西北-UIUC

作者在新加坡读了初中高中（same as many of 潜水校友们 here），DIY , sat2170, 托 112，被 northwestern,uiuc 录取，and Cornell ED 拒，Columbia WL 拒，还有 N 个排名靠前的大 U 直接

拒了。结果我最后选择了英国的学校

Tea, cool in nature, is a drink for those who act according to their beliefs, and possess virtues of humility.

- The Classic of Tea, Lu Yu (Sage of Tea, Tang Dynasty)

My father loves tea. He used to make it every morning. I, however, did not enjoy its rough bitterness. Neither had I been willing to ask him why he loved it so much: he had always seemed so distant from me.-

The shriveled tea leaves languished in the red porcelain pot; my father talked to me while performing his routine of tea making on that humid summer night at the dinner table. Time seemed to freeze at that moment. I ran into my room, slammed the door, hid myself in the quilt and cried bitterly. I was not able to understand how a father could decide to leave his daughter behind for three years to work in one of the most remote and impoverished villages in China. As a man of few words, my father left without an explanation a few days later. I comforted myself that my elusive father was just, once again, being elusive.

The dry tea leaves danced gracefully and blossomed like flowers as my father poured boiling water into the glass pot. Visitors from the village where my father had worked filled our house; they had come thousands of miles to express their gratitude to my father for transforming their village and lives. Clean water, electricity, roads. Harvest, sheep, corns. My father listened attentively, sipping the cup of tea in his hand every now and then. I sat aside, and saw white color in his hair through the rising mist of the tea. I took a cup of tea myself and savored. For the first time the tea was no longer bitter. Its smoothness touched my tongue; it traveled down, and left traces of rich, sweet fragrance in my mouth, delicate yet pure. The sweet flavor lingered. I finally understood my father’s love for tea. And like learning to appreciate tea, I finally learnt to read my father.

The aroma of the tea wafts quietly as I make myself a cup of tea every morning. It has been four years since I came over to study on my own in Singapore. Days passed and I learnt more, understood deeper and gained new insights. The great geographical distance did not stop my father's influence on me. I followed his path and embarked on a journey of improving the lives of those around me. The government of my hometown accepted my proposals to implement new measures to improve people’s lives. The free tuition project I organized benefited the less privileged children in the society. It is heartening to see people’s smiles and to realize that like my father, I can make a difference too.

The tea leaves in the cup sink down, forming piles of dark brown layers at the bottom. The water has turned brownish golden. It seems that I have become my father, whose life has been motivated by the responsibility for others; I believe this motivation will steer mine too.