

# When the Cat Thrives

Admission Essay to the Honors Program Carlos Rubio

When I was a child, I wanted to be Sherlock. I've always thought of Mr. Holmes as the definition of a "real" wizard: nothing that he does is inherently impossible or a mischievous scheme, and yet his deductions are so strict and insightful to the point of awe. I would wonder if someone, any man, could actually do something like that. For Mr. Holmes, there was nothing that would remain unrevealed. Sherlock also inspired in me another awe: the awe for our world and its mysteries. How is it that the stars move? How levers work? How combustion is ignited? How is Jupiter made of gas? How can we know with certainty what seems magical?

As embarrassing as it may sound, wanting to become Sherlock has been the driving force of my formal education. And that matters, because understating is not cheap. To truly, deeply know something to be true, one must invest in pondering, and never, *ever*, accept easy, cheap answers, nor let questions unresolved. Many times, this means that I don't get to watch anime, play games or sports, or hangout with friends; instead, I must spend hours in front of a whiteboard, a computer, or a piano, waiting for the answers to finally come. Or, chasing answers, my preys, while they are still within reach.

The result of feeding curiosity is, well, curiosity. Just more curiosity. It might sound disappointing, but in reality, it is rewarding. It's having a constant hunger that drives you forward, towards greater ambitions and dreams. And there is little to nothing that can ever stop such increasing desire: no hard classes, no daunting assignments, no unfair teachers, no unfinishable challenges. It's my never expiring ticket towards my dreamland: a place where the milk of knowing or honey of engaging never ceases. I bet even a cat would thrive there.



Figure 1: At Kutztown Summer Music Festival, performing Debussy's *Danses aux Delphes*, 2017