

A deep cut into life

Some backstory, I am a Form 5 student and next year I'll be facing the game that determines if I have to go beyond Hong Kong for an actual job, the infamous DSE. I was hesitant to go onto this trip because I had tests right after the Easter "Holiday", which the trip was taking place in. Nevertheless, I was the part of the early birds who volunteered to go even though it would be sacrificing 3 days from study.

And truth be told, I was appalled to the outcome of this.

The first day was easy. We were setting up preparations for the initial show and we had lots of time walking around checking out some cool stuff. While I had been getting around trying to look for something that actually hooks my interest, it became clear to me that I didn't enjoy too much of the hotel accessory tour is that I never even had any interest towards other job types(I still don't have a solid goal). It struck me hard, left me astray of other kids getting amazed and running around hopping on beds. So I took a closer look into the little details of the displays. It became an eye opener and inspired some more thoughts into what it will be for me in the outside world.

The same thing goes to the tour on Ming Fai itself. It was no run of the mill work, it was quite astonishing to see a factory producing hotel gear in breakneck speeds. And great efficiency I must add.

Fast forward. It was night. I was in the hotel room, unloading my payload after a long wait for the room key. I was quite tired, drained from the constant commotion of others who thought dinner was thunder from the Gods. I sat on my bed, whipping out my sleeping bag and rested in there before going for a good shower to kill my fatigue.

I dozed into deep thoughts. I wondered if I would be able to learn something, anything from this. I thought about tomorrow, that one melody where I screwed up along with my other comrades. Eventually I drove into deep sleep, still thinking if this will be worth the time where I could be doing homework and study.

Day two. Woke up early and watched the sun rise. It was **THE** day. It was time to perform. Instead of going somewhere to buy stuff that I will never need, I took the extra mile and slept on the floor for the hours to come before we had to perform. I'm not ashamed to be sleeping like home but it was frankly mentally straining to think too much before battle. So again I sent

myself away to my own subconscious again. Would I ruin the part where I tripped last time? Would I get too nervous that I would make a fool of myself? It cut deeper and deeper to the ultimate question: Am I doing it right?

The hour arrives. We sit on the side of the stage waiting for our calling. There was no internet, I didn't bring a book alongside and I could not play my trombone out of boredom. I started scrolling through the photos of my own phone. I snapped when I looked at past pictures of myself. I genuinely smiled. I laughed without knowing what is going on. I never cared for my surroundings. It was all about myself. I was that simple.

You know why I joined MOY? I wanted redemption. I was out of control and I often went rogue on specific tasks, challenging authority. I **NEEDED** something to... get away from life. So here I am, chatting about Jazz with my friends, jamming some J.J. Johnson in my earpiece, filling the gaps from the lack of social interaction.

We marched up the stage, didn't break too much of a sweat aside from drinking water out of dehydration, the show was a success. I never show much emotion but everyone would be relieved to have finally ended the highlight of this trip.

"It wasn't so bad afterall."

Final day. We get to visit a village with painting workshops and a museum dedicated to painting. I was not into the mood so much to look around because, in my own words, *"The abundance of people kills the mood"*. Still, I got to see something out of the ordinary for a change, which was good. Then we went back home, and I get to have a good break after a few days of rough work.

I was pleasantly surprised that I overall enjoyed the trip. My expectations were so simple: Go there, wait for a while, walk around, perform, then wait till we get back home. Thankfully it was more than that.

Life was more than just studying, and sleeping. There are a lot more to see out there and we just rarely get the opportunities like this to appreciate it in our lives.

I do not regret this at all. In fact, I even blame myself for doubting if I should come and ride shotgun or not. This has helped me to grow as a person more than you may ever think, and as that cut grows deeper, I learn even more. I thank MOY for this trip, for it is invaluable as my first run with the gang outside of Hong Kong.