities and wanted to set up an audition for me at One-Shot's monthly auditions this weekend. I still can't believe I'm writing this, but I'm actually gonna be auditioning for One-Shot Entertainment! I only have two days to prepare, but I

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believe I'm ready – I've been ready for a long time. True to the name of the agency, I know I only have one shot to prove myself, and I refuse to blow this chance.

I began this entry by stating I always knew I'd be an idol, but that I didn't know how or when – the *how* is by acing the audition at One-Shot Entertainment...and the *when* is now.

Entry 1: The Audition



Dear Diary, the moment I had been waiting for almost my entire life finally arrived, and despite my preparations, nothing could prepare me for how it ended.

My audition was scheduled on the last Saturday in May at One-Shot Entertainment's Amusement Center. The four-story Amusement Center, which I'm guilty of frequenting quite often, is a popular tourist spot in Gangnam, and houses three stories of attractions, including a gift shop, a museum, an AR photo and game experience, and a large theater for VR concerts and occasional fan meet-and-greets. On the last Saturday of the month, however, the theater is reserved from 1:00pm-5:00pm for One-Shot's monthly auditions – mine's would be at 4:30pm.

It was the perfect day to have an audition. In contrast to the rest of the week, it was sunny with bright clear skies, not humid in the least, and brought a light and refreshing gentle breeze. I wished I could have taken part in some outdoor activities to enjoy the marvelous weather, but there was no time, as

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the entire morning and early afternoon had to be devoted to preparing for my audition – and even that didn't seem like enough time.

A lot of time went into deciding the perfect look to flaunt during my audition – something I admittedly should've done the night before. Being 172cm (5"8), slim, and having long black hair and bright milky skin, most people would say I have the *look* of an idol. However, I knew it would take more than just looks to make it as an idol. After all, how many other girls auditioning would have those same features? I didn't want to look like every other idol – I wanted to stand out.

I chose to dye my hair light brown, and style my hair in a way that would highlight some of my features, such as my heart-shaped face, which resulted in me tying my hair up into two tight buns. I took the same approach with my makeup, wearing pale pink eye-shadow to accent my large brown eyes, red lipstick, and very light foundation, so as to not cover the beauty mark under my left eye. To finish the look, I wore a black cropped hoodie, paired with ripped skinny jeans, Konverse style sneakers, and accessorized with a black choker – all of which came from the G6 fashion collection. I wasted the entire morning settling on my look, but I was satisfied with what I put together, and feeling confident, finally headed to my audition.

It takes about 45 minutes by train from my home in the Jongno district to reach Gangnam, so I opted to catch the 1 o'clock train in order to get there by 2pm. I made the journey with my Oppa, Jun-myeon, who only accompanied me because my parents felt I shouldn't go by myself in the (unlikely) event that my recruiter was a kidnapper and was just setting a trap to get me alone. I appreciated him coming along, since he's been busy drafting details for his upcoming webtoon, but I honestly

preferred he'd not come, as he's just too good at attracting a lot of attention. Everywhere we go, Oppa is mistaken for an idol – He's tall, sports a stylish short brown hair cut, has handsome features including an ideally carved profile, double eyelids, full lips, and is always wearing trendy clothing. Did I forget to mention he has an adorable smile lined with braces? I can't count the number of times he's been stopped by strangers on the street asking for a selca, or talent scouts for that matter – much to my disdain as the aspiring idol. I just knew that he'd be mistaken for the one auditioning for One-Shot, so as long as he waited outside the area, I was OK with him coming.

The train was more crowded than usual for a weekend, being that it was tourist season, leaving us with no place to sit, and barely any room to stand. It was quite an uncomfortable ride, struggling to keep myself bumping from stranger to stranger, but I decided to keep my mind off things by reciting in my head the song I planned to perform for my audition. The song I chose to perform was 'No Equal' by G6, from his bestselling album of the same name. I knew all the words off the top of my head, having listened to it probably a million times, but it's a difficult song to perform because of the ridiculous level of speed that he raps the lyrics. Although I knew it'd be a gamble choosing the song, I also knew it would highly impress the judges and showcase my rapping abilities if I were able to pull it off, so it was a risk I was willing to take. Each stop, I became more and more absorbed in my rap, that the 45-minute ride felt like it could've been 45 seconds, and the next thing I knew, my stop had finally come.

"Yo, Gigi," Oppa called out, squeezing his way from the back of the train to make it off in time. "This is us."

"Oh, already?" I answered, startled. "Coming!" I pushed my

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way off the crowded train, and rejoined Oppa on the platform.

“We could’ve stayed on the train if you wanted,” he teased. “I obviously have nothing else better to do.”

“Oh, be quiet,” I sulked. “I couldn’t get off that train fast enough. Anyway, where are you gonna wait for me?”

“Well, I’m at least gonna head over with you to the Amusement Center.” he answered.

“OK, but you’re not going in, right?” I said, leaning forward with both hands on my hips to elicit the right response.

“Right,” he confirmed with a nod. “I’m probably just gonna hang around the area.”

I sighed in relief. “Good. Well, it’s a three-minute walk from exit four, so let’s get going.”

I led the way to the Amusement Center, which despite the tall surrounding buildings in the area, was easily identifiable by the large television screen on the front advertising all things One-Shot and playing their popular artists’ videos on rotation. My stomach tightened at the sight of it. I tried to ignore the discomfort in the pit of my stomach, but as I reached the front of the building, I found myself unable to move any further, as if I had suddenly become paralyzed.

“Something the matter?” Oppa asked, his voice full of concern.

“No,” I responded, hiding the anxiety taking over me. “Just a little nervous...”

“What’s there to be nervous about?” he said, placing his arm around my shoulder affectionately. “You’re the Gangnam Girl.”

“It’s Gangnam *Goddess*.” I corrected him.

“Right, right,” he laughed. “I was just reminding you that this is your element. Just imagine it as being another performance in Gangnam – no need to be worried.”

“Thanks, Oppa,” I said. I felt more at ease by his words. Oppa always knew exactly what to say to cheer me up – perhaps he had become good at it by having the need to do so lately. The battle with my parents had grown more intense upon receiving the news of my audition. I regretted informing them, having believed they would finally acknowledge my hard work and dreams, but all I received were more negative remarks reminding me that many people get an audition, but fail to make it to the next round, so it didn’t mean anything. It was Oppa who gave me the response that I desired from my parents, making me realize how important Oppa’s words were for me – and the only ones that mattered.

“Good,” he said, flashing his braced pearly whites. “Aren’t you glad I came now?”

“OK, OK, I am...” I admitted, my face pouting. “Anyway, here we are. So, where are you gonna be waiting?” I asked again.

“Well, I’m at least gonna head over with you to the theater.” he answered – rather differently than before.

“Wait, you said you were just gonna take me to the Amusement Center and wait outside!” I reminded him.

“Right...” he hesitated. “But then I thought about it, and if I just dropped you off in front of the building, how would I know whether or not you were set up by the kidnapper?”

“Ugh!” I grunted, playfully nudging him away. “I take it back – I wish you never came!

I walked away from Oppa, facing the doors once again – and also my fears. I took a deep breath, attempting to expel the remainder of the nerves Oppa failed to ease. I knew there was no turning back now. With Oppa’s words echoing in my head, I walked inside the building, Oppa right behind me, reminding me that I wasn’t alone, and giving me renewed confidence.

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Upon entering the Amusement Center, the first sight guests are greeted to is a mural of the most popular One-Shot Entertainment artists plastered across the walls. At the center stood a two-sided glass display case, housing music show trophies accumulated by top artists throughout the years. As difficult as it was to not geek out, I bypassed the display case and headed inside the elevators in the back of the room – vowing to save it for after I nailed my audition.

We rode the elevator to the fourth floor, which accommodated the theater. Once we exited, we were placed in the lobby, which possessed a concession stand giving off mouthwatering aromas, and an inviting waiting area, decorated with two couches, four armchairs, and a round glass coffee table in the center. Not wasting any time, Oppa and I headed to the box-office adjacent to the waiting area, which fortunately didn't have a line, allowing us to immediately walk up to the counter.

"Hello," the attendant greeted us, "Are you here for the audition?" she said looking to Oppa.

"I'm not," he answered. "But –"

"Really? I'm sorry, it's just that you look so..." she paused, her face rising in a blush.

"It's OK," he said, laughing at the reaction he no doubt expected. "I get that all the time!"

She laughed with him, covering her mouth to regain her composure. "Would you like to apply for an audition? We hold them here once a month, and I'm sure you can get a spot..."

"Uh," he hesitated, "Do I need to do anything?"

"You just need to fill in some information, and upload a video of yourself," she responded, scanning through papers organized on the desk in front of her. "Let me see if I can get you a form..."

Now I was just irritated. Not only was I being ignored, but

just as I thought, my brother would be getting all the attention, and was having no trouble landing an audition – something I'd been working on for years! "Excuse me," I finally spoke up, my voice a tad pointed. "I'm actually here for an audition today."

"I'm sorry," she said, her face full of surprise as if I suddenly appeared after being invisible the entire time. "You said you have an audition?"

"Yep. Not him – me."

"I'm sorry," she apologized again. "What's your name?"

"Gigi."

"Alright, please give me a second." She turned her attention to the computer monitor on the right side of her desk, clacking away at the keyboard before finally pointing to an area on the screen. "So, G.G., you have an audition set for 4:30pm, correct?"

"Yes."

"Here you go," she said, holding out a numbered tag to stick to my shirt, "And you're all set. You can wait here until your number is called."

"Thanks." I said, grabbing the numbered tag from her.

"No problem," she turned her attention to Oppa again, "Now, would you like me to get you that form?"

"No thanks," I quickly answered for him, "He's fine! Have a great day!" I pulled him away from the window to prevent further conversation, and led us to the waiting area.

"You know what?" Oppa asked suddenly, rubbing his chin with a satisfied smirk.

"What?"

"Maybe I should rethink my career as an artist and seriously consider becoming an idol..."

"Dream on!" I scoffed. "At least you're actually talented at drawing. Now when it comes to singing and dancing..."

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“Whatever,” he said, sucking his teeth. “In any case, I don’t see any kidnappers around, so I’m gonna go ahead and leave you to focus on your audition.”

“Are you sure you don’t wanna try and see if you can hijack my audition?” I responded, matching his sarcasm.

“Nah,” he laughed. “I’ve had enough fun.”

“Glad one of us did...” I grumbled. “Anyway, let’s meet in front of the gift shop at 5pm.”

“Sounds good,” he said, giving a thumbs-up. “Oh, and good luck, Gangnam Girl.”

“It’s *Goddess*...”

“Gangnam Goddess, Gangnam Girl – same thing,” he said shrugging his shoulders. “Just be yourself, and make everyone proud, OK?”

“I will.” I nodded.

After gently patting my head, Oppa finally departed. I took an empty seat on one of the couches, and began observing my surroundings, or more accurately, my competition. In the waiting area with me were 12 other individuals – 7 girls, and 5 boys. At least half of them were immersed in their headphones while reciting or reviewing lyrics, while the other half were spaced around the room going over choreography. I looked over at the girl on the couch sitting next to me, who appeared to be about my age. I couldn’t get a good look at her face, as her head was turned down, but what I could see was just how nervous she was. Her legs bounced up and down uncontrollably, and she anxiously chomped on each one of her finger nails in turn. I wrestled with the idea of whether or not I should ask if she was OK, although it was clear she wasn’t, but before I could make up my mind, an attendant emerged from the theater doors, and walked up to our direction.

“Number 531-004,” the attendant called out. The girl sitting next to me slowly raised her slightly shaking hand, and then rose from her seat. “Please follow me,” the attendant instructed. She followed the attendant into the theater, reminiscent of a pig being led off to slaughter, and left behind a sense of dread in the waiting room as our numbers dwindled from 13 to 12. I worried for her, understanding why she was so nervous, but I also envied her for getting to go ahead of so many auditionees, which gave her a better chance to be the sole recipient of the coveted Golden Pass.

Every monthly audition, the judges select one audition they agree to be their favorite and reward that person a Golden Pass – giving them a free pass to join the company without having to compete in the second round. Because of the time of my audition, there was a slim chance the Golden Pass would still be available for me, so I didn’t even entertain the possibility of receiving it. Instead, like everyone else in the room, I had nothing else to do but wait – and I knew it would be agony.

One by one, a new number was called out, and another auditionee was led into the theater to meet their fate. Unfortunately, once they went in, they never came back out...at least not from that entrance, making it impossible to know how they fared. Each time the number of auditionees decreased, the anxiety levels among the remaining ones increased. The dreadful cycle continued until, alas, there was only one number left to call – mine.

The once vibrant room was now eerie and lonely. I wondered to myself how many of the auditionees had made it to the next round, how many had had their dreams crushed on the spot... and what side of fate would I end up on? I closed my eyes, saying a silent prayer as I braced myself for the moment I had been

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waiting for to finally come at last. The theater doors opened for what would be the last time, and the attendant emerging from the doors walked up to where I was sitting on the couch. “531-016?” he asked. I nodded, and then stood up ready for the inevitable. “Please follow me.”

Escorted by the attendant, I entered the famous OSAC (One-Shot Amusement Center) Theatre. Inside was grand, with a capacity of 2,200 people across two levels. Walking down the wide spacious aisles, I climbed the stage, which possessed a larger than life 3D screen used for holding hologram concerts, but currently displayed a life-like red curtain.

Standing center stage, I looked at the three judges sitting directly in front of me on the first row, their faces somewhat obscured by the dimmed lighting in the theater. What I *could* see was that each of them wore a scowl on their face, as if to intimidate me – a tactic that clearly worked, as my heart began pounding at the sight of them. I smiled and waved at them in return, not wanting to show my angst, but neither of their expressions softened, save for the sole female judge in the middle seat, who offered a little wink. “Hello,” she said, sweeping her long black hair behind her ears. “You are G.G., correct?”

“Yes,” I confirmed.

“And what does that stand for?” the young man sitting on the left asked, his eyes hidden behind sunglasses affixed to the sheet of paper he held in his hand.

“Um, it stands for Gangnam Goddess,” I replied, my voice a bit shaky from nerves.

They looked at each other, and then erupted into laughter. I laughed along with them, although from embarrassment. I felt more angst than I had before, despite the fact their hardened

expressions had been replaced with smiles. After stopping, they each began jotting down notes on the papers they possessed in unison, and then turned their attention back to me. “And where did that name come from?” the man on the left asked further.

I paused momentarily, afraid to make them laugh at me again. “Well, I chose the name because I’ve been performing in Gangnam on K-Star Road for the past two years, so I’m well known there. In addition, whenever I finish a performance, my audience usually bows down to me, like I’m a god...or goddess more appropriately, since I’m a girl.”

The man on the left began laughing again, although this time it felt more like a snicker. I failed to laugh along again, feeling a bit aggravated. “OK Gangnam Girl,” he said snidely – not lightheartedly as was the case with my brother. “Can you – ”

“It’s *Goddess*.” I corrected him, now fully agitated.

“Excuse me?” he said, removing his shades to reveal a glare.

“It’s Gangnam Goddess,” I answered firmly. “You said girl.”

“Oh,” he responded, giving a slight shrug as he returned the sunglasses to his face. “As I was saying, can you go over with us what you’ll be performing? Is it singing? Dancing...?”

“Rapping.”

“Oh, so you’re a rapper?” the man sitting on the right finally spoke.

“Yes,” I answered, nodding.

“How long have you been rapping?” he asked, keenly leaning forward.

“About two years professionally, but I started almost eight years ago.”

“What inspired you to become a rapper?” the female judge asked.

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“It was G6,” I replied. “Ever since I saw the video for ‘BOom BoOm BooM’ I knew being a rapper was what I wanted to do. And working for One-Shot has always been a dream for me, cause it’s the same agency as G6, and I’d love to work with him one day.”

“Yes, a lot of people your age have been inspired by G6 – not a lot of girls though, so very interesting.”

“That explains your fashion...” the man on the left chuckled.

I stood silently, unsure of what to say – or more accurately, holding back from what I *wanted* to. However, I managed to keep my composure, and flashed a slight smile instead.

“I actually love it!” the female judge said, her face bewildered at her fellow judge’s wise-crack. “It’s super unique.”

“Thanks,” I said, smiling at her.

“So, let’s get started,” the judge on the right said. “Are you going to perform a cover, or something original?”

“Let me guess,” the judge on the left spoke before I had a chance to answer. “Something from G6?”

I could no longer keep my composure and balled my fist in response – wanting to strike him with it. It was obvious he didn’t take me seriously, but his continuous negativity and laughter had finally reached a boiling point and sparked something in me. “Actually, I was planning on doing a cover, but I’ve decided to do something original.”

“Sounds good,” the judge on the right said, taking notes on his paper. “Is the song something you wrote?”

“No, I haven’t written it,” I admitted. “I’m gonna do a free-style.”

“Wait a minute,” the judge on the left said, his face perplexed as he stirred in his seat. “For an audition, you’re going to be performing something you’ve never done before, and haven’t

even written?”

“That’s the plan.”

“Good luck...” he responded, his face still perplexed.

I took a deep breath, ready to begin. I wasn’t sure myself what I was doing – it was as if I was being taken over. I closed my eyes, and to my surprise, found myself transported to the familiar streets of Gangnam upon reopening them. The judges, who were once in front of me, were now lost in the crowd of spectators. It was like what Oppa had said – this audition was now just another performance and nothing to be afraid of. I felt more at ease, but still stirred by Mr. negative judge on the left. The strong emotions I had towards his pessimism began to take a life of its own, and words began to flow out of my mouth as if they had been pent up for so long and was eager to be heard.

Haha! You should give up rappin’! Haha! It’s never gonna happen!

Haha! G6 wannabe! Haha! No originality!

Haha! You think you’ll work at One-Shot? Haha! You got no shot!

Haha! Ya never gonna go far! Haha! You ain’t a superstar!

Well, keep on laughin’ you haters, cause I pay no attention. All the negativity that you serve only feeds my ambition.

You said what you needed to say, now it’s time for you to listen – If you wanna steal my dream away, you’ll need my permission.

Look, negativity don’t bother me, at least not no more. Every jeer that gets thrown at me, I’ve heard it before. One time or another. From my peers at school, neighbors down the street, and even my own mother.

I felt so lonely, so empty – my thoughts were suicidal. To imagine no one in this world believed in me to make it as an idol. But I know, that this is what I was put on this earth to do. So I made the choice to shut down that voice and make my dream come true.

This is more than just a dream to me – It’s my life goal – to be the

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*number one female rapper to ever come outta Seoul.
So even if I have to struggle, hustle, or jump over a million hurdles,
I'll never give up 'til I make a name for myself in this concrete
jungle.
So Imma hold my head up, keep fighting – you can't bring me down.
I've come way too far to get here – I refuse to turn around.
I'm movin' forward – won't look back. I know I'm on the right path.
So keep hating while you still can, cause when it's over, I'll have the
last laugh.*

My eyes shut, and I exhaled strongly in relief – my audition had come to an end. I reopened my eyes to find that I had been transported back to the theater. The judges were once again in front of me, only now two of them were on their feet – giving a standing ovation. My eyes widened at the surreal sight, completely taken aback by their reaction. “T-Thank you,” I stuttered, bowing clumsily.

“Can I start?” the female judge asked, returning to her seat at the same time as the judge on the right. “OK, that was like, so real, and so powerful...I'm at a loss for words! I think your story is really inspiring, and it gave me goose bumps – just wow.”

“I agree,” the judge on the right chimed in. “I wasn't expecting that – *at all*. The way you delivered each word with such passion, and the fact that none of it was written, made it all the more incredible. Well done.”

I smiled brightly, taking in every ounce of praise they gave me. Then, my heart sank, realizing there was still one judge left – the one on the left, who had failed to rise from his seat with the others moments ago. “Well, Gangnam Goddess,” he began, “...Did I get it right this time?”

“Yeah, that's correct.” I laughed.

“Good,” he continued. “Well, you definitely lived up to your

name on that stage. That actually wasn't bad – it was pretty dope. I almost feel like I should take some credit, cause I kinda felt those words were pointed at me.”

“Well, you might've inspired some parts.” I said joking, although it really wasn't a joke.

“Then you're welcome.” He responded, smirking.

They began whispering to one another. I stood anxiously, waiting for what was to come next. Then, the judges returned their attention towards me. “OK we've reached a decision,” the judge on the right announced. “I'm gonna be honest with you Gigi, I've seen a lot of auditions over the years, and yours was one of the most memorable ones I've ever seen. You're something special...”

“Thank you,” I said, bowing deeply again.

“Which is why we decided to give you the Golden Pass,” he finished, holding out a golden slip.”

I fell to my knees, the words I never expected to hear hitting me like a ton of bricks. “A-Are you serious?” I uttered, my voice shaking as I fought back tears.

“Yes,” he confirmed. “Welcome to One-Shot Entertainment.”

“Thank you!” I shouted incoherently, no longer able to contain my emotions. “Thank you so much!” I stood up, wiping the tears from eyes, and walked up to the judges to retrieve that shiny Golden Pass – a symbol of my dream becoming reality. I took it from him with both hands, and bowed deeply in appreciation. The other two judges stood up and bowed in response, bidding me farewell, and at the same time, welcoming me to their company.

I exited the theater in disbelief, my mind still processing what had just taken place. I headed over to the couch where I had waited earlier to let everything sink in, only to find Oppa sitting

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there just as impatiently as I was in the beginning. “Oppa?” I said, startled by his presence.

“Finally,” he mumbled, rising from the couch. “What took so long?”

“What do you think?” I said, hiding the Golden Pass behind my back. “Anyway, I thought I told you to wait in front of the gift shop.”

“I know,” he said, tussling his hair. “But I kinda wanted to be here as soon as you came out...in case it wasn’t good.”

“Thanks for having so much faith in me.” I pouted.

“I said in case,” he laughed. “So, how’d it go?”

“It was OK.”

“Just OK?” he said, his voice full of disappointment.

“Nah,” I said, revealing the Golden Pass I had kept hidden. “It was better than OK!”

“No way,” he shouted, lifting me up into his arms. “I’m so proud of you! I knew you could do it – you’re really gonna be an idol.”

I held him tightly, tears streaming down my face as his words hit me – I was gonna be an idol.

Today still hasn’t sunken in yet. I don’t know if I’ll be able to even sleep a wink tonight due to the excitement, but I have to rest well, because I have to report to One-Shot’s headquarters tomorrow afternoon to discuss my contract, and my future with the company. I don’t know what they have in store for me, but I’m looking forward to the next chapter in my life.