**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 – get to know you better. (100-250 words)**

# Rev. 1

* Me gustaría que este fuese un ensayo más personal
* Respeto a la familia y amigos
* Famila
  + Vivo en buenos aires. Mi familia vive lejos.
  + No tengo familiares viviendo en mi ciudad. Pero todos los veranos me encargo de hacer un plan que me permita visitar a todos, porque mantenerme conectado con la familia es muy importante.
  + A veces se dificulta porque todos viven lejos.
  + Mis tíos y primos viven en houston.
  + Otros tíos y primos viven a 1200km de buenos aires
  + Una de las personas con la que más disfruto pasaMi abuela vive a 700km
  + Todos los veranos armo viajes para ir a visitar a mi abuela, que tiene 100 años. Cuento un poco como es la abuela.
  + Vive sola, sin internet. Disfruto jugar a la canasta.
  + A veces estamos los 3 nietos juntos y jugamos todos.
  + Otras vez van a uruguay a visitarlos a los primos
* Amigos - Viaje de egresados
  + Me gusta que la gente se pueda bancar en mi
  + Los amigos para mi son una prioridad.
  + Estabamos en una fiesta en porto. Nos quedabamos en un hotel
  + Hilsen se sentía mal, y de pronto dejó de responder los mensajes de la novia, que me habló preocupada. Me encargué de que una de cadena de llamados hasta que una persona de seguridad lo fuese a visitar a la habitación.
  + Al mismo tiempo, un amigo que se sentía super mal, y que apenas se podía parar por una infección (que al llegar nos enteramos que era unaplaca bacteriana en la garganta) lo acompañé al médico, donde me quedé con la médica explicandole la situación
  + A penas vino el primer micro, lo acompañé a su habitación y me quedé con el hasta que se quedase dormido, y después fui a visitar a Hilsen.
  + Una vez que supe que mis amigos estaban bien, volví y me fui a dormir. Para este punto ya eran las 4 de la mañana
  + Durante la temporada de finales, un amigo estaba muy mal, y me invitó a su fiesta final. Era un amigo con el que no había hablado en mucho tiempo, por lo que supuse que era algo más simbólico, y le importaba que lo acompañase durante momentos difíciles. En la fiesta, tuvo un mental breakdown, por sus problemas familares. Lo vi y me quedé
  + Como parte de la comunidad de stanford, me gustaría hacer amigos con esta profundidad, y espero que mi compañero de cuarto pueda ser uno de esos.

I want to start by mentioning that I am probably not the most outgoing person you’ve ever met. I don’t have lots of friends as other people do, but the friends I have are for real. There are few things I value in life as much as I do friendships. To illustrate this, I want to tell you a story that not many people know about. It’s about my trip to Brazil, where many students from Argentina go together with their whole class and tour for seven days straight just before graduating high school.

To preface the story, a few days before we left for Brazil, I got into an argument with my girlfriend. We didn’t resolve it before we got there, and we didn’t really resolve it during our time there either. So there’s no need to say I wasn’t in the best mood, I probably cried more that week than in the rest of the year.

One day, before leaving for a night party, a friend commented that he wasn’t feeling really well. I wanted to stay in the hotel with him, but wasn’t allowed because I wasn’t actually sick, so I had to go to the party. An hour after arriving, his girlfriend calls me asking if something had happened because all of a sudden he stopped answering texts. I immediately stopped what I was doing and focused on finding a chaperone that did know the hotel’s number, and ask someone to go to his room to check if he was alright. I finally did, and even though he said he was feeling better, I went back as soon as I could and was beside him until the next morning when he finally felt strong enough to come out of bed.

This goes to show that no holiday or party comes before my friends and their well being.

# Rev. 3

5 years ago I was diagnosed with scoliosis, a bend in the spine. A doctor had suspected something during a checkup and order an x-ray study. The day the results came back, my mom walked into my room then I was playing on the computer and told me. I started to cry, cause I knew it meant I was going to have to use plastic vest all around my torso for a long time.

The vest had an important size, so it could be noticed even if it was under another shirt. At first, people pointed it out, and asked what was it. I felt different. I couldn’t do things other kids could. While wearing it, I wasn’t allowed to run, play sports or ride a bike. Every time I went through airport security I got pulled apart and had to explain what it was.

A year ago, I was able to remove it, because my spine had stopped growing. Even though the scoliosis was genetic, I promised myself I’d do everything in my power to never suffer from it again. I wasn’t going to let something I had no control over cause me pain.

That same day, I went for the first time ever to the gym. It’s been a whole year, and I have never stopped attending. I developed a love for it. It allows me to put conscientious effort towards fighting a condition I’ll never be able to get rid of.

# Rev. 4

5 years ago I was diagnosed with scoliosis. The day the doctor told me I started crying. I knew it meant I was going to have to use plastic vest all around my torso.

The vest could be noticed even if it was under another shirt, so people pointed it out, and asked what was it. It made me feel different. I couldn’t do things other kids could. While wearing it, I wasn’t allowed to run, play sports or ride a bike. Every time I went through airport security I got pulled apart and had to explain what it was.

A year ago my spine stopped growing and I was able to remove it. I promised myself I’d do everything in my power to never suffer from it again. That same day, I went for the first time ever to the gym. It’s been a whole year, and I have never stopped attending. I developed a love for it. It allows me to put conscientious effort towards fighting a condition I’ll never be able to get rid of.

Inaki: ademas podrias decir que tu propia experiencia te ha hecho sensible al sufrimiento de otros, que te ayuda a comprender a aquellos que son diferentes, o que tienen discapacidades, ….

# Rev. 5

Five years ago I was diagnosed with scoliosis. The day the doctor told me I started crying. I knew it meant I was going to have to use plastic vest all around my torso.

The vest could be noticed even if it was under another shirt, so people pointed it out, and asked what was it. It made me feel different. If it was sunny, I could almost never go play with my friends outside because the heat was unbearable. I couldn’t run, and during PE, I wasn’t able to play sports with the other kids. I basically couldn’t do anything that may cause me to fall, because hitting the ground with the vest meant I didn’t have the flexibility to absorb the impact, and I could get badly hurt. Riding a bike, for example, was completely out of the question. And every time I went through airport security I got pulled apart and had to explain what it was.

In the beginning, I didn’t take it at all well. The thought of having a piece of plastic limiting what I could do caused me anxiety. I would start hyperventilating and have trouble breathing because the vest was compressing my chest. WIth time, learned to live with it, to be able to cope, I took it off for one hour a day, and would take that time to enjoy, to do whatever I wanted.

After I came to terms with my limitations, time passed quickly, and a year ago, due to mine spine having stopped growing, I was able to remove the vest permanently. It felt weird at first. After years of having used the vest, not having something pressing my chest was liberating. I started enjoying again all the activities I had lost touch with, but after a while I started experiencing problems. My back hurt a lot, and to help mitigate the pain, I stretched everyday with the footer of my bed.

The day they had removed the vest, I promised myself I’d do everything in my power to never suffer from it again, so after hearing that my pain was caused by the lack of muscle supporting my back, I decided to join a gym for the first time ever.

It’s been a whole year I have never stopped attending. I developed a love for it. It allows me to put conscientious effort towards fighting a condition I’ll never be able to get rid of.

In a February I will undergo surgery. The doctors will place two titanium rods, one on each side of my column, and connect them with bolts to my spine. I’ve thought for a long time about whether or not to do it, it scares me tremendously. One wrong move and I could end up paralyzed. Not only that, but I will have less flexibility, because part of my spine will be tied in a way. But I’ve decided it’s a move forward. After the operation, my back pain will almost cease to exist, and I’ll be able to continue doing physical activity without the fear of damaging my spine further.

Overall this experience allowed me to grow much more that just personally. It turned me more sensitive and open minded. I have much more facility empathizing with other people. As a result, I now try to find solutions to problems I never would have thought about. MAYBE PONER LO DE INTI?

# Rev. FINAL - 243

Five years ago I was diagnosed with scoliosis. The doctor told me I would have to wear a plastic vest around my torso for many years. The vest was a stigma. It was noticeable even under a shirt. It made me feel different. I couldn’t go play outside because the heat would be unbearable. I couldn’t run, play sports or ride a bike because a fall could hurt me considerably. I didn’t take it well at all. I would start hyperventilating at random times throughout the day.

A year ago, I was able to take it off permanently. It felt weird at first. After years of having worn the vest, not having something pressing on my chest felt liberating, but after a while, I started experiencing strong back pain.

A few months ago I was offered the possibility of surgery: having a titanium rod attached with bolts to each side of my spine to straighten it. It would alleviate my back pain, but I would lose flexibility for life. I’ve thought about it long and hard, and I believe it’s worth the sacrifice. I'm proud to say I will undergo the surgery this February.

I acknowledge and I am very grateful for the positive effect of those who supported me and helped me cope. My experience with scoliosis made me realize how it feels to be different and misunderstood, and recognize the massive importance of being sensitive to the feelings and circumstances of others.