



My dad sees the drawing and tells me: "What is this ugly thing? Is this an alien or what? Aliens don't exist! Go study and stop wasting time thinking about this stuff!" and mom also echoes him.

This is my fault. I should stop drawing so my parent won't be mad again.

I am disappointed by my parent but I don't care what they said.





I put away my crayons and study hard to impress my parents. My parents would happily praise me and brought me toys whenever I showed my A+ grade to them.

I became the best student in my class. My teachers liked me.

I was also popular in school. I tried my best to make my friends happy, just like how I did with my parents.

I am now a high school sophomore.

Today I finished my final exam and summer vacation is about to start...

I turn on TV to relax a little bit.

I start to clean up my room since it is messy.