I always think that, I was too late. Too late to get my grip on the starting bullet of life. I am now 17 years old. I look around, and I realize what one could achieve at my age. I was too blinded by the close person I was friends with. With them, I know I’m superior. Lest, I see outside my cage I was actually far behind the trails. What I always see, was a low standard of *okay-people*. Decent life, average salary, simple family—but I think, those imagery of what *standard* that were projected to me was holding me back. My biggest regret is I didn’t start sooner. Til now I hadn’t start to catch a grasp yet on my chronicles. Well, I hope that it will always be my biggest regret.