

## **Response to Nora Ephron**

If I were given a chance to be born again and decide what date I am born, I would not choose my birthday. I am not talking about just generation or the year when I was born. Actually, I am talking about the date. What is some thing wrong with my birthday? What the birthday is important to me? Some people might complain like this: "My birthday is always holiday which is Christmas. That is why everybody has been busy celebrating Jesus' birthday not my birthday." Compared to my birthday, Christmas is the best date. My birthday is February 29 when it is a leap day. In other words, it turns out every 4 years, so I've only met my birthday 6 times in my whole life. However, if I remembered all of 6 birthdays, it would be blessed. Unfortunately, I don't remember first, second, and third birthday at all, but did I have fun with the other birthdays?

Back in high school, when I was 17 years old, I ended up getting my birthday in a hard way. I was kind of excited a lot because before my birthday was coming, my mom promised and assured me that I was going to have big birthday party in my house. Strangely, nobody said happy birthday to me in the morning, but I didn't mind because I thought it was for some thing like a surprise party. Anyway I invited my friends including almost of all my classmates. After class, I came back to my house with those friends. However, when I opened the house door, I couldn't help but felt confused, even feared. Nobody and nothing was there. I called to my mother and asked "what is going on you and why you are not home?" It turned out that she had totally forgotten my birthday because February 29 is absolutely weird to everyone including my mother. Although she had promised me a big party, she made it vanish without consciousness. I should have reminded her. Finally, my friends comforted me for my disappeared birthday, but the saddest thing was I didn't know what to do with a bunch of birthday presents from my

friends.

I who didn't trust my mom in the point of birthday met my fifth birthday. Because of my last horrible birthday, I suggested to my mother that I was going to have my birthday party outside in advance. Therefore, I booked pizza hut for my birthday at 5 pm. Before the party started, I had been there to wait for my friends and arrange birthday stuff. Over time friends were coming, but one of my closest friends didn't show up. However, I thought he would come later, so we started birthday party. It was a great birthday party. Everyone enjoyed themselves and laughed a lot before the ring started to ring in the middle of the party.

It turned out it was his mother. All of a sudden, she started to cry talking to me he got a car accident when he was on the way of the birthday party. What I had to do was just to stop my birthday party and go to the hospital to see him. However, when I got to the hospital, I realized he was totally fine without any injuries. What the hell was she doing to me? She was just shocked when she heard the word of car accident from the injurer. She ruined my birthday again!

My last birthday was this year. I was in America at the time. The birthday was the first birthday not only in America but also with my girl friend. That is why I was looking forward to my birthday party and had no any doubt I would ruin my birthday again. I held my birthday party in American way. That was pretty good. Many friends were coming and diverse delicious foods from a variety of countries. We drank, listened to music, danced, and talked. Everything seemed to go well before my roommate started to make boilemaker called poktanju in Korean. Because it was my birthday and my roommate really wanted to celebrate my birthday, he gave me a lot of drinks. While many people in my house were looking at me figuring out plentiful drinks, the atmosphere was going up and hot. However, just 30 minutes later, I felt my intestines were destroyed and my blood flowed backward. I had to excuse myself and sleep. That

is the end of my birthday? I wish that would have been, but it wasn't. When I woke up around 4 am, I realized my girlfriend had been taking care of me. That was the last memory I can remember. However, 2 days later she dumped me. She suddenly said good bye to me with saying the reason. The reason was like that - after I woke, I started throwing up and complaining the history problem between Japan and Korea. Unfortunately, my girlfriend was Japanese.

When it comes to my birthday, my friends say that it is kind of good because it is a special day. In other words, it is the most memorable birthday, and they are looking forward to my birthday as Olympic whereas I hate to wait for my birthday. Maybe when my next birthday is getting closer, I will be totally shuddering with fear. What is going to happen next?