My heart was racing fast.

I'd seen over 10 people jump and they were all safe, but I was still quite nervous.

Before I knew it, I was equipped and brought into the helicopter.

My coach kept introducing the mountains and lakes below, but I was in no mood to listen.

I tried to think, about my friends, my family, my life…, but my brain was blank.

I did not know how I managed to get to the cabin door. Hardly having time to say anything, I was pushed out of the helicopter, into the endless blue sky.

I felt the gravity losing. I heard the wind blowing. Barely breathing, I finally opened my eyes. I saw the world unfolding, mountains enlarging and my coach waving.

I gave him a thumb-up.

For the first time, I discovered the beauty of the amazing views, the great country and our wonderful lives.

Now and then, looking back to that experience of my skydiving, mom always said with a sigh, “you are always so willing to take on new challenges.”

However, my parents never fail to encourage me, so when I suggest to go to Norway for the most dangerous trekking route in the world as next year’s trip, they agreed without hesitation.

I went to the playground for training after school every day in preparation for the approaching 30-kilometer mountain hiking.

The day finally came. Though we got up early that morning, it was not until the midday that we came to the foot of the mountain. We saw a sign with “Do NOT Enter After Noontime”.

Keep going or turn back? That’s the question.

“Hurry!” I insisted finally, “this might be the only chance we come here in our life, and we have prepared for several months.”

So we headed forward.

Initially, the paths were quiet plain, with stream running and birds chirping.

However, hardly had we reached the hillside when it began to drizzle.

The wind grew chilly, the ground became slushy, and the climbing was even harder.

Mom was the first to give up.

"You may go first, I'll wait your coming back here." She said, panting heavily, and sat on one of the damp stones.

We all looked at each other in dismay and without a word.

I, with my dad, gathered up our strength, and moved on.

We began to walk even faster, though I was feeling my energy losing and could hardly follow my dad's footsteps any more.

We headed for the peak of the second mountain. The mud stuck to my shoes, making my feet heavy and my legs tired. For the first time, we saw people coming down.

"You saw that? The Trolltunga?" asked my dad to one of the trekkers.

"Nope. The weather sucks. It may be a while before the rain stops, or it may even rain heavier. Anyway, good luck."

With a heavy heart, we slowed to a steady walk.

I noticed the snow line spreading, the rain drops drumming, and the lake rippling in the volcano, the log bridge set randomly yet naturally over the stream, and the weeds growing through rocks quivering in the air.

I crawled, step by step, shivery and exhausted, to the destination.

The wind was strong. Being nearly blew down, I saw Trolltunga, meaning the tongue of demon, sticking out from the towering mountain under my feet.

I was overwhelmed by the magnificent views below. I was thoroughly washed over by the feeling of pride and a sense of achievement.

As dusk came upon, the stars blazed out wonderfully through the clear mountain atmosphere. Having no time to enjoy the beautiful scenery, we had to climb downhill. Enveloped by the darkness, we kept tripping and falling and getting up and groping.

We always seemed to be so closed to the foot of the mountains, but when looking up for the city lights, they were as far away as they used to be. When I was nearly desperate with the endless fear, I suddenly feel the land became plain. It occurred to me that I was eventually back. I couldn’t help falling down to the ground, so did mom and dad.

The muscle of our legs was extremely sore, and we could barely get off bed for a week.

“do you regret that?” lying in bed, mom asked me.

Kneading my sore muscle, I smiled, “no. NEVER, ever.”

That is how people usually think about me, curious and tenacious, and moreover, adaptive.

People around me are surprised to know how timid and mediocre I was three years ago, but what is more impressive is the great progress I have made over the years and the adaptability I showed during that time.

Three years, from an unknown backward town to a prosperous modern city, from an ignorant school to a competitive and academic atmosphere, from being unfamiliar with everything to having a group of friends to talk with, from an inferior student while entering the school to coming first in each examination, I never failed to fit my style of living and study to new circumstances.

Last year, I went to USA for a summer program for the first time. much as I travelled abroad, I felt awkward while getting on with my foreign classmates. I could hardly understand the rules and arrangements my advisor told me. I didn’t even know what a “Target” was, which turned out to be a supermarket where I went frequently in the following month.

Thus, it made sense when I got my unsatisfactory midterm report. All my teachers thought about of me was how timid and inarticulate I was.

As if all of a sudden, from then on, I could somehow catch every sentence people said to me. I’m also no longer afraid of expressing myself. That’s why I didn’t feel much too surprised when I received my final report with all positive words.

On the last day, I went on the stage for my last presentation in the summer program, with eyes of teachers and schoolmates I had got acquainted with during the month. When I finished my presentation on Qipao, the Chinese traditional costume, I could see the appreciation in the audience’s eyes and hear the applause from the whole class.

“your presentation was so emotional!”

“I felt like I was watching a TED!”

Teachers’ praise was still repeated in my mind when I was walking along the paths to the dorm.

The next day, I woke up early. I sit beside the window, watching the dark midnight turning into dim twilight. Among the rays of sunrise, I saw a figure of a girl chasing the sun. I could feel her delights of improving herself and the adaptability she owns. I could see the light in her eyes, filled with curiosity, perseverance and the longing for the future.