



[Korean Title]

[Romanized
Korean]

SONYEONDAN

소년단 [Korean
version]

(Translation: Boys)

"Faster, dude... faster". The wind was very fast that it sliced through anything! The joy of night-drive, it was beyond pleasure. I believed that I could just fly high up to the sky. "wear your helmet, damn it!" My friend who was riding the bike yelled. "No, its no fun riding when you wear helmet and go all the way to ruining my hair" I really regretted the moment I spouted out this nonsense. The pleasure was just so amazing that I thought it will be non-stop and limitless. But, in this world, we can never acquire anything without paying a toll. The last thing I saw was the truck coming straight for me, and in the bright, gleaming flash of light, ~~er~~ I lost everything! My mind was really calm at the moment.



But I saw a pool of blood around me and it was the last scene in my mind. Being a thug always was really fun to do, I never was interested in school activities and learning pissed me off. My friends and I would ^{go} come to the roof of my school and smoke and sleep. I never bullied anyone, but I ~~never~~ loved to bunk school days behind my parent's back. They always took care of ~~me~~ ^{by doing} All I could see was darkness, ~~there~~ There wasn't even a bit of brightness in my life. I was being overwhelmed by guilt. My life, I enjoyed all of it. But what after that? The darkness was devouring me by the minute. It was so petrifying. I couldn't move nor could I utter anything. Pitch black darkness. All I could do was cry, my Mom was so sweet and Dad always acted like he



didn't care. But there was warmth in them that I could feel. The warmth that cured my numbness. "Mom" Mom, ... Dad, ... I regret every thing. All my life. ... It was all a lie, ... I want to live." The moment I opened my eyes, I was in a hospital. And Mom was beside me covering her face. All I could hear was her crying sound and Dad was beside her. To calm her down, he was holding her to cheer her up. As soon as I saw them, I felt a flashing urge to live. A life which I had no regrets whatsoever. But when I looked at myself, I was a total mess. My ^{left} leg was seriously injured and something was blocking my right eye's vision. I had bandages all around them. ~~It~~ It was nothing serious but my vision was partially off. # There was nothing wrong with ^{my} eye and it was



not damaged. But I couldn't see so well, as it was disturbing for me to see very well. My Doctor told me that I could say farewell to the hospital in three months, until then I have to stay at the hospital. And ^{my} senior year of high school was jeopardised by none other than me! My Mom was really worried about me that she took care of everything and that was the first time I knew that Mothers have warmth that anyone in the world would never give. I decided to repeat my senior high school year anew. The life with no regrets. I had to wear glasses, because my physician recommended it and told me to take care of my other eye. And my attire was totally different that anyone any of my sophomores couldn't recognize



me. Everything was just as I accepted. I found out that learning was very easy and I could pull it off. If I gave my all. "so, the equation goes like, ...

$A + B \rightarrow c$ and $c + B \rightarrow A \dots \sim$ "

Teacher was very good that day, that I really liked the classes he was explaining. I noted down everything I possibly could. and a " $A + B \rightarrow c$ and

$B + A$... no, God! I made a mistake. Eraser,

Ah, yeah, oops!" As I was taking my eraser out of my backpack, I dropped

it clumsy me & as "Psst... psst... can

you take that eraser for me? It's mine actually". I ~~at~~ told this to my benchmate

who was sitting next to me. He looked

at me and didn't even had the decency to take the eraser for me!

He completely ignored me! "How in the



* tsundere - japanae for cold hearted but friendly people world!?" I thought that he was just a loner and the *tsundere type. But he was just looked at me and ignored me. I tried it again by pointing at the eraser below. Then surprisngly, he took the eraser and came ~~near~~ ~~in~~ pointed it to me. I tried to recieve it. But he pulled his hand back. That spoiled brat was messing with me! How dare he!?

I "Just give me back my goddamn eraser" oops. I yelled a bit too loud that the whole class went completely silent. And the teacher, ... Kicked us both out of the classroom. How the hell did I end up outside of the classroom and with that Brat to begin with! I was so pissed off that I glared at him. He was looking so innocent that it made me ^{lose} lose my



mind completely. "What are you staring at? Why didn't you take me the eraser when I first told you to? Are you deaf, for God's sake, ughh..." He was looking at my face like it was the first time. And he was showing something with his hands. That only disabled people would do. And I felt a coldness creeping inside me. He was deaf and dumb at the same time. He couldn't speak nor could he hear. I found myself lost. He was showing something with his hands and I could understand it because I learned sign language for a while because he told me to do so, just in case. He asked me to give him my number so that we could text. And I gave him my number and he greeted me nicely and told me



his name. "Haru, what a girly name....."

I bursted out in laughter while I texted him this. He was so angry that he was pouting. & we got along just well in a few minutes and then I realised that I felt no guilt ~~in~~ but it was the exact opposite. I felt the urge to befriend him. It was as if we were destined to meet. My days of high ~~school~~ school final year got pumped up just by meeti being his friend. At first glance, he was the kind of guy who was calm and reserved. But deep down, he ~~was~~ had all the qualities of a nice & best friend that anyone could possibly imagine. whenever we want to converse, we texted each other and it made everything easier. "we did almost everything



*otaku - Japanese word for anime addict.

together. ~~the~~ food, had lunch, the way to school, the way back home, and so on. we got closer by the minute. ~~Haru~~ where are you?" said "Haru, where are you?" I'm here at the cafeteria" I texted him because he a bit late than usual. we would probably meet up there and go home together. But he wasn't coming. I checked the whole place. And started walking further. All I could hear was some thugs, bullying the somebody. I first thought it was an *otaku they were bullying. But unfortunately it was Haru. And he being ~~was~~ about beaten and slapped on his face. They were demanding some kind of "money" and he was standing there like he was about to take out his money. I did "what, punk.. spoiled brats like you should have a lot



of money. I heard that disabled brats like you would be filthy rich. Come to donate some money for some poor people like us?" "What's going on here, why's there a ruckus around here after school". At the right time, I brought my teacher to the scene and saved him at the nick of my time. He was not looking at my face. He was upset that I didn't ask him. I thought that if I meddled, he would feel even down. So I didn't ask. We went home that day without exchanging any words. The next day, he didn't come to school. It was pretty late yesterday because of that he had, so I thought he didn't want to show his face to school, because of the thugs would threaten him. But that was not all. He was absent the



day after, and so on. It's been five days that he came to school. I was worried I got worried that I went to my head homeroom teacher and got his address. He was living far away from my home and from school. I took the bus to his place. It was a rather dark street, that it gave me a negative vibe just for when I stepped my foot at the place. He had no neighbours. It was only him and a lady from away from there that was living in that street. The apartment was shabby and run down. I was really worried that he might not be there. He never told me about transferring schools. so why? I pressed the door bell numerous times but nobody answered. I clicked the door knob, ~~surprised~~ suspiciously.....



IT OPENED!!! I didn't care about manners and went straight to his inside. The moment I entered,.... I felt the same coldness inside me that I have never felt this much! There were blood stains all over the floor and nobody was in his house luckily. A lot of crazy thoughts flashed in my mind. I searched for Haru. "Haru!! Haru!! what happened!? Haru! wake up! Haru!!!" All I saw was that Haru was lying down in his room unconscious and his face skin was totally pale that it seemed like he was about to die in a few minutes. I checked that if he was breathing or not? But he was alive! I gave him water to drink and woke him up. He was shivering and he had bruises all over his skin. He was burning up! He had a



high fever, I nurtured him and he was feeling a lot of better. But still, he was shivering and extremely scared that he couldn't stand still. I hugged him and calmed him down and told him that no matter what happens, I'll be there for him. After a few hours, he came back to his usual self and "Haru, how did all this happen? Why are there blood stains and why are there bruises all over your skin?" His face was turning pale again after reading the text that I've sent. He was not willing to tell me the truth, so I assumed it was the bullies who ~~made~~ made him like this. But there was no chance ^{that} they would come all the way to his house and beat him up. That'll go a little overboard for revenge. ~~So~~ so, it wasn't them and



I was damn sure about that. Then he decided to tell me after I told ~~me~~ him that if he didn't tell the truth, I would break our friendship. He told me everything. It was so unbelievable that I doubted my eyes. He was being attacked by his own MOTHER! From my point of view, mother is my warmth to my numbness. But, it was the exact opposite for Haru. His mother placed all those bruises on him and from what he told, his mother would beat him with a \$ metal bat. The kind of doing that only psychopaths would do. ~~He~~ The reason why she did that because he was disabled. How is that even a reason for nearly killing somebody? And of the same blood, whatsoever! I was so angry that I



decided to save my best friend my
this never-ending nightmare. & one He
told me that she would go drink
at ~~daytime~~ daytime and would come
at night and beat him up every single
day. I had never heard such horrible words
in my life! Everyday! Every! single! day!
He would come to school like nothing ever
happened. He was lucky that I was able
to find out, or else he'll be still be
in this hell hole. We waited for his mother
to arrive. she would totally be wasted
because of the drinks she had. But that
day, she lost it. she went overboard
and drank more than usual. It's because
of that, that she was ~~p~~ really pissed to
see a visitor at her home. ~~she~~ she
"what "who do you think you are!?, why
did you come to my house? I never



*SWAT - special police department invited anybody! She was about to come at me and hit me, but luckily I dodged the attack piercing through. She was smirking and then the next thing I knew was a knife went through my arm. It was bleeding like hell! I felt dizzy and nauseous. She was about to finish me off. "Bang! Badum!" Stop, right there young lady! Inspector Ryugami from *SWAT. Halt! stand right where you are" she was being captured by police officers and she was yelling and shouting something like a crazy woman. Haru couldn't move a muscle, but I calmed him down. "Thanks, dad for being there for me!" Inspector ryugami smiled and said "It's nothing, ~~Haru~~ take care of your friend. He needs you more than we do." Dad's words were so clear that it



gave my heart a refreshment. Haru didn't had any relatives and he only had a mother. She was captured as a criminal. And he was relieved and sad at the same time like, ... who wouldn't be sad. He was so confused that he cried like a baby in my arms. I was relieved that he was able to overcome his trauma. He really is "what do you say, Haru? Do you want to come to my house? I have a mother and a father and a sister. Do you mind if I bring you along to my house?" He was surprised and ~~he~~ with a pause he hugged me tightly uttering something even though he couldn't speak. At that cold night, I felt warmth in my heart and realized that this was the kind of person I ought to become! A life with no guilt.

~ Fin

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