Growing up in a family with both parents as Oxforders, 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% and even more. 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 socialize 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 dexterously through various examination halls. However, everything took a turn when I entered junior high school, where the elites among elites 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 5 am, until eventually, I couldn't take it any more.I went seriously ill, turning an inpatient despite the tight school schedule. Refusing my parents' care, I resolved to grant all 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 had haunted me for years: who was I truly striving for? I sought answers by exploring uncharted territories: either the history's immutability to individual feats or blunders regardless of monumental strides or grave mistakes, or the guitar's soothing value for emotional expression, or psychology's revealing power to unearth the roots of my earlier relentless drive: a yearning for parental validation.I've found much more to learn. Satisfaction comes from within rather than seeking praise. I realize that sometimes, my parents just pushed to elevate my limit, not to object me. It was my own unyielding drive for perfection that keeps causing my internal conflict.With two cooling patches adhered to my head, I headed back to the doorstep of my home.I knocked the door."Dad, it's me."