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Expectation weighed on weary shoulders, like a beast clinging on her back with its talons aimed for her jugular. Perhaps, if she were wholly good like a daughter should be, it'd retreat into the shadows, always observing for the second her facade slips. Yet a taste of liberation was all it took for her cookie cutter image to crumble into something volatile and unrecognizable.

It started in her high school years. She was good, quiet, and never bothered to bring attention to herself because she was average in most aspects. Her actress ~~mom~~ and politician father paid a pretty penny to enroll her into an academy ~~adept in turning students into something worthwhile~~. She thought there were so many extraordinary people in one place, how could I ever stand out? Computer science became a hobby, an addictive one where the comfort of anonymity shrouded common sense and turned it into something wicked. The computer labs were always empty, **because visibly studying in public was always considered an uncool thing to do**. She spent her days on the web, finding solace in the other lonely kids with too much time on their hands. She revealed her innermost secrets to the people she thought were her friends, telling them of her parent's scandals and how **she abhorred their lavish lifestyle**.

Soon the rumors filtrated ~~through~~ the school, and many comments were posted online of the validity of the statements. "Straight from the mouth of a family member," they said. Mijoo knew immediately something was wrong. As she signed into her social media, she found the accounts of her friends to be suspended, and knew that she'd been had. The remedy to her melancholy? **Sweet, sweet revenge**. She knew a guy who knew a guy who was willing to pass his legacy on. So he taught her the basics of tracing, hacking, passing through undetected and getting the information she wanted without leaving a trace. In the span of a few months she gathered what was needed. One day, all hell broke loose.

Risque pictures were posted over the walls of their establishment, posted chats where they shared test answers amongst each other, as well as childish gossip about their classmates.

All hell broke loose. Teachers were notified, who in turn called parents, who then pulled themselves out of their **lavish lifestyles** to attend to their children's misbehavior. The three girls who wronged Mijoo were sentenced for expulsion. Amongst ~~one of~~ them, the ring leader ~~of their ordeal~~ ended her life by jumping off the roof. Mijoo finished the school year without a hitch, and the rumors of her parents were long forgotten.

She'd always been reluctant in associating herself with the upper class. Other than feeding into her growing obsession with hacking, she never delved into frivolities as her parents



liked to do. Her mother wanted her to be a model or an actress like she was, and her father thought she'd make a fine congresswoman one day, but her interests lay within science and computer engineering. 

In her free time, she enjoys designing web pages, programs, apps, and hacking people's information. If you suspect your spouse cheating on you, want to know the coordinates of an important person, or need a little digging, she's your gal. For 200,000 KRW a night, she'd uproot the stories of people all over the country. They call her some kind of online vigilante, hiding under the pseudonym Codec.

