

100 Days

“Students, please come here for a moment,” the art teacher said.

“There are about 100 days left until the middle school entrance exam; let's do our best until then.” It would be hard to believe that sixth graders draw for 12 hours at an academy on a daily basis, but that's what my days consisted of for several years. Most of my friends started at the academy because they genuinely liked drawing, but there were some friends who did it because their parents told them to.

The daily routine of drawing pictures was repeated.

Some children dropped out of the academy, but I still really enjoyed art. When I draw, my mind feels at ease and I feel like no one is bothering me when I draw. Whenever I get a bad evaluation or my drawings don't turn out well, I get upset and want to quit right away. I wanted to tell my parents, but I didn't want my year and a half long efforts to go down the drain. Ultimately, I decided to hold on and keep trying.

The thought of quitting art disappeared from my mind after a day or two. But other feelings began to appear in my mind. As 100 days became 90 days, 90 days became 80 days, and 80 days became 50 days, 30 days, and 20 days, our friends began to become competitive with one another. It felt like a wall was gradually forming between us, and we weren't acting the same way we used to. In one way, we all wanted to be able to laugh comfortably with each other again, but it seemed like it wasn't possible because of the circumstances we were in. With 10 days left, we were suffering from feelings of tension and fear rather than anticipation.

I became increasingly anxious, and it seemed like I had started working hard too late. As time went by, my friends' skills improved more and more. However, I almost forced myself to endure, remembering my parents' words that if I worked hard, good things would definitely happen. It wasn't that I didn't want to do art, but I felt that my skills were lagging behind my friends, and I began to fear the future.

3 days, 2 days, 1 day, and finally the day of the official entrance exam came. We all nervously entered middle school and started taking the exam. If the results were not good here, the meaning of our hard work for a year and a half would be lost, and the trust of the people around us would be broken. After the four-hour test, we all left the school and returned home. After two weeks passed, it was time for the results to come out. I calmed down my extremely nervous mind and went to the website to check the results.

I passed.

That night, my family, friends, and I met together to celebrate our acceptance. When the results came out, it had been so hard and difficult, but when the results came out, I was elated. From then on, I knew that I had to work hard at whatever I did.

While drawing at the art academy for a year and a half, I learned the very basics of how to use paints and pencils, colors, and how to draw, and eventually I got here. As I stepped into the world of art, I began to like art more and more.