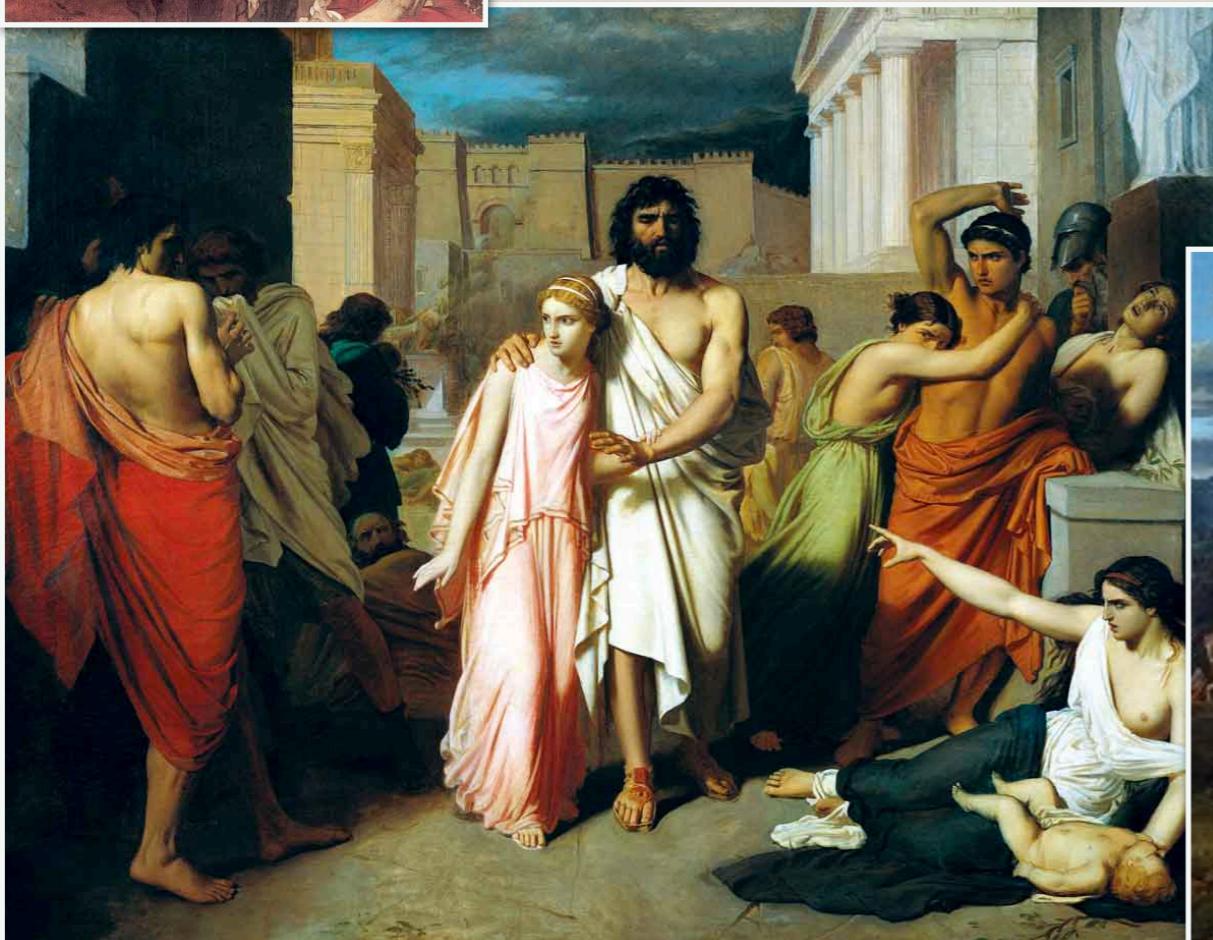




Among all the greek mythology I have read, the story of King Oedipus is the one made me felt nothing but lament.

He tried to become a hero, a great king but life seems to be cursed by his father's wrong doing. After learned it was he himself killed his father and married his mother, he chose to blind himself and exiled, exiled poor and weak.

And such miserable life didn't end the curse. At the end of his life, his 2 sons became the enemy of each other because of the throne. Oedipus finally went to the underworld peacefully.



But his 2 sons killed each other in the battle field.





King Oedipus's story came to my mind when I was having dinner while doing some self-reflection.

Sometimes when thinking about my weakness, have to admit it's something came from my family and even ancestors, it's something I don't want but growing up in that environment, it's inevitable to pick it up. Feeling like a curse, envy many others do not have this weakness, and even feel it's unfair. But think about the gifts got from my family and ancestors, they are also something others do not have.

So this is me. Not perfect, and I am still taking so much effort to overcome that weakness. Why should I get so sensitive to how others think about me when I didn't do anything wrong?

Recently fell in love with an old song.

“Me is me, I am the different color of fireworks.
The sky is wide and the ocean is broad, I have to be the strongest foam.
I love myself, want to let this rose bloom with a result,
even live in the desert, I will spare no effort to bloom.”

