



### The Elizabeth Hunter™ Insights into the Card Carrying 1011 Agent

I consistently feel alienated from this cruel, money-oriented and meritocratic world.

Why would people crave for wealth, fame and power even though none of them account for the value and meaning in life? Why would people exchange their valuable time and irreversible youth for a “green card” of decent but uninteresting life instead of exploring potential and fulfilling dreams as someone who makes a difference? Why would people abandon themselves to stupid soap operas, trivial celebrity life or endless political conflicts rather than reflecting on masterpieces from outstanding philosophers in human history? Society labels Agents as extreme idealists, incorrigible pessimists and miserable tragedies in the workplace because they cannot get a glimpse of their fruitful inner moral land. They cannot empathize others’ feelings and emotions as vividly as Agents do, they cannot step into the boundless imaginary paradises Agents create with their remarkable mind. I am not crazy, just too creative, too sensitive, too generous and too vulnerable.

I sense the distance and alienation from people around all the time because things normal to me seem to be incomprehensible for them:

I walk alone with headphones to avoid being identified as a possible complainer. I make up excuses for party invitation several times. I constantly seek for inner peace, core values and meaning of life. I get depressed easily for my inner incapability and hopelessness of humanity. I commit voluntarily to the substantial improvement in community. I stand up for minority communities and friends who are in the minority. I encourage friends to open up while keeping myself closed and reserved. I cry easily for a movie scene, a piece of lyric, a touching speech and a devastating story. I spend short holidays indoors: watching a reflective movie; listening to nostalgic music; reading philosophical books; and do periodical meditation for hours. I spend long holidays abroad: crave for cultural encounters; seek out people from distinct racial, cultural backgrounds; write travel journals along the journey; learn as many languages as I can.

I am proud of being an Agent. Although I seem to be incompatible in the real world, I share more inner values as non-Agents than other personality type and I have the magic of harmoniously getting along well with others, excluding Enhancers.

Composed from scanning the Blogosphere. It is not possible to allocate attributions to this research as Elizabeth Hunter™ is of the view that most participants in blogs contribute on line under some sort of alias, pen name or other form of obfuscation.

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