**The first confession from your brusque daughter**

Ye jin, Shin

 Hi, dad. It’s me, your one and only daughter. I can easily imagine your surprised facial expression when you read this because this is the first time that I write a letter to you. And it makes me smile with a small amount of throbbing and bashfulness.

 Remembering memories between you and me, it goes back to 2002 when I was five. I can recall the time that we’d spend at the swimming pool together. Since you had to lead lives by yourself without any help from your elderly and sick parents, you must have always worked hard for mom and me. Naturally, it must be very hard to spend time with me for you and I’m very sure about this because I don’t have any memories about you until my 5th birthday. To my recollection, we could barely go to swimming pool together then by virtue of your endeavor to give me a happy memory with you before entering kindergarten. After I become a kindergarten student, you changed your job and started to work at Yangsan, which is located a little far from Busan. And by then mom began to work again, so I was raised by Grandmother. I envied other friends whose parents came to kindergarten every evening to carry their child home. Very rarely, mom visited the kindergarten when she could leave the office earlier than usual, but it couldn’t sooth a 7 years-old kid who felt such loneliness in her whole, short life thus far. Every night in my bed with mom, we talked about some joyful memories with you and the day that you would come back again to Busan. Oh, to think about it, mom and I have visited your work place! I clearly remember your big smile at the moment you met us at the train station. We almost stayed up all night with infinite talking, laughing, and eating. After your work at Yangsan finished, you began to work as a driver in Busan. Due to characteristic of your job, driver, you have to work until very late at night everyday but you looked even happier because our family could eat dinner together, sitting at the same dinner table.

Although you live in Busan again, I still spend most of my time with grandma because you get off from work at nearly midnight. You could not even attend my elementary school entrance ceremony which you felt so sorry about until even now. As time goes by, you changed your job several times more. And in the pursuance of that, we move house about 3 times during 4 years. So I had transfer schools about 3 times, too. It was very stressful for me since I had to keep adapting myself to new circumstances. I was no more than just a young, childish girl and I started to dislike you. To think back about the state of mind at that time, I might just needed someone to blame.

Dad, you are as brusque as I am, so you and I weren’t very close even though we are family. I heard that you never hugged me when I was baby. Even when Mom and I kept yelling each other repeatedly and reconciling again, you never fought with me even once. But when I was 16, as you know, we had the hardest quarrel we’ve ever experienced. That season was very important to me because I had to decide which high school I would send my application for admission. I strongly hoped to be admitted into Bugil academy which is *specialized* in studying in overseas universities, but to graduate from that school, the total expenses were way too much to afford for our family. In that situation, I had no other choice than to enter BIHS so I had to take an entrance interview at BIHS. But for you and me, it was the saddest time. Almost everyday you drank to drown how upset you felt about yourself, and it often hurt me which lead to the worst night. That night was right before the announcement of BIHS 17th successful applicant and we fought. We fought terribly. You kept telling me not to go there and that you would make me enter Bugil academy anyway, but I knew that wasn’t possible so I just cried loudly with unimaginable sadness.

And can you remember what it was that happened at the next moment? You hugged me tightly and cried with me, together. You cried with all your heart. Hearing innumerable ‘sorry’s from you, my tears changed into touching and happiness because I could feel your sincere mind. And we cried all night.

I’m now learning how to thank others. Doing so, I suddenly recognized that you are the most benevolent person, who has always helped me. I just wanted to express how deep my thanks are to you are but I couldn’t find a way to do that as I am too small and trifling a man compared to you. You affected my psychological maturity more than anyone else. And you taught me innumerous factors of living wisely. After all this time, I finally decided to build up my courage to compress my sacred thoughts to you.

Dad, I love you.