June 24, 2025. Pulling an all-nighter in the study room. Man, everyone at Cuiying [Campus] is hardcore—so many people pulling all-nighters. This is my end-of-semester tradition: "all-night review." But unlike the first three semesters, when I really needed to cram to catch up, tonight’s different. Instead, I’m staying up to study prompt engineering, context engineering, and multi-agent systems. I know my Real Analysis is slipping, and I can feel it, but I just don’t want to study it. I’ve realized and accepted that some specialized courses might mean little for my future. There’s no way I’ll go down the research path in analysis—hell, I might not even go into research at all, haha. But that doesn’t mean I’m bad at Real Analysis. I actually know it pretty well; there’s nothing I don’t understand, I just can’t remember it all. I can’t keep up with the rat race anymore. Memorizing proofs of these propositions might help my analytical thinking, but what’s the point? Maybe I’ve truly broken free—or am in the process of breaking free—from meritocracy. When did this start? Perhaps when I met people with lower grades than me but far stronger skills; people who landed great jobs without stellar grades; people who shined on stage introducing Huawei products (and already got hired there). Or maybe it began when I started sending out internship applications. It’s been a gradual realization: GPA feels like a joke. If it doesn’t align with what you’re doing, it’s meaningless. People are multifaceted. Judging someone’s worth, strength, or goodness by metrics—especially a single metric—is irrational, unrealistic, and completely wrong! I’m slowly figuring this out. My worldview and values are still being rebuilt and refined, always moving toward growth and goodness. I’ve revised my resume over and over, polished it to no end, and sent out 600 applications. Only over 100 replied, around 20 exchanged contact info, and fewer than 5 offered interviews. Why can’t I find a job? First, I’m still too inexperienced. Second, no one believes a sophomore. Third, my available internship time is too short. So many opportunities slipped through because of these. The math department has a standard trajectory: study hard to get保研资格, boost your GPA, nail English, compete in contests (preferably win awards), then after three years, go to summer camps and end up wherever you can. Of course, if you get a national second prize in the CMC [China Mathematics Competition], Fudan’s your safety net; if you win the Qiu Shi Cup, Peking University’s a given. Those achievements blind me—they’re so耀眼. But I don’t want that. I can’t keep chasing GPA; it’s useless to me. I really can’t keep up, especially seeing those top students—they’re beyond human. I don’t get it: how can people stick to something they’re not even that into, obsessing over it like that? I can’t. I surrender. I want to spend time on things that matter more. When it comes to effort, what matters is cost-effectiveness. I once realized I’m a high-functioning narcissist. It’s a problem—I hurt others but never shortchange myself. Haha. Maybe people see arrogance in me, and I admit it. It’s hard to change, but you can’t blame me entirely. Sometimes the environment, the education system—they’re just like that. Luckily, I’ve noticed it, and as my values shift, this trait is fading. I hope it disappears completely. Oh, right—why am I still pushing so hard? It’s rare to see someone this driven in college. A high school classmate asked me once, and I didn’t hesitate to say: “Everyone slacks off in college, so cramming now gives me huge cost-effectiveness. I’ll have a better future.” It’s true—the payoff is real. And maybe it’s because math aligns with me. If I’d studied Chinese, English, or medicine, I might have dropped out by now. That’s my view: \*choices matter more than effort\*. Hell, I wrote an essay on this in high school and only got a passing grade—30-something. I’m too lazy to rant about it. They probably thought I was spreading negativity, but it’s the truth! Choices \*do\* matter more than effort—\*definitely\* more. You need to understand this. Also, “despise the enemy strategically, but take them seriously tactically”—this saying holds up, works every time, no doubt. You’ve got to experience it yourself. And always view things from a developmental perspective. My parents are farmers. I’m a proletarian (I don’t even have a plot of land in the village—truly no means of production). So I have to make something of myself. Otherwise, how will I survive? How will I get the material support to do what I want? How will I take care of my parents? They had me late—what if they’d had me a few years earlier? And I’ll graduate so late. I’ve thought about graduating college early, but it’s impossible—they’re strict about it. Maybe a master’s or PhD program? I’ll try, even if it kills me. I know a senior who’s amazing, all-around talented, but he seems so tired—physically, at least. I don’t know about mentally. I’m physically tired too, but mentally, I’m fine. I just wish I didn’t have to sleep; there’s so much I want to do, and never enough time. I know these years are the prime of my life. I have to seize them, live up to my youth! Do meaningful things—this is when my body can take the most. Don’t waste it! I don’t know what the future holds, what I’ll be doing, or if I’ll be closer to my childhood dream: “I want to be a mathematician.” Haha, that’s unlikely now, but maybe a math professional or professor? That’d count as fulfilling the dream. Or will I dive into the AI revolution, ride the wave of the times, boost productivity, and work toward communism? Or something else—comic actor? Swimming coach? Who knows. Either way, I’ll focus on the present. I still feel too inexperienced. Why do I believe in communism? It’s not to curry favor for Party membership—I couldn’t be bothered to pretend. I mean it sincerely. As I’ve opened my eyes, I’ve seen the gaps—the resource gaps, all kinds of gaps. I truly long for communism: a world where people develop fully and freely. That’s the life I dream of! I want to get a lifeguard certification—the National Vocational Qualification for Swimming Lifeguards. Just… want to. I think Shanxi’s driver’s license system is ridiculous. You line up all morning just to practice for 5 minutes. I can’t stand it—wasting my precious time like that? I’d rather forgo the few thousand yuan than do it. I’ll take the test somewhere else later. It’s something you can learn in two or three days, but they drag it out for months. It’s absurd. No time for that. Scored over 500 in CET-6. Who the hell decided English should matter this much? Bullshit. English must have dug up the Englishmen’s ancestors in a past life—now it’s torturing me. Hate it, garbage, so annoying. Life’s only 30,000 days. Do what you want! But first, you need money. This summer, I \*must\* find an internship. I have to go out, see the world, dive into society. What’s the big deal? It might be gross, but I don’t care. I \*have\* to earn money—somehow, anyhow. Put in so much effort, got zero offers. Fucking harder than getting into grad school. We’ll see. I \*will\* do what I set out to do. If you want it bad enough and dare to try, you \*will\* make it. Trust me—no mistake. Enough rambling. No more topics. Gotta organize my work: check my code lines, prep an intro, revamp my website (I built it, but it’s ugly). Got an interview at 2:30 PM. Wish me luck—I’ll nail it! All in. My life is all in. I’m betting on AI to succeed. This is what I’m doing—no one can stop me. I’ve got no capital to lose; even if I fail, I’ll still be a proletarian comrade. Grown-ups don’t make a fuss about birthdays—except 18, to mark becoming a legal adult. I’ve never felt happy about birthdays. Are you guys really happy? My “happy birthday” wishes aren’t sincere. I just don’t get why people celebrate—weird. Maybe \*I’m\* the weird one. A birthday means another 365 days gone. I always reflect on this day: what have I gained? What have I done? Did I meet last year’s goals? What did I mess up? I reflect, then look ahead. Time flies year after year. Birthdays are a wake-up call: \*don’t waste your youth!!!\*