

Dear Messers Brin and Page,

My God, I can't even begin to thank you for sponsoring my trip to Adventures of the Mind. It was quite definitively one of the best experiences of my life. I met Murray Gell-Man! I ate breakfast with the man and we talked about James Joyce! My AP Physics teacher is so jealous.

I actually have a lot of these spastic little anecdotes to share, but I'm sure you know most of it as you were at the conference in 2005. You're also probably a little less struck by academic/intellectual/technological/cultural celebrity than I am, being stars of this type yourselves. Let me just assure you that I was in awe of almost every person I met, even many of the students. And these past few weeks there have been a few instances in which I jumped up and down with glee while watching the Daily Show or the Colbert Report because I had met the person being interviewed! This, of course, makes me a very difficult person with whom to watch television, and after such outbursts I usually end up watching alone, but, by God, its worth it.

I don't mean to give the impression that all I took away from the conference were bragging rights, networking connections, and a lock of Dave Chihuly's hair, (I was sitting behind him he didn't notice I'm kidding). In the following paragraphs, I hope you'll entertain my teenaged musings on happiness and success. While some of my ideas may still seem a little naive, I hope that they are at least of the species that this conference was meant to inspire.

The two things that struck me the most were: (1) these people are actually people, people who have friends and family a sense of humor, and who haven't traded their humanity in any way for success, (2) they all passionately enjoyed their professions. It seems a requisite to success in any field that you really do enjoy what you do and what you're studying, whatever that may be, and if you enjoy many things, life's long enough and the job market broad enough for all of them. I'm looking forward to growing up, especially after seeing what good friends so many of these incredibly successful, intelligent, interesting people were with each other.

At first I was a little worried at how many people seem to have had their professional passion, their vocation, just fall into their laps. I was beginning to think, that's all well and good that you went to Egypt on a New Age pilgrimage and ended up mapping the Sphinx, or that you declared an Art History major your last semester of school because that was the only way you'd graduate with a degree that semester and ended up discovering you had amazing artistic talent, but what am I supposed to do? I don't think that serendipity is a very dependable formula for success. But then I realized that it wasn't about luck. It was about seizing opportunities, trying new things, exploring, experimenting and experiencing until you find your place. Its about not going to Harvard grad school to draw cartoons with your friend who dropped out of Reed; its about quitting your job and moving to California to make movies; its about changing your major; taking that trip; dreaming that dream. Its about not being afraid to pursue your passion; if you don't meet wild success, at least you'll have tried, and you'll end up somewhere comfortable and enjoyable anyways. You'll be doing something you love.

Alas, I think its time that I admit, I do not yet know what I love, what I want to "be" when I grow up. I'm a very undeclared rising Freshman at Stanford University. And the conference was absolutely no help at

all. After every other speaker, the thought shot into my mind, "I want to do what he does!" "I want to be like her!" But this isn't necessarily so bad a thing. Its actually rather exciting. My horizon is open to me. Its time to explore.

On a final note, quite unrelated to my cosmic discoveries at the conference, I'd just like to mention how proud I was to be a Google Scholar. I think the letter here turns from "thank you note" to "love note." You can take my gushing like you would very positive focus group feed-back. If I could be friends with a company, I'd want to be friends with Google. I mean, Google is cool, for all the reasons a person would be. Its young, creative, friendly, and dependable. Its personable, its straightforward, its from the Bay Area, (which really hits it home for a local girl). Oh, and it throws the best parties. So, thank you again Google. Thank you for sponsoring me, I wouldn't have wanted any other multibillion dollar corporation behind me more than I'dve wanted you.

Sincerely,

Roseann Cima