



Hao Ren's Extraordinarily Ordinary Day

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Hao Ren trudges down a sun-drenched street on the northern outskirts of Beijing, wiping sweat from his forehead as the unbearable summer heat radiates from the pavement. Dressed in a simple white t-shirt and grey pants, he clutches a handful of job flyers tightly in his damp hand. The annoying buzz of cicadas and screeching vehicle horns fill the warm morning air around him.



Seeking relief from the scorching sun, Hao Ren uses an unlikely hard-paper hospital flyer as a makeshift fan. He smiles wryly at the sweet-smiling girl printed on the advertisement while attempting to cool himself down under the shade of roadside trees. Despite the sweltering weather, he remains determined to complete his remaining job interviews for the day.



Stopping under a wide leafy canopy, Hao Ren carefully examines his remaining interview prospects. He glances across the busy street toward a modest storefront with a surprisingly grand name: Galaxy Media Pan-Cultural Development Company. Curious about the ambitious owner behind such a lavish title, his spirits lift with renewed energy.



With full enthusiasm, Hao Ren accelerates his pace and navigates past the roadside barriers. The heat continues to beat down mercilessly, but his curiosity drives him across the avenue toward the agency's front door. He looks forward to discovering what kind of enterprise operates behind such a grandiloquent name.



Upon reaching the building, Hao Ren stops dead in his tracks as his enthusiasm vanishes. The entrance to Galaxy Media is completely locked tight, with heavy metal shutters drawn down across the storefront. Pinned to the dark glass door is an official notice declaring that the business permanently closed down two days ago.



Hao Ren stands in utter disbelief, staring at the paper notice on the glass. He cannot comprehend why a company would post job listings just four days ago only to go under two days later. Squeezing his fingers tightly together, he crumples the useless job paper into a dense ball.



With a deep sigh, Hao Ren tosses the crumpled flyer cleanly into a nearby street trash bin. He shakes his head at the dramatic turn of events, wondering if the company was simply looking for a scapegoat before going bankrupt. Defeated yet resilient, he lowers his gaze to examine his second paper.



Unfolding the second job listing, Hao Ren reads the detailed qualifications required for an office position at a local transport company. To his complete bewilderment, the paper specifies that the ideal candidate must be a lady between twenty-five and forty years old. He lets out a dry laugh at the sheer ridiculousness of his morning search.



Without hesitating, Hao Ren drops the second flyer directly into the refuse bin alongside the first. At twenty-five years old, he realizes how absurd it was to travel all the way into town for jobs completely unsuited for him. He takes a deep breath, cooling off while reflecting on his quiet, unpretentious life.



Walking away from the empty street, Hao Ren takes comfort in knowing he still has a peaceful sanctuary in the old southern district. As the owner of an inherited two-story apartment building, his steady rental income keeps him comfortably housed and fed. Though today's job hunt was a failure, he smiles and begins his tranquil walk back home.