

Personal Interest Application – A poem by Kelly Zhu

In 7th grade, my science teacher would always ask,
“Why?”
She would encourage us to answer, to attempt at a hypothesis.
I love how she appreciated every hand raised,
every proof of our curiosity,
every Oooh and Aaah
elicited from her experiments.
I grew fond of this world of scientific thought and ideas,
and for the first time
I thought,
“I really like science...”

In 9th grade, I would always ask,
“How?”
to the older members of our Robotics club,
We flip-flopped between lectures and robots,
as we would tighten a bolt with an allen key.
I was learning about black holes, entropy,
the fourth dimension!
My interest in science peaked.
I thought,
“I want to be a scientist...”

In 11th grade, now, they would always ask,
“What?”
as in, “What do you want to be in the future?”
Well, I was ecstatic when Curiosity landed on Mars,
I miss the feeling of a calculator in my hands
I devour issues of *National Geographic* and
I enjoy struggling to solve physics problems,
so perhaps,
I thought,
“I want to be a scientist...?”

How do scientists conduct research?
How do engineers create innovations?
I have so many questions that Google can't answer,
that only experience can testify to!
Attending this engineering conference could solidify my heart's hypothesis,
that is:
I would love to become a scientist.