— PORTRAIT

I Turned Every Pain into an Identity

How you live is how the world remembers you.



TEXT BY

Jin Rundi

01 Nationally certified nutritionist

02 Host of Yungu Retreat

03 Co-author, Play and Prosper series

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On Children's Day that year, the school said we had to wear a white shirt and a red scarf to go on stage. I asked my mother for the one yuan to buy the scarf, and kept asking for days.

At last she took a coin from her pocket and tossed it at me. It rolled a few times on the ground and dropped into the ditch by the door.

I lay in the muddy water, searching and searching. I was about to be late, and I never found it. I went to school crying, didn't get on stage, and didn't dare go home and tell her I had lost the money.

There by that ditch, I made a vow: for the rest of my life I would never again hold out my hand to anyone for money. If I had the ability, I would earn it myself.

That was the day the words "rely on myself" first took root in me.

01

I grew out of that sickness, inch by inch

I was a child who grew up in pain.

At three, a high fever left me mute; for a long time I couldn't speak. Adults stroked my head and sighed: such a clever girl, what a pity. Headaches, skin allergies, lumps all over my body... In my memory I was always taking medicine and trying folk remedies. I was raised on herbs of every kind.

And it was this sickness that led me to a book.

Once, taking vegetables to an old man who lived alone, I saw piles of books in his room. I found an old book on herbs, with drawings of each plant and what it could cure. I borrowed it, and went out to match it against the plants on the mountain and by the road, one by one. When I cut grass for the pigs, I brought home the herbs I recognized; the ones worth money, I dug up and sold in town.

What did I do with the money? I ran to the Xinhua Bookstore to read, and bought a few picture books, without letting my family know.

No one taught me, and no other child in the village did this. Looking back, I understand now: I didn't later "become" someone who knows about health. I grew out of my own sickness, inch by inch.

02

That pen was a long foreshadowing

At eleven I fell from an old cherry tree, hurt my head, and was unconscious for a long time. When I woke, my family said the fall had

made me “simple” and wouldn’t let me go back to school. I stayed shut in at home for more than two weeks and spoke to no one.

It was my Chinese teacher who came to the door. He sat me down, looked at me and asked, “Where does it hurt?” I said I felt dizzy. He said, “That’s all right. You still have to go to school.” He told my mother: this child is so young, how can she not study?

I repeated a year and went back. Later the town held an essay contest called “The Most Unforgettable,” and I wrote about him: the man who pulled me out of the house and back into the classroom. The essay won first place in the whole town, and the prize was a pen.

Only many, many years later did I understand: that pen was a long, long foreshadowing.

03

When no one backed me, I gathered the people myself

When I grew up, I threw myself into the beauty industry: facials, skin care, cosmetic tattooing. I kept my clients with my own two hands, and at my busiest I ran several shops.

But what truly made me believe “if you really want it, you will get it” was taking over my first shop.

That year a sudden epidemic broke out and I lost my job. The shop where I worked had been losing money month after month,

and the owner was about to close it. But I knew eighty percent of its clients had come through my hands. If I ran it, it could survive.

The transfer fee was 100,000 yuan, a fortune back then, and I didn't have it. So I chose to lease it instead: deposit, rent, wages, supplies, all on me, plus 8,000 a month to her.

My family and friends all objected. Opening a shop during an epidemic? Wasn't that jumping straight into a pit?

When no one would back me, I went and found backing myself. I went to two longtime clients who had always been especially kind to me, and told them I wanted to take over the shop and was a little short. They asked, "Do you really want to do this?" I said yes, I really do. And they put together 15,000 yuan for me.

I was so moved. I, who had vowed never again to ask anyone for money, had opened my mouth for the first time, and someone was willing to hold me up.

In the first month I did over 7,000 yuan in sales and didn't lose money. A year later, I bought the shop.

Later I earned more and more, but I always kept one line in my heart: I don't earn money I don't believe in. People tried to pull me into projects that made money faster, and I didn't go. They looked glamorous outside and were hollow inside.

04

I never built a “me”; I lived my pain into one

All those years my own body never truly eased. I was in and out of hospitals, better and then sick again.

Then I made up my mind to try a thorough cleanse myself. I won’t claim what it means for anyone else; I can only speak for myself. One morning after those few days, I woke up and, for the first time, the heavy, groggy feeling that had pressed on me for years, like being wrapped in a wet quilt, was gone.

I wanted so badly to understand what had happened that I dove in, treating myself as my own test field and feeling my way forward bit by bit. Later I registered my own brand and gave this work a place of its own. More and more people came to me, and they began to call me the “Detox Queen.”

I never designed that name for myself. I lived my way to clarity first, and only then did the name land on me.

Every label I carry grew this way. Because I had been sick, I became someone who studies health. Because my own pain had once been truly caught, I wanted to catch other people’s pain too. You live it first, and the labels come after. You don’t set up a persona and then perform it.

05

Truly relying on yourself means learning to borrow strength

But living like this is exhausting.

At my most tired, I didn't even want to take on my most profitable work anymore. I had always thought relying on myself meant carrying everything to the end: carrying it until my neck gave out, until I didn't want to move.

What really let me loosen my grip came in the last two years. When I first met Lily, the two of us were walking and talking on Wutong Mountain in Shenzhen. The morning was very quiet. Suddenly she asked me, "Would you like to write your story down?"

I said, "I'd love to! I plan to put my story in a book when I'm sixty, because my story is just too good."



Then she asked, “And would you like to learn AI?” I said, “Oh, even more!”

She stopped walking. “Then what if you could do it right now, and use AI to write your life story?” I could hardly believe it. “Can I?”

I was a computer beginner who struggled even with formatting. Yet starting from one sentence on that mountain path, I really did write a book with AI, and learned to make my own graphics, organize my case studies, and sort out the tangle in my head. Things I used to pay people to do, I can now do myself in minutes. I often tell myself: I’m not so slow after all. I can still learn.

And right then, something suddenly became clear to me.

For years I had misunderstood “relying on myself.” The little girl lying in the mud looking for one yuan thought it meant never asking anyone for anything and carrying everything alone. But truly relying

on yourself means learning to borrow strength: borrowing tools, borrowing the times, borrowing a group of like-minded people.

Before, my worth came from using myself up;
now, my worth comes from extending myself outward.

You see, I never "built" a Detox Queen, and I never managed a persona. I simply lived every pain in my life, one by one, earnestly, into an identity. And the world remembered me that way.

This is probably the life I want: to live healthily, freely and at ease, with a group of people who love health and love life as much as I do, and to make every day rich with flavor. If one day I'm gone, I hope the people who spent time with me will say: that "Detox Queen" really did help us.

Then my life will have been enough.

You don't have to become someone first in order to be remembered.
You only have to live yourself out, inch by inch:

How you live is how the world remembers you.

— Jin Rundi



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Jin Rundi

01 Nationally certified nutritionist

02 Host of Yungu Retreat

03 Co-author, Play and Prosper series

I grew up in a mountain village in Yerengu, Hubei. Once a sickly child raised on medicine, I nursed myself back to health inch by inch, and many people came to call me the "Detox Queen." Today I use AI to write books and share what I know, leading a like-minded group to play and prosper. When it comes to health, I play for real.

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