Growing up in a family where both parents hailed from Oxford, I was steeped in lofty expectations from the start. It wasn't just about reaching 100%—I was always urged to surpass that, to push for 101%. My parents seemed like relentless gamblers, perpetually driven to propel their child further. "Push yourself harder!" and "This isn't your limit—keep going!" became the soundtrack of my daily life. I was not permitted to social in my schools, neither in my ice hockey team, just because they think socializing is not worth than doing 2 more math questions.

Initially, things were on track: I excelled in my primary school, navigating through various examination halls. However, everything took a turn when I entered junior high school, where the elite among elite of Beijing's students congregated. My edge was swiftly overshadowed by my classmates' innate talents, yet my parents attributed this to my complacency. As time elapsed, encouragement morphed into reprimands, the alarm clock shifted from 7:30 am to 6 am, until eventually, I couldn't endure it any longer.

I went seriously ill, requiring a month-long stay in the hospital. Refusing my parents' care, I resolved to grant both of us a chance to find peace.

In the hospital, I finally reclaimed freedom of my passions that were suppressed for years. I started to make model planes again, which brought me precious inner peace, and gave me a chance to think the question that has haunted me for years: who was I truly striving for?

对话、思考、和解；I've found much more to learn. Satisfaction comes from more than seeking praise. I realized that sometimes, my parents pushed to fuel my potential, not oppose me. It is my unyielding drive that keeps causing my internal conflict.

I sought answers by exploring uncharted territories. Immersing myself in these realms, I realized history's immutability to individual feats or blunders. Regardless of monumental strides or grave mistakes, all succumb to history's cycle. Embracing guitar, I sought a novel avenue for emotional expression. Psychology unearthed the roots of my relentless drive: a yearning for parental validation.

With two cooling patches adhered to my head, I arrived back at the doorstep of my home.

I opened the door.

"Dad, I'm home."