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This is a fable about love, the true sentiment of a young language teacher.

For some time, she was disappointed in love and very painful. She had wanted to talk with me about this, hoping my knowledge of psychology can give her some help. We had made an appointment some time, but nearly two months later, our time could not meet together.

The last time I invited her, but she said: â€œThank you! I have understood.â€•

It turned out she had just come back from Jiuzhaigou. Pain of losing love was still bothering her, and making her in a trance, being not able to enjoy the beauty of Jiuzhaigou. Inadvertently, she noticed a little bee on flowers gathering nectar. In a split second, a saying appeared in her mind like lightening: â€œOn withered flowers, the bees can only suck the venom.â€•

Of course, the small bee in nature will not do like that and just humans can be so foolish. The bee she mentioned in her words of course refers to herself. At this moment, she suddenly realized the truth of giving up. Previously, she wanted me to help her walk out, but in fact, the wings were on her own body. As long as she wanted to fly, she could fly.

Giving up is not easy especially giving up in love, which is rather painful, because love is the duplication of the parent-child relationship when we are children. Young children, no matter from which side, cannot live without father and mother. If Mom and Dad completely deny him or her, that means death for him, which is the ultimate harm and fear. We have more or less experienced pain and fear brought by denials from father and mother. As a result, when loveâ€”a duplication of the parent-child relationship makes us once again experience the pain and fear, our emotions can easily become very bad.

However, compared with parent-child relationship, there is a huge difference of love: when we are a child, we cannot do anything and parents have the final decision; but now, we have grown up, so we have the power to choose our own destiny. It can be said that we are a small bee without wings in our childhood, but now we have a pair of strong wings.

However, when deeply falling into love, we will return to childhood and we forget a pair of wings that can fly. When we ourselves realize that, love is no longer automatically duplication of parent-child relationship, so our love gets free and we have the power to give up.

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