

Instead of talking about *something* that is meaningful, I would much rather discuss *someone* that is meaningful, as no inanimate object or passion can truly compare to an intimate relationship with another. For the purpose of this essay, let's call him Chance. When I first met him in 9th grade, it was almost as if I found my long-lost identical twin. Sure, he was a little shorter, lighter-skinned, and maybe not quite as handsome, but that was as close as you're going to get from someone you just met on the bus.

His appearance was just the tip of the iceberg; all of our interests were aligned, from our favorite video games to our favorite mathematical proofs. In no time, we began to do everything together, from Friday night dinners to late-night robotics meetings. Even though I would get the occasional ridicule for my eccentricity (somehow being passionate about academics wasn't "cool"), it didn't matter as long as I had Chance by my side. We were there for each other's darkest times: the death of family members, internship rejections, and last-minute robot breakdowns. Although I don't have any siblings by blood, I found the best brother one could ask for in Chance.