

Brief Biographical Sketches from the Life of Steven Gu.

Hello. My name is Steven, and I am a gamer, like my brother and (sometimes) my dad. I'm twelve years old. My parents are from China, and me and my siblings were born in America. My family is me, my brother, my sister, and my parents.

I guess my life is like any other American kid about to go into 7th grade. This is what I do when I come home from school: turn on the TV and watch YouTube, practice the viola and piano, do homework, and play games.

Don't judge me, okay? Gaming is a fun way to entertain yourself. You can play with friends, and you can watch other people play it. Playing the game will result in you uncovering the story, which could be extremely fun, and may take years (COUGH COUGH *Five Nights At Freddy*). It can be funny, filled with action, mysterious, suspenseful, but most of all, a way to escape into a different dimension (like books). This is why I like gaming.

My first entrance into gaming world happened when I was five years old. Me, my brother, and my dad started playing *Clash of Clans*, a multiplayer game where you upgrade your base with resources from your mines and attacks. To this day, we have not maxed ourselves out, due to new updates. Except now, my dad plays it for us.

I've moved on to other games, sort of. I guess you grow wiser as you grow older, right?

My brother and I moved to *Minecraft*. I'm sure you've heard of *Minecraft*. If you haven't, you must live under the biggest rock in the most remote corner of the woods. *Minecraft* is a sandbox game where you can let your creativity fly. You can choose survival, where you spend every day trying to stay alive, but do fun stuff while you're at it, or creative, where you can tamper with settings and try out bizarre things. I remember me and my brother squished together in one chair in front of a computer, enthralled in *Minecraft's* world.

We played it a lot, and soon enough, we forgot about *Clash of Clans*. The world had gotten bigger. (With updates to *Minecraft*, it has started to have a new meaning. *Minecraft* is now fun, and with my new understanding of Redstone, *Minecraft* is like a completely new game. I can build contraptions, I can fly in *Minecraft*, and so much more. I guess you can say that *Minecraft* has grown up, like me.)

At age 8, I found *Monkey City*. This is a game where, like *Clash of Clans*, you upgrade your monkeys (instead of troops) and base with resources from your farms and attacks. You can acquire land. I got experienced and were really enjoying the game when a new supercell game came out, called *Clash Royale*. *Clash Royale* is a multiplayer game where you battle other players with a deck of troops, spells, and

buildings, and climb up trophies to unlock new cards and upgrade them. I overpassed my brother and am in Challenger III league today. We both desired a new game at that point. My brother was thirsty for *Dominations*, while I decided to get *Plants vs Zombies 2* after I saw his friend playing it.

I have been interested in many games, but I haven't downloaded them yet because my parents don't let me. They say games are bad for me. I disagree. Sure, it's bad for your eyes (they say), but it's not like it will kill you. My parents also won't let me spend money for the good games, like *Overwatch*. It costs \$40, which is way too expensive. My brother likes the *Total War* series, but it also cost \$40-\$60, and my parents won't buy it. No way. They say "You have too many games. Plus, we won't spend money on it."(For the record, I have four games.)

Let me just say that gaming can teach you a lot of stuff. I learned my division facts using *Minecraft*. That would've been a lot harder if I wasn't motivated.

Let Me Introduce My Dad. And China. The good and the bad.

My dad wasn't always a gamer -- not like me. When he was my age, he played sports like basketball and soccer. My dad is from the Sichuan province in China. Sichuan is known for great spicy food and panda breeding. Panda breeding is in Chengdu, but not near where my dad grew up.

His was born in Leshan the home of the Leshan Giant Buddha. My dad's spent the second half of his childhood in Dalian, which is on a peninsula, and is windy and has a population of 6.2 million people. It is BIG city.

I just returned from a trip earlier this summer. China has great food, lots of smokers, my family, and no Google products. (The Chinese government hates American stuff). It's quite fun in China. But, there's negative stuff, like bad air quality because there's so much dust. I cough a lot when I visit.

Visiting family is better than games right? So here I am, at my aunt's apartment in Beijing, visiting Yo-yo.

"Hey Yo-yo!" I say.

No answer from Yo-Yo. Well, I didn't expect much else. She's a baby, just born a couple months ago. She has a fat face and yawns very often. When she tries to crawl, it looks like she's doing the movements, but doing them suddenly, like twitching.

"Boop." I touch her tiny nose.

"Nia nia. Ma ma. Nia Nia," she gurgles.

She is sort of cute and funny. She says mommy (in Chinese, *ma ma*) but probably not on purpose.

So after a while, she gets boring. I start playing a game on the desktop in this my aunt's apartment. It's crowded here, so we're staying at a different place. The game I am playing is *diep.io*. The game is about upgrading your tank's stats and classes and killing other players' tanks. It's incredibly laggy in China, so it's not as fun as it should be.

But this is China, the good and the bad. It is part of me, like games. It makes me who I am.

Earliest Memory

It was late at night in my dad's car. I sat in the carseat with my brother next to me. I was four and he was six.

Our destination was the hospital. I had never been to one of those before. At least, not that I could remember.

Why the hospital, you ask? Well, we were going to visit our newborn sister.

“Dad?”

“Mm hmm?” He looked in the rearview mirror to get a view of us.

“What is her name?”

“Alicia.”

“I remember now. Mommy told us on the car from piano school,”(It’s actually piano classes) said my brother.

We arrived at the big brown building with a red cross.

“Where are we?” I asked.

Me, my brother, my dad entered the strange building and walked up to the front desk.

“We’re here to see Shu Shu Li,” my dad said. Shu Shu Li is my mom.

“That would be on room 302,” replied the lady at the front desk. She gave us this big smile and pointed to the left.

We walked to a box with buttons next to it.

“What is this,” I asked curiously. I had never seen such a big, strange building with boxes that move.

“It’s an elevator. It’s like a big box where you can move up and down without climbing anything. You just press these buttons,” my brother explained with a hint of impatience as we waited for the big box to come down.

DING. We hopped into the elevator and pressed a button that took us up to Mom’s room.

We walked towards a door. Dad turned the knob to open. Then, he pointed.

“See that glass box? Your sister is in it.”

I walked over to the box on my tiptoes.

“She’s so tiny,” I exclaimed.

“What did you expect,” my brother replied. I hadn’t really thought about what might happen once my mother had the baby, or what she might look like.

Mommy woke up and said hello.

“Look, she’s so cute,” my brother said. He was talking about my new sister, not my mom.

“Dad, why are you feeding mommy,” I asked. He was spooning her some yogurt.

“She just had Alicia. She is weak,” he said without much clarification.

“OK,” I said, still a little confused.

We stayed for a little while longer and then headed back home. Just like that, our family was suddenly plus one. It wasn’t just me and my brother anymore.

Bio

My name is Steven Gu, and as of summer 2019, I’m a rising 7th grader at the Academy at Lincoln. I like to play games, read books, play viola and piano. I have no pets.