Growing up with both parents as Oxforders, I was steeped in lofty expectations from the start. 100% was far from enough—I was always urged 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 childhood. I was not permitted to socialize in my schools, neither in my ice hockey team, just because they think socializing was not worth than doing 2 more math questions. Initially, things were on track: I excelled in primary school, navigating dexterously through various examination halls. However, things took a turn since junior high school, where the elites among elites of Beijing's students duelled. My edge was ruthlessly 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 5am, until eventually, I just couldn't take it any more.I fell seriously ill, turning into a pale inpatient. Rejecting my parents' care, I resolved to leave us all for separated peace.In the hospital, I finally reclaimed freedom of my passions suppressed for years. I resumed my model planes, an asylum for my inner peace, which allowed me to think the question that had always haunted me: 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 uncompromising 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 limits, not to object me. It was my own unyielding yearn for perfection that keeps causing my internal conflict.With two cooling patches adhered to my forehead, I headed back to the doorsteps of my home.I knocked the door."Dad, it's me."