**Staples High School**

Maybe there’s one person, somewhere, that has nothing but fond things to say about their high school experience, but that person certainly isn’t me. High School is a transformative time in most people’s lives, and I’m far from unique in the fact that it had ups, downs, and everything in-between. Every little thing seemed so *important* to my teenage self.

It would be silly to enumerate the specifics; I’m years removed from high school, and have grown and accomplished enough in the interim that SAT scores and anecdotes about varsity wrestling are more sad than anything else. However, my hometown and high school were an extremely important part of my life at one point, and I would feel remiss if I did not include them as a footnote.

**Iowa State University**

I transferred into ISU Fall of 2014. It was still a suffocating 93 degrees as I schlepped tightly packed boxes to my sub-compact, but Frost was at the forefront of my mind. Nobody from my hometown had ever gone to Iowa State, and the quiet cornfields of Iowa were altogether alien from the car horns and beaches that define the tristate area. My eighteen-hour drive to Ames was very much a road less travelled.

That’s part of the reason I chose Iowa State. I’d researched all the awards and accolades of Iowa State, the professionalism of the Computer Science program, and charts and figures to ensure the

**Iowa State University**

How do I sum up