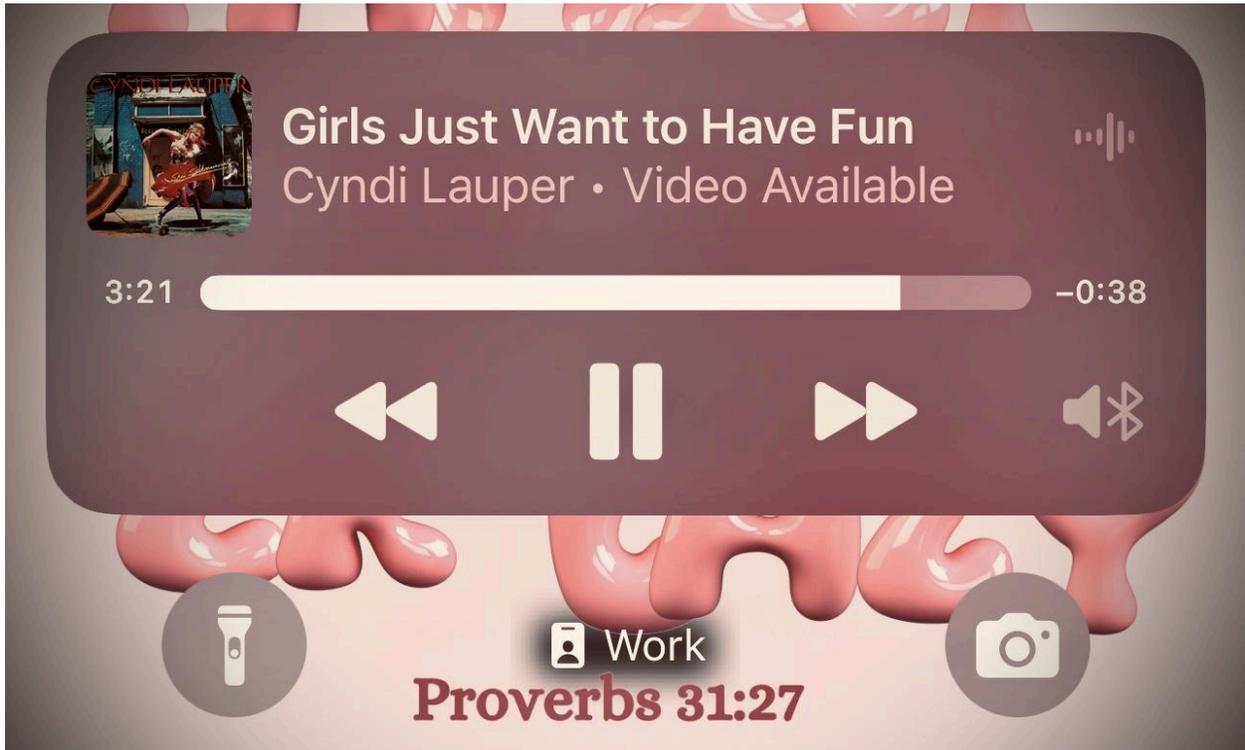


The Work of Fun



A quiet, contemplative letter on work, awareness, and the hidden architecture of ease. Through intimate reflection and lyrical prose, the piece traces how moments of “fun” are often the final expression of unseen discipline, revision, and labor. What unfolds is not a critique, but a gentle meditation on effort, interdependence, and the subtle tension between consumption, creation, and the work we owe to our own becoming.

Girls just wanna have fun!

I was listening to the spiky grind of the popular '90s croon when I saw right through—right past—the devil-may-care desire ringing loud from the lyrics.

I saw the countless nights of rehearsal. I saw the countless riffs and runs the musician had carved onto the final recording.

I saw the editor.

I saw the revisions.

I saw the vocal training.

I saw the retakes for the visual choreography.

I saw the performance.

I saw the sweat. I saw the work behind the fun.

And then, for a moment, I zoomed out of that world—out of that music—and looked around at the couch I was sitting on. To be a couch potato, after all, you need a couch. You need one of those.

And I saw that this part of my fun was also the end product of somebody else's work.

I saw that the slice of bread I had just—wolfed down as part of my fun was also the end product of somebody else's work.

I saw that the phone I held in my hand moments ago, scrolling through the pages of an e-book, was also a culmination of several generations of innovation and sacrifice and diligencia— employed in rigorous work, all for my *fun*.

And for a moment, I now wonder how many I hold back from fun by not indulging and immersing myself in my own work.