The young boy in the photograph is very busy. He is curious about the world around him and reads endless books in a pursuit of knowledge. He attends countless classes to accumulate a foundation in both the sciences and arts. When it’s time for Go, he plays matches against other children, sharpening his logic skills. When it’s time for art class, his brush sweeps across the canvas in watercolor, as he appreciates the wordless world of color. When it’s time for writing class, he ponders endless on creative prompts before scrawling out incoherent passages in his notebook, slowly developing his language skills. He works hard at home too, since his mother tries to prepare him for an endless number of things.

His schedule is full with little free time, yet he is happy. He has friends at the local kindergarten that he confides in and plays with. His teachers are strict but care after him well, especially when he is unwell. His mother may give him hard work, but when she takes him on trips to the farthest corners of the world, he enjoys it to the fullest extent his developing mind can perceive.

My schedule is still full of activities, but it is emptier than it used to be. School is now a huge concern, and there is not as much time for outside classes. Yet I do not work as hard as I use to. I look back at the boy I used to be, and wonder how he could be so efficient and lively. I am still driven by curiosity, trying to solve the mysteries of life. Yet I have lost the strength to pursue my passions. So has fun in general. The pressures of society are infinite, and the child I once was can never be recovered.fr