




September 17, 2016

 Diary Entry #1 ...

He was sitting across from the standing camera, comfortably resting his head into his palm as he waited for the other to press play. Being observed, interviewed; he was at the start line of a psychology experiment. Why he had agreed to be part of it? The obvious: an upperclassmen had asked and he had to keep his refined image no matter what. 

As soon as the boy pressed play, the questions started flooding in.

(‘Please Introduce yourself.’)

‘I’m Ryu Hyun, second year in Linguistics.’, he spoke rather softly as he looked at the psychology student before setting his eyes back on the camera, a small smile showing on his lips.

(‘Is that it..? Then, can you speak briefly about your childhood?’)

Boring.


‘My childhood?’ he repeated in a fake interested voice. ‘It was like any other kids really, nothing special. I spent most of my time in advanced classes but that’s it.’

Getting beat up, forced to do home works for the whole class and bullied constantly; he was the epitome of norm, obviously.

(‘Advanced classes wouldn’t really be considered normal for the rest of us...’) 


Of course it wouldn’t. He had always been smarter than the average, acing every test he would take. The rest of the student body didn’t hold a candle to him, even in university.

‘Am I supposed to answer that?’ he asked straightforwardly. ‘I guess I will...advanced classes have the same amount of students as a normal class so it’s not like I was the only one who had higher grades. Even though I would usually get first place.’


(‘The 5 minutes are up’)



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In that moment, he was glad each videos had a time limit of 5 minutes. He already had an idea of what the next question would have been and he was already annoyed by it. 'if you're so smart why didn't you go to SNU?' 


"Are we done then?," he asked as the other closed the camera. After a quick nod from them, confirming it was indeed over, he spoke again, "Then I'll go." He then got up from his seat, grabbing his school bag that had rested at his feet the whole time and left the room soon after.
Diary Entry #2 ...

2 weeks later and he was back in front of the camera. He had been warned that this time they would talk more about his relationship with others and ~~white~~ honestly, he was dreading it. He was also asked to speak a bit more since his answers had felt short during the last recording.

1....2....3.... *click*

('Hyun, this time, could you elaborate on your relationship with your family?')


He stared blankly at the camera in front of him, a couple of seconds passing before he spoke his thoughts. He couldn't lie completely but he made sure to hide some important parts he didn't want to share.

"We're ok. My dad has always been enthusiastic about my success. I'm closer to my siblings than my parents ~~though~~ but I think that's the case with mostly everyone isn't it? I get along better with my brother, probably because our ages are similar.", he said with a small shrug. 

Keeping his polite smile as he spoke about his dad in a positive way had turned out to be quite challenging. Indeed, his dad had been so happy that his child was considered smart, he had practically turned his son into a puppet, showing him off to everyone around him. Opposite to his words, he doesn't quite enjoy his dad's company because of the past.

('What about your friends? You're known to be quite friendly.')

He couldn't help the smile growing on his lips...friendly? Everything that he said, every movement he ~~would do were all calculated at a certain point; It was good to know his charade; his mask, was still intact and believable,~~

He let out a small chuckle before answering the question. "Indeed, I tend to get along with most people. I'd like to think I'm the caring type but I guess you'd have to ask ~~that to them,~~  "While I have many acquaintances, I can count my close friends on my hand." Truth. Many considered him as a acquaintance or close friend but he ~~didn't agree;~~ not that he'd ever let



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them know, of course.

(‘Who would you consider-’)

The alarm on the other’s phone started ringing, indicating the 5 minutes were up.



~~He was~~ once again saved by the bell.

Diary Entry #3 ...


This time, it was one month later and it was scheduled to be the last time they would record him. Their plan was to film 10 people for a total of 15 minutes each and compare them; Hyun was simply one in 10. 

1...2...3... *click*

(‘Let’s talk about academics shall we? Why did you choose Heesan University?’)


Because my dad went to this university and I had no other choice but to go as well... He  couldn’t really say that he had refused SNU to go to Heesan could he? ‘My dad went to this university when he was younger, I’ve heard many great things about it so I eventually decided to attend as well, make it a family thing.’ 

(‘Then, how did you choose your major?’)

‘I’ve always been interested in languages and different cultures, I’ve shown interest in Linguistics for a while, I just had to take the plunge. I’m eventually thinking of becoming a speech therapist.’ It was the only thing he wouldn’t let his dad, or anyone for that matter, take control of. He betrayed expectations ~~of everyone~~ by not going to medical school or even Law school, ~~considering his intellect he would have made it easily after all.~~ 

(‘Then, to conclude our time with you, do you have any ~~advises to~~ first year students or students who are thinking or attending Heesan?’)

What a useless question. It’s not like the video would be shown to anyone but the students in charge of the social experiment, would it? 

~~Advises?~~  Just go straight forward no matter what happens.’, he said slightly hesitantly. ‘Life can get tough sometimes but it’s all about how you deal with it. The work load can also be a pain sometimes so, first years, don’t be lazy and do it as fast as you can.’, ~~he added.~~



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“Heesan is a nice place, I wouldn’t be able to share it’s charms as well as the university does itself so I’d recommend visiting when you can to see if it’s the place for you.” ;

It was the first question he had answered with complete honesty ~~and that’s how it all ended.~~



A quick eye contact told him the final five minutes were up and that it was finally over.



“I hope I helped.” ; he said quickly before he finally left the room and at the same time, left this uncomfortable situation he had put himself in.

