



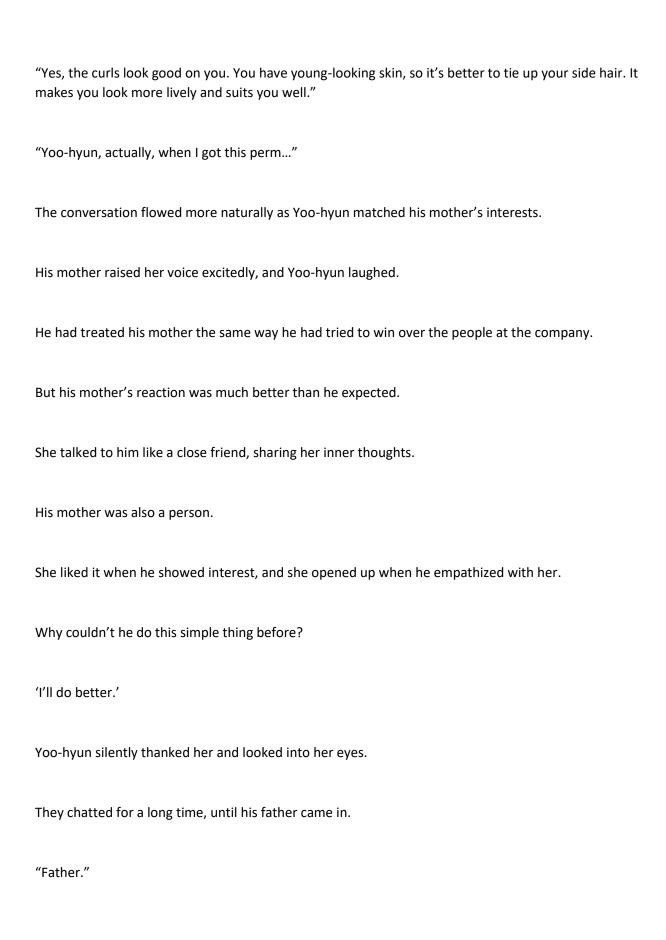






| He looked so happy without any pretense. |
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| There were also nostalgic sticker photos and friendship notes with awkward limbs. |
| What about Yoo-hyun in the photo? |
| He was bright and cheerful, with no worries at all. |
| It was something he could never see in himself now. |
| He smiled at the flower-decorated box and opened it. |
| There were letters piled up inside. |
| They were handwritten letters from girls in middle and high school. |
| He was so embarrassed by them when he was young that he deliberately avoided the girls who confessed to him. |
| "Wow, Han Yoo-hyun lived a fun life." |
| The past Han Yoo-hyun was bright and cheerful. |
| He had many friends and was quite popular. |
| He seemed to enjoy living every day. |
| But how did he end up like this? |

| He changed when he saw the house falling down, but in fact he embraced all the worries and anxieties by himself. |
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| He moved forward with the power of resentment against his parents and the world, but looking back, it was all an excuse. |
| Victim mentality, greed, obsession. |
| The negative emotions that once rolled up grew like snowballs and eroded Yoo-hyun's inner self. |
| He lived a lonely life without any room for himself, as if he would collapse if he didn't push himself hard enough. |
| Couldn't he have changed if he had listened to mother's words a little bit? |
| Why couldn't he care about the closest people when he followed his boss's words so well? |
| The answer was right in front of him, but he only chased after an invisible mirage. |
| Regret and self-blame always brought back memories. |
| Mother came back around sunset. |
| She said it would take some time and went to the hair salon. |
| Yoo-hyun thought of mother's smiling face and decided to be more cheerful. |
| "Mother, your new perm looks good, doesn't it?" |
| "Oh? How did you know? Is it okay?" |



| "Oh, you're here." |
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| "Yes. How have you been?" |
| Yoo-hyun greeted his father more warmly than his usual cold expression. |
| "Yeah." |
| His father turned his head and answered awkwardly. |
| Only then did Yoo-hyun see his father's face clearly. |
| The furrowed brow, the slumped shoulders, and the feet pointing outward more than the heels showed that he had a hard time in his daily life. |
| His father glanced at him as if wondering why he was acting like this, and changed his posture. |
| This was the time to be more friendly with him. |
| But the words didn't come out easily. |
| "Father, dinner" |
| "Honey, I'm done." |
| "Yes. Rest well." |
| Thud. |



