

“BAD GIRL”

Part 1



<https://youtu.be/Q6Fvp6Cv2gs>

(Song By: Henry Lau of ‘Super Junior-M’)

You’re sweet, your eyes wear me out.

Who’s that bad girl, I need to stop.

Sweet, you’re too sweet

This sweetness needs to end here, bad, bad girl.

(Lyrics Sung By: Henry Lau)



MAY 2007 – 4:00 P.M. - SEOUL INT’L SCHOOL - SEOUL, S. KOREA

POPPING a bubble gum in her mouth, eighteen-year old Jang SooMin laid her pen down slowly, reading and re-reading the poem she had scribbled inside the back cover of her Economics book, minutes before the last bell. Pushing heavy, dark-rimmed glasses further up her nose, she whispered quietly, “We wished upon a star for happiness . . .” contemplating the significance of the words.

With finals already completed, it didn’t matter what she did in this ridiculously, boring class, she had already earned her ‘A’. Despite that . . . now, she would have to pay for the ruined, written-in textbook. *So, what? The most important thing was, she’d captured the essence of her feelings for ‘him’.*

Unusually, the elusive visions of her handsome, blonde, dream boyfriend, chasing her up a deserted beach, were becoming more vivid, the closer she got to her California trip. Spurred on

by excitement, next would come song lyrics in his honor, (since the creative streak that eluded her for weeks) had finally re-surfaced).

Waiting impatiently for the bell she examined the overhead wall clock. Tugging at her tight ponytail holder, finally releasing a long curtain of hair she shook her head directly over the desk, slender fingers raking hastily through the silky strands.



“JANG SOOMIN.” The teacher’s loud reprimand rang out over the snickering students surrounding her. “Lose the gum. Have you heard a dismissal bell yet?”

“DAMN, aniyo (NO).”

Nodding in respect to the heavy-set, middle-aged man, waving his finger at her in front of the entire class, she apologized profusely, “Joesonghamnida, Nim joesonghamnida (SORRY, SIR, SORRY).”

Slipping down into the wooden seat in embarrassment, she rummaged through her pockets for a tissue, while still inwardly bemoaning the fact, everyone was staring at her. Clearly, she’d been so caught up in her fantasy she’d overlooked the rules. Another detention was not what she needed right now. (Just another reason why she f’ng hated school.)

Still, along with juggling a heavy class load, including music, her grades managed to excel impressively. But, she wasn’t stupid . . . She knew the minute they dipped below an ‘A’ average her father would cut off her piano, and all manner of a somewhat normal life. Sadly, the real facts were, all he was after was a well-rounded puppet to head her Harabeoji’s (GRANDFATHER’S) business one day.

Her mind wandering back to this afternoon’s practice at ‘SM’, clearly . . . excitement over leaving for the summer was going to make it difficult at best, to memorize yet another new piece for the Fall Showcase. The only thing making it even remotely tolerable, was her desire to run headlong into the young, male dancer who always darted into a practice room, or down the hall seconds in front of her.

She had seen him three times in the last month or so, always wearing a cap and mask, ear buds in his ears, carrying a large black bag. Looking delicious from behind with a lean torso, muscular dancer's legs and small, perfect butt, he HAD to be a trainee or Idol.

However, much to her dismay, she'd never caught sight of his face directly. This last time, like all the others, catapulting into an awaiting elevator, he'd never glanced back.

Hoping she would run into him again, a warm tingle sailed down through her belly at the thought, settling in the depths of her crotch. This time she would greet him boldly and ask his name.

Still self-conscious at being called out by the teacher, she sighed loudly, squirming with impatience to be dismissed. At the loud buzzing of the release bell, slipping from her seat, she filtered into the crowded hallway (just another overlooked presence) head down, lost in her obsessive thoughts of 'him' and what she would eventually say.

With few close friends to speak of, it was a normal afternoon occurrence for her to rush out of the building alone, past all the other chatty students, on toward a large black SUV, or stretch limo. Her classmates at the prestigious private school had been privy to it for years, paying little or no attention to the 'Chairman's daughter', anymore.



“**AFTERNOON** Miss Jang.” Her driver GunRa, grinned over from the front seat, immediately flipping the radio station to ‘classical’ asking, “It’s Friday, you know.” Without fail every day, his greetings and questions were usually the same.

“Can we do K-Pop instead please?”

Fixated out the window, SooMin scrounged in her bag for another piece of gum hoping to keep her nicotine obsession at bay. Carefully opening the back of the economics book, her lips moving silently, she began re-reading the scribbled poem.

“You bet Miss.”

Glancing in the rear-view mirror curiously, GunRa wondered when she was going to give up the act and ask him for a cigarette. He knew it was coming, only questioning how many minutes it would take her to let down the wall she put up and show her real side.

He had been her driver long enough to know she was a bit unpredictable. Living alongside her all these years, he knew using polite demeanor and a quiet appropriate reserve, was the only way she knew of to deal with school and her father the Chairman, when ‘normal’ couldn’t be called on to help her.

“What are you reading there, Miss?” Casually flipping the radio to ‘K-Pop’ at her request, he tried initiating conversation like always. Sometimes succeeding, sometimes not.

“Huh?” Looking up, popping a large pink bubble into the air, she flashed her crystal blue eyes at him, an unusually, sweet smile, curling up the corners of her previously serious face. “Oh, this?” Tipping the book forward toward the front, she thought it strange he hadn’t started the engine, nor attempted to coerce her into putting on her seatbelt yet. *What was the hold up?*

“Ye. Something personal? It’s not like you to study in the car.” Slapping the cold leather, as the engine eventually churned on, he reminded her impulsively, “Seatbelt,” his dark, friendly eyes twinkling.

“Yeah, sort of. I wrote a poem for someone special.” Self-conscious, she blushed a faint pink, her voice fading away into the darkened confines of the back seat.

Wanting desperately to pry, GunRa pulled away from the curb inwardly questioning who in the world this ‘someone special’ might be. She offered up no real friends he knew of, and there was no one close to her at the mansion outside of himself, and the house staff. *Was it possible she had a secret boyfriend?*

There were times the two of them were ‘thick as thieves’ and she told him every detail about her life, but then there were other times he felt like more like an outsider, looking in. None-the-less, he wasn’t the least bit shy about asking. “Yahhh, someone special you say?”

“Uh-huh.” Not giving out any more information, SooMin closed the book, smoothing her long uniform skirt down around her knees primly. Gazing out the window a broad jubilant smile curved up her face at the possibility of seeing him again.

“You haven’t mentioned your trip to Malibu in at least a couple days. Excited, yah?” Switching gears, GunRa sensed today was going to be one of those ‘outsider’ times, verbally engaging her to shorten the boredom of the lengthy ride into Seoul.

“Of course, Gunnie. Counting down the days. You know me. I was hoping maybe Father would pick me up after practice tonight, take me to dinner or something before I leave again for the whole summer. But, I guess not.”

Her long hair swinging back and forth to a catchy ‘Super Junior’ song on the radio he glanced in the rearview mirror, smiling at the nickname she’d given him. Despite the cracking of gum, she continued to be the modicum of reserved, hands folded atop her book bag, staring out at the disappearing neighborhood.

He wished she would try harder to let go and be herself, especially when it was just the two of them. Where was that request for a cigarette, he was sure was forthcoming? Instead, he got a reserved teenager, continuing to act out the part of a debutante.

Talking louder over the music, gratefully she began to chatter. “God, I love this song. It’s my favorite. So, my dance teacher JinSung told me ‘Super Junior-M’s’ newest member Henry is going to be at the L.A. workshops. Can you believe it? I bet with Daddy Wu’s connections and all, I can get a one-on-one with him.” Wistfully rambling, it still captivated her knowing her step-father’s role at ‘SM’ in L.A. made it possible to meet popular touring Idols and groups.

Unwittingly contemplating her future, she sighed, “Maybe I’ll be famous someday and marry an Idol Gunnie. HyeSu has lots of friends in the business. We all know ‘SM’s an Oppa (BOYFRIEND) gold mine.”

“I know that’s true . . .” GunRa agreed, matter-of-factly.

“Yahhh . . . I’ve decided a famous pianist like I’m going to be someday needs to marry someone they have a REAL connection with. Like Mommy and Daddy do . . . Bet that would really piss Father off, huh?” Now re-examining the various ways to up-end her already demanding Father, SooMin puffed out her chest petulantly.

“Jal (WELL). I guess you’ll have a fight on your hands if you do that, now won’t-cha? Listen to Gunnie. You stick to that dream of being a classical star and you’ll be okay. And, no husbands right now, Idol or not.”



WITH the scenery altered as they sped into the city, the middle-aged driver began to feel the change of atmosphere in the vehicle, as SooMin went about calming herself yet again.

“Speaking about being a star, how’s the discussion going with your father about arts school? You’ve been pretty quiet about it lately. Thought it was right up there at the top of your ‘Get Father To-Agree-To List’?”

He didn’t miss much, having heard the loud and disheartening verbal exchange she had with Jang in the car weeks ago, while attempting to convince him to let her give up on business school and attend a local school for the performing arts. The Chairman swung fast and hard, shutting her down after the first question . . . again, not giving her the opportunity to explain or defend her position.

“What do you think? Horrible.” On top of the other problems she was dealing with, her insistence to scrap business school, was permanently ‘on hold’. Didn’t matter that Mother and Daddy Wu were on her side, there was no compromising. In this instance, what Father said . . . went. “You know him. Business - business - business. No room for anything else unless it serves HIS purposes. I’ll have to disappear or die first.”

“Aishhh, darlin. Don’t do that. He’ll come around. He always does. You’re his little gem.”

Gem? HA. Shrugging her shoulders, spent and bored with the line of questioning she didn’t want to talk anymore, internalizing the fact that eventually she would find a way around this Father of hers and his relentless, unrealistic, demands. *She wasn’t a gem, she was the ‘Queen of Patience’ . . . Yep, time and patience, that’s all it would take.*

Closing her eyes, she drifted away into the warm, sunshiny beach and arms of a ‘Blonde Beach Baby’, his dark eyes twinkling mischievously, urging her to follow him up the sandy shore and into the ocean surf.

Watching her lids float down behind him, GunRa knew he could set his watch by her. Ten to fifteen minutes of conversation and then she zoned out, off into her own little world, (wherever that was.) She was still young. He hoped she wouldn't let her will to fight the Chairman for what she wanted, ultimately destroy her dreams.

