

Dear Future Roommate,

First things first: my Starburst is our Starburst.

Feel free to grab some (but don't touch the lemon) off my desk whenever. I hope this works the other way around too.

I have my own quirks as do most people. For starters, I can do a hyper-realistic frog impression. (Don't worry, I'll chase out any frogs that happen to hop inside.) Also, I prefer socks and sandals over sneakers because I like having a breeze around my toes.

You'll often find me reading old issues of *Model Airplane News* or munching on weirdly delicious food combos such as strawberries and black pepper. I hum minor-key Bach fugues while studying but sing Disney songs in the shower. I can probably make you groan with terrible interdisciplinary science jokes. For example, what happens when a mosquito bites a mountain climber? Nothing; vectors cannot cross scalars.

Beethoven is my jam and I often subconsciously start humming along to his symphonies. I may even start trumpeting "BAAA DAA DAA DUMMMM" when the brass comes in. If I start humming or trumpeting while you're studying for your o-chem final, tell me and I'll stop.

If you don't mind biking out on 3AM donut runs (lemon cream filled is my favorite, by the way), we'll get along just fine. Here's to four years of groaning over p-sets and doing everything we can to keep fun alive, even if it appears to be on life support during finals week.