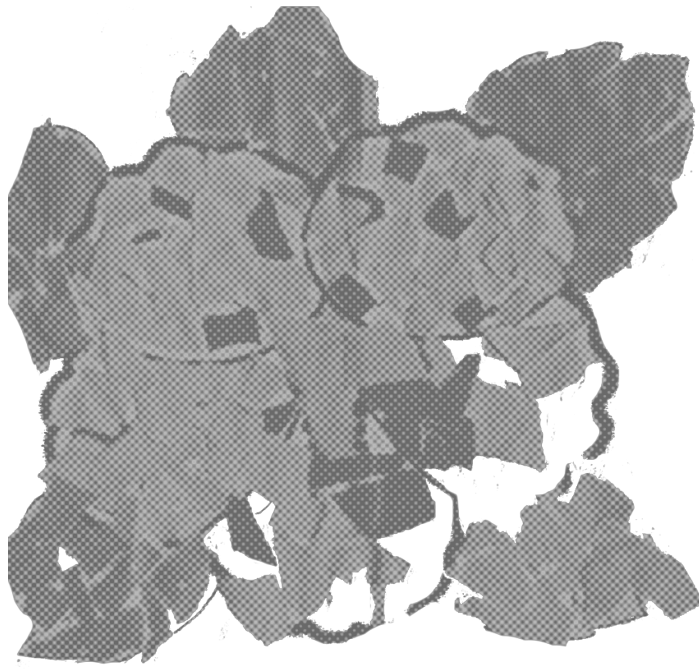


My first memory begins with colored paper mosaic works at daycare centers. I was tearing the colored paper with the smallest hand I could remember and making it as small as my fingernails. Sitting on a chair that was still small and fragile enough to support a young child's body, I tried to complete the mosaic of a rose of Sharon, which was more important than anything else at that moment. Over time, memories remain fragmented and faint like mosaic I made, but the appropriate noise, the teacher's affectionate gaze, and warm air remain to some extent.



When I was young, I was persistent, easy to immerse myself, and had excellent concentration. It is imaginative, and every place, person, and environment I think are easily unfolded in front of my eyes as soon as I imagine. So the most enjoyable game I played with my friends was the imaginary game. We used to become different characters every moment and live in a different world. Yes, young me was a terrible dreamer. I got out of the monotonous outside world and dug into the inner world for interest. At that time, it was a familiar and natural act to think excitingly and always enjoy a play.

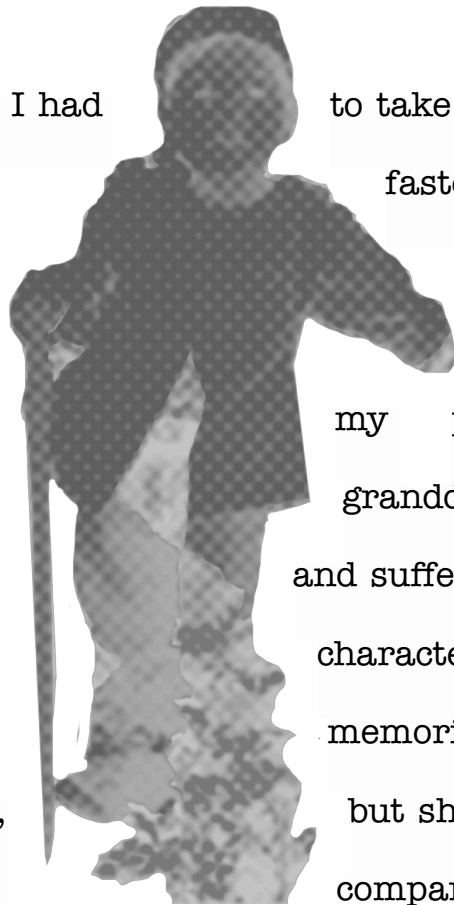
Come to think of it, I always played a vulnerable or protected role during the game, but in fact, I thought this was different from my personality in reality. Nevertheless, the dwarf appearance was enough to play such a role. I was a child who was independent and arrogant enough under a dual-income couple. Even at a young age, I didn't think I needed someone's protection, but I thought it felt good to be protected.

At that time, honestly, I was not nice child. I was able to tear the insects apart without hesitation, and I thought killing ants was also a kind of play, and I also enjoyed teasing my friends' insufficient

abilities. However, no one saw me as a mean child or criticized me. I was just a child.

The moment when I had to take responsibility for something came faster than I thought. When I was five years old, I felt a great responsibility from the principal of the school where my parents worked as a teacher. His granddaughter was a child with a minor disability and suffered from autism considering the characteristics derived from inaccurate memories. She was a smart and genius somewhere, but she was also a child who lacked social skills compared to her peers.

I asked if the director would take good care of my granddaughter if she stayed with me for a while and sent her to the daycare center where I was.



The answer was unconditional yes, no matter what, rejection was not a consideration for me as a child, and the fact that I had a younger brother to take care of without a younger sister was just an exciting suggestion. (I only vaguely knew her condition and honestly didn't understand it well, and I understood it. ) Even so, the joy of having a younger sister came first.)

I took care of the child really frugally. I wanted to do all the things and attitudes I could do as a "more mature sister,"

The problem quickly arose. When I introduced her as my real sister to my friends, they wore a frown to the point where they couldn't be seen perfectly. Fortunately, they soon closed their eyes of judgment and tried to hide it in front of me, but I was able to feel enough distance and attitude to feel the changed situation.

Only then did I know that this was not just having a sister to take care of, and that it was not as easy as I thought. I took care of the child to the end, but for the first time, I was able to experience a rough fight between good and evil in The devil inside of me encouraged me. "Hey, why you let her bothering your friendship?, even she is not your real sister?" And angel in my mind told me.

"You promised to take good care of her, so you need to she is nothing

wrong.” Both the angel and the devil were the sounds inside me, and they were all me in the end.

The time I spent with her was already over before my worries were over and I couldn't stop my own conflict without making any decisions, so I firmly realized that I didn't make a good decision and knew that I was never nice.

That's right for children. They were too honest and bad at hiding their feelings. Before being taught that it is not anyone's fault, and that they should discriminate against or treat someone equally, children instinctively decide what to do and what attitude to take according to their conscience. And most reject someone different from themselves according to their honesty.

That's the innocence of a child. Innocence. purely evil or purely good. All that can change is education that fosters values.

I was gradually educated on what was good. From elementary to high school. Such education gradually escaped from my inner cruelty.

When I was in elementary school, I thought I was forced to have responsibility again. It was always up to me to take care of children

who were alienated from class or left behind in learning. I knew they were good behavior, but there were so many annoying and annoying moments. Whenever that happened, I showed a dual side of me.

In front of adults, he seemed like a child who endured well and lived well, but he only endured anger inside.

Whenever that happened, the question in my head was clearly "why?" Why should I care about the weakness? Why am I always in a position where I have to endure it? I was also a violent child when there were no adults looking at us in the manager sometimes. I felt a little guilty, but I had no regrets as much as I do now even though I did evil. It was only a natural reaction to anger that was rising at that time.

When I was in elementary school, I don't think I honestly thought that everyone was equal. Obviously, the weak and the strong were clear in the space. Children who are in such a "strong" position, whether physically or intellectually growing even a little, are always at a crossroads of these two choices, caring or ignoring children who are "weak."

The world of young children was in a way closer to following animal instincts. Before making a choice, It was because what I wanted more was more important than complicated thinking. And the position of the prey simply felt like a precarious weakness from my point of view.

The world has changed rapidly through puberty. At the same time as the positions of the strong and the weak are more clearly divided, it seems that the superpower to read the other person's mood and observe the atmosphere is manifested during this period. To become strong, you realize that there are too many strong people in this world, and you realize that there are many other weak people to become weak.

During this time, my classmates want to solidify their position in some way. It sometimes confirms his presence at this time.

I lost a lot of confidence that I had before in my childhood and the brightest me in my own world in adolescence. The world became ambiguous, and it was a time when it became smaller on its own, and it became a daily routine for small complaints to drive away small happiness.



At that time, I thought my environment was miserable and gloomy. This is because I received a uniform education in a uniform, and the teachings of adults who judged everything by dividing it into right and wrong felt frustrating. If I had known that everything in this day would remain as a memory when I was older in the future, I would have been able to enjoy even more trivial happiness.

Daily life went around quickly and too slowly in out-of-box time. And adolescence was only divided into textbook theories that remained ambiguous, passing friends, and friends who shared their thoughts.

I started living in a dormitory early and didn't have much time to share with my parents, but I don't regret that time. I only learned about living an independent and lonely life early.

The reason why I look back on my childhood and tell my story is one. Everyone has a child-like side in their hearts. I want to say that becoming an adult is not about gradually eliminating the child, but about educating the child inside yourself and solving the task of how well to hide the simple aspect of a child. It is a very important process not only to grow in size as the number of years in the world increases, but to think more complex thoughts, and to realize that the

world is not simply set in black and white logic. Even if it is an accident that only humans can have, humans cannot define whether anything is perfectly right or wrong.

“The bird fights its way out of the egg. The egg is the world. Who would be born must first destroy a world. The bird flies to God. That God's name is Abraxas.”

— Hermann Hesse, *Demian: Die Geschichte von Emil Sinclairs Jugend*



Demian escape from his own egg and realized that he had to solve his problem. No one decides how to solve the problem. It does not depend on how you are educated. It takes place when you explore the world and interpret education in your own way.

The ideas and thoughts created by adults in the world so far are precious assets, but what is believed to be right may not actually be

right. In the end, it is the beginning of accepting one's own world and a world of self-determination. And the bird that broke the egg has to break another world, that is, another egg.

Good and evil always coexist.

And the standard for determining all of that lies with oneself.

It's up to you to decide what kind of person you will be and what standards you will follow.