**Shopping District**

After leaving school, I trudge to the shopping district, which is lively and full of people. Although it’s busy enough on most days already, today it’s packed with kids, students, and adults alike, all of them in high spirits because the week is over.

Unfortunately for me, my week is not over, and watching all of these merrymakers happily discuss what they’re gonna do over the weekend makes me feel even worse.

On my way to the grocery store, I pass by several salarymen on their way to the nearest bar. I wonder what it’d be like to work the same job every day for the rest of my life, with nothing more than a drink to look forward to.

I guess that’s why people get married.

When I was little, there were so many things that I wanted to do when I grew up. I wanted to be a fireman, a chef, a lawyer, a doctor, and many, many other things, but now when I have to actually consider what I want to do with my life, I can’t come up with anything.

I sigh, a part of me wishing that I was still a kid without responsibilities and worries. Why do we have to grow up?

As I continue on my way, a large sign catches my eye. On it is a picture of an electric guitar and written in big letters are the words “HUGE GUITAR SALE.”

Remembering a week in my childhood when I wanted to be a rockstar, I decide to check it out. Maybe I’ll end up being one after all.