

What historical moment or event do you wish you could have witnessed? (50 word limit)

World War II in Manila, Phillipines. It would have been incredible to witness my paternal grandparents—then younger than me—confront a world crisis at their doorstep. The challenges they faced, taking refuge in the mountains for a year and being separated from their families, invigorate my determination amid life's hurdles.

What is the most significant challenge that society faces today? (50 word limit)

Sexism in the media. The underrepresentation of women in the government, STEM fields, and corporate spheres can be traced back to the portrayal of females as incompetent, sexualized and submissive. Diversifying and deepening female character roles would do much to empower women and promote gender equality.

How did you spend your last two summers? (50 word limit)

I spent my summer six feet above a pool of laughing children. After my lifeguarding shifts, I shined laser pointers across the night sky to trace out my own constellations. I discussed the upcoming election over Chipotle burrito bowls and got lost on the trails of our nearby state park.

Stanford students possess an intellectual vitality. Reflect on an idea or experience that has been important to your intellectual development. (100 to 250 words)

Excitement coursed through my body on a Saturday morning in a lecture hall. A week of yawn-inducing, keyboard-beating study nights had just culminated in one ten minute presentation. In front of the Engineering Dean, undergraduate students, my fellow campers, and their parents, I articulated my team's research: an autonomous drone solution for underwater cartography.

My University of Maryland engineering escapade was a descent into uncharted abyss. What materials can withstand 100 meter depths? How do I design propellers on AutoCAD? Which LED product is most cost-effective? I undertook research that tested the limits of my brainpower and attention to detail—all alongside my impassioned group members.

As I stood at the front of lecture hall 1110, my voice didn't quiver under the possibility of judgement or scorn from the lofty audience dead ahead. Instead, I glowed with searing pride for the product of our efforts. I expounded upon CAD layouts, drawing ahh's from the crowd upon connecting proximity sensors to the echolocation of bats. Soon I was beaming, rich applause massaging what was left of my tense nerves.

Admittedly, my group did not finish top three for research; I didn't even receive an end-of-camp superlative. Nonetheless, I was contented with a periwinkle "Participant" certificate. It was a hallmark of me escaping the confines of a comfort zone—grappling with a demanding research initiative, pushing myself and my teammates, and sharing this newly acquired knowledge with a motley audience. It told me that I can, I will thrive when I stretch myself.

Virtually all of Stanford's undergraduates live on campus. Write a note to your future roommate that reveals something about you or that will help your roommate -- and us -- know you better. (100 to 250 words)

You may be comforted in knowing that I've had a roommate since I was a zygote. As a twin, I have no qualms about sharing that which normally entails individuality, whether it's my genetic makeup, wardrobe choices, or 2004 Camry. On top of this, three summers worth of lifeguarding have cultivated altruism and an observant eye; you can trust me to be on call during a crisis big or small. As a bonus, I have mastered CPR and the Heimlich maneuver, should you ever choke on fries from our frequent trips to Arillaga Late Night.

Less comforting (and considerably more head-scratching) than those qualities aforementioned are my peculiarities. My room is cluttered, not with helter-skelter outfits, but with schedules, hour logs, self-improvement goals, and journals. From this chaos, I organize the complexities of daily demands. Additionally, a rubber band encircles my left wrist. Whenever I detect regret or doubt, I snap it back to slap my skin. The sharp sting reminds me to take an optimistic approach to my personal challenges through visualization.

If you can't relate to my obsessive tendencies, hopefully you can appreciate my interests, including my incessant thirst for Radiolab, Invisibilia, and TEDTalk podcasts. Don't be surprised to find me listening to Jad Abumrad talk about the social network of trees or South Korean paparazzi while brushing my teeth. Nonetheless, I'm eager to trade my earphones for a

stimulating debate or revealing heart-to-heart. Let's converse between gulps of Chipotle chicken; prepare for probing questions—what makes you tick?

What matters to you, and why? (100 to 250 words)

I emerge hesitantly from the driver's seat, disoriented by heart palpitations and hazy thoughts. The instructor, apathetic to my anxieties, stands by the crumpled victim of my clumsiness—a traffic cone. She offers halfheartedly, "Next time, bud."

My failure in the Maryland Driver's Test affirmed that licensed driving is no casual responsibility. The risk of similar human error does not contain itself to a closed course of traffic cones; its presence permeates all highways and intersections. Today, car-accidents are the leading cause of teen deaths (especially males), with human error contributing to over 90% of this statistic. After coming to terms with my newfound responsibility as a driver (and a threat that targets my demographic), I've realized safer roads matter.

Through the computer science track of Artificial Intelligence, I will discover the underpinnings of automated driving. I hope to contribute, in my own small ways, to an accident-free world where apprehension yields to the reliability of algorithms, predictive software, and logical reasoning. A world where "drivers" will no longer endure the harrowing assessment of a Driver's Test.

Our interaction feels too fleeting to articulate my dream. Perhaps you will ponder an image: a sleek vehicle cruises down a freeway. Within it, I embrace my five-year-old, Eli, in front of a screen depicting my alma mater winning the 2040 Stanford Axe. My hands have no need to lock onto a steering wheel, nor my eyes the road. I can savor this moment with my son, within the safe-haven of a self-driving car.