

Welcome to ‘Blossom Town’

THE list of attendees to Selena’s tri-monthly Sim’s party, sounded more like the coming together of a teenage slumber party. Seven females, decked out in casual pajama wear, hauling sleeping bags, laptops, iPads, backpacks, food and drinks straggled in one after another like bees to the hive, as soon as the clock struck 9:00 p.m. on an otherwise quiet Friday night, (the first of Spring Break)

The Sanchez living room was already becoming a loud tempestuous ‘den of iniquity’. The conversation bordering on past and future relationships, bare-chested idols, packages, UB’S (Ultimate Bias’s), which groups were stripping and which weren’t, and most importantly . . . Who was going to get top billing and pick the most exciting ‘scenario’ when VIXX gathered with their Sims girls and settled into ‘Blossom Town’.

Between the large overstuffed sofa, two easy chairs, and numerous throw pillows each player had managed to cozy up to their respective devices, awaiting the ‘call to arms’. It was a ritual that never went undone. Only, this month something had been added. Korean.

“Hwan-yeong, gamsahabnida (Welcome, thank you) . . . Cell phones away . . . hasipsio (please)”

A smiling Selena, her long dark hair twisted behind her in a massive bun, hands clasped tightly in front of her, bowed low in respect to the other ‘guests’. The chatter ceased as one by one they nodded in return,

whispering the greeting back and giggling at the idea of adhering to customs other than American as they tucked away phones, and iPads.

“I wish I knew more Korean.” She admitted, pulling a piece of paper out of her pajama bottom pocket and scanning it quickly. “Any of you? I know we didn’t discuss this, but we did all watch a few Drama’s in the last couple months didn’t we? I suggested it because we ARE in relationship with VIXX.”

Heads nodded, until her friend Natalia piped up quietly, one hand in the air as if asking for permission to speak.

“Ummm, all I really got out of the Drama I watched was ‘Kaja’, ‘De’, ‘Oppa’ and ‘Mianhae’” Dropping back against the couch cushion her meek demeanor changed rapidly, her face flushed. “Mianhae.” She chuckled, “I was too busy checking out the Oppas to remember anything else.”

The agreeable laughter filtered around the room until again, Selena had to interrupt, clapping her hands to regain their attention and get back control of the night. There were only so many hours available to play, they still had to choose their scenarios, and of course . . . there would be fighting over whose Sims looked the most like themselves. Every time they played it was the same. With changing hair colors, styles, weight loss and gain, it seemed like everyone’s number one priority was to re-invent themselves and their personality before convening to play.

“I know the most important phrase in Korean.” Yuri cooed, placing her hands in a Korean heart around her face. “Saranghae . . . I love you. That’s what Ravi said to me when he proposed.” Sighing, she rolled her dark brown eyes under thick glasses remembering how she had imagined it in her head.

“Proposed?” Azia chuckled. “You and Ravi can’t be that serious. Ken has already proposed to me. There can’t be two engaged couples in Blossom Town. I texted you and told you that.” Opinionated Azia sat up indignantly, already agitated that Yuri was about to steal her best idea by being engaged to Ravi.

“Oh shut it Azi.” Yuri sniffed. “We already married. Not that any of you care. I don’t wanna play around with engagements and crap like that. Need to get down to the good stuff . . . right ladies?”

Both hands fisted at her sides, she threw her hips out in front of her imitating her rendition of ‘doing it’, while the others watched in mock fascination.

More mumbling and nodding of heads circled round the small group. Hottie Ravi and ‘legally’ blind Yuri with her coke-bottle glasses . . . now that was a coupling for the record books! It was all of their responsibilities to make sure their Sims were created, and relationships set in stone with their UB before the game ‘officially’ began.

“Do you guys always argue like this?” Natalia piped up reaching into her backpack for a hair tie as she braided her waist length greenish-ombre

tinted hair. “I thought this was going to be fun. I’m not much of a gamer you know. And I think I made my Sims too much like myself.” As she wrapped the massive braid around one shoulder her face scrunched, forehead wrinkled in worry, Sela took a step forward tapping Azi on the head politely.

“Ani (no) Natalia. We seldom argue, but our Azi here just likes drama. Doesn’t matter what form it comes in. Right Azi? And for crying out loud it doesn’t matter who’s engaged and who isn’t. We have fun Nat, don’t worry.” Leaning down she hugged newcomer Natalia about the shoulders playfully, throwing Azi a dirty look in the process, as if to say, ‘shut it’.

“Not sure why you’re all so consumed with pretend sex. Hongbin and I are gonna just stay friends.” Shaharul admitted solemnly, “I’m not ready for that kind of junk right now. I couldn’t focus enough to come up with anything original. School is kicking my butt. Maybe it’ll come to me when we play.”

Biting her perfectly manicured fingernail she studied the blank laptop screen in front of her. Lying wasn’t one of her specialties but she knew enough to know that if she divulged any more information, not only would she subject herself to scrutiny but the other girls who were more proficient at the game would steal ideas from her.

She wasn’t sure how she felt about Hongbin anyway. Stealing a glance toward her overturned cellphone sporting the blonde Ravi cover case, she twisted her pinkened lips in a sly grin. Hyuks girl, Song would want

‘advice’ on moving forward in their relationship, but maybe she herself should focus a little more on Ravi. Didn’t matter that he was ‘married’ to Yuri. A little upset in Blossom Town might be just what the doctor ordered. Even though they were all somewhat friends, she wasn’t close enough to any of them to share gameplay, and to her . . . this was serious business.

“WELL!” Came the shrill voice of loner Jane from the far corner of the large living room. “This time around I’m not settling for a triangle relationship, or just being friends. Leo and I are married, we have a toddler AND I’m pregnant. So there!”

The loud response and knee slapping broke the tense atmosphere as all remaining girls commented on Jane’s bold announcement. Quiet Jane, who rarely ever talked to anyone and always played alone off in a corner had snagged her Leo and snagged him good!

“Was he daebak? That’s my new Korean word, means ‘amazing’.” Questioned Song, (her best friend) who already knew she had talked about nothing else for the last several weeks in preparation for the get-together.

Jane blushed, kicking her legs out in embarrassment. “Songggg . . .” She whined.

“Whaaa?” Song giggled. “You told me the two of you wanted lots of babies. Bet he’s the bomb in bed. I can’t wait to get pregnant. Ahhh, imagine what mine and Hyuk’s baby will look like?”

“So what’s your status? I thought you were just friends?” Selena asked realizing the party had finally gotten out of hand.

“I know, I know. I promised I wouldn’t do the same as the others with engagements and babies. We are.” Quirking one eyebrow sadly, she picked away at the keyboard on her open laptop. “Maybe I can get him out of the friend zone before Sunday. He just needs to see my REAL SIDE! Remember, I’m smart and outgoing and I have lots of friends.”

“Of course you are.” Selena agreed wholeheartedly.

One thing was for sure, none of them came into Sims World even remotely resembling their real selves. It was the opportunity to ‘be someone’ else. If you were quiet, your Sims could be loud, shy turned into outgoing, tomboys became ladies, only children took on siblings, unpopular . . . popular and best of all . . . Someone like N, Leo, Ravi, Hongbin, Hyuk and Ken could love you for all the right reasons, and give you a ‘happily ever after’. It was the ultimate trip into fantasyland.

And now, Selena knew if she didn’t get out the scenarios and set the timer they would while away the next few hours discussing the ‘make-believe’ relationships, dates, proposals, and sexual prowess of all of their UB’s and nothing else would get done. The game needed to begin.

“Stop, stop. It’s time! No more speculation. From here on out we let the game decide.”

“‘Sims World Blossom Town’ welcomes VIXX!” She declared loudly.

