



September 14, 2016

&& BEGIN

“lee minhyuk.
that’s going to be his name.
our little heir.”

a happy couple brought up together ~~by love. the same love that would, eventually, make them~~ ^{by love—the same love that would eventually make} want to have their own children. it had nothing to do with mom’s friends having children, or with dad’s need for an heir to his empire in the technology industry—“it was out of love,” one of his parents would say, ~~whenever he asked how he was born,~~ ^{whenever he asked how he was born.} “it was time to make this family grow.”

lying. that’s how this family started growing.

~~what minhyuk didn’t know, obviously being too young for having such a knowledge, was that~~ ^{what minhyuk didn’t know—as he was much too young to pick up on these things—was that} his parents’ marriage wasn’t even the couple example people would say they were all around. ~~they weren’t put together because they were in love—that was a condition between their~~ ^{it was a contract made between families} ~~families, even not being very friendly with one another.~~ ^{despite having not gotten along very well with one another} hopefully, that marriage was to make them even, ~~they supposed;~~ and they didn’t decide to make the family grow to three on their own. well, at least not the mother.

< “wasn’t even what people thought it was”**?

mom never wanted to get married—nevermind to ~~to~~ have kids. she was young and powerful on her own when ~~she~~ ^{she} got married to dad. and though he was more powerful and just bit older than her, that didn’t make her shake inside with the need to get married to him. as if this wasn’t enough, the man wanted a son. ~~a male.~~ someone to assume ~~what he had to leave behind in the future.~~ mom had no other choice but to accept the proposition—it was either this or ~~getting ruined~~ in the media, where she’s always been too exposed for being a stylist.

the baby was born and his childhood could’ve been better, but his smile never failed—not even once—during those years growing up. it didn’t matter if dad only showed up when he was in the mood to play with him (very rare); it also didn’t matter if mom had a lot to do, a lot to work with and would bring him along to her studio. as long as they remembered his existence, ~~his~~ happiness would overload inside of his little body.



&& JOURNAL

“i don’t think dad appreciates me.
 he hates my decisions, he doesn’t let me ^{make} have any.
 why can’t i choose what i like?”

he was around ten when he started finding more interest in things ~~his father didn’t find manly enough~~ ^{whenever} ~~blaming his mother’s influence over the years she took him to spend time in the studio, watching her drawing her collections, or planning a photoshoot session, or dealing with models.~~ most of minhyuk’s childhood was based on spending his time with his mom or nannies—who were also blamed for the young little man he was becoming.

“young little man” sounds plenty manly to me. aren’t you trying to say that he’s growing up to be somewhat effeminate?

learning english on his own ~~just~~ ^{and consequently discovering an affinity for learning} by reading books, ~~finding such an interest for different~~ ^{warming} languages, starting to write his own little thoughts, the boy was ~~becoming more fond to the~~ idea of following a career ~~his dad never thought was good enough—a writer.~~ “i want to write stories,” a small minhyuk would say during dinner, when his dad asked ~~how was school, and~~ ^{about} which subjects he was finding easier. “i am good ~~on~~ ^{at} everything... but ~~talk about books and~~ writing is the best.”

what exactly is the lee empire? what does his dad do? what is he expected to inherit?

the boy could be considered a genius—^{he’d} ~~he’s~~ always been ~~too smart, too easy to understand~~ ~~even the most difficult subjects.~~ he’s always been naturally intelligent, interested in more than one simple thing ~~(such as science, such as technology).~~ no. lee minhyuk, the heir of the lee empire, didn’t ~~help~~ a frown whenever his father tried to force him into ~~deciding for what he~~ ^{whatever} thought was best. ^{for his son}

how is science or tech just one simple thing? i’m not sure i understand your logic here.

usually, that wouldn’t break a child. it’s normal—^{parents won’t always} ~~it’s not always the parents will~~ support you in your decisions,” others would say. but it started to bug him. he never dropped the smile or his happy self... but slowly and surely, ~~each day he had the time to talk to his father over the years was becoming~~ ^{talking to his father became.} a burden.

“why does he hate me?”
 “he doesn’t hate you, sweetheart.”

for a woman who never wanted to have kids, the mom was—actually—the one that grew fond of their son. she understood him purely, knew he was like her: someone who wanted and deserved to ~~have~~ ^{make} their own have choices in life. if he wanted to be a writer—so be it. if he didn’t like it, he could try something else.

she knew better, however. she always helped him to keep writing—buying small notebooks for him to use as a journal, or agendas, whichever he preferred. and those were surely filled with



a mix of realistic ^{and} ~~or~~ imaginary scenarios, filled with dreams and things that allowed anyone to know him inside out. and his mom was the only one allowed to read it.

there^{'d} ~~is~~ always been an understanding between them. he felt secure with the woman. like it didn't matter what he did, she would still try to understand him. and she felt like a mother—a happy and proud one. what a turn for someone who thought that their son would just be the husband's "little me"—minhyuk was, and still is, more like his mother than the one he was supposed to mirror.

&& DISCOVERIES

“you'd be a great help, minhyukie!
you do great with photography, but
have you thought about modeling?”

the question came from one of his mother's ^{friends} ~~friend~~, a few months after his parents' divorce. it was all happening too fast and, much like most senior year of high school students, minhyuk was growing moody with all the “what will be doing in the future?” kind of question.

future. the word made him shiver around this time. if asked~~;~~ when he was younger, if he knew he would be the reason his parents divorced, he wouldn't ever guess. he wouldn't ever guess his father would do such things as almost disowning him and ^{ignoring} ~~ignore~~ his existence ^{just} ~~for good~~ for being who he is. he wouldn't ever guess his mom had been going and would continue to go through hell just to keep him safe until that night.

“you're not my son. my son isn't a f...”
“don't you dare yell that word at my son!”
“your son? you didn't even want him!”
“you're right. i didn't. but you did and did much less to try to even know him!”
“i know him.”
“you clearly don't. you clearly would've known a lot more if you did.”

and he also didn't know how his mother had to learn to love him. this didn't make him as mad as any other teenager could get—she was on his side, she may not have wanted to have children, but she ^{did} ~~had~~, and she took care of him through all those years; she was still taking care of him even when his father stormed over the fact his son was found kissing a boy; and didn't hesitate ^{to take} ~~on taking~~ his side when he was almost beaten up and kicked out of his house.

instead, the woman stood by his side. she had enough of that marriage to suffer on her own, but putting minhyuk in pain wasn't ^{and} ~~or~~ wouldn't ever be part of her plan.



“i am sorry.”

“you did nothing wrong, honey.”

“i didn’t want to cause your divorce with dad.”

“you didn’t cause anything. this is on him.”

“but...”

“you’re my son. i will always put you first.”

^{following} the months ~~followed after~~ the divorce brought them ^{here, on shoot for his mother’s new collection} ~~there, to the moment he’s been~~ helping photographers during the photoshoot of his mother’s new collection. there were a lot of people in the studio that day, lots of his mother’s friends talking and laughing and complimenting his work. he was still a high school student, but after everything that happened, he started trying to be helpful to his mom (to prove himself worthy of her attention, prove he deserved being loved by her—even though he didn’t need to, ~~his will just guided him like that~~). the photography classes taken during extracurricular activities proved to be good enough for him to learn more being around the studio, and so he did.

^{what woman? you didn’t mention any woman who suggested he take up modeling} the new suggestion, however, made him uneasy. “modeling?” he wondered at the woman, ^{chuckling embarrassedly} ~~chuckling embarrassed.~~ ^{y start a new paragraph here because someone new is speaking} “and why not? you’re your mother’s son after all. she may not be a model, but if she tried, she would’ve succeeded.”

among universities entrance tests and school classes, minhyuk started following that advice. he had nothing to lose. ^{what advice is he taking? the suggestion to model? isn’t he doing journalism?}

&& CAREER

“journalism? really?”

i could swear you’d end up in literature.

but this is good, love! i am very proud of you!”

^{where she’s going with this, and it’s why he can’t help but} he knows ~~her point on this, clearly, reason why he doesn’t help a~~ laugh while listening to his mom’s voice over the phone. with his life slowly fitting in, slowly ^{gaining traction on} ~~getting~~ a new course, his choice in major didn’t disappoint ^{his mother as it would have for his father} ~~the woman like it would definitely do if he was talking to his father~~—who he hasn’t seen or heard of for three years now. he still helped financially, but ^{only because he was obligated by law} ~~obviously because the law made him do it~~. otherwise, minhyuk is sure he wouldn’t care less.

ever since his parents divorced, the boy had grown with the idea that he can follow whatever path he thinks it’s best—but at the same time, that he needs to show why he’s chosen what he chose and not something else. mom knew that, so even though she’s been trying to make him stop giving explanations, she knows that’s how he is and it’s going to take some time until he grows used to the idea she trusts him.



Heesan ADMISSIONS

“still wanting to be a writer?” she wonders curiously. he had a gift—she’s known that since he was younger and gave her his journal to be read. and that kind of gift, much like the one she had to draw clothes, shouldn’t be wasted. “yes. but i can be a writer even studying journalism... and it’s also interesting.”

a smile grows on both of their faces, though neither can see that. in the end, it doesn’t matter what twists they had to go through together. minhyuk’s still that same happy and smiley child his mom carried on her arms—just taller, more mature and conscious over how things work in the world. as long as he gets to make a choice, he thinks, he can try to deal with anything.

general: i would be cautious of tenses when writing! you have the tendency to mix present with past. i didn’t edit all of the instances where you do this, but be wary in the future~