# **LXR-CA-PS-V12**

5 am in the morning, I, a 12-year old child, am walking on the street of Beijing. No street lights are on, everything is in complete dark. Freezing wind of December piercing my thin down jacket, making me shivering as I walk totterily down the street full of snow.

That is an ordinary day of my life. Since elementary school, it has been a normal for me that every single vacation have I go to mathematics training camps.

Born in a family with Father graduated from Standford and Mother from Oxford, I have been set a high aim from the very beginning. Since childhood, I have been forced to learn mathematics with my father, for not to be outcompeted by my elementary school classmates. However, I had never get a chance to be one of the top students in my class. Always mediocre, but never the best. Growing up in a family like this, I seemed to be the only one struggling with my academic progress.

It was more so after I entered junior high school, during which I was assigned to join the best class in the grade, the class with top-rank students and the fiercest Nei Juan, that is, trying to outcompete otehrs in every aspects and subjects. Since the first day, I have lived every day under tremendous stress, both physically and mentally. Feeling trapped in endless classes, assignments, and tests, an irresistible feeling of reluctance started to grow deep within. I lost the passion to do anything and followed my daily routine almost mindlessly.

The accumulating discomfort finally erupted. After being interrogated why I only reached 6 in the 300-people training camp, I reached my climax and broke into a serious argument with my parents.

"I have already made my best this time, why can't you see my improvements?"

"So what? Isn't this your fault? How dare you let me consider your conditions! ~~"~~

"Why are you always bringing things up to this level? Can't you just praise me just for once?"

"Why didn't you get full mark? I can't believe you're so thick skinned! "

I felt my head just exploded. I can't understand why can't I get a cheer-up, not a bit. I can't hold up my tears anymore, grabbed my backpack, skateboard, my phone, and rushed out of the house. When I raised up my heads again, I find myself again on the path to the camp.

Just as I was getting in to the nostalgia mood, a question crept into my mind: what was I studying for? Do my efforts really payed off? I tried to shake it off my head, but it was like a ghost, wondering in my head, always asking me the same question: Tell me, do you think this all worth it? "Shut up!" I shouted, startled a few birds in the tree.

I decided to give myself a break. I need to drive this mess out of my brain for a few days, or I will get furious. However, right after I drew the argument out of my mind, a strong sense of isolation encompassed me.

After buying myself a Onigiri in a solitary convinence store, I found I am broke. I can't even pay for one night in the cheapest youth hotel around me. With no choice, I headed back home.

It is nearly midnight when I opened the door. Suprisingly, my parents are sitting in front the dining table. When the six eyes meet, we simultaneously moved our heads away. Just as I was to shut my room's door behind me, I glanced my father's mouth open, but I decided not to start the coonversation right now.

The war ended on the third day, with a long chat between me and my parents. What my parents want to let me know is that they just pushed me forward to elevate my limits, not to object me. It was my own unyielding yearn for perfection that keeps causing my internal conflict. I recalled the past two days that I locked myself up, trying to 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 question: my effort did payed off, or I won't even get to the level I am now.

5 am in the morning, I, again, walking on the road to the training camp. But this time, there is no more shiverring nor complaining, cause this time, I know that behind me, there is always my parents on my back.