

The Mirror Changes

Anna Kim

bottom of the sea

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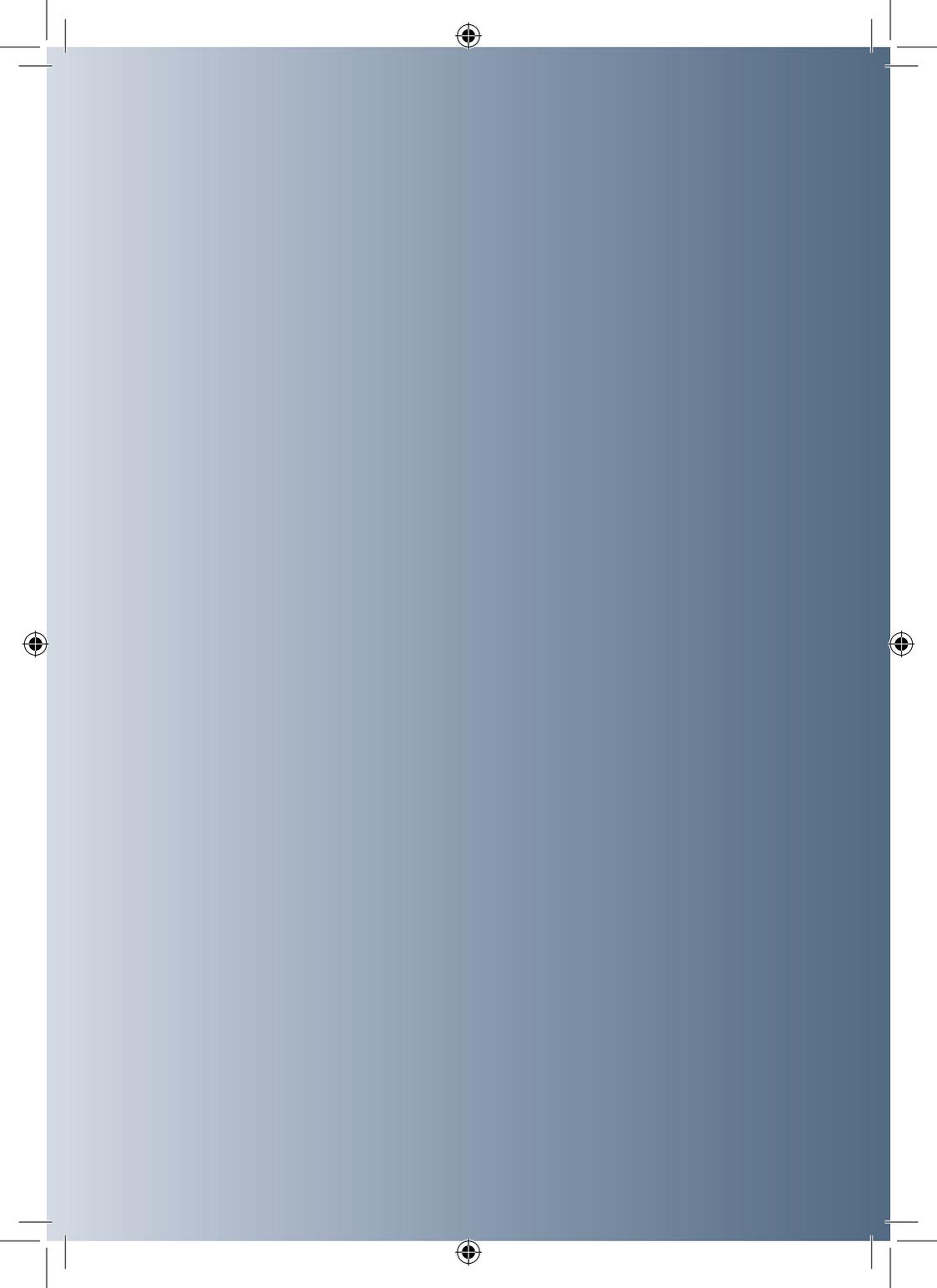
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1.
What I
Think of
Myself

Are you interested in finding yourself out ?
Maybe you are, but not me. I was not the person
who knew how to love myself the way I am.
I was the person who didn't know how to love others be-
cause I thought , “ how could I love others
when I can't even love myself? ”
I don't know if you would relate to my story,
but let's just go through my life together to find out.
Maybe you might be the person like me,
or some part of me.

Who Am I ?

My name is Anna Kim. Just a common English name, but a little special to use as a Korean name. There are six people in my family . My mom, dad, two older brothers, one older sister, and me. I lived in China for about 10 years. I went to an American International School from kindergarten to 5th grade. Then I came to Korea with my Mom and sister. My height is about 158cm and I won't tell you my weight because I gained too much. But don't worry. I look healthy. My hair is so long that it almost covers my waist. I used to have a front bang hairstyle, but now I don't. The color of my hair and eyes are kind of ash brown , not dark . My skin is quite bright compared to my friends. I look better in deep color clothes like black, navy, and purple. I also look good in pastel toned clothes. I don't know if this is only my thought but my skin looks kind of yellow and pale when I wear yellow or brown colors. I usually wear baggy pants and big sized clothes because I don't like uncomfortable clothes. I sometimes wear skirts or clothes that fit right to me according to my mood day by day. Can you imagine a little of me with this? This will be how I look when you first see me.

Now on, I will tell you what I like and what I like to do. I have been very active since I was a little kid. My favorite subject was P.E. and it never changed till now. My parents always told me that when I was little, I went outside to my apartment playground at 9 A.M. and came back home for dinner. I remember there was a huge trampoline and I loved to jump for hours in there with my friends, but I have no idea why I didn't get taller than I expected. Maybe because I always fell from the horizontal bar.



I also remember playing Korean traditional games called ThangThamukgi, Husuabee, and HanbalThuegi . I never played with barbie dolls or legos. Do you know ‘ Cobs and Robbers’ ? I also played that a lot. My favorite was ‘ Capture the Flag ‘ which I did often in school P.E. class. When I was about 2nd grade, I started learning ping-pong in China. I don’t remember exactly how long I learned, but about a year and half. I remember the coach wanted me to be a professional player, but he was sad that my age was a little late. When I got tired of playing ping-pong after a year and half, I quit it and only went there sometimes to play with my friends. I also loved to play soccer. I was even on the soccer team in the international school. There were several girls in the soccer team so it wasn’t awkward. But when I came to Korea and went to a Korean school when I was in 6th grade, a girl playing soccer was rare. I, of course, didn’t think that I would be the only girl on the soccer team, but I was. Who cares, I loved playing soccer. I still play soccer in this high school.

I told you that P.E. class was my favorite, and my second was Art class. I think Art is charming because you can express something or your thoughts by hand. I was interested in drawing portraits and making something with my hands with clay. Since I was in kindergarten to 9th grade, I got a lot of art awards. When I was in 9th grade, my middle school art teacher wanted me to go to an Art high school. But I didn’t want to ruin my own color of art by doing the entrance exam practicing art. Now I don’t take art classes anymore because it is not a mandatory class. But I still sometimes like to express my feelings by drawing. I draw whatever I want sometimes for my hobby, too.

My third favorite class was Music class. I didn’t learn any instrument





when I was little. I learned piano for about 2 years, but I don't remember anything. I remember having a hard time playing the recorder, but I liked it because of the sounds. I liked listening to music and instruments. I love to listen to music and sing till now.

I did ballet when I was about 8 years to 12 years. Since then I didn't know that modern dance existed. Modern dance is like a transformed version of ballet and it fitted me more. While ballet was formal and stereotyped, modern dance was very free and varied in movements. It suited me very well to express myself freely through my body according to my emotions and music. I was thinking of practicing dance work for the high school entrance test, but I quit in second semester of 3rd grade in middle school. It was because I came back to Daegu and my dad did not really appreciate that I was going to the high school for modern dancing.



I also did Taekwondo for about half a year and I got the half red, half black belt. most people get it in a year and half more, but I learned it very fast.



I love to cook. I think this is because I love to eat. I can't choose my favorite food. I really like most kinds of food. But I don't like to eat the same thing everyday. I like to eat several kinds of things separately.

Since I was in kindergarten, I was not afraid to jump into new challenges and loved to experience new things. But my interest didn't last long. I wanted to do so many things so maybe that's why I couldn't do just one thing for a long time. But I can do several things now. Now I try to develop my talents to be useful.

But the problem is I didn't take interest in other subjects, so in my report card, P.E. , Art, Music were always All A+ and other subjects

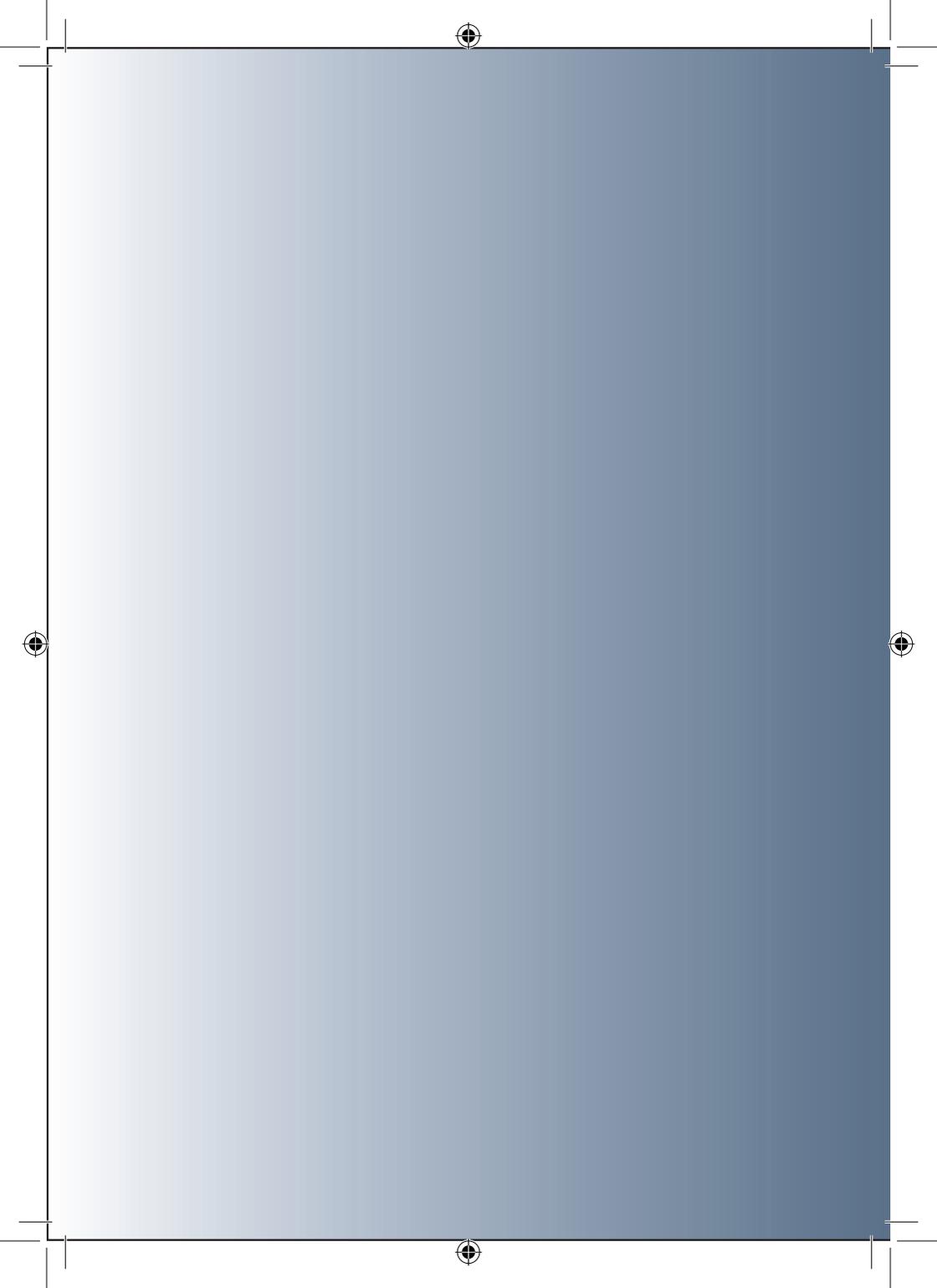




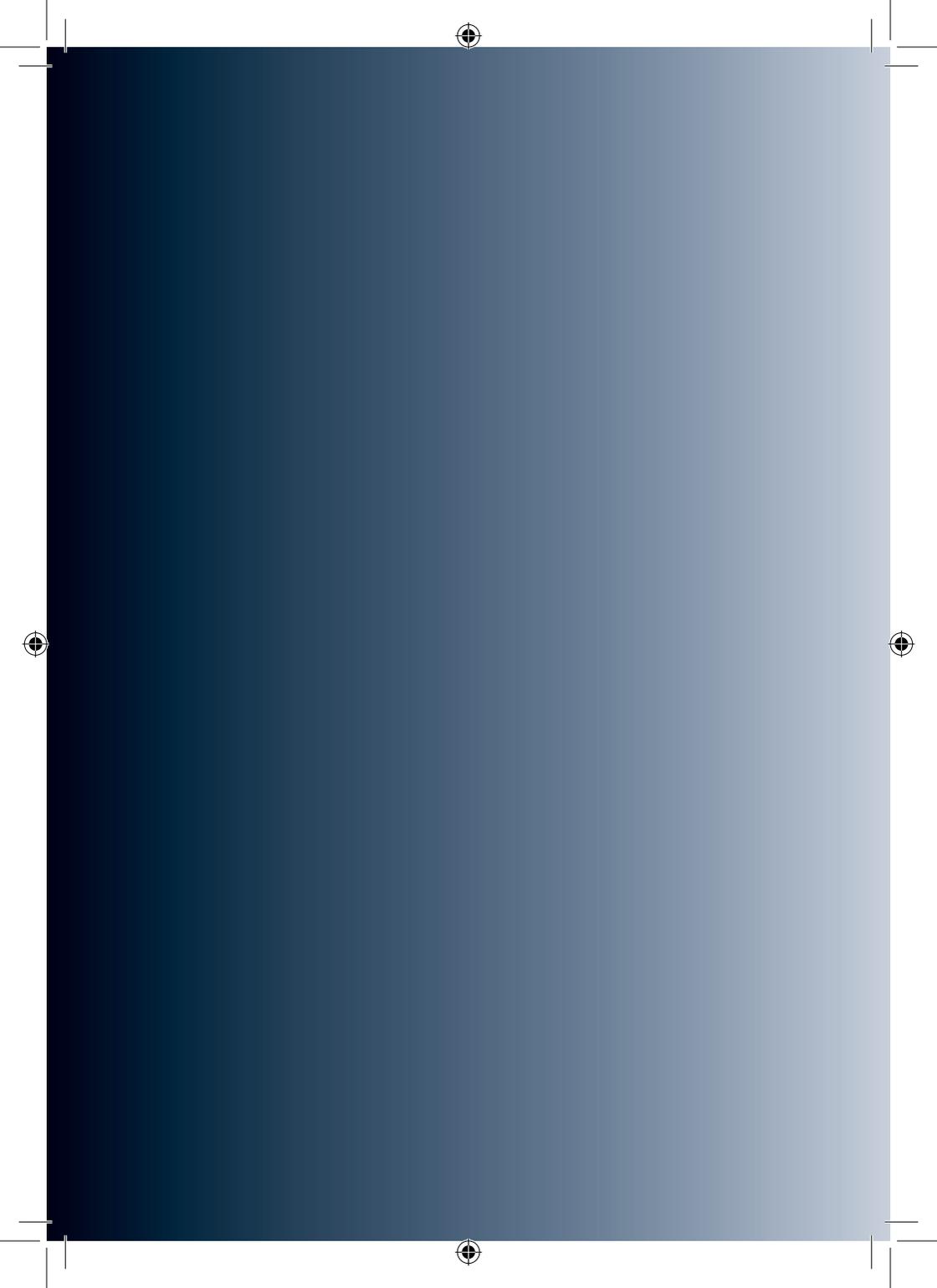
were B~D ,mostly D. But I couldn't put my effort into things that I don't like. After my sister graduated high school, I came to Korea with my mom and sister. I was 6th grade then. So I had to go to a Korean elementary school for a semester because the Korean school's new semester starts in March. It was awfully hard for me to adapt to an non-Christian school. When I got a little bit used to how to act like a Korean girl with my friends, I had to go to middle school. I had my first school uniform in middle school. My uniform was very normal. Just black and white colors. The school was right next to my house. It was really close, like 2 minutes to run in the morning. But I always barely got into the classroom in time. We only had 2 classes and the number of people in one class was about 25. So altogether there were only about 50 people in our grade. When it was in the middle of April, we had a shooting test in P.E. class. Until then I didn't know that our middle school had a shooting team. Everyone tried once. After a few days the coach called 2 people, me and my close friend. The coach saw the possibility and asked to join the shooting team. But the other friend was not interested and it was more important for her to study more and go to the after school private educational institute. But as I told you I loved sports, I was very interested. So I was the only one in my grade to join the shooting team. From the next day I had to go to training right away after school. I couldn't play with my friend after school. I went home about 8 P.M. and later in the competition week. As those times became my daily life, I was so tired. I didn't have my friend to rely on because I was the only one in my grade. And I liked very active and dynamic sports like soccer, but shooting was a very static and quiet sport. I wanted to join the dancing team and the school band club, but I couldn't because of



the shooting. I had to return all my vacation because of the training. For all these reasons I quit when I started the second grade of middle school. Then I had to move to Gyeongju because of my dad's work. I came back to Daegu in the second semester of 3rd grade of middle school in Gyeongju. Then I came to Dreamy School.



2.
When I
Look Through
My life



Family

What is family? I think it's not only the connection of the blood. There are many families that don't even talk to each other or live separately. I am very blessed to be settled down in this great family. Actually it is my first time to talk about this story with such confidence. I had to be brave enough about what others will think or there looks after this talk. I didn't want them to have sympathy for me. But now I am strong .

I don't think there's any reason to hide it. I came to this family when my mom and dad were missionaries in China when I was about 5 years old. My memory was completely erased when I was young, so I didn't know that I was adopted. But when I looked at the album around the 4th grade of elementary school, there were no pictures of when I was a baby. My mom lied that my sister's pictures were mine. But it looked like it was my sister's picture. And one day I saw a family picture with my mom holding a baby and I couldn't find my sister in that picture so I asked my mom why my sister was not in this family picture.

Then my mom told me that my sister went to the bathroom when taking that picture. I felt something was wrong. So my mom told me the truth. I heard it back then and it didn't seem like it was my story because I didn't have any memory of it . So I just heard like it was a fairytale. There is a 6 years difference between my older sister and my older brother, my younger brother 12 years , and my older brother 14 years apart. I was the only one in my family to be adopted. But I look similar to my older sister and my mother, so no one seems to be suspicious of me.

But without realizing it, I had doubts about my family, which had been deep in my heart ever since. I had a question in my heart that



how they can truly love and care for me in this family that has accepted me unconditionally. Of course, Mom and Dad loved and cared for me so much without discrimination. But I kept doubting whether this love was really for me. When I was a kid, I didn't live with my older brothers because of the big age difference, but I lived with my older sister for quite a long time, and my parents' priority was always older sister. I just followed her to her focus, so at some point I felt alienated in the space where she was. I felt the difference in the weight and depth of the love that came to my sister and me, and it continued to swell in my heart. When my mother or sister tried to rebuke me for my misbehavior, I kept my mouth shut. It was because I couldn't believe what they were saying because they truly loved me. But I know now. The process is long and still going on. But I now understand the love of God and the love of God in my life as I started to have faith while attending Dreamy School. When I felt it, I understood with my eyes I could see that the love my mom and dad have for me was that kind of love. I was indescribably thankful. When I tried to understand such love with my head, I couldn't understand it, but I understood it with the love of God. So I wanted my mother and father's God to be my God, whom they trusted and loved. A lot has changed. Every time I thanked the Lord, many things changed. Without noticing, I opened my heart to what I thought I could never love. And I also realized that I wanted to be loved and share my love also in this family.

Relationship

I was hurt by a relationship every time. I went to a Korean mid-





dle school. As I went to Korean school, I was busy adjusting, and I missed my Chinese friends so much. Always feeling anxiety about not knowing when to leave the place I settled down, I had no choice but to cling to relationships. While attending the English international school, I had to go to Korea for a two-year sabbatical year in the middle. So when I got back to China again, I had to study with 1 lower graders. Then, I came out to Korea after my sister graduated and had to get close to the friends I saw for the first time. When I ended the first semester of 2th grade as a middle school student, I moved to Gyeongju, so I had to adapt to the first place and make a new friend again. When I moved to a new school , there were many rumors about me. I couldn't stand the strange rumor going around about me. If it's just a rumor, it's a rumor. I guess I was satisfied when I heard what it was specifically about in detail and be hurt by that. At the same time, I blamed that person who did that and struggled without knowing who spread the rumor. Gyeongju friends gave me a hard time for about a year before I got truly attached to them. Among them, of course, there were friends who took care of me and thought for me. But I was hurt by the other people and was not satisfied with them and gave myself a hard time. After a year when I thought I was doing well and got close to my true friends, I went back to Daegu again. The school I went to before didn't have many people, so the school united with the school next to. So I had to adapt to the new school and people again.

When I moved back to Daegu, I missed my Gyoung Ju friends. And I thought, 'Why do I have to always miss someone and spend my time and effort trying to fit in everythingsevery time?' Then I started to put my hands off of the school work. I became a negative person. I couldn't put effort into something. As you know I was not interested in studying, so I





only studied about 2 weeks before the exam, but I started to not participate in classes, either. From the second semester of 3rd grade middle school, I started retarding to school at least 3 times a week. Or I was sick for no reason and just went to school at lunch time. I slept all day at school. I just gave up. I hung out with some friends after school but came home pretty soon because it made me tired. I went home and just watched Netflix. Bi-weekly I went to Gyeongju to meet my friends, but was exhausted when I came home. So I started not going there and just stayed home. I didn't have conversations with my family either. I stayed in my room most of the time and spent time playing with my phone. I knew that I was doing something wrong but I had no courage to change it.



Passion

My mom and dad were missionaries so I was born-Christian. I went to the church every Sunday and I went to Christian school since I was very little. The school had chapples every Monday and also had Bible classes in our school timetable. Without having time to properly wonder what faith is and what the Bible is, it naturally permeated in my life.

Without doubts in my heart, I went to the Christian retreats when I was little . But when I became about 9 years old, my father got deported from the Chinese airport for unfair reasons while he was doing missionary work in China. So my father went to Korea and I lived in China for about two and a half years with my sister and my mother because my older sister had to graduate. Since then, I worried about my identity and had doubts about Christianity in my mind. I somehow went to the Christian English International School until fifth grade, so I was in the frame of Christianity. However, in the sixth grade, my sister graduated from school and went to college in Korea. My mom and I came to Korea with my sister. Then I went to a regular Korean school for the first time. In Korea, it was during the second semester, so I did the second semester of the sixth grade in elementary school.

I've been getting apart from God since then. I adjusted to school and began to pay more attention to the changed circumstances and my relationships. More and more, my mind began to struggle and wander. When I entered middle school and adolescence came, faith came to me a little coercively. It was ridiculous not going to church on Sunday. But every Sunday I overslept and didn't want to go to church. I told my parents that I was going, but I went to another place. I felt guilty, but I lied to my parents. But I couldn't force myself to open my heart to religion if it wasn't



my choice. I went to church with my ears closed and my heart closed to not see what was sin and what was the gospel. I was forced to admit that there was God who saved me and guided me. God was never my priority. I Always looked for other things to turn to and rely on. Whenever emptiness poured in, I became so shabby . But I did not return to God. Just because my life was unhappy, I didn't try to turn myself into such a person, and I gave up. I thought my life was already overwhelming. I wanted to be loved by everyone, and God's love was not in my mind. I was struggling with the relationship, but I knew the emptiness wouldn't be filled, but I couldn't let go of it. I thought I'd be happy to be next to someone who looked happy, but I wasn't.



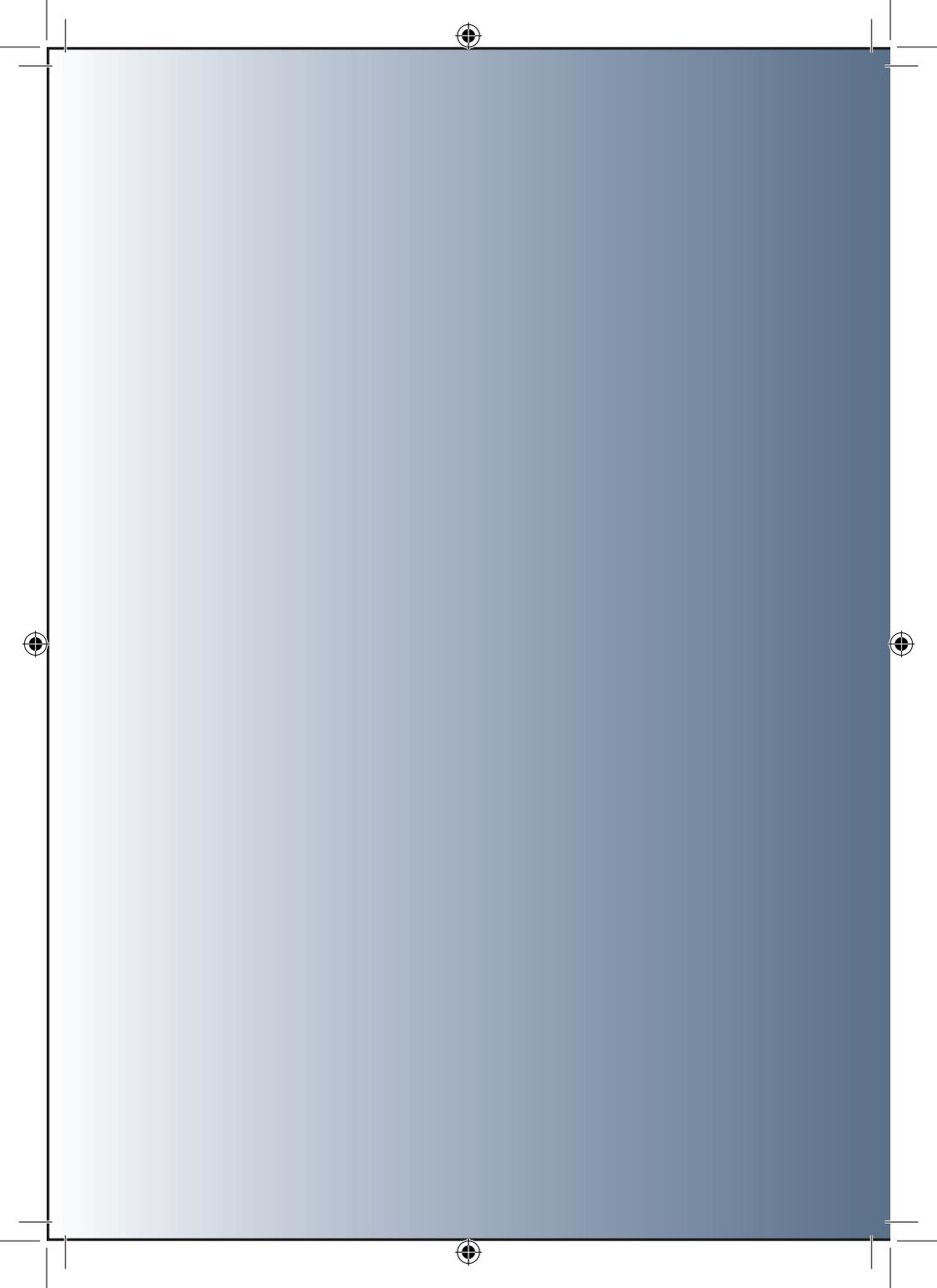
I wanted to be happier but then I became more depressed. Like a day-to-day life, I filled my empty heart with things that weren't even filled and emptied, and I found out about Dreamy School. At first, my heart was already closed that it was a Christian school. I hated that the school was almost named a missionary school. As a child of missionary parents, I could feel what my mom and dad expected from me. My mom always told me that she was looking forward to God working through me. I've become more shabby as well as burdensome, but I kept feeling like I have to do something in this family. I also thought that I didn't want to let go of that expectation. But I really didn't have anything. Actually I think I was the person who had no expectations of myself. My dad asked me to go to school with me, but I didn't go. So my dad went to school with my oldest brother , and then deep in my heart I was anticipating it when I heard that the person who worked with my dad in China was the vice principal. I also wanted to change, and I always had in my heart that God was alive and he saved me, so I was curious about someone like him and





wanted to meet him. So with that earnest heart, I came to Dreamy School. In fact, I have a frame of birth faith and a missionary kid, but I didn't know anything about the Gospel. So I kept doubting what God's love is and that he loves me unconditionally. But my earnest heart gradually showed up in my worst times. Every situation like that, I didn't know anything and just blamed God. Knowing that I am this kind of person, I was angry at God for what he did to me. I couldn't find any appreciation in my mind. God was the last resort I visited when I was most tired, empty, and lonely after being hurt by everything I trusted and relied on. My feelings and my state came before God. I was using God for my happiness and for my better life. I didn't even know that, but I was saying that I believed in God. It took a painful process and a hard time to break that old habit. I was grateful to see myself growing up at some point and returning to God little by little. I don't blame God. I am grateful now if I am on my way back to God even if I am sick and beaten. I wanted to live a life that God is the only one who I need. By the time I knew God's love little by little and could appreciate it, I was grateful for other things, and happiness came into my life and daily life that I thought was just misfortune. I could see things that I couldn't see because I've only lived by looking at myself, and I was having a heart for people who are sick like me. I felt that God was working, waiting for me, and loving me in my life that I thought I was alone. When I'm sick, I only feel the pain, but now I look forward to seeing myself grow up because of the pain. I don't know what other pain will come, but I, who avoided every time and defended myself, try to become a person who can stand up stronger with words even if I collapse.





3.
Pieces of
My
Emotions

What Is Love to me?

I remember talking with my friend about her life story. Let's call her Matilda. She had a lot of hard times with her family and friends. I cried while listening to her story. It was terrifying and also sad. If I was in her situation, I might not be able to endure. But I cried also because I could feel the deepness of her love inside her heart. Matilda got hurt by many situations and many people, but she never blamed others but she tried to sympathize with others and look back to herself of how she did if it was her. She doesn't know that she was so kindhearted and gentle to others. But I was also sad because she was so harsh to herself. She doesn't show her weakness to other people and always tries to be a great person besides all her difficult situations. I knew it but again I could feel that she is a great person not because of her appearance. Matilda is an amazing person just the way she is. She deserves to be loved the way she loves other people, and I want her to know that. Listening to Matilda's story, I felt that she and I were very different. Beforehand, I don't even have the bravery to talk about my deep inside stories and my weakness to other people. I don't want them to have pity on me or have sympathy on me. Because I don't want to show my weakness and act like I need comfort. Also I am scared of how other people would think and judge me. I don't know how to love myself. How can I love others if I can't even love myself? Yes, I of course think about others and care them. But like Matilda, or in her situation, I can't do like her. I would blame everything, the situation, and other people to protect myself and my feelings. I felt that I am such a self-centered person. Pushing other people away in such a situation to not get hurt is very selfish.

Do I Deserve This Happiness?



Do you write diaries? I do sometimes, not everyday. I write when I want to empty my mind, things that frustrate me, when my thoughts and feelings are not organized at all, when I am emotional and want to just blame others to think that it wasn't my fault. Of course it helps me to organize my thoughts, so there are advantages. But since I didn't write the moment when I had such a great time with other people and good memories in my life, the miserable part of my life covered my bright part of the life. During this writing class, when I was spaced out about what to write about, other friends were writing about memories that they had. They remembered very little things like what they drank that day and what they wore. But I couldn't think of anything like that. I'm not saying that I don't have any memories like that, but I'm saying that I don't really remember them. I remember the hard times more than the happy smile on my face. I thought that I couldn't be happy because I would be miserable after that happiness. I still think happiness costs hard times after. But now I want to make a habit of writing and recording the moments of happy times and precious people next to me so that I can remember them in my heart for a long time. By doing that, I wish I could learn how to feel and enjoy the happiness in the moment without thinking about the next step.



Losing Myself is Like..

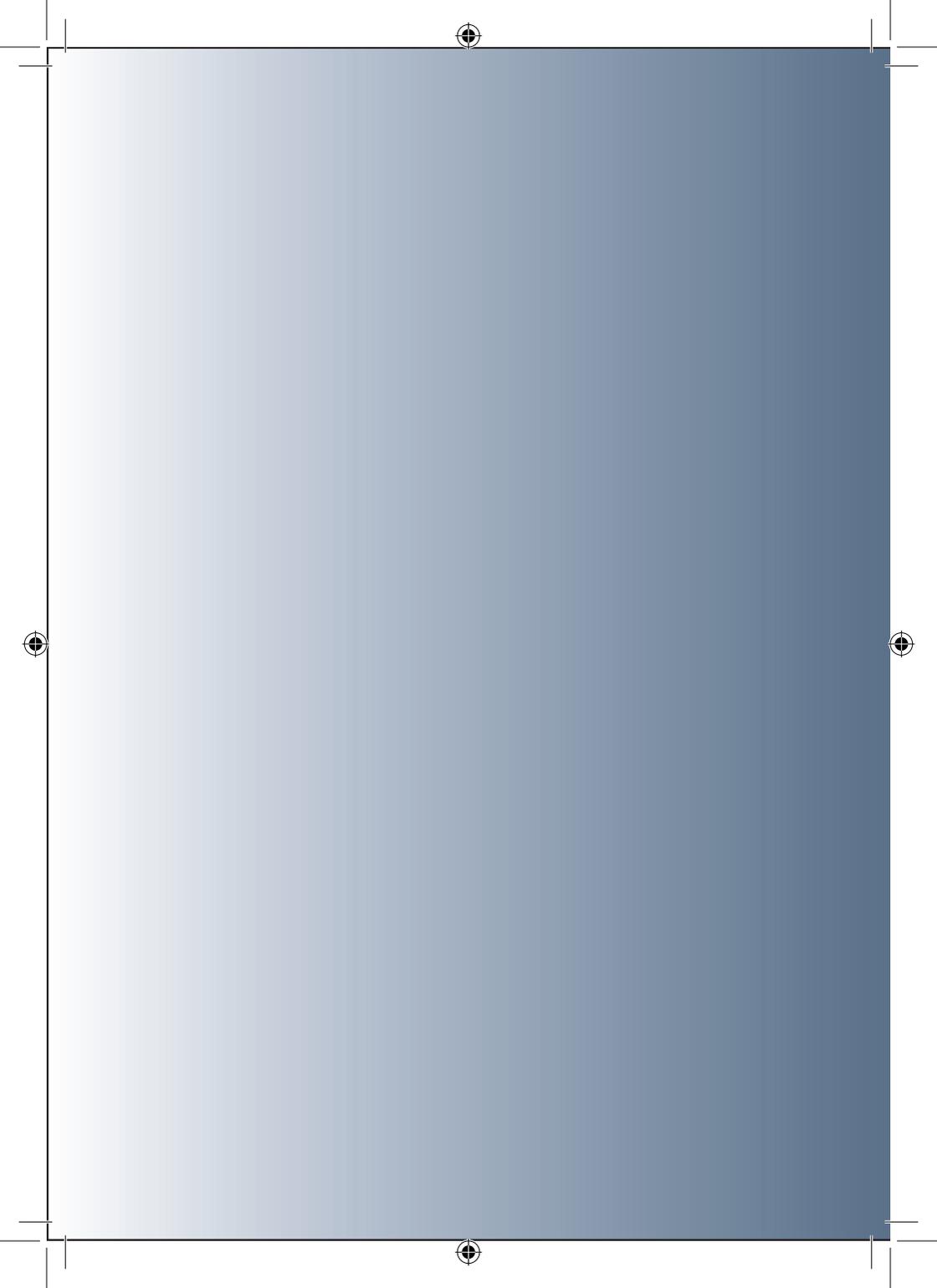
Do you care how you are shown to other people? It's really odd to find people who really don't care what other people think, or say about them. Before I went to high school, I thought I was that odd person. But I was the person who really cared about other people's thoughts. There are days when I feel like there is no one to lean on. When I feel like no one is on my side. Those days I want to just let go of everything that I was barely holding on. But actually there are always people who care about me, but I can't see them because I am too emotional. I am scared that they will know my weakness. For that reason I try to hide my feelings. I thought that was the way to not get hurt, but that hurt others instead. I know that all people act a little for their easy life. But I act for them and other's feelings are more important than mine. And these days I feel like I am losing myself. I am tired of pushing them away by myself so that I won't get hurt or be offended. I am so sorry to those people. In the deep part of my heart, I want them to stay by my side but I act differently. I am scared that if I give them too much of me, I will feel empty when they are gone. So in the end of my thoughts, it always ends that being alone and trusting only myself is better than losing something after giving all of myself. But when I think like that and when I am in my own world, some people just get into my world without asking. They suddenly just permeate in my daily life, and I am suddenly giving myself to them. I feel like they want something from me and they expect me to do something for them. So I start giving everything and care about everything, but then I get scared. I am also scared that they will get tired of me with all about these feelings and complicated thoughts. I feel like my heavy heart is too much for everyone.



I think I can be honest with others only when I practice being honest with myself. I didn't want to face myself, so I dodged and ran away, and at some point I was fooling myself. As I was deceiving myself, I was deceiving others as if I were familiar with it. It was just comfortable, so I hid myself. But I was hurting and struggling myself more than anyone else. I'm gonna practice being honest now. If you become honest with me little by little, you will be able to be honest with others. I didn't turn a blind eye to my difficulties, but I was strong, so I lied to myself, saying, "It's okay because it's not hard." When you're having a hard time, you have to admit that you're having a hard time and gain courage to overcome it. I am trying to become a person who can stand up, not because it's hard, but because it's not okay and if it's weak, it's okay to be strong. When people asked me if I was okay, I hid that I was not okay but I got sick because I festered inside. In fact, when the other person asked me if I was okay, I didn't respond much even if I wasn't okay, and I realized that the other person wasn't burdened or uncomfortable even if I wasn't a little more honest.

I am trying to be a person who can honestly talk and express things like, "I'm scared if I'm scared, I hate it if I don't like it, and I like it when I like it." I will practice being more honest, caring, and loving to the people who are precious and next to me, not the person who needs the emotional trash can.





4.
Losing myself
is like..

[Full of Scars]

I'm already hurt ,” don't get hurt “
all full of lies

it's red and it hurts already,
but acts like it doesn't hurt

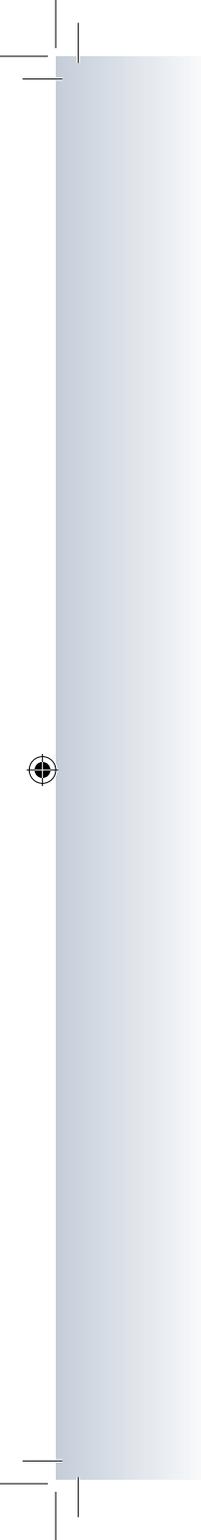
It hurts a little bit, it's okay
because not honest, but afraid

I'm not hurt, I'm fine
another lie

I got a scar again
and it hurts now

I thought it would be okay when when in pain,
but it hurts now

I'm already hurt , “don't get hurt”
all full of lies



Don't lose yourself by giving everything to others.

If you are hurt, say that you are in pain. Don't hide your pain because of others. Don't be afraid to lose them by showing your honesty. If they leave you, yes, it hurts but they will hurt you in another way. You are too special to be hurt by those people. There will be someone who will stay by your side. You don't have to be acting for others to be a great person to everybody. You are not an Iron Man. You can be hurt, and you can feel pain. You don't have to hide it. It will fester inside your heart.



[One Raindrop]

The ground is dry and cracking
But no rain from the sky

Dark clouds are shady
Still no rain from the sky

A single raindrop falls on the ground and wet the ground
raindrops fell from my heart without asking

The raindrops looked so shabby on the dry ground
no rain in my heart



If you hold back your tears too much, you will get sick. The heart becomes dry and shady. You act like nothing's wrong, act like you are not sick. You look fine on the outside, but your inside will be rotten soon. Sometimes, having the courage to shed tears can be a gift to yourself. Be yourself the way you are. If you feel like that, just say it. Don't hide it in your deepest heart and act like you are okay. There will always be a person who cares about you and thinks about you. If you are not okay, just ask for help. Just say that you are not okay. The wound will get bigger and bigger, and you can't hide them at that time. It's okay to lean on sometimes.

There were many things I wanted to do and many things I wanted to achieve. I used to draw my future doing everything I wanted and being everything I wanted to be. The road towards my dream was hard and arduous, but I was happy. Because I had courage, I had the passion to do anything to make my dream come true, and I had faith in myself. But as I get older, I feel that those things are disappearing more and more. Dreams, passion, and even trusting myself. I failed so many times, but yes, I always learn something from that and I grow stronger. But these days those things are tiring too. I know I am an emotional person and negative when I am emotional, but how do I stop this? I always hide my feelings for others and now I don't know who I really am. I thought I was okay, and I told myself that I will be fine. But I'm not okay.

I tried so hard to relationships that didn't fit me. As times go by, it flits through my memories. I know that I will regret it, but I always do the same. I have to practice to let go of people that leave me, and not be





scared of giving my heart to people who come to me. I am now practicing how to let go of the relationship that will be apart in any way I try or not. I want to give my heart to people who care about me and stay next to me.





A desire to be loved by everyone.

I'm a really greedy person. I think I want to show only the good side to others and tell them everything about me while being afraid to reveal my hard and painful sides. I think I want the other person to know everything even if I don't say it. I don't want to hold on to people and relationships that leave because of my weak appearance and my hard appearance.

That kind of relationship I'm trying to hold on to is only giving me a hard time.



There are feelings to hide in a relationship and feelings to express honestly. But I also express what I need to hide and I also hide what I need to express honestly. They do things that they wouldn't have done if they looked back on the other person's because of my greed. Greed really seems to be endless. I want to give as much as I give and I want to give as little as I can because I don't want to get hurt. I think I give up everything for the other person, but it comes out of selfishness that I want to be a good person.



[Attachment]

Give only as much as you get
Don't give easily

Don't trust easily
Don't sacrifice yourself alone

Don't hang on too much
say " no "

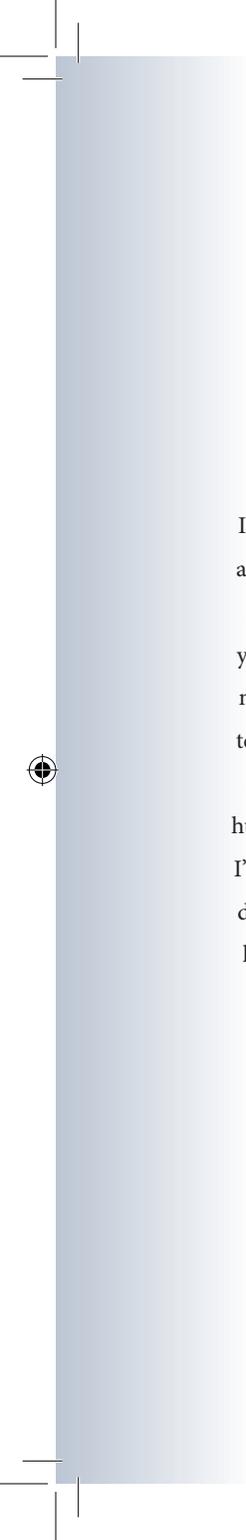
I have to,
I know that's right

Even if I make up my mind,
Are they just chanting?

I just gave you as much as you wanted
I was just followed your speed

You asked me to trust you, so I trusted you
You said you were serious, so I treated you with sincerity

I didn't know you could pretend
I didn't know you could turn around any time



I think that's how I feel. Even if I tried to practice receiving and giving as much as I came, I was already giving everything. The deeper you dig into something, the more you know you'll get hurt and hurt later, so you decide to do something moderately. However, unlike my determination, when I saw it, I became tolerant of things that I had firmly determined, and at some point, I was giving it to others more than I was.

I was afraid I'd disappear, but I'm afraid I'd be the only one who'd get hurt, but I'm just going to admit it by looking at the same thing. Even if I'm sick, I'm a very affectionate person. Even if it hurts or regrets, I just decided to admit that it was me. I said, "My heart for others is also my heart, so I value it, but I decided not to do so even when I gave it up."

It's not that I'm not, but I'm thankful for something else.

One Step

There are times when you have to take a step back in a relationship. But there are many times when it's so many times. No matter how much I love, no matter how precious, no matter how much I care, I shouldn't give my everything. No one can be trusted perfectly. There is only God. There is a situation where you can't blame him even if you want to.

Just because I'm responsible doesn't mean everything is my fault. Even if I admit that I did something wrong, what the other person did was the other person's fault. Just as I admit my fault, I have to know how to admit the other person's fault and get angry accordingly. You should practice expressing yourself, not holding back your feelings for others. You want everything to change in a moment, you solve it one by one and practice it

Maybe the reason I couldn't let go of my relationship was because of my greed to know me even though I didn't want to show myself. I gave my heart. Maybe you didn't really live with that person. If I love and value that person, I can think from his point of view once more and value myself as much as I value that person. I didn't value myself and I was treated like that, so I let others treat me like that. I thought it was comfortable, but it wasn't. It was hurting and festering me the hardest, my heart.

Everyone has many different shapes. Good and innocent, angry, honest, and pretentious are different to act on many people. It is one's choice to admit all aspects of oneself and to live with a certain appearance



and discard the aspects that can be thrown away. But it was hard for me to face, admit and accept myself. Even my painful and weak sides were me, but I hated myself and didn't want to be caught. I felt like people would leave me for some reason and not love me. However, in my deep heart, I wanted to be recognized and loved as it is by revealing all of my appearances even if the scab was torn. Now I'm in the middle of it. I decided to peel myself off one by one, face me, love me as I am, and acknowledge me. I learned that I had to do that with myself so that others could see me like that. People don't know until I show up. You can let go of your greed to know and show me as I am. The relationships that show and then leave are relationships that far and there's no need to hold on. The relationships that I've only had with my appearance are ones that may break at any time. I may have suffered a dearth from the constant anxiety of being in such relationships. I had to give faith to the other person and deal with the pain that always comes back, hoping that they would recognize me and acknowledge me as I am without revealing myself.



[say it]

that It's scary
that I don't know what to do

that It's hard
that I don't know if this is the right choice

with my mouth shut
thought I'm responsible for all my choice

I couldn't take responsibility
I needed help

There's a lot I don't know yet
I'm learning. I'm growing

Grabbing things you can't hold on to yourself
I thought that it was all mine



I've been running and hiding a lot in my life. I thought it was the best thing to do, and I thought it was to protect me. Since I was young, if there were arrows flying at me, I always closed my mouth first. I didn't want to talk. No, maybe I wanted to say it, but I couldn't say it. It was thought to attack me. I thought it was protecting me. But no one was trying to hurt me, but to help me. It's still like that. If you think someone will hurt you, try to hide from me, but one day it turns out to be more miserable. Then it's always me who regrets it. I should've told you honestly. I should've asked for your help. I can't do it, I should've told you I'm tired. You may not blame me. I was able to look back on myself that made me so tired and sick. That you can ask for help. There's so much I don't know yet and there's a part I probably don't know about me the most. I've learned that you have to take a step back and look at it and when it doesn't work, you can release it to someone.

I don't understand the weight of the word 'sorry'. I don't understand that my heart will be relieved immediately by just saying sorry to pass the situation because I think it's the feeling that I sincerely apologize to the other person. I want to hate him, I want to blame him, but I think of him more than I do. There are times when I should think about my worries and the people next to me, not when I cherish myself and worry about others.

A young child

There is a heart that collapses even in small difficulties and wants to give up easily. Young children do not give up to stand up no mat-





ter how many times they fall, but maybe they have been taught by pain. I want to have a child's heart again. A child who is full of curiosity and grows up without fear of what will happen later. A child who laughs when he is happy and cries when he is sick. When I am happy, I can't enjoy the misfortune that comes again, and when it comes, I feel like I hold it alone and take responsibility and use evil. It's silly that you won't be able to do it alone and end up hurting even more. When a child doesn't know anything, he asks his mother and father endlessly. Then, my mom tells me and teaches me things that I don't remember and forget. I haven't lived 20 years yet and I don't know a lot. There's so much to learn. So if you don't know, ask, learn, and grow.

There were things that I wanted to get through this English writing class. Rather than simply wanting to let others know how I'm reflected and what I'm like, I wanted to look back on my deep inside and my life and life so far. Looking back on my appearance, inner self, painful things, and happy things, I wanted to change myself one by one and grow. A lot of things happened while writing these articles. There are so many things I learned. There were painful wounds and all the things I didn't want to say were revealed. However, while hiding it, I try to put down the excuse that I have no choice but to do this because I am that kind of person. I'm going to abandon myself, who has been protecting me by saying that I'm going to be sick because I'm originally sick, and myself, who has isolated me more and made me unable to grow in the community. I try to face myself as I am in God, to acknowledge and love myself.





The Mirror Changes

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