

“What are your interests?” appears to be an indispensable question in every personal survey. It is also the place for people to do their favors – listing what they like, and also showing their abilities in some particular fields”. One of my friends had said in a discussion about students’ interests at my secondary school.

Yes, I totally agree with him and readily answer the question with full of enthusiasm as everybody does. But unlike listing all the things that I am interested in, I love to go for one word – Chemistry. Loving a subject that you have to study everyday in school is quite ordinary to everyone. Some love mathematics, others go with physics, but I choose chemistry. It is not because of my talent or outstanding performance at this subject; because merely I do know chemistry somehow “flows” in my body.

Everything probably started when I was in year 6 of secondary school. Chemistry seemed to be an out-handled concept for students at this age, so the government decided students reaching year 8 to start dealing with it. But for me, I was in a different situation from other students. I grew up in a family where my mom was a chemistry teacher and my dad used to be a chemical engineer. The conception of chemistry was quite familiar to me; even though I had not seen how chemicals look like. My mom brought me to her class most of the time that I was supposed to stay at home alone. Sitting around with older students, I had only one assignment – playing quietly. Since the lonely game, however, had been trite to me, I had no other choice but looking at the black board where my mother was and listened to her lecture instead. From then on, I think I have adventitiously absorbed chemistry.

The 8th grade, it could be the most exciting year of my whole school life. The first time, I

“legally” knew what chemistry was about. The acrid smell of laboratory equipments and chemicals, the dangerous experiment did not bother me; instead, they satisfied what I had been looking for. One year later, I participated in a citywide chemistry contest which mainly dealt with mathematical problems in chemistry. Swiftly, I realized I was going to be a worker in maths-chemistry problems rather than what I was supposed to be - a chemical “experimenter” as I had initially thought. I wanted to go back what I used to be, but God didn’t seem to support me; the school closed the laboratory, perhaps because it had consumed a lot of money from our school’s tiny budget.

A year later, I was admitted to an elite high school for gifted students after taking a long, exhausting exam. “Would it have a laboratory?” My first day of high school was all about this question, but again it was a disappointing answer. I was apparently more desperate than all other students, who appeared not to care much about these things. One more year of studying barely with theories, I could transmute my feeling into hatred for chemistry. But life always contains miracles; I was given a chance to study in England where I could do what we called real experiments. Making full-use of this opportunity, I went to England.

Cambridge Tutors College, my new school totally satisfied my thirst. It had a really huge laboratory with many kinds of apparatus, some of which I have not seen before. My chemistry in A-level was more alluring than any other subjects with practical experiment every Friday. I knew how to set up apparatus for a heat under reflux reaction, to test different kinds of chemicals, and to protect myself from risks of experiments. For the first time, I experienced the feeling of dealing with what I called chemistry.

All stories must have an end, so does my story with chemistry. The end is inevitable for everything that exists on Earth. But you know what? There is always exception, and my passion for chemistry is one.