

You Made Me This Way Chapter 4

Chapter 4

Of course, I wanted to succeed in life. What kind of man in his prime would not want something to show for it? Leaving aside the unhappy family, I still had a goal, and that was to find the girl when I make it in life to repay her! It was because of her words that gave me the courage to continue living every time I was nearing the borders of life and death. However, being in jail now, I even got robbed of the chance of attending university by my brother, so what right did I have to talk about succeeding? Weakly, I then bit my lips and replied, "I do want it, but that chance has slipped by me now." "Why are you in such a hurry to deny yourself?" he asked. I then replied, "My EQ is low and I do not possess enough knowledge. Besides, I'm in prison right now and I also do not have any connections. How could a person like me ever succeed?" Smiling, he patted my head gently before stating, "First off, you don't have a low EQ. You know how to pick up on other people's expressions and can guess what others think. Secondly, a lack of knowledge can be filled with hard work. You still have five years to serve, so don't you think that this is the most opportune moment to learn?" Hearing this, I looked at him dumbfoundedly, as I did not think the destroyed future I had was a shining jewel in Master Campbell's eyes. It was at that moment I discovered everybody looked at life differently. If one sees light in their eyes, then there would be light everywhere. Conversely, if one only saw darkness, how would there be hope anywhere? "Of course! The key to success isn't dependent on EQ or knowledge. These are all just auxiliary components," Master Campbell lectured. "Then, what does it depend on?" I asked eagerly. "It depends on something called AQ, or adversity intelligent quotient." This was the first real lesson that he taught me. The adversity quotient he talked about was how much stress and rebound one could take in an adverse situation. Using his connections, the reason he had me transferred to this prison was not only because I had good writing and could work for the newspaper, but because he was shocked by my AQ. Even though I was in prison, my words showed how positive and strong was my willpower to live, which was rare among criminals. From that day onward, I started a five-year course at 'University Prison', as not only Master Campbell, but even the various other inmates became my teachers as well. From literature to philosophy, economics to management, music to art; I was taught everything by everyone to the best of their abilities. Besides publishing a new issue of the newspaper every Monday, I became everyone's method of dispelling their boredom. Even though I did not have any textbooks, my teachers still managed to teach me everything from theory to practical application. Overall, the one I was the most grateful to was Master Campbell. He mainly taught me philosophy and basically transferred his knowledge of the ancient Greeks to the Renaissance period, from Taoism to Confucianism, covering all the thinking of the great minds before us. It was only through enlightenment that I was able to look at this world for what it truly was. I even found out that before I was 18, the world was not as small and dark as I thought, instead it was very big and that human life was very fascinating. Time flew by and four years had passed while I was busy studying. Because my sentence was reduced, I got to be released one year early. The night before I got released, my teachers gathered in the cafeteria to celebrate my 'graduation'. In a happy atmosphere, my tears flowed freely with me failing to calm my heart, as I was reluctant to let go of all of this. A true teacher was like a parent. So what if they were convicts? So what if they broke the law? I couldn't hold back my emotions anymore so I hugged each and every one of them before giving the longest and tightest hug to Master Campbell, swearing that I would not forget about their gratitude for the rest of my life! That night, the teachers collectively gave me a notebook. Even though it might have been an insignificant present, it contained all kinds of techniques, experiences, and even weaknesses of a lot of high-ranking politicians. Jokingly, they all said that this was the only thing they could give to me since I was their only student. The next day, just before I got out, Master Campbell gave me a slip with a phone number and name on it, 'Lauren Krause'. "Annon, even though you have learned much during your time here, you are still timid and self-abased inside, so you need to work hard to change. It would be very hard to make something out of yourself if you can't." Squeezing my shoulder lightly, he sighed before continuing, "Go now. If you find yourself facing a problem that you can't solve, find this person." "Master Campbell!" Feeling moved to the core, I found myself crying once again! Ever since I was young, I had never received any love from my parents, but during these years spent in prison, he was the one who cared for me in a way that my parents never had before. Maybe, I had already subconsciously treated him as a father figure who I could depend on long ago. Taking a deep breath, I wiped my tears before saying, "Can you tell me the reason why you're in prison? Were you framed?" After being together for so long, I had come to fully understand his personality. How could such a kind and intelligent person be a convict? This simply did not make sense! "Is this important?" Stopping in his steps, he did not turn back. "It is! When I get out, I'm going to investigate on your behalf!" Clenching my teeth, I answered with determination. "Remember this. You don't need to interfere with my matters. Just live your best life. That would be the greatest method in which you can repay me." Stating that, Master Campbell then left. Even though I was weak and timid, I still knew how to repay my gratitude, so at that moment, a thought sprouted in my mind—I needed to prove Master Campbell's innocence in the future so that I could help him escape this metal enclosure. After going through the procedure to be released, I saw my parents as well as my brother, who was sporting a pair of sunglasses and a brand new silver Jetta, as I immediately knew without guessing that it must have been paid for by my parents. I even hoped once that my parents might feel guilty over what transpired back then, and that my brother would be grateful to me, but I was obviously wrong. Even the soon-to-be university student could be sent to prison by them, so how would they feel proud of a fresh out a prison son? Hence, there were no tears of sadness or joy, no gratefulness or care. They treated me coldly and even looked at me with disdain. As for the incident where they tricked me back then, they were only too happy to avoid that particular subject. When we got in the car, my parents couldn't stop mentioning my brother's wedding and how elated they were! When I heard that the bride was from the same university and even from the same district, my heart panged! Did the pretty girl really get together with my brother and was about to marry him? That person isn't me! You can't get married to him! He's a rotten b*stard through and through! Even though my heart was a mess, the years of education in jail had taught me to put up the perfect facade outside. "Hey, bro, do you have a photo of my future sister-in-law? Let me take a look," I said, smiling fakely. However, my words suddenly dampened the mood with my smiling brother suddenly shooting a glance at me coldly. "There's nothing to see! It would just be a waste of time as we can't even afford a house!" Changing the subject, my father then took a puff before talking to me, "Your brother has found a decent job for you. So, follow him to the city to work tomorrow morning. You should earn some money to help your brother buy a house first. Otherwise, the bride's family will never agree to this marriage." "I already have my own plans for work. You can just look out for my brother." This was the first time that I rebuked my father. "Nonsense! What do you mean just look out for your brother? You're his brother, so shouldn't you do the same? It's already been decided, so just follow your brother to work tomorrow!" My father stared at me fiercely. Just as I was about to retort, my mother immediately tugged at me, saying, "Annon, your brother found a great job for you. You can earn more than 6,000 there per month. Even if you aren't looking out for yourself, shouldn't you at least look out for your brother? He's already 24, and with the prices of houses in the city as high as they are, you should earn some money to help him tie the knot first. How is your brother going to get a wife without a house?" Listening to her, I laughed out of anger. This was what my family was like. All of their plans were always for my brother. They are not even trying to hide their blatant selfishness anymore! "Okay then! I will listen to you guys. For my dear brother, his house, his future wife and to continue our family's bloodline, I, as his own brother, will of course support him!" Smiling, I clenched my fist hard. I suddenly realized the stupidest thing I had done was to have any hope remaining for this family of mine. "That's what I want to hear!" After glancing at me, my father then stopped talking. Leaning against the seat, I sighed deeply. If my brother's girlfriend was not that pretty girl, then everything would still be ok. If she was, I would make sure to wreck this wedding and let everyone know what kind of people they were!