

1. What are the top five reasons you want to be a Hokie?
2. If there is something you think would be beneficial for the Admissions Committee to know as we review your academic history, please take this opportunity to explain.
3. Our motto is Ut Prosim (That I May Serve). How is service to others important in your life?
4. If you could have any superhero power, what would it be and why?
5. We believe strongly in the Virginia Tech Principles of Community and the value of human diversity affirmed therein. Share a perspective or experience related to your culture, age, color, disability, gender, gender identity, gender expression, national origin, political affiliation, race, religion, sexual orientation, or veteran status that might explain how you will enrich the climate of mutual respect and understanding here.
6. Virginia Tech is one of six senior military institutions in the country. How will this setting contribute to your college experience?
7. Tell a story from your life, describing an experience that either demonstrates your character or helped to shape it.
8. Describe a time when you made a meaningful contribution to others in which the greater good was your focus. Discuss the challenges and rewards of making your contribution.
9. Has there been a time when you've had a long-cherished or accepted belief challenged? How did you respond? How did the challenge affect your beliefs?
10. What is the hardest part of being a teenager now? What's the best part? What advice would you give a younger sibling or friend (assuming they would listen to you)?
11. Submit an essay on a topic of your choice.

Essay Prompt 1

In this field, I am responding to essay prompt number [7]

[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 when I connected

proximity sensors to the echolocation of bats. Soon, as rich applause massaged what was left of my tense nerves, I beamed.

My group did not finish top three for research; I did not even win an end-of-camp superlative. Nonetheless, I was contented with a periwinkle blue "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.]

Essay Prompt 2

In this field, I am responding to essay prompt number [11]

[On occasion, upon pondering my future four-plus years, my mind too wanders to the prospect of a roommate. For the time being, I have no way of contacting them, no way of breaking the ice. Provided I had the privilege of doing so, I know precisely what I would say. . . .

Dear future study-buddy, friend, wingman, classmate, soulmate?

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 late night trips to Jimmy John's.

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. 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 some of my interests, such as 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 folding laundry in the dead of night. While such activity I am contented with in

my lonesome, I'm eager to trade my earphones for a stimulating debate or revealing heart-to-heart. Let us converse between gulps of Chipotle drone-delivered chicken; prepare for probing questions--enough about me, what makes you tick?]

Essay Prompt 3

In this field, I am responding to essay prompt number [10]

[The hardest part is, on a Saturday night, pouring through a vector textbook for my Applied Physics Laboratory internship and my iPhone buzzes, displaying, "FIFA tonite?" It is replying, "Sorry, gotta do homework first." It is sweating and grimacing and grunting underneath a barbell at the YMCA on a Monday morning--in full knowledge that my friends are sound asleep. It is encouraging prospective varsity athletes in simmering summer workouts in preparation for fall soccer. It is fighting off sleep's seductive grip as I practice mindfulness meditation on my couch.

The hardest part is discipline--three syllables summarizing the eternal struggle that characterizes teenage life. I do not enjoy the guilt of rejecting my friends; I do not relish the fiery pain of lactic-acid filling my legs; I do not revel in the sweltering heat of AstroTurf; I do not favor meditation over blissful shut-eye. But I do it anyway. Discipline is the hard-fought battle of self-improvement, the taxing path towards achievement, and the integral framework of my lifestyle.

The best part of being a teenager is maintaining my close friendships while being able to progress in my demanding internship at APL. It is looking at my workout log and congratulating myself for the forty pound jump in my squat max. It is, having honed my skills and team-building aptitude two months earlier, captaining my teammates amidst the roar of a ravenous student section. It is spending every second of my life in the present moment, a product of a ten-minute morning routine. The rewards from discipline are the best parts of my life.

Through discipline I have gained a tough mentality and tougher lessons. If I could bestow these upon my friends, I would give them one piece of advice. If it will advance you towards the person you want to be, get it done.]