

Summerbook



Adam Sealton & Kati Evtimova. '08 T-Shirt Design.

Research Science Institute
June 22, 2008 – August 3, 2008
Center for Excellence in Education
Massachusetts Institute of Technology

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Admiral H. G. Rickover

To most people, Admiral H. G. Rickover is best known as the father of the nuclear navy and modern nuclear engineering, but to anyone involved with CEE's programs, Admiral Rickover is the father of the nation's premier science and mathematics program. The late Admiral H. G. Rickover emigrated from Poland to the U.S. in 1900. He received his Engineering degree from the U.S. Naval Academy in 1922. Following sea duty, the Admiral earned a Master of Science degree in Electrical Engineering from Columbia University. He served in the Bureau of Ships during World War II. Following the war, he was assigned to the Manhattan Project at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, and later served with the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission.



As Director of the Naval Reactor's branch of the U.S. Navy, the Admiral



developed the world's first nuclear-powered submarine, the U.S.S. Nautilus, launched in 1955. In addition to establishing his own graduate schools for nuclear engineering studies and writing several books on education, the Admiral was awarded the Congressional Medal for exceptional public service in 1959 and 1983, and in 1980 was presented the Presidential Medal of Freedom by President Jimmy Carter for his contributions for world peace. His record of 64 years of active service in the military remains unchallenged.

The Admiral passed away in 1986; he is remembered as a Renaissance scholar, an intensely principled leader, and a fierce believer in a better world through education. RSI students have come to be called "Rickoids," and as the program enters its 24th year the participants continue to be influenced by his vision.

A Brief History of RSI



It's a simple idea, really. If you want to develop exceptional young minds into the scientific innovators of tomorrow, get them out of the classroom and expose them to the world of real scientific research today. In 1983, two people put this idea into action. Admiral H. G. Rickover first funded the Center for Excellence in Education with a \$250 speaking honorarium. Together with Mrs. Joann P. DiGennaro, organizer and fundraiser extraordinaire, he started the first Research Science Institute in 1984. It was a humble beginning: the first RSI was held in a management training facility owned by the Xerox Corporation in Leesburg, Virginia. Luxurious, to be sure.

The program has moved several times since then, until the Massachusetts Institute of Technology became our home in 1992. It has branched out to the west as well, with simultaneous programs at University of California, San Diego in 1990 and California Institute of Technology in 2004. It has grown in status due to the outstanding performance of RSI alumni in the Intel, Siemens, and Westinghouse science competitions. But most importantly, it has grown as a community, with over a thousand supportive alumni spread all across the globe, many of whom give back to the program as staff or research mentors.

Thanks to Admiral Rickover and Mrs. D., today's Rickoids get to stand on the shoulders of giants. We have confidence that this year's class will enrich our multi-talented RSI family.



RSI Lecture Series

*Bringing experts in a variety of science and technology fields to
intellectually curious students*

Dr. Jonathan Kaplan

D. E. Shaw

Clint Sand

Symantec

Dr. Jeremy Wolfe

Brigham and Women's Hospital

Professor Noam Elkies

Harvard University



Juan Enriquez

Biotechnomy

Dave Rensin

Reality Mobile

Mrs. DiGennaro

Center for Excellence in Education

Tom Leighton

Akamai

Professor Fred Chang

University of Texas at Austin

Dr. John Parmentola

U.S. Army

Professor Wolfgang Ketterle

Massachusetts Institute of Technology

John McQuade

United Technologies Corporation



Tom Leighton

July 16th, 2008



Alexander Sharp

Tom Leighton: Co-Founder and Chief Scientist at Akamai Technologies, Professor of Applied Mathematics at MIT



The Internet is a very, very scary place. While many of us have heard of phishing and e-mail viruses, few are aware of problems of a much more fundamental nature. Tom Leighton, an MIT Applied Mathematics Professor who helped found the Internet company Akamai, knows what he's up against. One of the most formidable difficulties has to do with the algorithm the Internet uses to determine the shortest path a packet information should travel to get from its source to its destination. Apparently, the algorithm is (or at least was) so weak, that at one point a computer operator who accidentally typed an infinity sign on his keyboard (or the equivalent to that) managed to cripple a large portion of the Internet. Equally chilling is that the system that the Internet uses to keep track of domain names is so defenseless that a cyberthief can set up a fake version of a bank's website and gather unsuspecting customers' account numbers with ease.



While any hackers in the audience were undoubtedly excited by the detailed description of ways to sabotage the Internet, there is also hope for the more ethical among us. Research in applied mathematics can alleviate some of the problems by utilizing sophisticated algorithms. Prof. Leighton shared some of the more challenging open and recently solved problems with the audience, including one concerning a type of game in which the first player has two numbers and the second player tries to guess what the numbers

are by asking yes-no questions that the first player can choose to answer about either of the two numbers. Akamai, which was founded in the late '90s by MIT students (in a long saga that involved, among other things, brilliant inspiration followed by beer drinking), works on some of these applied mathematics problems to create security systems that are used by companies such as Apple, Audi, and IBM, and is making steady progress. But until more of the myriad obstacles to a safe and efficient Internet are overcome, Prof. Leighton uses the Internet very cautiously, and he recommends you do the same.

Fred Chang

July 18th, 2008

Leo Liu

Before, During and After Professor Chang's Lecture

"Tonight's lecture gotta be awesome!" I talked to myself into the Leo in the mirror while arranging my tie. "It'll definitely worth the efforts of wearing suit." I closed the door and set out for the dinner with tonight's lecturer, Professor Chang.

"Hey Leo!" I saw Christina and... obviously a Nobody from a recent year. "Meet my dad, Fred Chang." Oh my god! He is the speaker! Meeting Professor Chang so early in the evening was a real surprise. I began to talk with this Research Professor in the Department of Computer Sciences at the University of Texas at Austin about computer science, my own field, and related subjects. Our conversation continued over dinner, when intrigued students were invited to get to know him better.

Professor Chang is definitely the most unique one among all the RSI speakers. He is the only speaker who started his lecture with an anecdote of his



own daughter, counselor of LudaChris. The story was very interesting (it involved Santa Claus) and the audience really enjoyed the relaxing beginning of the talk. Professor Chang talked about cybersecurity, which is a hot topic of intense concern nowadays. Cybersecurity, according to Dr. Chang, is the science of protecting PCs and any clients connected to the Internet from being attacked by those "bad guys": hackers, spies etc. I used to regard cybersecurity as nothing but firewalls. But his lecture changed my view. Even a nuclear station can be hacked and go MAD!

After introducing the concept of cyber security, Professor Chang addressed his prediction of its future development. Apparently, the field is not so far from a systematic science.

Professor Chang proved himself the most audience-friendly speaker of RSI. He ended the lecture just at the moment when our concentration had reached its climax. Then, he engaged us in a half-hour discussion about the hottest topics, leaving us as "secure" as possible.

"That is even more awesome than I had imagined!" I remarked to myself while clapping for tonight's speaker, Professor Chang: a father, a successful scientist, and a friend everyone would be proud of.



John Parmentola

July 21st, 2008



Joseph Dexter



Despite being a lifelong fan of the Red Sox and a native of the Boston area, I must confess that I was much amused by the opening slide of Dr. John Parmentola's RSI lecture—quoting Yogi Berra, the great Yankee catcher: "the future ain't what it used to be." Dr. Parmentola, who currently serves as director of research for the Department of the Army, picked an effective epigram for capturing the essential message of his talk—that the future of science and technology is rapidly evolving and holds enormous promise. Given the diversity of research initiatives sponsored by the Army, the talk was broad-based and interdisciplinary, attempting to present the 2008 Rickoids with a snapshot of several exciting, rapidly developing fields.

Information technology was a central theme of the lecture. Identifying both the power and the ubiquity of modern computing, Dr. Parmentola nevertheless predicted that the coming decades will witness exceptional growth in computing power. Noting that current computers are still significantly less powerful than the brain of a mouse, he stressed the remarkable power of Moore's Law and its consequences for the rapid growth of information technology. Predicting that the power

of the world's best computer will exceed that of every human brain combined by the middle of the century, Dr. Parmentola spent a good portion of the lecture discussing the technological and societal implications of such advances. A particularly striking portion of the lecture involved a demonstration of a soldier avatar developed by the Army that promptly and accurately responded to live questions.

The design of biomimetic devices was another major topic of Dr. Parmentola's talk. Emphasizing the power of leveraging four billion years of evolution toward technological innovation, the lecturer surveyed a host of organisms, from hummingbirds to dragonflies, that have inspired new Army technologies. Returning to Cambridge in his survey of Army research initiatives, Dr. Parmentola described some of the fascinating work being done at MIT's Institute for Soldier Nanotechnology. Referencing the work MIT materials scientist Dr. Angela Belcher, with whom Philip Streich is conducting his RSI project, Dr. Parmentola described the search for lightweight, next-generation armor that can effectively protect soldiers without adding bulk or encumbering movement. He highlighted his talk by attempting to stab a piece of Kevlar treated with silica nanoparticles—irrespective of the applied force, the treated Kevlar would not rupture.



Wolfgang Ketterle

Adam Sealon

July 23rd, 2008

Dr. Wolfgang Ketterle is a very cool guy, and he has performed some very cool research. In particular, Dr. Ketterle studies the cooling of particles to temperatures extremely close to absolute zero. On Wednesday, July 23, he regaled Rickoids with his lecture on "Physics at the Lowest Temperatures Ever Achieved."

In 2001 Dr. Ketterle was awarded the Nobel Prize in Physics jointly with Eric Cornell and Carl Wieman for creating a Bose-Einstein condensate and studying its quantum-mechanical properties, most notably interference. The condensate was composed of sodium-23 atoms. Their work was performed at temperatures so low that they had to be measured in nanokelvins.

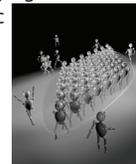
It is a rare and memorable experience to hear a Nobel laureate speak about his field of research. It is even rarer when the lecture is as lucid and comprehensible as Dr. Ketterle's was. Using simple words and simple slides, Dr. Ketterle described his research so clearly that even Rickoids with virtually no training in physics could understand and appreciate his research. Dr. Ketterle began his lecture with some of the basic preliminaries—the meaning of tempera-



ture and speed, the significance of absolute zero—but he soon dove into a description of his research. He described two methods he used to cool particles to such low temperatures: laser cooling and evaporative cooling. Dr. Ketterle talked about the Bose-Einstein condensate, the product of years of research that won him the Nobel Prize. Toward the end of the lecture he spoke about the difference between bosons and fermions.

Just as amazing as Dr. Ketterle's cutting-edge research and thoroughly enjoyable lecture is his approachability. During pre-lecture dinner, he was extremely gracious about answering everyone's questions about his research and took care to ensure that his answers were as understandable as possible. He stopped his lecture for a series of questions that his presentation had raised, even though doing so left him with too little time to finish everything that he had wanted to present. Also as noteworthy as his brilliance is his humility. He emphasized the importance of his mentors in his scientific endeavors, presenting one slide displaying his scientific roots

and past advisers. Dr. Ketterle's lecture was a memorable and inspiring experience for students getting a taste of scientific research.



John McQuade

Daniel Vitek

July 25th, 2008

Dr. McQuade gave the last lecture of RSI 2008. He is the senior vice president of science and technology of United Technologies Corporation. His Ph.D. was in high-energy particle physics (specifically hadronic charm quark production) from Carnegie Mellon.

Dr. McQuade started off his lecture with a comprehensive overview of the industries in which UTC is involved. From Otis elevators to Carrier AC units and Pratt & Whitney engines, he summarized UTC's industry-leading developments in various fields.

The second half of his talk was much shorter but still very informative. He talked about software that UTC has helped develop called DyNARUM. The software helps companies analyze how uncertainties and problems in data systems propagate and helps enable them to manage the behavior of complex systems. Dr. McQuade gave the example of how spectral graph theory--a highly theoretical branch of mathematics--is used to determine optimal fire escape routes from a building for fires in various locations. Another application of DyNARUM simulation was presented in which computational simulation of a complex non-ergodic circuit was reduced in time by a factor of more than ten billion.

Dr. McQuade finished the talk by showing a brief one-minute commercial for UTC's research center, and reminded us of his ultimate goal for his talk--to help convince us to remain in science- and technology-related fields and, if we were really clever, to go work for UTC.



Professor Party/Skits

July 23rd, 2008

Dimitris Papadimitriou

As the first week of RSI 2008 came to its end and every Rickoid started working with his/her mentor, on the 27th of June a really enjoyable party took place full of funny skits about our first week's professors and teaching assistants. The skits were briefly the following:

Chris Skinner (Mathematics). The skit was based on a mathematical film called "The Proof," in which Andrew Wiles talks about proving Fermat's Last Theorem, so you could consider this skit "The Proof 2." Actually, in the skit "Dr. Skinner" was supposed to have solved a famous problem about which he was talking and there were also many other professors commenting on this work by completing one each other. A slide showing a bridge "linking" some mathematical ideas has to be emphasized, as it was taken from the original "Proof" and was a really funny aspect of the skit.

Forrest Michael (Chemistry)

Aziz, of course, had the main role in this skit. He was cast as Dr. Michael. He made some really funny drawings on the blackboard and the funniest point was when he made a drawing and named it "ParisHiltonate" and asked the "class" if it is going to react with "cocaine"! (It's got an e on the end) (or not). He really had the whole audience laughing!

Daniel Lee (Engineering)

A robot competition between MIT and UPENN was the basic motif of this skit. The focus was that UPENN could perfect results without any funding, while the MIT robot could not respond to a single command. Of course, the roles of the robots were played by Rickoids.

Dennis Ugolini (Physics)

A lesson in the class was held and "Dr. Ugolini" insisted on the statistical error. There were also some astronomical observations: two girls pretended to be planets. There was also a lot of reference to "LIGO." The skit was hilarious, because we made fun of Professor Ugolini's idea that adding more mirrors always solves the problem.

Katherine Olsson-Carter (Biology)

While a lesson was being held, "Dr. Katherine Olsson-Carter" was kept telling us how wonderful *C. elegans* worms are. Her "favorite pet" was represented by some students who were covered by a white bedsheet. Some students, including Aziz and Anne, suddenly started to dance as well when he sang "sand storm" started to play! Another aspect of the skit was that a specific student of "the class" pretended he knew everything about biology and was taking the role of a professor.

Andrew, Saseen, Robert (Technical Assistants)

In that skit, "Saseen" was trying to explain how useful the Linux and Athena system are, instead of the common way of making every command by the mouse. The "students"

were using the computers for entertainment and were not paying any attention to the lesson. And of course you should never forget..."xlock"!!!

Lance Rhoades (Humanities)

This skit was mainly focused on the creation of life by "Dr. Rhodes" and was based on the book "Frankenstein" and on the film "Young Frankenstein." One person (no names mentioned) laughed when "the monster" of the skit imitated the monster of "Young Frankenstein" by doing a really humorous performance and when the so-called "tragedy-comedy theorem" was written on the blackboard.

The party ended with lots of snacks and refreshments for everybody.



Opening Convocation

June 22nd, 2008

Sujay Tyle



"On Behalf of the Center of Excellence in Education, we are pleased to welcome you to the 25th Annual Research Science Institute." When I read those words, I was amazed. Maybe that's an under exaggeration: I was ecstatic - "off-the-walls" as some people call it. For years, at the Intel ISEF and from friends, I had heard raving remarks about RSI.

So I arrived at RSI, and the first night was this Opening Convocation. "All right," I thought, "just a meet and greet, nothing too fancy." Boy, was I wrong. Mr. Cliff Bowman, the director of RSI, began by congratulating us on our acceptance and telling us how the next six weeks of our life would be unforgettable. As a 1984 graduate of the program, he was amazed at how far it had come. Continuing on, the President of CEE, Ms. Joann P. DiGennaro, spoke on the immense successes of RSI alumni. From "Genius Awards" to Scientific Achievements, the list went on. And on. And on. It was unbelievable.

Finally, the night got even better as all 79 Rickoids introduced themselves with their country and their field of research. I realized I was in one of the most diverse programs that is offered to high school students.

I was ready for the 2008 Research Science Institute.

Meet Your Mentor Night

Alec Lai

June 26th, 2008

After a week of listening to interesting lectures in six different subjects (three for each student), the Rickoids had opened up their minds and were ready to embark on their new research project with prestigious MIT professors. Everyone was dressed nicely and was nervous to meet their mentor. Would their mentor be nice? Mean? Unreasonable? Scary? Many waited in anxious anticipation for what could be the best 5 weeks of their life, or the worst hell one could possibly imagine. What if their project is too hard? What if they have to wake up at 6 in the morning every day? What if they fail and CEE and RSI blames them for all their faults? Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

Cliff started out by introducing the tutors and quickly allowed the students to disperse and meet their mentors. Everyone spread out, and once they found their mentors, they started chatting and enjoying the reception.

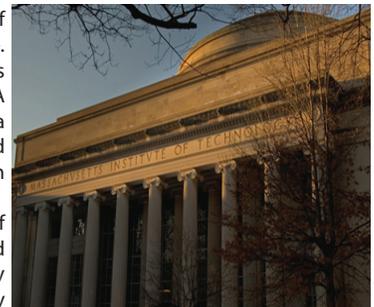


In reality, meet your mentor night really wasn't that bad. I quickly found my mentor, Professor Michael Driscoll, even before Cliff's announcement and introductions, and he was very nice. We chatted briefly about casual dress and meeting rooms and times. Then, he started describing our projects to us. Rafic, Sarah, and I were all very interested by the research we would be conducting in the nuclear physics. Professor Driscoll answered all our questions kindly and thoroughly, and we were excited and ready for work the next day. After asking around, most people seemed satisfied with their mentors and loved their projects. It was the first day of a long research experience that would be memorable for many years to come.

Alec Lai - A Dream Come True

Some of us 2008 Rickoids don't seem to realize how wonderful the Massachusetts Institute of Technology really is. Many of us, like me, often visit Cambridge, MA, so MIT just seems like a common site. Others perpetually hear the name or perhaps have been constantly encouraged by their college counselors and parents to apply, and MIT just seems so much more reachable or common to these US inhabitants. A select few of us may not even realize how amazing a university MIT really is. Many of us know that it is a wonderful math and science school, in fact probably the top, but it just seems so much less glorious and amazing than what it really is. I admit that although I realized what a wonderful place MIT is, it didn't seem to have the majestic, dream-like effect on me. RSI has changed that view dramatically.

After talking with a few international students, my perspective has changed entirely. For many of them, MIT was like an unreachable dream, the pinnacle of mathematical and scientific achievements and work throughout high school. It is known to many as the best science and math institute in the world. Many dream to even be able to see the place from a distance or just to be in the same town. Now, not only do they



stand in the MIT campus, they use the MIT facilities and communicate with MIT students and faculty. They now also stand a very high chance in applying and being accepted into their dream college. For many, the RSI program has made what they thought were impossible dreams come true.

After talking with these international students, I've understood how amazing MIT really is to people around the world. I hope that all of us who have been given the amazing honor of participating in the RSI program will be able to go to our respective dream colleges, whether it is MIT or another fantastic university.

DE Shaw Lecture

June 23rd, 2008

Jean Shiao

The first lecture of the summer. Everybody was all dressed up—the whiny guys in suits complained about how hot it was and how girls had it easy. Like a confused flock of sheep, everyone rushed into 6-120, a room that would soon become all too familiar. Most people were nervous about what was to come from this ominous first lecture. I was primarily nervous about not being late, because my counselor, standing menacingly right in front of the door staring at his watch, claimed he had the "official time" which really is two minutes faster than anyone else's watch. His policy? "Don't be late."

We all sat down, but no one knew what to expect. Dr. Jonathan Kaplan approached the center as all eyes watched him, and then he began his lecture on his company's strategies in financial investment. The first thing I learned? He had a Ph.D in math—from some incredibly good college. He also never thought he'd do finance—90% of his colleagues didn't even think they'd end up in finance. I was never sure about whether I liked finance; it was always an interesting topic, but I'd seen the boring, tiny words about stocks rising and falling in newspapers and had harbored a bad impression of financial matters since I was nine years old. Someone asked Dr. Kaplan how much he worked. "Less than the amount of time RSI students work on their projects." Someone asked how much money the company made. Dr. Kaplan muttered something about company secrets and classified information, but the company had about \$40 billion in aggregate investment. That's quite a lot of money; at that moment I decided I liked finance after all.

He talked a little about a bell curve produced by normal distribution and statistic variability. I would include the equation, but it's hard to type (and I'm sure everyone remembers it). He expressed his distaste for technical trading (which he likened to voodoo), emphasized his views on the unreliability of Kramer's lists and advice to buy and sell stocks, and shared the fact that these advisers needed only to be right 50% of the time—which in the end was hardly reliable. He threw in a few integrals and sigma signs along the way with not-so-subtle subliminal messaging about how RSI students should go work for the D.E. Shaw Group. He also drank a lot from a water bottle.

But none of that was incredibly important. The most important thing was that Dr. Kaplan took time out of his life to come talk to a crowd of students. He came to share his passion and his interests (of course, the ulterior motive may have been recruiting future employees), and he introduced some people to a field they'd never considered before. If you'd asked me what D.E. Shaw was before camp, I would never have known anything about it. (Then again, I was ordering food from Anna's one time at W20, and one of the workers there had a D.E. Shaw shirt.) But that leads to my last point—we all got shirts, which therefore makes the lecture even more memorable. Except I ended up with a size that didn't fit, which someone in need of a black shirt ended up stealing and stuffing down his pants for a game of Capture The Flag

anyway. The shirts were nice though. Undoubtedly, it was an inspirational lecture to start off a great summer.



The Symantec Lecture

June 25th, 2008

**How to become a hacker...
I mean work for Symantec!**

Axel Hansen



So what was this lecture about? Clint Sand's presentation was broken down into five slides about "who is Symantec" (slightly tedious), five slides about "why you want to work here" (slightly more tedious), five slides about "how and why do hackers hack" (interesting), and "here are some cool attacks and ways to defend from them" (awesome). Apparently our lecturer, Clint Sand, is one from the "cool stuff last" train of thought. Amid his sarcasm, Mr. Sand taught us how the simple SQL injection attack, which fit onto one line in one slide, has been able to cripple so many web sites. He described what his company does to prevent the dreadful and stealthy rootkit from hiding malware, and answered many of our "what ifs?" Sand ended with saying how screwed the world is because antivirus doesn't cover everything, how the security world is playing catchup, and how the hackers are making \$1,000,000+ a day!

All in all, Clint Sand's lecture was rather inclusive; it had informative, interesting, and exciting parts. Although the attacks were internet-boom-bust era, and he couldn't give away much of Symantec's intellectual property (which is really what's interesting), Clint's presentation was a nice description of the type of computer security Symantec has to fight. Symantec is an interesting company that does way more than normal consumers think, and they have some neat ways of trying to promote innovation despite their rather large footprint (with about 18,000 employees and \$5 billion of revenue). As a computer scientist, especially one interested in computer security (and researching it), and a Rickoid, I was glad to be given the opportunity to learn about Symantec and how they solve problems.

Dr. Jeremy Wolfe

Andrew Hyer

June 30th, 2008



With my eye-poking technique, I'll never sleep through a lecture!



dancing chickens!



dollar company. Yay.

The dinner with him was also superb. Not the dinner itself—I bought that from the pizzeria and it was mediocre. However, he did explain to us how best to get arrested in an airport. Apparently scans reveal organic and metallic materials, and a bomb looks like a load of organic material with a bit of metal in it (the detonator), possibly leading to a wire. So what you have to do is get a big salami, take your iPod headphones, stick them into it, and trail the wire off to something else—guaranteed to get you an exclusive interview in a spacious, well-lit room with a humorless guy in a suit and several Marines with rifles.

I love RSI. It's probably due to the complete incongruity—here I am, not an MIT student, sitting in the student center of MIT, wearing a suit, drinking Snapple, listening to death metal music on my iPod and waiting for a distinguished scientist in some field to come have dinner with me.

I say "some field" because I can't quite remember which one. I remember it sounded good late last night when my counselor asked for people to go, but that's it. I also remember my counselor saying that the distinguished scientist (I say "distinguished scientist" because I'm not sure I can remember his name from last night) probably didn't know what he was going to talk about and was going to digress and ad-lib it. After yesterday, when I had to give a presentation to 100+ people on Great Britain, written that morning and rehearsed for all of 10 seconds, I respect that. The only other thing I remember is Or's saying that Max really liked this guy, and that if anyone fell asleep during his lecture Max would exact a fearsome vengeance upon him.

I just hope he doesn't ask us to come work for him too many times.

<Fast-forwards a few hours>

Wow.

Wow.

Ok, I can see why Max likes this guy. He managed to talk for two and a half hours without boring me, explain Freudian psychology and its relevance to fairy tales without blushing, and talk for ten minutes about how to derive amusement from poking yourself in the eye.

It was explained to us why we should not try to emulate fairy tales—particularly Snow White (female members of the audience were asked to imagine going home and explaining to their parents that they were going to stay in a hut in the middle of the woods with seven hairy men) and Jack and the Beanstalk (apparently the Giant represents Jack's father, who competes with him for his mother's love, and so Jack kills him).

I'm not sure Dr. Wolfe (hey, I remembered his name!) even knows what field he's in himself. He claims to be an expert in visual search, and indeed there were some interesting illusions (fig leaf, anyone?) and, of course, the permanently vision-crippling lines demonstration (vertical lines still look red to me, and Max and co. say it still affects them after over a year!). However, he also claims to be a psychologist, and also seems to be an expert in Freud (although who doesn't want to be an expert in a field of science that divides childhood into oral, anal and phallic stages?)

And no, he didn't ask us to come work for him, because he runs a lab, not a multi-billion

Professor Elkies's Lecture

July 2nd, 2008

Max Rabinovich

There is something slightly surreal about eating fast food from W-20 in a private dining room with one of the greatest mathematicians alive today. Nonetheless, this is exactly what a group of roughly sixteen Rickoids did right before Harvard professor Noam Elkies gave his talk on the connections between mathematics and music. Truthfully, the discussions at dinner were almost more interesting than the lecture itself, with topics ranging from Elkies's (nonexistent) work on the Riemann hypothesis and the Birch and Swinnerton-Dyer conjecture to his way of composing music. The music had to come in somehow—naturally.



In his lecture, he focused almost exclusively on music, which no doubt disappointed more than one mathematics researcher in the audience. But his talk was interesting. We got to hear about the fact that people tend to prefer musical pieces that can be played almost in their entirety without recourse to the white keys on a piano, as well as about how and why eight is twelve (an octave actually contains twelve notes). The connection with mathematics

was fairly elementary, going not much further than the concept of commensurability of integers, but he used it effectively to explain the construction of all twelve musical notes (modulo octaves) from the basic five (again, modulo octaves).

Even if you didn't enjoy the lecture, however, it would have required effort not to enjoy Elkies's finale. First, he accepted requests for musical themes that he could use to construct a canon—a type of musical piece in which one theme recurs and is superimposed on itself. He managed to construct pleasing pieces from Khachaturian's Saber Dance (the pop music of its day, according to Elkies) and from the Star Wars theme (the pop music of our day). This served as a kind of introduction to Elkies's next feat—the improvisation of a piano sonata. He again accepted requests for our favorite musical themes and played a completely improvised but astonishingly beautiful sonata for us.

The evening only slowly wound down after the lecture because interested audience members crowded around Elkies, still sitting at the piano, in order to ask him more questions



and to make more musical requests. The musical mathematician stayed for a while to answer them and even gave advice to someone who showed a piece of music she had written, but finally excused himself after inviting anyone interested to attend another talk of his that will take place at the end of July. All in all, it was an amazing evening.

I still wish there had been more math, though.

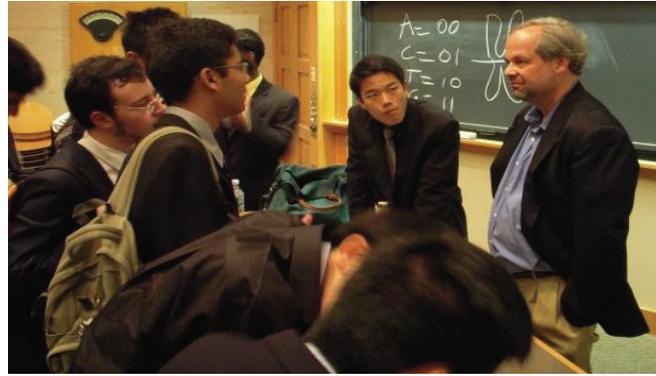
Juan Enriquez

July 7th, 2008

Joseph Dexter

For some, science and business are inextricably linked. While many lecturers in the RSI Speaker Series have addressed science as an independent entity, focusing more on the pursuit of knowledge itself than its connection to society at large, many others have delved into the issues of running a technology-based company. The lecture delivered by Juan Enriquez, who pledged to treat the assembled Rickoids to a relaxing "business talk," certainly fits among the latter.

Mr. Enriquez, Chairman and CEO of Biotechnology, a venture capital firm that provides equity and management assistance to start-up biotechnology companies, presented a detailed and insightful overview of the present and the future of the biotech industry. Mr. Enriquez's examples and case studies—from transgenic South American goats capable of producing large quantities of a key anti-cancer drug to data storage using the genomes of live organisms—were diverse and fascinating, and helped to quickly



illuminate the power and potential of emerging biological technologies. After providing a brief history of the microelectronics revolution, ranging from the invention of the transistor to the proliferation of binary as the world's dominant language, Mr. Enriquez spent much of the lecture detailing one of his central predictions for the future of biotechnology—that manipulating the genetic code will eventually become the primary means of transmitting and storing information. True to his background (MBA from Harvard) and the objectives of his company, Mr. Enriquez made frequent reference to the practical considerations of implementing revolutionary technologies, and the profound impact that such technologies can have on a society.

Not surprising, Mr. Enriquez's lecture concluded with a discussion of bioethics, and many Rickoids were eager to ask his personal opinion on various ethical issues facing the biotechnology sector. Mr. Enriquez does not believe that human cloning is ethical at the present time due to our incomplete understanding of the associated technologies, nor does he predict that biotech advances will enable any RSI 2008 attendee to live forever. Perhaps the most interesting discussion of the night stemmed from a series of questions directed to Mr. Enriquez about the impact of genetically modified seeds on rural organic farms that sparked an intense debate over the business and administrative strategies of Monsanto, the anti-GMO movement, and the use of 'terminator' genes in transgenic crops.

College Night

July 9th, 2008

Eric Larson

Everyone in RSI, as well as students from other programs on the MIT campus, gathered to learn about the top colleges in the United States. Whenever anybody entered the room, the MITES students broke out into loud cheering and clapping. The first time -- the time you entered -- it was a little disconcerting. Then, it was sort of funny, and finally it became a bit annoying. Representatives from the colleges of Wellesley, MIT, Caltech, Brown, Chicago, Yale, Harvard, Tufts, and Stanford entered the room as well. But when they came in, there was no applause.

Each of the representatives had to give a speech about their college with only two constraints: that it be five minutes long, and that it mention Harry Potter. One college had to resort to saying "We were all told that we had to mention Harry Potter. There, I mentioned it."

Some interesting things that we learned:

1. Yale's residential system is very similar to Hogwarts'.
2. At MIT, you can do more than notice the similarities to Harry Potter; if you get tired of math, you can actually study Harry Potter.
3. According to their representative, Wellesley college is considered to be one of the most diverse colleges.
4. There are many professors at MIT that are not only great in their field, but excellent teachers.
5. There are more than two colleges in the world.

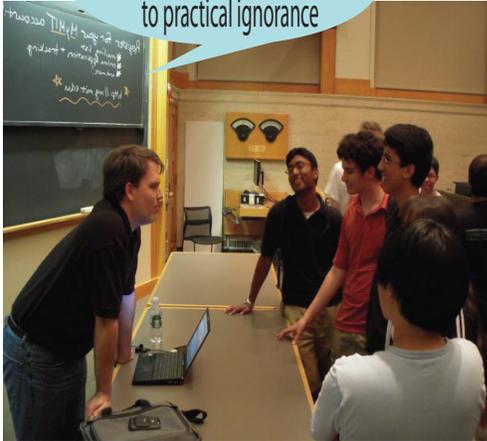


Dave Rensin

July 11th, 2008

Leo Liu

Conventional wisdom is equal to practical ignorance



Tonight's lecture was really different. It wasn't about math, physics, biology, computer science, or nuclear science. It was about us!

Mr. David Rensin gave us a talk; it was actually a prediction about several things we will VERY likely encounter later in our life. I have to say that some of them are indeed accurate, because some of them have already happened in my life.

The first prediction this man made is that we, as "smart" RSI Rickoids, tend to avoid spending time on things that we think waste time, such as reading People magazine. Based on that prediction, he gave us the suggestion that we should broaden our field of interest, instead of sticking to computer science or biology or nanotech.

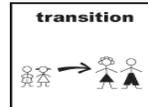
An interesting point throughout the whole lecture is how to deal with bullies and proving that bullies are actually cowards. Mr. Rensin proposed an innovative way to drive off bullies - that is to punch them in their faces. Surprised as we were, he told us his own story of punching a mugger with a knife, which sounds like solid support for his proposition.

Besides the good humor, Mr. Dave's lecture is equally educative. Several quotes from the lecture include: "Conventional wisdom is equal to

practical ignorance." and "Small words describe a BIG problem." This interesting man also shares many of his insights into life, e.g., his philosophy on normal distribution and power distribution and his understanding of education as the foundation of a person.

Tonight's lecture was probably the one with the longest Q&A section. The lecturer spent a lot of time on answering the questions patiently and wonderfully, before, during, and after the lecture. One of the questions was about the effect of success on one's life. Mr. Rensin, as usual, gave an innovative answer to this tough question: "Success doesn't change one's personality, it only makes a person more of what he or she once was."

An awesome lecturer and a wonderful lecture. I loved it! It was impossible to fall asleep!



Mrs. D's Lecture

July 14th, 2008

Alec Lai



On Monday, July 14, 2008, Ms. Joann P. DiGennaro, or Ms. D for short, gave a speech on college admissions. Her speech was quite informative and addressed the college admission process as bluntly as possible. It started out with a lecture, followed by a question and answer panel for three RSI alumni, and it ended with an individual question session. Here are some of the guidelines that we were asked to consider:

- * Give exactly what the application asks for - no more, no less
- * Follow the 2-2-2 rule (2 reaches, 2 good matches, and 2 safeties)
- * Try and not worry too much about financial aid
- * Make sure the essay represents your viewpoints and writing - only have others proofread not revise
- * Get recommendations from teachers early, not late
- * Do something different from the norm

- * Early Action is a good process to consider - less worrying
 - * Visit the college with your parents so they seem to relive their childhood through you
 - * Ask many questions when you visit the department - try to talk to someone in the department
 - * CEE will give 3 college recommendations
 - * Essays and recommendations are probably the most important - don't worry too much about interviews
 - * Try using safety schools for interview practice
 - * Don't talk about how good the school is in your essays, talk about yourself
- Hopefully these hints will serve us well in the upcoming application process.



Research Science Institute '08 Staff Members

Director: Mr. H. Clifford Bowman '84
Assistant Director: Dr. Amy Szczepanski '90W
Technical Assistant: Mr. Andrew Kositsky '03

Tutors:

Ms. Allison Gilmore '99
Dr. John Rickert
Mr. Steve Hershman '04
Dr. Jenny Sendova
Mr. Zachary Wissner-Gross '02



Counselors:
Ms. Christina Chang '07
Mr. Keone Hon '06
Mr. Or Katz '07
Mr. Paul Kominers '07
Ms. Annie Ouyang '06
Mr. Max Uhlenhuth '07

Professors:

Dr. Christopher Skinner '88
Mr. Lance Rhoades
Dr. Katherine Olsson-Carter '90W
Dr. Forrest Michael '90W
Dr. Dennis Ugolini '90
Mr. Dan Lee '85

First Week Teaching Assistants:

Mrs. Sasen Cain '00
Mr. Robert Chen '06
Mr. Andrew Wang '07
Mr. Quentin Smith '05

Last Week Teaching Assistants:

Mr. Kit Armstrong '07
Ms. Lauren Lisann '07
Mr. Andrew Shum '07
Mr. Austin Webb '04





Cliff Bowman

Janet Song

If RSI were a chessboard, Seth Gordon would be a bishop, Mary Davies would be a knight, Diana Cai would be a castle, and ... Cliff Bowman, the director of RSI, would be the king. Actually, strike that ... he'd be the chess board, both kings, and both queens.

After having witnessed Mr. Bowman scale rocks larger than he is with a serene smile and an unhurried pace (while others of us were gulping with trepidation – or screaming at frogs, spiders, and bridges in Steve's case), it's not hard to believe that he can do anything. An '84 Rickoid and an engineer, Mr. Bowman puts a lot into the program and doesn't expect much in return.

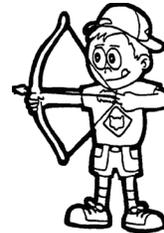
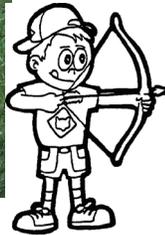
But what unasked-for benefits he does get are monumental. When our counselor group heard that Mr. Bowman had read our sponsor letters, Varoon looked like he was about to hyperventilate, Dalton suddenly worried about misspelling 'addition,' and Anne's eyes grew wide. Another time, a different Rickoid assured me that I "didn't want to do anything to make Cliff mad." And Max calmly joked to a couple of us wandering underground that we'd have to just about "get very, very drunk and get caught by the police after-hours in Boston" for Mr. Bowman to dislike us.

Of course, to some five to ten Rickoids, only a week into the program, Max's statement was not the most reassuring of remarks. But really, Mr. Bowman is the type of person who puts you at ease. I've never seen him get visibly angry at anyone or ever look flustered. He gave the go-ahead on a practical joke (that unfortunately was never executed) and constantly arranges all sorts of activities for us Rickoids. He's watched with amusement as Paul and Alec managed to eat the entire table at a Thai restaurant and has dropped in at Simmons to learn Hebrew with Emily and Eli.

So this is a salute to one of the most awesome and hard-working people here. We would not have the RSI we know and cherish without your support and dedication. And truly, I believe that all of us Rickoids thank you deeply for everything we have had the opportunity to experience here at MIT and beyond.

Godspeed, Mr. Bowman.

Except that ... oh, wait. You're faster than God.



Amy Szczepanski

Dalton Hubble & Axel Hansen



RSI has 80 of the most brilliant students in the world; however, we're not aware of a single student who can pronounce Amy's last name. In fact, we're pretty sure it's harder to pronounce than any of the Asian kids' names. Thankfully, getting help from Amy is orders of magnitude easier than reading or saying her last name. Amy is one of RSI's many obsessive Rickoids who continues returning every year.

She went to Dartmouth and UC Santiago to study to become a math lecturer, but returns in the summer to act as Cliff's side kick (i.e. the assistant director). Amy has taught Rickoids many things. For example, we were previously unaware that a difficult math proof or a French restaurant trip gone bad could irreversibly change one's hair color, but apparently anything is possible at RSI. If Amy hadn't delayed the deadline for t-shirt submissions twelve times, we'd all be shirtless (except for Miles, who'd be in his cool suit).

Thankfully, we've had Amy covertly watching over us for the duration of RSI. Amy's uniqueness, intelligence, and hard work make her symbolic of the Rickoid community as a whole.



Chris Skinner

Miles Edwards



Professor Chris Skinner of Princeton taught the math classes in the first week of RSI 2008. He began by distributing a handout on algebra and number theory, and extracts from a mathematical diary by Gauss. In this diary, for some years, Gauss recorded what he considered his most significant mathematical achievements. (He became more selective as he aged.) We would study the first and last entries of this diary.

The first entry recorded Gauss's construction of the 17-gon, and his classification of constructable regular n -gons. Gauss proved that a regular n -gon is constructable with a straightedge and compass if and only if $n = 2^j p_1 \dots p_k$, where j is a nonnegative integer and p_1, \dots, p_k are distinct primes of the form $2^{2^m} + 1$, for some integer m .

To gain insight into this problem, we first defined "constructable" in a rigorous way. We then used the properties of \mathbb{C} as a field to put the problem in an algebraic context. We defined minimal polynomials in field extensions, and gained insight on the fact that the degree of the minimal polynomial of a constructible number must be a power of 2. Since the degree of $e^{2i\pi/n}$ is $\phi(n)$, it follows that if a p -gon is constructable, for odd prime p , then p must be one greater than a power of 2. In fact, p must be of the form $2^{2^m} + 1$; indeed, if $p = 2^{kn} + 1$, for an odd integer k , then $\phi(p) = (2^n + 1) \dots ((2^n)^{k-1} - (2^n)^{k-2} + \dots + 1)$, a contradiction. Finally, we examined a recursive construction of the 17-gon, to see how we could prove that our condition was sufficient, as well as necessary.

After all this, we looked at Gauss's last entry, which concerned the number of solutions to a Diophantine equation mod p . Gauss gave the number of solutions as $p^2 + 1 - 2a$, for some integer $a \in (-\sqrt{p}, \sqrt{p})$. We examined some heuristic reasoning for the number of solutions, and also why Gauss considered certain strange-seeming infinite solutions. To do this, we introduced homogeneous coordinates.

Finally, we proved that an odd prime p could be written as a sum of two squares if and only if it was congruent to 1, mod 4. It was a satisfying conclusion to our week of math class at RSI.



Lance Rhoades

Inar Zhang

I probably wasn't the only to stare at a certain email in March and slowly mouth, "What in the world? Frankenstein?" Since when does MIT care about literature? In fact, I didn't actually know MIT had a humanities department at all. Nonetheless, I trudged over to Barnes and Noble filled with ambitions of actually reading a whole assigned book for the first time since middle school. Three months later, I find myself in a familiar predicament – the flight is in two hours and all I know about Frankenstein is that the dude is in monster movies. And so I print 20+ pages of Sparknotes with ambitions of actually reading them on the plane --uh, didn't happen, they were playing The Prestige (sick movie) during the flight.

So here I am, at RSI, apparently among highly motivated, super smart kids, expected to contribute to an intelligent conversation. But unlike any high school class I've ever been in, Dr Rhoades's lectures conveniently didn't actually access the material that much! Instead, I was treated to a history of all the literature ever written before Frankenstein, followed by an intense, protracted 2-person discussion that left most of us wildly confused. Dr. Rhoades then proceeded to entertain us with diagrams of brackets that explained the motifs, and he helped deepen our understanding of the text, its historical context, and its themes. Perhaps if I actually figured out that the monster wasn't actually named Frankenstein, much of the lectures would have made more sense...

Ah, but Dr. Rhoades didn't stop there. He went on to challenge our limited perceptions of the book by introducing poor Sujay as his new slave-child-robot. While I suppose we were suppose to be wrestling with moral, ethical, and societal issues, all I could think was "Would Sujay be able to wipe himself?" "Did Sujay have masculine urges?" "What if he were a masochist???" Dr. Rhoades finished with a nice film on Frankenstein, which I only found funny because other people apparently had trouble breathing because they thought it was just THAT hilarious. Not to mention the last 20 minutes of that movie turned from PG to NC-17. In concluding thoughts, Dr. Rhoades is basically the bomb because he is from Washington, and I can only hope he didn't become too exasperated from over-confident, math-science smart asses with a limited appreciation for literature. Hopefully I'll see you in college if not sooner!



Catherine Olson-Carter

Philip Streich

Some of the most tantalizing questions in biology - What is life? How did life begin? How do proteins fold? Can we understand and manipulate consciousness - are a little closer to answers as Dr. Catherine Olson-Carter in her RSI Biology class this summer spoke of the fascinating discovery called RNA interference (RNAi). It is rewriting the foundation of biology. RNAi shatters the central dogma of biology: that biological information flows from DNA to RNA to proteins and NOT in any other way. Instead of acting as a simple transit messenger, RNAi, it turns out, can and does completely control and manipulate many types of gene expression. Its "monkey in the middle" position between DNA and protein makes it the hottest player in molecular genetics.

Using this new insight into RNAi, scientists can turn genes on and off like a light bulb by injecting short segments of double-stranded RNA (dsRNA) into an organism that corresponds to the target gene's mRNA. The dsRNA is sliced, diced, and processed by specific enzymes in the cell and eventually binds to a complex called RISC and also to the complementary mRNA floating around the cell itself. Once dsRNA binds with ordinary mRNA, a complex interference, or "gene silencing" occurs, and the target mRNA is destroyed. For this discovery, Andrew Fire and Craig Mellow won the 2006 Nobel Prize in Medicine or Physiology.

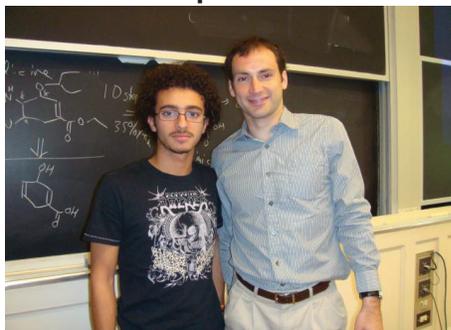
Fire's and Mellow's discovery may lead to an entirely new paradigm by which to understand biology, its underlying mechanisms, and possible ways to manipulate organisms. For example, a worm - *C. elegans* - normally short and fat, could be transformed into a long and floppy freak of nature, by simply injecting it with a little dsRNA! The RNAi mechanism underlying this seemingly silly transformation could be used to cure cancer and treat genetic disorders through the targeted silencing and transforming of malicious genes. This mesmerizing subject, combined with Dr. Olson-Carter's dynamic teaching style, made for a most interesting class in upside-down biology.



Forrest Michael



Nilesh Tripuraneni



The dance of molecules that painted the chalkboard in the RSI chemistry lectures series was a crash course in inorganic/organic chemistry. After Dr. Forrest Michael laid down the general foundations of chemical knowledge, we began our tour of some of the unsolved conundrums that challenged our chemical understanding and even ventured to give some primitive answers. The first problem we investigated was how general anesthetics work.

After giving us a host of hints (such as it only contains carbon chains with up to 16 atoms), I was able to deduce that all this mental work was inducing a lot of yawns. I think we were supposed to figure out that some polar enzyme could only fit certain types of molecules. As we continued our adventure, we investigated why amino acids displayed a ridiculously right-handedness of chirality. The discussion was pretty in-depth but I gathered it had something to do with a dimerization reaction messing the stability and molecule ratios after which autocatalysis is thought to take over. However, I did definitely learn a lot of big, fancy chemistry words that make me feel a lot smarter than I actually am

=).

Chemistry was a whirlwind of organic molecules, but I know if I learned anything, it was that if it doesn't work, BURN IT or get yoked and then try it again.



Dan Lee

Jay Patel



In my opinion, the first ever engineering class at RSI has been a great success. When we first entered the class, we had our minds boggling with questions about what the class was going to be about. When we sat down, Professor Lee came in and speedily set up his laptop and started the lesson. The first part was basically an introduction to what exactly engineering was and what it takes to be in the engineering field, which was interesting. Even more interesting was that, after some time, out came the AIBO robotic dog from Prof Dan's bag, and this gave me the hint that there was something cool in store for us. I was amazed at how easily Professor Dan programmed in MATLAB to make the robotic dog carry out various actions, and, more importantly, he explained the concepts in such a clear way, that everyone managed to understand what was going on, though the codes behind it were complex. I could see a clear effort on the part of Prof Dan to keep the concepts he taught simple enough for us to comprehend, which is highly commendable.

The next few lessons were extremely enriching and highly interesting too, as Prof Dan explored some core technologies in the field of Artificial Intelligence (AI), such as visual recognition, speech recognition, sound recognition, and edge detection. Being a computer scientist, I have always had a great interest in AI, and these memorable lessons have been a great insight into this field. I just can't wait to buy my own AIBO dog and start programming it!



Dennis Ugolini

Sarah Don

Professor Dennis Ugolini was the physics lecturer for RSI 2008. He talked mostly about his research into the detection of gravitational waves, caused by cosmic collisions, at the Laser Interferometer Gravitational Wave Observatory (LIGO), so that we may be inspired by his work. At LIGO there are two 5 km-long vacuum tunnels with many precisely placed and magnetically controlled mirrors inside. A laser beam is shone down the tunnels so that the time that the light takes to travel between the mirrors can be measured so precisely that if gravitational waves were to warp the light's path, it could be detected by LIGO's diagnostic instruments, thus showing the presence of gravitational waves. You can find more information about LIGO at www.ligo.caltech.edu.

Professor Ugolini also told us some funny stories. For example, the woman he sat next to on the plane believed that LIGO was a time machine! He also talked about how for the past three years that he's been lecturing physics at RSI he told the students that LIGO had not found anything yet, and somehow they managed to obtain approval to improve LIGO to "Advanced LIGO". But this year, finally, he was able to talk to us about some of his results which were really inspiring to hear first hand. Many thanks to Professor Ugolini!



Andrew Wang



Lily Hsiang

We arrive at MIT, armed with laptops and Windows and Macs. Questions buzzed from one student to the next, most of which were "What's the computer class?" When I stepped into 1-115 the first Monday, I fully expected a programming class in Java or C, but the reality was rather different.

"Why can't I log on?"

"It won't let me type my password. I'm typing my password; it's not there!"

"Why do I have to type in the terminal? Why can't I just double-click the folder?"

Students demanded answers from the TAs every which way. While an adventurous few were already well-versed in the world of Linux commands and LaTeX, we were, on average, completely and utterly hopeless in the Athena cluster. Andrew Wang, however, was among the nicest and most patient of teachers. I remember him running from one side of the room to the next, always making sure he helped every raised hand. When a student came in late, he didn't censure him for tardiness but instead seated him at a computer near the front and sat next to him. And he spent the next half hour with him, one-on-one, helping him catch up with the rest of the class.

"Do you guys have any questions? No questions? Are you sure? Come on, you must have questions. Well if you need help, make sure to email me so you're not confused." Patience perhaps describes Andrew the best -- patience to listen to all our complaints (when the real work hadn't even started yet). And that makes him an awesome TA.



Sasen (Sen) Cain

Aziz Al-Kattan

Sasen, Really?

The first time I met Sasen, we were not in class; we were at W20. It was my first day here at MIT and I was looking forward to meeting the rest of the students, but she wasn't a student. Then I thought she must be a Nobody who attended RSI last year; nope, she wasn't that either. When she told me she was a TA (and explained what a TA is) I was relatively shocked! Sasen is a unique individual; she has dyed her hair "tricolor": Red, because it sticks to her black hair well; Blue, because it looks good with the red; and Purple, because it's her favorite color! What I also liked about her appearance was that she wore matching clothes! Her glasses are red and black, and so are her "Angel/Demon fighting" shoes! In addition to Sasen's superior fashion sense, I was impressed with her ability to help: I believe that no one could have taught us LaTeX or Athena better! She is one of the coolest people I have ever met, and so is her husband (who also has purple hair!) She is also extremely kind and never fails to lend a hand with our never ending LaTeX problems! Another eccentric habit is her love for and excessive use of the word "flavors" in the oddest of locations! She is my definition of Kash5a! I wish her all the best!



Quentin Smith

Lily Hsiang



"So how much of that typing is for your MiniPaper and how much of it is Facebook?"

After asking that question, he runs up the stairs of 1-115 to see a bunch of the screens flash and laughs to himself about how he guessed right. Quentin's one of the TAs for RSI 2008, but he doesn't only teach us how to use Athena and LaTeX. He's also a linguist ("LAH-tek or "luh-TEK" or "LAY-tek" but never the dreadful "LATEX"). But he also fields our everyday questions about RSI or just MIT in general, explaining the underground tunnel system and campus life.

He certainly takes full advantage of the giant projector to lighten up the class, whether it's projecting a huge game of a penguin tobogganing down an icy hill or showing a video to advertise his MIT dorm after class is over. When showing us how to print through Athena, he also tells us stories of how students take advantage of the leading "P" in the command by naming the dorm printers...various names.

And at the end of the day, he'll cheerfully kick us out of the room (while we're all anxiously trying to finish our MiniPapers) to our tutor groups by turning out all the lights and threatening to force log everyone out. But he'll still pay us a visit in the W-20 Athena cluster to help Rickoids still scrambling to finish our papers at 5:29 the first Thursday. Much of what we know, we owe to Quentin, and I don't doubt we'll all be desperately grateful as we write our real papers in the last week.



Robert Chen

Paul Lee



Robert Chen, first week Athena TA, is an undergraduate student at MIT. Originally from Kansas, he has many of the positive Midwestern characteristics. A positive, carefree guy, Robert is very nice and a great guy to have known. Once after a morning Athena session, he took the time to show several of us around, taking us to the Stata Center. Robert has a good sense of humor, rivaling notorious Patricia Li's.



It was a pleasure to have him as a TA; thanks bunches, Monsieur Robert.

Andrew P Kositsky

Sarah Don

Our techie friend, the infamous APK, is a very interesting character. It's kinda hard to make out exactly who he is. He introduced himself as APK on the first day, but it says Andy on his room door. His real name is Andrew Kositsky and his Facebook name is Andrew P. S. J. Kositsky. And furthermore his Facebook says he's married - to himself. So you go to his "partner's" page and, of course, it says that he's also married to Andrew P. S. J. Kositsky.

But apart from his crazy name, he also has a crazy personality. His two pet cats, Minerva (who recently got her ears pierced by Anne's diamond studs) and Dataless, are...stuffed toys. And he carries them everywhere with him in his laptop satchel, and makes cat onomatopoeia for them, which is really quite cute.

Every time one of the girls from Alec's harem go to level 10 of Simmons, APK always mysteriously appears at the elevator to taunt them - "be gooo-ood". On July 4th, while the sun was setting and all the Rickoids were sitting on the banks of the Charles River, APK joined Peter and Alec and his harem for a game of "truth or truth" and continued to taunt Alec for being such a "ladies' man". For someone who's married to himself, I don't think he's quite qualified to pay out on Alec! :P (APK says: "touchy")

APK is just one of those really cool people that you can talk to about anything anytime and he'll listen, and he's never not busy but can always spare some time to fix your computer! Thanks APK for coming to RSI '08!



Alec Lai



APK has magical powers.

I'm serious. Wherever he goes, I manage to see him carefully eye-ing my actions. I walk out of the elevator, and there he is. I open my room door, and he is talking to Steve across the hall. I walk toward the W20 Athena Cluster and he comes out. I've even seen him on the way to lecture, downstairs near the ping-pong table, behind me on the bus to White Mountains, at MatLab sessions, chilling in my room, etc. He magically appears in our private Truth or Truth games and disappears without a trace. His appearance is always the same - a wink and a smile at me since I'm coincidentally having a nice, friendly chat with a female. (As usual -- see the article Alec)

He is also apparently famous for his cats, which also seem to magically appear with him. He seems to have with him a whole cat family now, and, with it, he has managed to take on cat-like traits and habits. His "meows" and "purrs" are so similar to that of an actual cat, and his "whacks" could leave claw marks on the enemy's face. Somehow his meows are so adorable that even some males falter and shake in their boots.

However, I don't really mind seeing him everywhere. I mean, if it's in Simmons, he always seems to have some extra food. :) If it's in the Athena Cluster, I can pester him with endless questions about LaTeX. If it's in our private Truth or Truth game, it adds a whole new level of difficulty and awkwardness to the game - all the more intense. If it's behind me on the bus...well...I don't know about that one.

He is sly and seems to appear everywhere, knowing each and every one of your actions. He is smart and knowledgeable in the art of LaTeX. He can almost flawlessly disguise himself as a cat. I swear...APK has some secret magical powers that none of us can comprehend.

Zach Wissner-Gross



Vikram Nathan

Quoting an article in the New York Times regarding a recent performance of Britten's "The Turn of the Screw:

"Lauren Flanigan creates an extraordinary portrait of a governess who, once spooked by a vision of Quint, becomes obsessed with the two ghosts and what she supposes to be their power over the children. Some of the ghostly encounters are presented as her dreams, and through the second act she grows progressively irrational. Ms. Flanigan was just as powerful vocally." (Yawn) "The rest of the cast matched her intensity perfectly. Adam Klein, doubling as the speaker in the prologue and an urbane, brooding Quint, has the agility to negotiate the chromatic filigree that Britten wrote into the role. Christine Abraham, in her house debut, portrayed an almost predatory Miss Jessel. Alexandra Hughes, also making her debut, provided the solidity required of Mrs. Grose, the housekeeper. And the children -- Zachary Wissner-Gross as Miles and Robin Leigh Massey as Flora -- sang with character and assurance."

Wait. What? Go back just a little. "Zachary Wissner-Gross?" The 2002 RSI alum who goes to Harvard? There's no way that Zach could be a singing sensation. It has to be a coincidence.



Turns out it's not. I Googled his name to make sure. He's been a professional boy soprano for the New York City Opera since he was in second grade. SECOND GRADE?!?! It's not just once either. In addition to "The Turn of the Screw," Zach's had major roles in Mozart's "The Magic Flute" and Menotti's "Amahl and the Night Visitors". And if you still not impressed, he's even been critically acclaimed by New York Magazine's Peter Davis, who remarked, "Over the years, I've seen more than a dozen boy sopranos ... none better than Zachary Wissner-Gross, whose sweet treble and angelic appearance are matched by remarkable vocal assurance and stage savvy." Wow. See that from any other person and you would think that with that much of an artistic gift, he would have his future set in stone as a worldwide renowned singer. But not Zach because, well, it's Zach. He's led a secret life that no one has heard about.

And if you didn't know Zach, you would be surprised that he attended RSI and made the Top 10 Presentations. You would probably be even more surprised that he double majored in Physics and Biology AND double minored in Biology and Mathematics at MIT. Maybe even a little awestruck by the gazillion awards he's won during his life (which can be seen at <http://web.mit.edu/xaq/www/>). But I guess everything together gives you the image of Zach as a genius who is good at everything.

And by everything, I'm pretty dead serious. Not at just academics and singing, but also at Frisbee. Almost anyone who plays Ultimate Frisbee at night can tell you that Zach is, for lack of better words, a beast. We have to have two people defending him, and even then he manages to score and outrun the defenders. But it's probably Zach's awesomeness as a person that makes his advice really useful because whatever he's helping you with he's good at. This applies to Frisbee, when Zach held coaching sessions to help us throw forehand and practice stacking, to his tutor group. I'm not actually in his group, but from what I've heard, his comments are really directed and helpful. I elaborate much more due to fear of factual inaccuracy.

Although he has never shared his secret life (no, not that kind) with us, almost all of us are thankful that Zach is around to offer his advice, expertise, and I guess, awesomeness, whenever we need it.



Jenny Sendova



Katrina Evtimova



Tutors are an essential part of RSI. Their main goal is to help you with your mentorship and prepare you for your final presentation. However, there is one certain tutor that goes beyond this goal. Jenny Sendova is more than just a tutor at RSI. She had become like a mother to all of the students in RSI. She has helped many students with their papers and has dramatically improved the international student's presentation skills. But Jenny doesn't stop at helping students with their academic work. She has organized numerous different events that help students cope with the massive amount of stress they encounter at RSI. Her international dance club is an excellent way to blow off steam after a long, hard day of work.

These are reasons why Jenny S. is one of the best tutors in RSI history, but there is one more thing that makes her number one in the RSI hall of fame: ping-pong. Jenny was on the Bulgarian ping-pong team for the Olympics, and she has been passing on her ping-pong wisdom to the many RSI students she meets through out the year. Many people have noticed a great improvement in their ping-pong skills after playing with Jenny. She has made it apparent that playing ping-pong is a great way to get away from all the stress at RSI. For that reason, Jenny organized a ping-pong tournament for all the RSI students of different levels of skill. The tournament turned out to be a great success, attracting a large number of spectators every night.

Jenny Sendova has truly made every Rickoid's stay at MIT memorable. The things they will take away with them will be more than just things related to academics. Here advise concerning life and ping-pong will be cherished by Rickoids forever.



Eli Putterman

Allison Gilmore



Every RSI summerbook article betrays a struggle between two opposing tendencies: the scientists' urge to present useful information in a clear and concise manner, and the adolescent comic's desire to exercise a sense of humor which is not nearly as brilliant as he thinks it is. (The works of Andrew Hyer, being entirely motivated by the latter, are an exception.)

Nowhere is this dilemma more manifest than in this article. On the one hand, Or informed me that the articles on RSI staff are generally of a serious tone (the precise term he used was "eulogize," which may have been a solecism), but on the other hand, the self-chosen nickname of Allison Gilmore, RSI '99, presents a nearly irresistible opportunity for parody and humor. On account of a further constraint on this article, namely, that its deadline is about ten minutes from now, this presents a serious difficulty.

The easy way out, of course, would be to write a straightforward article about Alli and her role in RSI 2008. Nevertheless, this option is somehow unsatisfying, as if I'm letting down future generations who would, expecting a rollicking humor piece on the antics of Sacha Baron Cohen (Iz it coz I'ze black?) featuring absurd comparisons between Alli G and Ali G, turn the page to find a boring hagiography. However, I am not so

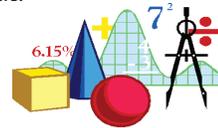
arrogant as to believe I would be able to fulfill those expectations even were I to make a valiant effort; I'm just not funny.

In any case, the point is moot, seeing as the deadline looms. These meta-musings on the Alli G article must end, and a choice made. The easy way out it is.

As an RSI 2008 tutor, Alli is charged with overseeing the academic progress of one-fifth of the RSI student body and aiding them in their hapless attempts to distill their work into the vastly different formats of research paper and presentation. As her group is comprised of mostly math people but some less-fortunate Rickoids, Alli has a uniquely difficult job: making sure that the latter understand the former and the former respect [sic] the latter. Her success in this regard is astonishing, as is the quantity of red ink on the drafts of our papers.



John Rickert



Daniel Vitek



When I met Dr. Rickert, I was scared. The first thing I heard about him was that he could do log calculations in his head. I never knew that was humanly possible, and the fact that I would be talking with someone so smart was incredibly scary. Then I found out he'd be reading our papers, editing them and talking to us about them- that was even scarier, because I wondered how I would come up with a decent paper for him to read without embarrassing myself completely.

Several weeks have passed, and even though I still think of him as that incredibly smart, tall (well, everyone's tall to me) person who I see either on the seventh floor of Simmons or at the W20 Athena cluster, I've also grown to know him more. Dr. Rickert has always been there to help us. If I send him an email with a question about my paper, it takes him about two minutes to reply- much more quickly than some tutors who take days -cough- to correct papers. Sure, the red scribbles on paper are quite discouraging, but he puts in so much time to help us and puts in a lot of effort to make our papers better. Even more, he's never complained one bit when I turn in the paper one minute before the deadline, even though we're supposed to be all 'responsible' and everything. When I gave my MiniPaper and my introduction presentations, I was incredibly nervous- more so than anyone else in the room- but he was still there to offer constructive

support and help. Always patient and kind, Dr. Rickert is truly someone that deserves more gratitude than can be given, and I am definitely thankful that I got such an amazing person to be my tutor. -Jean

Whether he's destroying Rickoids in math ability or telling us how not to give a talk, Dr. Rickert is always enjoyable to be around. He knows his stuff, and he's always willing to lend a hand when someone doesn't know how to proceed on their project. He also is able to give feedback MUCH faster than certain other tutors (I'm looking at you, Steve Hershman). He really takes his job seriously. I came in for lunch the day following the second milestone, and he shuffled through his stack of papers and gave me back mine, covered in red marks. Basically, Dr. Rickert is the man. -Chris

Unbeknownst to many, Dr. Rickert once served as a trajectory consultant for the Guatemalan national basketball team, working with them on finding the perfect three-pointer. After their many successes (relatively) in the Olympics, he got offered a job by the Rose-Hulman Institute of Technology to train their basketball team. As he didn't speak Spanish at the time, he moved to Indiana and started work there. But after an abysmal season, he lost his job as a training assistant and became a math professor to avoid living on the streets of Terre Haute. Soon he discovered that he rather had an aptitude for it and, in circumstances still shadowed in myth and legend, managed to cajole the RSI staff into offering him a summer job as a tutor. In his free time that first summer, Dr. Rickert practiced sudoku puzzles. Seeing as he



had a lot of free time (and a lot of sudoku puzzles) he qualified for the national championship. Failing to win, he returned dejected to his job at Rose-Hulman and continued teaching and research. Over the years, he quickly and cleverly became an integral part of the RSI staff, so much so that even Cliff hasn't been able to get rid of him. To this day, he haunts the halls of MIT in the summers, advising students one and all on their papers and presentations, and somehow has become a rather impressive tutor.



Steve Hershman

Diana Cai & Inar Zhang & Sujay Tyle

When you say the word Chinatown, what do you usually think? Chinese people, delicious bakeries, mystery foods of the sea, Asian buzz-cut gangsters, discounts for bringing "foreigners," karaoke with a decent selection of "foreign" songs...Sure, all of those things come to mind when I think about any Chinatown, but my RSI experience has added something to that list: Steve Hershman, the man, the lapsed Jew, the hot sauce.

When I first met Steve, he was this random guy that'd show up at my Bedchecks (he says Or's Bedchecks are the best). He'd laugh goofily at all of our immature jokes and applauded Andrew's articles, telling us he had printed them out if we wanted to read them.

It was only later I found out he was a tutor. This meant that this goofy curly-haired, blonde and balding immature Jewish kid was actually an adult, a brilliant graduate student, an RSI staff member. Who would've guessed.



A few days later, I came to realize that Steve wasn't just any ordinary tutor. Steve was a cool tutor, a cool RSI staff member. Now don't get me wrong. RSI staff is not synonymous with uncool; it just implies adults, rules, strict, scary, etc. Steve wasn't cool just because he tried to be cool like Zach and bring his tutor group ice cream—he was cool because he was.

The first time Steve took a small group of us to Chinatown, we went to a seafood restaurant. Like any uncultured foreigner, Steve clamors for Americanized toppings, namely hot sauce. As the waiter carries over steaming dishes of fish, squid, and clams, Steve boldly asks, "May I have some hot sauce?" The waiter leans in closely, staring at Steve like an insane man, and quips "No, you are hot sauce."



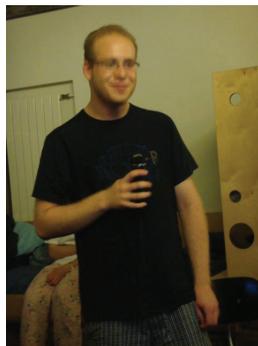
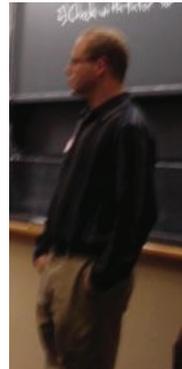
In order to rectify his embarrassing exchange, Steve delivers a challenge: "You're all just scared—let's have a pepper eating contest". Little did we poor Rickoids realize that Steve had been trained to eat hot peppers in Chennai. While we suffered and drank all the water and tea (Diana was getting dehydrated from tearing so much), Steve just sat there and smiled. We learned to respect this elder.

Alec Lai

One man...one hike...one world. It's Steve vs. Nature. Who wins? (Hint: Not Steve.)

Steve, Mr. Cliff Bowman, and a small group of 5 Rickoids who came back early from the "Death" Hike or the "Old Man" Hike headed out to find the waterfall, since there was over 2 hrs left. After Seth asked for some seemingly clear instruction, we headed out.

We started out crossing grass, dirt, and small log bridges laid out over the ground and small shallow puddles or rivers. We proceeded with caution, ready for any danger to leap out at us from behind the trees. Suddenly we here a yelp from the end of the group - Steve slipped off one of the bridges. Luckily it wasn't into a deep pool of water. He curses as nature begins its onslaught against this harmless human.



Eventually, after a long walk, we reach a huge mass of rocks, some twice the height of Alec. We bravely scaled the rocks. Steve was beginning to suspect that we were going down the wrong path. There was no way such a rocky and impossible path could be the way to the waterfall. Seth continued to lead the crowd, eventually leading us to a dead end - resulting in sighs from nearly everyone in the group, but Cliff.

With groans, we begin to turn back, when Steve sees a red spider. He lets a high-pitched scream and says, "OH MY GOD! IT'S A GIANT RED SPIDER!! GO! GO! GO! RUNNN!!!!" and he starts charging forward, trying to break through the harsh rocky terrain, climbing the giant rocks that blocked his path. It seemed to all be nature's ambush. The group could not retreat fast enough. We followed up hearing another scream from the spider's victim: "OH MY GOD!!! IT'S CHASING ME!! GO! GO! GO! MOVE IT!!!! AHHHHHH!!!" We ran as quickly as we could and allowed Steve to barely escape it's grasp.

Soon Steve entered a state of alert paranoia. He jumped at croaking frogs and slipped off bridges. His paranoia was affecting all of us (via laughter). Alec slipped on one of those tall rocks and the pointy surface drew blood from his leg.

Eventually, we made it out of the dense, thick forest. Back to civilization, safety, and cars moving at 50 mph. Steve's nightmare was finally over. It is important to note that Cliff was not phased by any of this. Even in his nice shoes and long, dress pants, Cliff walked over the rocks and the dirt without slowing down or getting tired. He walked forward like a juggernaut; nothing could stop him. Never did he slip or lose balance. In fact, I don't even think he got any part of his clothing dirty.

Perhaps one day, Steve will learn Cliff's ancient art of nature combat.



Annie Ouyang



Peter Zhang

WARNING: Most of this article is in playful jest and not meant to be offensive in any way. If you cannot handle heavy irony, cynical sarcasm, and especially self-referential humor, do not read this article.

Annie.

The pinnacle of humankind. The fairest of the fairer race. A goddess who occasionally (nightly) bestows her favor upon her followers in the form of various foodstuffs and short Bedchecks.

That is how we followers of the great Annie, mere mortals otherwise forsaken to wander through life aimlessly without knowledge of weekly Dim Sum trips, the photo-server, or even the identity and location of our tri-weekly

speakers, view our savior. We are now able to navigate the once harsh and unfriendly seas of RSI, guided by the nightly astrolabe reading we take from the stars that Annie, in her omnipotence, controls. By following the lore of the omniscient Annie, we can even avoid the hellish wrath of Cliff and Amy (but maybe not that of the highest power, Ms. D herself) that would surely consume us (when we miss a speaker of course.)

However, being the imperfect humans that we are, we sometimes lose the favor of our grand deity. We prostrated ourselves often, and even followed our goddess into battle, attacking the heathens that follow the false deity Keone. (Note: Any and all rumors accusing of our deity of having a relationship with this impostor are false. Heretics will be summarily drowned in the toxic water of the Charles, and photographic evidence will be burned. Our hackers are working on taking down Facebook.) However, when we strayed too far from the "straight and narrow" that Annie set out for us through the prophet Nitish, she turned her back to us, and we felt the pain that results from forgetting and ignoring Her and Her Commandments. What replaced the bright guiding lights (stars, for those of you who don't remember the previous metaphor) of our nightly Bedcheck was the deep, inescapable, all-consuming darkness of Or. We persevered through our punishment, a Bedcheck,



already long by our standards, further lengthened by the time-dilation that occurs near a black hole of Or's density. We came out ragged, famished, and parched, (several hundred years had passed in the outside world) ready to accept Annie's teachings with renewed devotion. To our delight, and relief, Annie returned the next night smiling and bearing warm-baked cookies. We were afraid and awed at the same time.

So now we never stray too far from the instructions Annie give us. We idolize her girlish, Siren-like giggles. We strive to imitate her nervous hand-wringing and "cute" toe-hopping. We are grateful for the nourishment she provides and the knowledge she imparts. It is because of

this (and her threat to withdraw her food and affection) that we do what she says. It is because I wish to never lose that affection and that food that I am now, at 2:42 AM writing this article. Mostly for the food.

Paid Programming

While MOST of everything written, including this statement, is sarcastic, in some sense this article is true. We always enjoy our Bedchecks, no matter how much it seems that we aren't paying attention, and because of Annie we've had a wonderful experience (so far) at RSI. So, like elementary school students incapable of expressing appreciation or affection, we resort pathetically to what we know, teasing and mockery.



Keone Hon

Jia Wei Lim & Lily Hsiang

Noh Enoek... Keone Hon



Keone would never have approved of his name being spelled backwards in an article like this, but the author prefers to stick the new trend that arose over the third week of RSI amongst members of the Hongry Hongry Hippos. Ever since the discovery that labels should be worn behind, and the logic follows for jeans with labels meant to be proudly displayed in front, it is no wonder that Vikram has decided to wear his jeans backwards, inspiring the entire group to follow suit as well! But yeah, that's just on a sidenote – many interesting events happen during Keone's Bedcheck.

You probably might have wondered at some point in time why this group has been named the Hongry Hongry Hippos, as opposed to maybe...the Horny Horny hippos, or like... Hungry Hungry Hyenas. There seems no explanations



for that at this point, except to say – this group loves Keone, and has therefore decided to include his name into our group name. {And also base our group title on a children's arcade game. Go figure.} And not to mention his friendly, peace-loving attitude too. Just look at Honnie the Hippo! (Refer to article on Honnie!)

Despite his seemingly quiet demeanor, Keone really is the coolest counselor around. I mean, look--which other counselor shares the same passion and talent for Frisbee? Or the ability to hold Bedchecks that have never gone beyond half an hour? Or gotten so

distracted by finding Disney songs for Jesper to sing that it took 5 minutes before he shook off that state of fascination?

Keone's sense of humor also brings a fun dimension to bedcheck. Whether from the fully planned prank against certain individuals whose pants can't seem to stay on forwards or the totally unexpected "that's what she said" jokes randomly and brilliantly articulated, Keone has a way of making us all laugh and come closer as a counselor group. Not to mention, he orchestrates an intense stuffing of food into Rickoids with an endless supply of Tiny Teddies, twisted pretzels sticks, and pita chips.

The rain poured heavily upon us. Misery and depression fed on our souls as we sat tired, freezing, hungry, and soaked in an inch of muddy water, protected only by a few flimsy umbrellas and Daisy. Except not really, because Keone was with us, riding out the thunderstorm that night on the Esplanade. He also took Rickoids to Supercuts, where we could also get fabulously amazing haircuts like the one he got the second week.

He'll also unashamedly steal guys away from their girlfriends, as Marianna can surely attest to the night at White Mountains. You'd think Keone's



greatest satisfaction from that trip would be his second conquering of Mt. Washington on the Death Hike. But actually, a bewildered Paul Lee answered a short rap on his door, only to find Keone stripped down to his boxers, arms outstretched and grinning mischievously. Kinky.

It's definitely because of Keone's unifying presence that makes our counselor most definitely the best of them all. He's why we destroyed everyone at Wacky Olympics. He's why we're the Hongry Hongry Hippos.



Paul Kominers

Sujay Tyle

"Nice hat!" A key term coined by Paul Kominers--the best counselor at RSI. Everyone may think that their counselor is the best, be it Max or Or, but you should all know that Paul tops them by like 10. The Dim Sum trips, crazy Bedchecks that were a lot shorter than many of the counselors' (ex. Or), which was very nice--and the food! Fresh baked goods (especially Paul's birthday when we had the most amazing cookies in the world - which were a gift from his friend back in Maryland).



One of the highlights of RSI was Paul's birthday. That day, I didn't know that it was customary at MIT to shower whosoever's birthday it is. So after taking out cell phone/anything valuable from Paul's persona, Keone, Inar, and I attempted to pick him up and lock him down so we could get upstairs. But we didn't know that Paul was RIDICULOUSLY

strong, and good at getting away. It took multiple bruises, and like 10 people locked on to him to just get him into the elevator. It was the most amazing athletic performance I had seen in a while. I was very impressed.

In addition to his brilliance and athleticism, Paul is just a cool guy. From talking smack about the "little community college on the other side of Cambridge that I guess is pretty famous" to just hanging out and having a good conversation, Paul is a really chill/sweet guy.



Max Uhlenhuth

Daniel Vitek

Imagine the perfect counselor group. You know, a nice, peaceful Bedcheck with good food, a quick run-through of the announcements, happy and engaged Rickoids, an interesting nobody to drop by once in a while, a counselor who leads a few trips, and so on and so forth. Oh--one more thing: unparalleled Wacky Olympics skills. At any rate, it's not that hard to picture--you can do it.

Now take a look at Max's counselor group. Obviously, the two are not the same thing. They're not even close. But nevertheless, it's pretty hard to find an emax-er who would rather have someone else as a counselor. Actually, that should be an "emax-and-nicole-er", as she's there almost every night. It's just that "enicole" doesn't sound like a text editor.

So what exactly does this not-so-perfect counselor group get up to at Bedcheck? The answer is pretty simple--Gummy Worms. Those little rubbery pieces of candy practically define Max's group. If there aren't Gummy Worms, something is deeply wrong in the world. But that's okay--Max will fix it.



Death Hike up Mt. Washington (and made it back from the summit with time to spare), runs in the mornings, and coordinates movies. Dark Knight and Hot Fuzz were plans of his, and both were darn good films. Other than Dark Knight, however, he doesn't seem to lead any trips. Perhaps this is a clever ploy to dodge responsibility; perhaps it's indicative of sketchier activities during the day. Whatever the case, Dark Knight made up for it.

So all in all, emax is a pretty awesome group of kids with a pretty awesome counselor who does pretty awesome stuff. And that's all about our counselor group, folks!



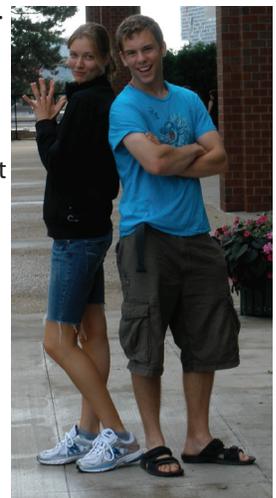
Ahmad El Sabeh Ayoun



Everyone thinks that his counselor is the best. That is very normal. Expected. However, I've heard from many students (who aren't in EMAX) that Max is the best one. I am not saying that others aren't nice, but I am so lucky to be in Max group. In fact, he possess every good quality of each of the other counselors, and combines them in a unique way.

Max has a wonderful personality: if we dissect it, it will reflect a lot of intelligence. Why? The answer is simple. He is very clever, turning everything into a joke. He works hard but always says to "take it easy" and, finally, he finishes his work thoroughly and well. I've never found Bedcheck boring: Max makes it as short as possible and we usually have 15 minutes of laughing. He can't be serious: this is out of his control. If he wants to control Bedcheck, he does it by a funny way such as the famous quote: "pishpishpishpish". I don't know if he forgot that I have many previous punishments or he is kind on purpose. They told me one time that Max was very angry one night, but I wouldn't believe, even if I saw it with my very own eyes.

There is something I can't understand: how can he match this personality with his "extremely" clean room. He doesn't let in anyone -except me- without making them take off their shoes. So, with all my respect for other counselors, trust me my friends: Max is simply the best.



emax 

Christina Chang

Inar Zhang

Bedcheck



I know I speak for most of our group when I say we were a bit apprehensive about meeting Christina. Everyone we asked merely grinned and replied, "Oh, you're Christina's? Yeah..." Well part of it was fact that it took us about six days of RSI to even meet her, because in her own words, "I was out winning awards, fools!"

Nonetheless, Bedcheck with Christina quickly became a highlight of the day. I often felt like one of those really, really spoiled toddlers with \$1000/hour nannies--if we did anything remotely out of the ordinary, Christina would shower praise on us until we became physically uncomfortable. A few examples:

"OH MY GOSH, I LOVE YOU GUYS. Like, you're all on time for Bedcheck. You guys are soo awesome! I'm the luckiest counselor here!"

"OH MY GOSH, YOU GUYS ARE THE BEST. Like, no one fell asleep during the lecture! I'm soo proud of you guys!"

"OH MY GOSH, like we're third on the most Summerbook articles, which means WE'RE NOT LAST! I LOVE YOU GUYS!"

Though she possesses a disturbingly over-bubbly personality, she sure knows how to administer punishment. Upon being late, we all know what we're in for--some public butt-spelling. However, some individuals found butt-spelling to be pleasurable, even being late just so they COULD butt-spell. Well Christina immediately upped the ante by requiring butt-spelling in cursive, then Chinese, until poor Jenny was late one day. Oh baby. Jenny spent the next 10 minutes butt-spelling to the lewd requests of the raucous boys as Christina watched on silently, deviously, drinking in every moment with sadistic pleasure. Just kidding. But she let it go on until we were all sufficiently terrified of ever being late again (at least the girls were).

But all in all, Christina is one the coolest people I have ever met. She knows exactly what she is doing, and had a very cool attitude about it. From our surprise ice cream party to celebrate nobody Nicole's birthday (Toscanini's all the way), to our Upper Crust pizza extravaganza that she awarded us for turning in our thank-you letters on time (see what I mean about the excessive praise?), to her enormous Picture Wall that everyone's invited to color on, Christina makes Bedcheck exciting. Going from a self-admitted "uptight person" to the leader of the Anna's Tacqueria dirtiest counselor group on campus--Christina Chang runs LudaChris, runs Simmons, and runs RSI '08!

LudaChris: Legendary Crowd of Unmatched Badness

Mike Jin

There is no question that **LudaChris** is not only the counselor group with the best name, it is also the group with the most ridiculously good-looking people and the baddest members, as recent reports demonstrate clearly:

Yousef and Musleh noticed 3 undercover agents following them while they were prowling the hood. They both promptly spun around toward one of them and knocked him out cold while speaking rapidly in Arabic. The second undercover agent died of pure fright. They took care of the third one by whipping him in the face (Yousef) and strangling him (Musleh).

Philip Streich, nanotech legend, was allegedly seen recently balling it up in a 5-star hotel. He stood up and said, "Graphene!" and was immediately surrounded by a crowd of swooning dancers. Philip had a great time hanging out with the dancers, punching competition in the face with one hand, and making it rain with his other hand.

Christina Chang was recently late to an underground gang meeting. The gang leader tried to enforce punishment by making her sing and dance in a circle under threat of death. Christina, unfazed, began chanting "LUDA! LUDA!" and singlehandedly took out the entire gang. When she was finished, she brushed some dirt off her shoulders and said simply, "I was too busy winning awards, yo."

Sandy Huang was prowling the streets of Boston and



scoping out the area for a dark concealed alley to sit down and count the stacks of Ben Franklins that she was carrying with her. More accustomed to living in cities with populations under 50,000, she grew frustrated with the bustling crowds of people and proceeded to butt-spell her name. Everyone within a 5-mile radius collapsed to the ground and broke his jaw. It is unclear what Inar "the Troof" Zhang has been up to, as his mysterious habits effectively ensure confidentiality in all his affairs, but rumor has it that he is currently breaking laws in ultra-conservative Muslim countries punishable by death just for the hell of it, starting his own harem, all while dealing in some unknown trade with vast sums of money. A recent medical journal article has also cautioned that saying his full name out loud causes cancer. One of Jenny Sul's many scarcely-known enterprises has recently leaked out into the public following an enormous bribe to a member of her inner circle. For the last 10 years, Jenny has been visiting the northernmost region of the globe, using her crisp voice to sing Ashlee Simpson's "Pieces of Me" in the precise key as to shatter outer portions of the polar ice cap, and commanding her worshippers to melt them down and carry it away to store as drinking water. Scientists around the world are now reassessing their calculations regarding global warming. Needless to say, the sellout in her inner circle died a slow, painful, and unusual death.

Joseph Dexter was recently unanimously voted as most worthy of the title "Baddest Gangster on Vassar Street" at the most recent conference attended by local gangs and mafias. Shortly thereafter, every one of Dexter's rivals have mysteriously vanished. Law enforcement officials are currently investigating the matter, but have strayed from any association of the event to Dexter for fear of facing a similar fate.

A recent study conducted on the population of the greater Boston area mysteriously showed a significant and uniform shifting in the population of young men to the Cambridge area, as well as decreasing numbers of singles. While those investigating the shift attribute the cause to **Sarah Shareef's** abundant supply of brilliantly crafted pick-up lines that guarantee success, detailed analyses showed minute

changes in shift direction based on three loci, the most common places where Shareef spends time, suggesting some sort of far-reaching physical pull on the men. When asked to comment, Shareef said only, "This is why I'm hot." It is rather well-known that

Michael Newman possesses a formidable set of martial arts and other combat skills from joining the South Korean military, where he learned every martial arts style ever created, completed a modified and improved combat training regime within a month that he designed himself, and developed his reputation and status as a feared man by beating down every man who gave him lip, but only after always first tying his own right arm behind his back. He is currently continuing to spread his reputation in the U.S., instilling fear in those who envy him while surrounding himself with beautiful women.

"Leo" Liu continues to rise in fame as a gangsta pop culture icon. He is currently scheduled to be in over 20 music videos by leading rap and hip-hop artists and has recently successfully started his own clothing line. In a recent interview, Leo provided one comment about his notoriously



large and ornately flashy bling: he reminds everyone to watch out for his medallion; his diamonds are reckless, and it feels like a midget is hanging from his necklace.

Divya Bajekal does what she wants. She invented water, can divide by 0, and can create energy using no matter. Her mentor told her to read a list of journal articles, and Bajekal decided to instead write 500 articles of her own and crank out the introduction of her paper in a number of hours. She spent the remainder of her day sipping juice in the lounge, getting foot massages from Sujay Tyle. For free. He liked it.

Emily Elhacham once punted a soccer ball out of the Earth's gravitational field traveling faster than the speed of light. It traveled back in time and slammed into an enormous rocky planet-like object, shattering it into millions of pieces of varying size, which began to orbit the Sun. The ancient Greeks observed this in the heavens and documented it as a

"great celestial explosion". The debris is now known as the Asteroid Belt.

And last but not least, a roguish ringleader known only as **"Mad Skillz that Killz" Mike**, has recently been rumored to have completely infiltrated every freelance publication in Greater Boston for the sole purpose of promoting the LudaChris legend. Mad Skillz Mike comes early, parties hard, and stays late. Only one fact is known about this smooth, shifty character: his grill is worth more than the total assets and earnings of Akamai.



Or Katz

Kristin Cordwell



spending the next three hours waiting for my baggage with him. The time passed quickly, and conversation topics ranged from RSI the year before to instruction in reading and writing Hebrew.

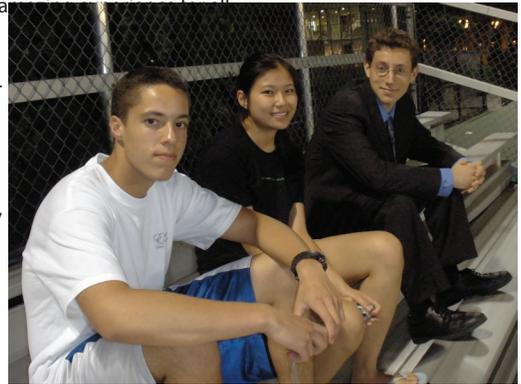
Since my airport adventure, I've only had a few chance interactions with Or. However, every time I talk to him, I become more impressed with his dedication, encouragement, and ability to make people comfortable. Whether we are discussing his inability to button his shirt sleeves over his arms ("Are your muscles seriously too big to button your cuffs?..."Yeah, I think so.") or he is herding everyone in to dance at one of the parties, Or definitely goes above and beyond his duties as a counselor to make RSI 2008 an amazing experience for all.

Janet Song

Everyone here at RSI may be unique, but Or Katz is more than unique. With his mega-watt smile and beaming personality, Or dominates the room. The first foreign counselor ever, Or brings something different to this program. He encourages international students, encouraging them to participate in universally enjoyed activities like soccer. He helps lead the Bla-Bla Club, a small organization that practices presentation skills, and he organized International Night, an evening of shared cultures. Or is also a charismatic counselor.

As my counselor for RSI, Or has redefined the meaning of the word 'long,' especially when it's attached to the word 'Bedcheck,' and has come up with new and exciting ways to prolong the aforementioned topic. He's given us a taste of the military during the Wacky Olympics and forced us to interact with each other in the first week during Bedcheck--an activity that has knitted our counselor group into a tight group of friends.

Yet, Or has been remarkably good-humored about all the ribbing we've given to him. He (surprisingly) restrained his wrath concerning Andrew's (and other unnamed persons)'s prank and actually found Dalton's elevator disappearance rather funny. He's rewarded us with shorter Bedchecks, Annie Bedchecks, and ice cream. Needless to say, I'm very glad to have Or Katz as my counselor.



Varoon Bashyakarla

Or Katz once said, "Bedcheck is sacred." These life-changing words touched the hearts of thirteen lucky Rickoids who, throughout the entire summer, continued to observe this holy custom.

For most Rickoids, Bedcheck lasts from 11:59 pm to 12:15 am on weekends. Or Katz's group, JabbORwockeez, however, has the honor of participating in Bedcheck from 11:59 pm to 1:00 am. They are blessed by the euphony of Or's voice when he shouts "Dalton!" and the satisfaction of knowing that they are deprived of one full hour of sleep everyday. This would seem utterly inexcusable, but indeed Or's Bedcheck group utilizes every minute of Bedcheck and cherishes every moment together.

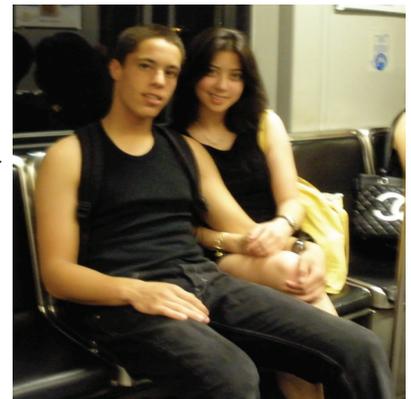
Or's Bedcheck group did not fare well at the Wacky Games in spite of Or's overwhelmingly positive encouragement and military attitude. Nonetheless, Or offered the group the choice between a pizza party and short Bedcheck for working "hardly" on the Scavenger Hunt. When most groups were dismissed from Bedcheck to enjoy the evening activities, Or, according to custom, preached the Six Commandments, set forth by Or himself.



1. Don't be late to Bedcheck.
- 1a. Don't fall asleep at Bedcheck.
2. Don't be late to lectures.
- 2a. Don't fall asleep at lectures.
3. Don't be late to mentorship.
- 3a. Don't fall asleep at mentorship.
4. Don't leave campus without a staff member
5. Don't make any mistakes ever.
6. Don't be late to Bedcheck.

After preaching the Six Commandments three to four times, Or began to demonstrate how to check MIT email. Later, he told an absolutely riveting guest story about a girl named Rihanna who asked for cautions. Next, anticipation and excitement grew as Or spoke of the thrilling "Death Hike" up a very steep slope. For ten minutes, the group discussed punishments for three careless Rickoids who came to Bedcheck late. When dismissed at last, all thirteen Rickoids ran out of the room.

All in all, Bedcheck truly is sacred.



2008 Rickoids

Students by Counselor Group

Hongry Hongry Hippos (Keone Hon)

Kristin Cordwell
Seth Gordon
Burhan Guçmen
Lily Hsiang
Jesper Jacobsen
Alec Lai
Jia Wei Lim
Tim (Youngwook) Lyoo
Benjamin Mirabelli
Vikram Nathan
Jeanette Wat
William Whitney
Brent Woodhouse

LudaChris (Christina Chang)

Musleh Al Zahrani
Divya Bajekal
Joseph Dexter
Emily Elhacham
Sandy Huang
Mike Jin
Yousef Khalef
Leo (Zhonglin) Liu
Michael Newman
Sarah Shareef
Philip Streich
Se-Yeong (Jenny) Sul
Inar Zhang



Contacts-wearers in glasses...
and Paul without his frames.

Annie-Mated (Annie Ouyang)

Abdulrahman Al Ballaa
Christine Ashton
Yavuz Aslan
Michael Cherkassky
Bronwyn Cockburn
Nitish Lakhanpal
Eric Larson
Hao Yi Ong
Jay Harshadbhai Patel
Eliyahu Putterman
Galin Statev
Nilesh Tripuraneni
Peter Zhang
Serena (Zhongyuan) Zhang

JabbORwockeez (Or Katz)

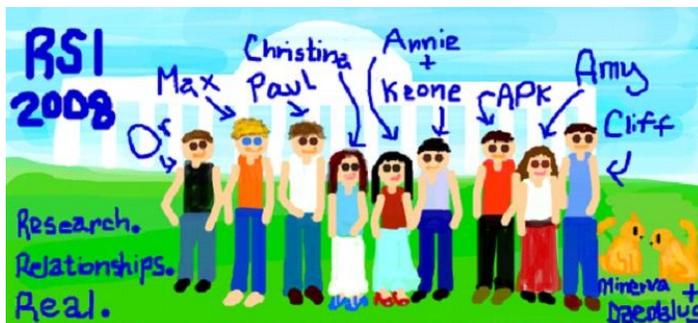
Varoon Bashyakarla
Diana Cai
Sarah Don
Axel Hansen
Dalton Hubble
Andrew Hyer
Dimitrios Papadimitriou
Max Rabinovich
Jean Shiao
Rafal Sledziewski
Janet Song
Anne Wang
Blake Wilson

The UnKominers (Paul Kominers)

Hashem Al-Mahmoud
Noah Arbesfeld
Daniel (Wen Chao) Chew
Miles Edwards
Paul Lee
Zane Li
Patricia Li
Rajarshi Roy
Adam Sealton
Alexander Sharp
Sam (Sang-Hun) Song
Amy Tai
Sujoy Tyle

EMAX (Max Uhlenhuth)

AbdulAziz Al-Kattan
Mary Davies
Ahmad El Sabeh Ayoun
Katrina Evtimova
Bob (Hyun-Sub) Hwang
Rafic Itani
Anna Kornakiewicz
David Levonian
Elaine (Xiao Tian) Liew
Marianna Mao
Christopher Olund
David (Harry) Richman
Rohini Shivamoggi
Daniel Vitek



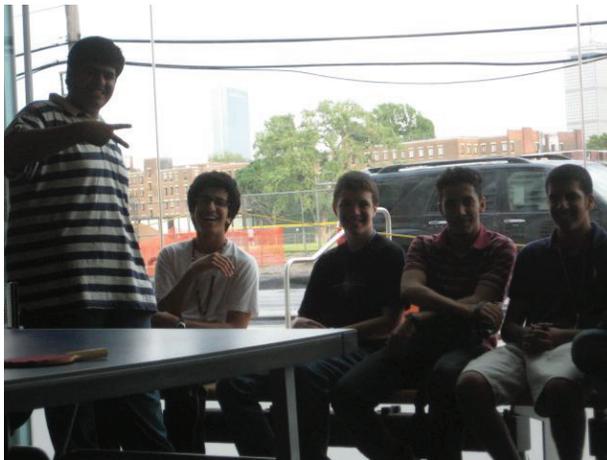
Abdulrahman AlBallaa

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Alhawiyah St., Alsulaimaniyah.
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Saudi Arabia
High School: AlRowad
Cell phone: +966 55 9997339
MSN: abo-da7es@hotmail.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/09/17



Longest stint without sleep: 26 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 14 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 6 hours
Primary academic field(s): Computer Science
Secondary academic field(s): Automatic Voice Recognition system
Title of RSI project: Translating TV Channels Using the Automatic Speech Recognition System
Mentor: Dr. David Palmer
Place of Mentorship: 1 Memorial Drive
Most memorable RSI experience: The river thingy
Most embarrassing RSI experience: Rocky Horror

Most scandalous RSI experience: Sleepin =' in bed with Peter
Best way to waste time: Sleeping 0_o
Best way to stay awake in lecture: Caffeeiiiiiiiiine baby
Funny mannerisms: awwwwwwwwww
Distinctive Traits: Being a ballaa
Often found: youtube-ing
Pet peeve(s): popping gum
Purity Score: 92.4 <<< I'm a good boy
Favorite quotation(s): "oh baby" Inar, Sujay, Yousef, Musleh, and others



Cahhhh-maaaaaaaaaaaaan

AbdulAziz Al-Kattan

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P.O. Box 18097,
Riyadh 11415, Saudi Arabia
High School:
Riyadh Schools
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MSN: zizo.k@hotmail.com
Non-MIT e-mail address: zizo.k@hotmail.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1992/05/25



Mariana's Red Dress for the Scavenger Hunt
Most scandalous RSI experience: Going to the College Dorm Party at 2:00 am/ 3 am trip to Pizzeria/ affair with Daizy on 4th of July
Best way to waste time: take pictures of myself then upload and caption them!
Best way to stay awake in lecture: Eat/ Look at Paul and Max looking for others sleeping
Funny mannerisms: Constinually Seducing People. personify inanimate objects
Distinctive Traits: Excessively Friendly. love to take pictures(of muself) Married to Laundry detergent
Often found: 7th floor lounge
Pet peeve(s): People that wet the bathroom floor/ too much Techno
Purity Score: 79.8
Favorite quotation(s): I'm Walking On Sunshine!!!

Longest stint without sleep: 23 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 10 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 5-6
Primary academic field(s): Biology
Secondary academic field(s): Chemistry
Title of RSI project: Measuring the Hippcampus and its Relation to Alzheimer's Dementia
Mentor: Dr. Bradford Dickerson
Place of Mentorship: Massachusetts General Hospital
Most memorable RSI experience: Jumping from the cliff into the waterfall; My Marriage to Laundry
Most embarrassing RSI experience: Dressing in



ema 

"I am NOT a camera Whore!/Oh My God!/The lamp post confuses me with the Sun, thats why it turns off when I pass by./ let's take a Picture!!!"

Musleh Al-Zahrani

Name: Musleh Al-Zahrani
Username: Meelo
Nickname: Moose
Address:
King Abdullah Air Base
Housing area, Jeddah
High School: Al-Zahrawi high school
Cell phone: +966505589509
MSN: meeloo_00100@hotmail.com
Non-MIT e-mail address: die_hard_00100@yahoo.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/04/08



Longest stint without sleep: 40 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 15 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 10 hours
Primary academic field(s): Biology
Title of RSI project: A Prosthetic Foot Testing Machine
Mentor: Goutam Reddy
Place of Mentorship: Media lab
Most memorable RSI experience: July the 4th
Most embarrassing RSI experience: when I was asked in public about the most girl I like in RSI & Rocky horror
Most scandalous RSI experience: sharing bed with Yosef
Best way to waste time: hanging around
Best way to stay awake in lecture: talking with the person

next to me

Funny mannerisms: ending every sentence with f%#@ or s#@

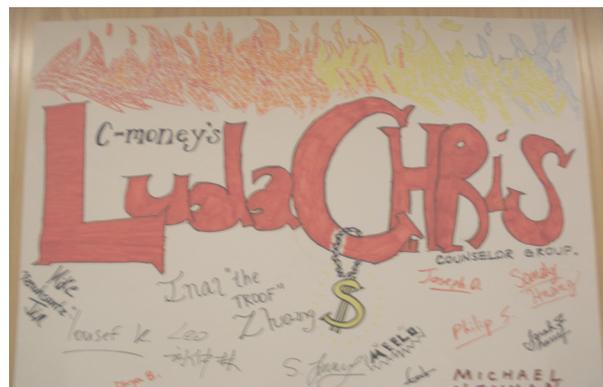
Distinctive Traits: being chick-magnet

Often found: hanging in W20

Pet peeve(s): chopsticks

Purity Score: I didn't take it

"oh, baby" by Me, Inar, Sujay, Michel C & "holy crap" by Mike Jin



"holy s#@t"

Hashem Al-Mahmoud

Name: Hashem Al-Mahmoud
Username: hashem_m
Nickname: mastermind
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Riyadh 11323, Saudi Arabia
High School: Riyadh schools
Cell phone: (+966)555628861
MSN: super_hashem@hotmail.com
Non-MIT e-mail address: mastermind111@live.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/11/02



Longest stint without sleep: 48 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 10 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 3 hours
Primary academic field(s): Medicine
Secondary academic field(s): Neurology
Mentor: Dr.Farzaneh Sorond
Place of Mentorship: Brigham and Women's Hospital
Most memorable RSI experience: the white mountain hike
Most embarrassing RSI experience: the counselors skit
Best way to waste time: youtube
Best way to stay awake in lecture: sitting next to either Steve or Allie

Funny mannerisms: Is it mandatory!!?

Distinctive Traits: understanding what's in people

Often found: the elevator!

Favorite quotation(s): "I am not discouraged, because every wrong attempt discarded is another step forward" by Thomas Edison



"Learning from your own mistake is good;
Learning from other's mistakes
is better."

Noah Arbesfeld

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62 Hancock Street,
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Cell phone: 781-248-1369
AIM: orangekenichi
Non-MIT e-mail address: nma4@comcast.net
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/08/21



Longest stint without sleep: 4th of July (24.5 hours)

Longest continuous sleep: 11 hours

Average hours of sleep per day: 7

Primary academic field(s): Mathematics, Astronomy

Secondary academic field(s): French

Title of RSI project: On the W_n -module Structure on the Descending Central Series for the Free Algebra

Mentor: David Jordan and Pavel Etingof

Place of Mentorship: MIT

Most memorable RSI experience: Fourth of July/Batman

Most embarrassing RSI experience: Falling flat on my back in Harvard Square



Most scandalous RSI experience: Amy Tai's birthday present

Best way to waste time: Try to get from Lobby 7 to the Stata Center without going outside

Best way to stay awake in lecture: Eat obscene amounts of caramels/lifesavers

Distinctive Traits: Glasses. Just Kidding.

Often found: On a dinner trip

Pet peeve(s): Mispronouncing "LaVerde's", even though I probably do also

Purity Score: 81.8

Favorite quotation(s): "Nice. . .hat"; "Nice eyebrows. Do you pluck them?"



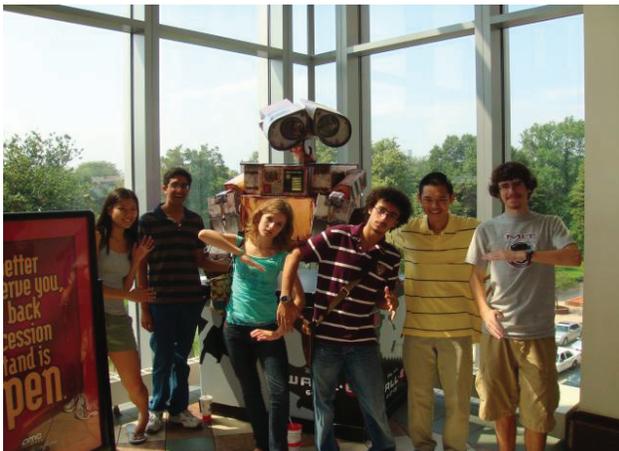
Christine Ashton

Name: Christine Ashton
Username: ceashton
Nickname: Christine ???
Address:
CMR 467 Box 3003
APO AE 09096
High School: Wiesbaden H.S.
Cell phone: 850-221-9721
Non-MIT e-mail address: christine_e_ashton@yahoo.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/12/20



Longest stint without sleep: 16 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 12 1/2 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 8 (crazy i know!)
Primary academic field(s): Neuroscience
Secondary academic field(s): Psychiatry
Title of RSI project: Neurologic Exam and Imaging Correlates of Psychotic Symptomology in Schizophrenia
Mentor: Dr. Randy Gollub
Place of Mentorship: MGH in Navy Yard (building 149)
Most memorable RSI experience: Fourth of July
Most embarrassing RSI experience: Is yet to come...
Most scandalous RSI experience: You don't want to know what happens after bedcheck...

Best way to waste time: Plotting to kill people without actually doing it.
Best way to stay awake in lecture: Paint eyeballs on your eyelids so you look awake.
Funny mannerisms: Benno thinks I squeal when I laugh. I twirl my hair... sometimes.
Distinctive Traits: My frighteningly blue eyes. Apparently an "ice cream addiction." My ability to make friends with random people (the bus driver: Richie, the construction workers, Dereck and John from the subway etc.)
Often found: Eating ice cream, Flirting with Benno
Pet peeve(s): Putting feet on pillows. People interrupting me too much.
Purity Score: 72 % DON'T LAUGH!
Favorite quotation(s): "I don't need a thermometer to tell which way the sun is blowing" -Michael



"Wanna go get
dippin dots?"

Yavuz Can Aslan

Name: Yavuz Can Aslan
Username: simurg_1
Nickname: simurg
Address:
Nushetiye Street, No:16/13, Besiktas, Istanbul
High School:
Galatasaray High School
Cell phone: 0555 627 01 50
MSN: resif333@hotmail.com
Non-MIT e-mail address: resif333@hotmail.com;
eupherion@gmail.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1989/03/18



Longest stint without sleep: 52
Longest continuous sleep: 13
Average hours of sleep per day: 8
Primary academic field(s): Astrophysics
Secondary academic field(s): Atomic physics
Title of RSI project: Replotting The Graphics Of The Power Radiated From The Low Density Plasma In SS 433
Mentor: Herman L. Marshall
Place of Mentorship: MIT Kavli Institute
Most memorable RSI experience: Talent Show
Best way to stay awake in lecture:
Pretend as if the lecturer is not speaking
Pet peeve(s): To boast on your self



Freedom and independence is my character.
Mustafa Kemal Ataturk
Characteristic quotation(s): "I can go now?"

Divya Bajekal

Name: Divya Bajekal
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Nickname: Candy (given by LudaChris)
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67 Blue Ridge Drive
Simsbury, Ct 06070
High School: Simsbury High School
Cell phone: (860) 329-2889
Non-MIT e-mail address: dbajekal@yahoo.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1990/11/08



Longest stint without sleep: 19 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 11 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 6 hours
Primary academic field(s): Biology
Secondary academic field(s): Cognitive neuroscience
Title of RSI project: Changes in Cognitive Preparation Based on Expected Task Difficulty
Mentor: Dr. Dara Manoach
Place of Mentorship: Massachusetts General Hospital
Most memorable RSI experience: Everything!- Wacky Olympics, capture the flag at midnight,

July 4th, White Mountains trip, Talent Show, and just hanging out with friends- to name a few.

Most embarrassing RSI experience: Not being able to make the microwaveable noodles from La Verde's when I was with all my friends... I never said I could cook!

Most scandalous RSI experience: Truth or Dare

Best way to waste time: Playing spider solitaire while eating Oreos

Best way to stay awake in lecture: Tell a friend to poke you when you fall asleep

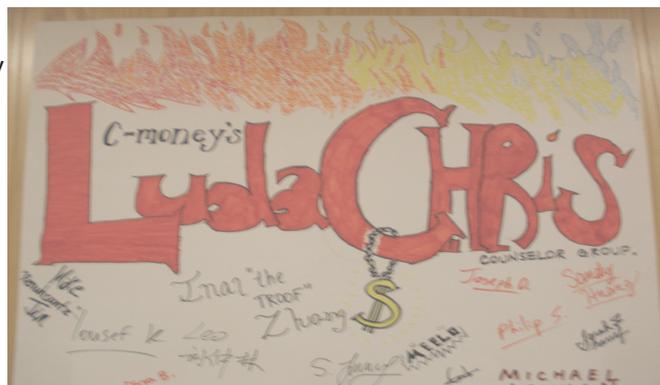
Funny mannerisms: Playing with my MIT lanyard that has my room key

Distinctive Traits: Tapping people on the other shoulder, Laughing at everything, Shy but friendly (don't ask how those two go together), Being indecisive

Often found: At mentorship, walking around aimlessly with friends

Purity Score: I was sleeping

Favorite quotation(s): Shoot for the moon- even if you miss, you'll land among the stars. (even though it doesn't make sense scientifically, it's a pretty mental image)



"I'm thirsty...
I want apple juice..."

Varoon Bashyakarla

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13213 Crestwood
Wichita, KS 67230
High School: Wichita Collegiate School
Cell phone: (316) 258-0469
AIM: vroomvroom42
Non-MIT e-mail address: vbashyakarla@yahoo.com,
vbashyakarla@gmail.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1990/06/18



Longest stint without sleep: 20 hours (at RSI)
Longest continuous sleep: 18 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 6.5
Primary academic field(s): Genetics
Secondary academic field(s): Ecology, Biochemistry
Title of RSI project: Functional Interactions between Sck1 and Gpa2 in the Glucose/cAMP Pathway of Fission Yeast
Mentor: Dr. Charles Hoffman
Place of Mentorship: Boston College

Most memorable RSI experience: Camping along the Charles River

Most embarrassing RSI experience: Reading "Emulate Paul!" in Latin to Dr. Hoffman on the first day of mentorship.

Most scandalous RSI experience: Rocky Horror

Best way to waste time: Facebook

Best way to stay awake in lecture: I tend to fiddle with my watch.

Funny mannerisms: Laughing too much

Distinctive Traits: My laugh

Often found: Trying to speak Chinese

Pet peeve(s): Half-open doors

Favorite quotation(s): "Mistakes you learn from are stepping stones to success." -My Dad

"Do not go where the path may lead. Go instead where there is no path and leave a trail." -Ralph Waldo Emerson



Diana Cai

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1070 Mallard Cir.
Bogart GA, 30622
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Cell phone: 706.769.1466
AIM: partyatdc
MSN: caidcai@gmail.com
Non-MIT e-mail address: caidcai@gmail.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/09/22



Longest stint without sleep: 24 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 12 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 6
Primary academic field(s): Biology
Secondary academic field(s): Genetics
Title of RSI project: RNAi efficiency in *C. elegans*
Mentor: Dr. Chrysa Samara and Dr. Fatih Yanik
Place of Mentorship: Research Laboratory of Electronics at MIT
Most memorable RSI experience: Staying up all night long with Enah and Sujay, Mentorship
Most embarrassing RSI experience: Falling for Inar

and Sujay

Most scandalous RSI experience: Trading shirts with Shershman

Best way to waste time: Youtubing ^_^

Best way to stay awake in lecture: 5 Hour Energy, sitting by Or Katz

Often found: with RSI's most wanted

Pet peeve(s): Inar and Sujay stripping

Purity Score: 91

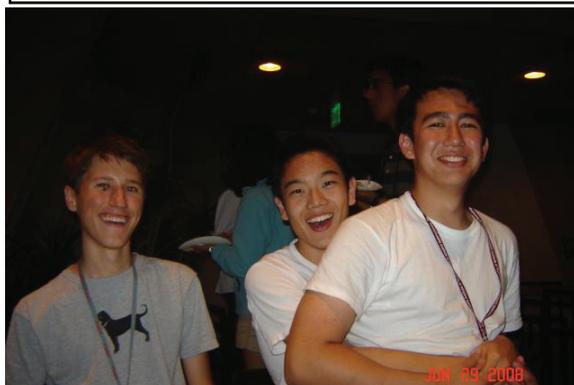
Favorite quotation(s): "Ohh, Jesper." -Jean Shiao



"Hey, baby."

Michael Cherkassky

Name: Michael Cherkassky
Username: cherk001
Nickname: cherk
Address:
7616 Stonewood Court
Edina, MN 55439
High School: Edina High School
Cell phone: 952.220.6201
AIM: mike_nike482
Non-MIT e-mail address: mcherkassky@gmail.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/11/27



Longest stint without sleep: 30 hrs
Longest continuous sleep: 15 hrs
Average hours of sleep per day: 8 hrs
Primary academic field(s): Computer Science
Secondary academic field(s): Biology
Title of RSI project: Predicting Better Gene Ontology
Structure with the Intra Level Fitness Metric
Mentor: Dr. Gil Alterovitz, Dr. Marco Ramoni
Place of Mentorship: Harvard Medical School
Most memorable RSI experience: Soccer on the turf
Most embarrassing RSI experience: Getting a backrub from Yousef
Most scandalous RSI experience: Stripping for Diana

Best way to waste time: Truth or Dare
Best way to stay awake in lecture: Sitting next to Abdul
Funny mannerisms: Strutting
Distinctive Traits: Dashing good looks
Often found: Downing Taquerias
Pet peeve(s): Dirty Guac
Purity Score: Anna's Taqueria (pretty dirty)
Favorite quotation(s): "That's Anna's Taqueria dirty"



"Anna's Taqueria
is pretty dirty"

Daniel Chew Wen Chao

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chewwcd@hotmail.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/03/21

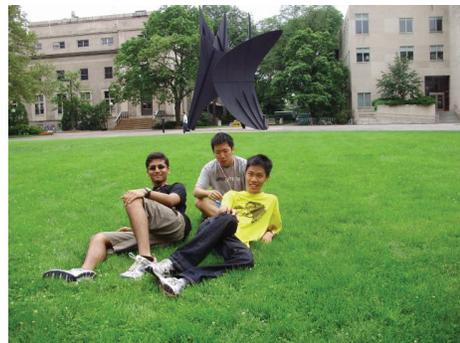


Longest stint without sleep: 48 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 8 hr
Average hours of sleep per day: 6 hours
Primary academic field(s): Biology
Secondary academic field(s): Genetics
Title of RSI project: Characterization of ghost (gho) mutant in Zebrafish
Mentor: Dr. Liu Xingjun, Dr. Pamela Yelick
Place of Mentorship: Tufts University
Most memorable RSI experience: White Mountains Trip
Best way to waste time: Sleeping or hanging around talking about random stuff
Best way to stay awake in lecture: Taking Notes

Funny mannerisms: Shrugging
Distinctive Traits: Windows-philiac
Often found: Eating
Pet peeve(s): Long queues at La Verde's
Favorite quotation(s):
"To see the World in a grain of sand,



And Heaven in a wild flower.
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand
And Eternity in an hour."
-- William Blake



"Oh really?"

Bronwyn Cockburn

Name: Bronwyn Cockburn
Username: bronwync
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970 Stewart St.
Morgantown, WV 26505
High School: Morgantown High School/West Virginia University
/homeschool (Yes, it's complicated)
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Non-MIT e-mail address: dragonloverbc@gmail.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1992/03/23



Longest stint without sleep: 72 hours
Longest continuous sleep: I have no idea
Average hours of sleep per day: 6, which explains my grouchiness
Primary academic field(s): Chemistry, Biology
Secondary academic field(s): Writing, Math
Title of RSI project: Bayesian Network Analysis of the Genetic Factors in Nicotine Dependence
Mentor: Dr. Rachel Ramoni
Place of Mentorship: Harvard Med School
Most memorable RSI experience: Fireworks!
Most embarrassing RSI experience: Having to stay behind

for hours to work on a paper milestone
Most scandalous RSI experience: Discovering that large waves plus two-piece swimsuit equals trouble
Best way to waste time: Play computer games
Best way to stay awake in lecture: Chocolate. Few problems cannot be solved with chocolate.
Funny mannerisms: Hates to be touched and sounds like a thesaurus
Distinctive Traits: Ridiculous amounts of sarcasm, complete lack of organization, pyromania
Often found: Being snarky
Pet peeve(s): The entire public school system, stupid people
Purity Score: Unknown
Favorite quotation(s):

"There are mainly two types of people in the world: those who see a glass as half-full, and those who see it as half-empty. The world *belongs*, however, to the people who look at the same glass and say, 'Excuse me? Is this my glass? *I* don't think so! My glass was full! And I want a bigger glass!'"
"Man is the only animal that blushes, or needs to."
"No matter how subtle the wizard, a knife between the shoulderblades will seriously cramp his style."



"You said the correct response to bullies is an overwhelming one. Well, once, I had a misogynistic jerk try to trap me against a desk. So I kicked him in the balls. But he kept bugging me. Where did I go wrong?"

Kristin Cordwell

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1605 Eastridge Dr. NE
Albuquerque, NM 87112
High School: Manzano High School
Cell phone: (505)228-9384
Non-MIT e-mail address: kcordwell@gmail.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1990/10/01



Longest stint without sleep: 30 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 12 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 6 hours
Primary academic field(s): Graph Theory
Title of RSI project: G-Difference
Mentor: Joel Lewis
Place of Mentorship: Building 2
Most memorable RSI experience: The White Mountains trip.
Most embarrassing RSI experience: Truth or Dare.
Most scandalous RSI experience: Rocky

Horror.

Best way to waste time: Throw it in the trash.

Best way to stay awake in lecture: Not fall asleep.

Funny mannerisms: Saying "oh man" every other sentence. In particular, picking up other people's mannerisms.

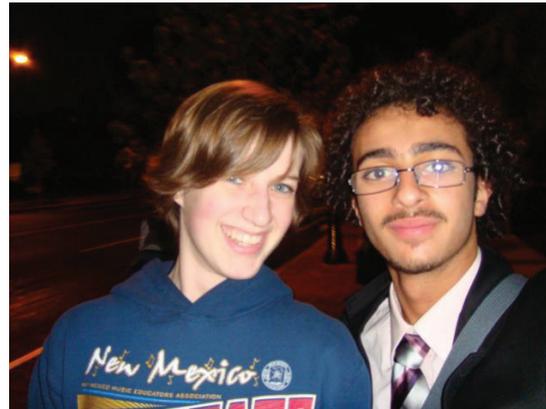
Distinctive Traits: Yellow headband. Whispering with Lily.

Often found: By day, in W20. By night, in the seventh floor lounge.

Pet peeve(s): Being followed around. It makes me paranoid. I'm not dead yet, though!

Purity Score: 82.6

Favorite quotation(s): "But what do you do with the camels?" "We breed them until they get very, very expensive."



Hangry Hangry Hippos

"Qin qin wo
, wo de
bao bei!"

Mary Davies

Name: Mary Davies
Username: maryd
Address (Please use multiple lines as appropriate):
128 Ninth St.
Providence, RI 02906
High School: Classical High School
Cell phone: 401-533-4316
AIM: thestralnerd
Non-MIT e-mail address: thestralnerd114@msn.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/11/04



Longest stint without sleep: 23.5 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 8 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 5.3456898 hours
Primary academic field(s): Physics
Secondary academic field(s): Astronomy
Title of RSI project: Identifying Stellar Counterparts for Short Duration Microlensing Events
Mentor: Rosanne Di Stefano
Place of Mentorship: Harvard-Smithsonian Center for Astrophysics
Most memorable RSI experience: 2.5 hour long game of Contact
Most embarrassing RSI experience: Saving the world in

four minutes

Most scandalous RSI experience: unspecified

Best way to waste time: online Boggle

Best way to stay awake in lecture: chocolate :)

Often found: with Rohini

Pet peeve(s): bad coffee

Purity Score: 92

Favorite quotation(s): "All science is either physics or stamp collection." Ernest Rutherford



ema 

"That's intense"

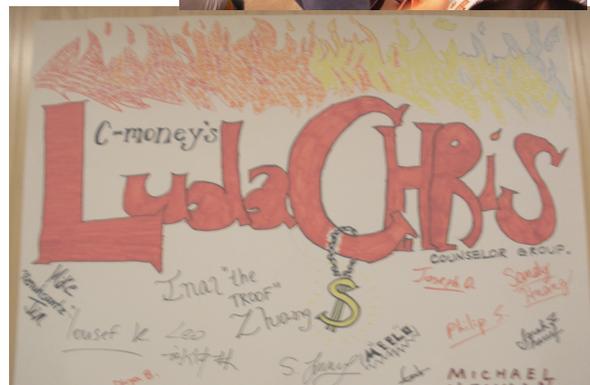
Joseph Dexter

Name: Joseph Dexter
Username: jdexter
Address:
2206 Green Mountain Turnpike
Chester, VT 05143
High School: Green Mountain Union High School
Cell phone: 802-338-1330
Non-MIT e-mail address: jdexter@vermontel.net,
joseph.dexter@dartmouth.edu
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/04/13



Longest stint without sleep: 14 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 12 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 10 hours
Primary academic field(s): microfluidics
Secondary academic field(s): neurology, electrical engineering
Title of RSI project: Immobilization and High-Throughput Screening of Zebrafish Using Novel Microfluidic Devices
Mentor: Mehmet Fatih Yanik, Ph. D.
Place of Mentorship: BioPhotonics, BioScreening, and NanoManipulation Group, Research Laboratory of Electronics, MIT
Most memorable RSI experience: building a cool microfluidic chip

Most embarrassing RSI experience: dropping several pieces of very important equipment in the lab
Most scandalous RSI experience: sleeping accommodations for the White Mountains trip
Best way to waste time: checking email often
Best way to stay awake in lecture: going to bed early the night before
Often found: in the lab or in my room
Pet peeve(s): construction outside Simmons
Purity Score: did not take test
Favorite quotation(s): "Ad astra per alia porci"--Steinbeck



Sarah Don

Name: Sarah Don
Username: sdon
Nickname: Sarah
Address:
Unit 3201, 50 Marine Parade
Southport QLD 4215
AUSTRALIA
High School:
St.Hilda's School
Cell phone: 61419700946
AIM: (SKYPE) tonarinosarah
MSN: crotchets.n.quasars@gmail.com
Non-MIT e-mail address:
crotchets.n.quasars@gmail.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/02/11



Longest stint without sleep: 46.5 h
Longest continuous sleep: 18.8 h
Average hours of sleep per day: 9 h
Primary academic field(s): Biomedicine
Secondary academic field(s): Biochemistry
Title of RSI project: Diversity and Evolution of Conjugation Plasmids in Natural *Vibrio* Population.
Mentor: Prof. Martin F. Polz
Place of Mentorship: The Parsons Laboratory, Department of Civil and Environmental Engineering, Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Most memorable RSI experience: Sunbathing on the beach

Most embarrassing RSI experience: One of the longest evening lecture

Most scandalous RSI experience: Bedcheck! (Or's group)

Best way to waste time: Fall asleep during Bedcheck...

Best way to stay awake in lecture: Tighten a tie

Funny mannerisms: Asking stupid question during lecture

Distinctive Traits: Sunglasses

Often found: Or's backpack

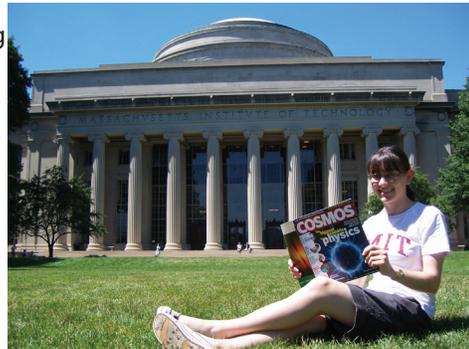
Pet peeve(s): Pig

Purity Score: 100 %

Favorite

quotation(s):

"That's assume"
and "Basiclly..."



"It was your pleasure"

Miles Edwards

Name: Miles Dillon Edwards
Username: milese
Nickname: Miles
Address:
4264 Loch Highland Parkway
Roswell, GA 30075
(USA)
High School: Lassiter High School
Cell phone: (678)-468-6276
Non-MIT e-mail address: milesedwards@bellsouth.net
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1990/09/05



Longest stint without sleep: Probably around 29 hours

Longest continuous sleep: 11 hours

Average hours of sleep per day: ~6 hours

Primary academic field(s): Math (algebra)

Secondary academic field(s): Math (other)

Title of RSI project: Class Groups of Imaginary Quadratic Number Fields

Mentor: Liang Xiao

Place of Mentorship: MIT Building 2

Most memorable RSI experience: the Death Hike

Most embarrassing RSI experience: Having dinner with a college rep. by accident

Most scandalous RSI experience: Impersonat-

ing a bagpiper during Charades

Best way to waste time: Don't, and lounge 7

Best way to stay awake in lecture: Sheer force of will

Funny mannerisms: Going to W20 to practice cello and piano after bedcheck;

writing skits

Distinctive Traits: Walking quickly

Often found: Behind a computer, a piano, or a cello; out on lunch and dinner trips

Pet peeve(s): Audiences that clap between movements when they shouldn't

Purity Score: Unable to finish the test

Favorite quotation(s):

"If you don't know how to pronounce a word, say it loud!"

(William Strunk)

"These worlds live on completely different planets!"

"Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there a man has rebused your worship?"

"And be sure always to finish what you"



"I just had a funny thought :
what if I went to bed
before midnight?"

Ahmad El Sabeh Ayoun

Name: Ahmad El Sabeh Ayoun
Username: ahmadsa
Address: Saida
High School: Rafic Hariri High School
MSN: appocalypse@windowslive.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/09/12



Longest stint without sleep: 30 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 14 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 6-9 hours
Primary academic field(s): biology
Secondary academic field(s): chemistry
Title of RSI project: Prosthetics/ The 'Vac Sock' project
Mentor: Dr. Jennifer Bellon and Mr. Goutam Reddy
Place of Mentorship: Dana Farber Hospital and M-lab
Most memorable RSI experience: Death Hike
Most embarrassing RSI experience: always losing my way to my mentorship and skipping it

Best way to waste time: playing online games
Best way to stay awake in lecture: I have never stayed awake
Funny mannerisms: playing with my hair
Often found: In Athena Clusters
Favorite quotation(s): Ohhhhhhhhhhhh sh*t!



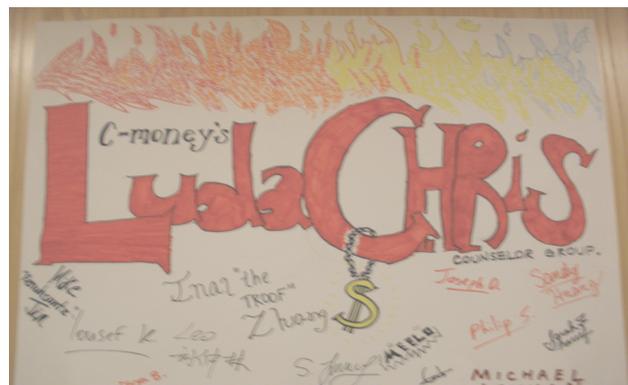
Emily Elhacham

Name: Emily Elhacham
Username: emilyel
Address:
26 Tirza St.,
Ramat-Gan, Israel
High School: Ohel-Shem
MSN: em981@hotmail.com
Non-MIT e-mail address: em981@hotmail.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/08/09



Longest stint without sleep: 22 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 10 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 5.7
Primary academic field(s): Nanotech/Particle Physics/Material engineering/...
Title of RSI project: Tooth Development on Rb Null Mice
Mentor: Dr. Weibo Zhang and Prof. Pamela Yelic
Place of Mentorship: Tufts University
Most memorable RSI experience: a deep conversation on July 4th.
Most embarrassing RSI experience: Hugging (actually Hugging) an old man during Scavenger Hunt

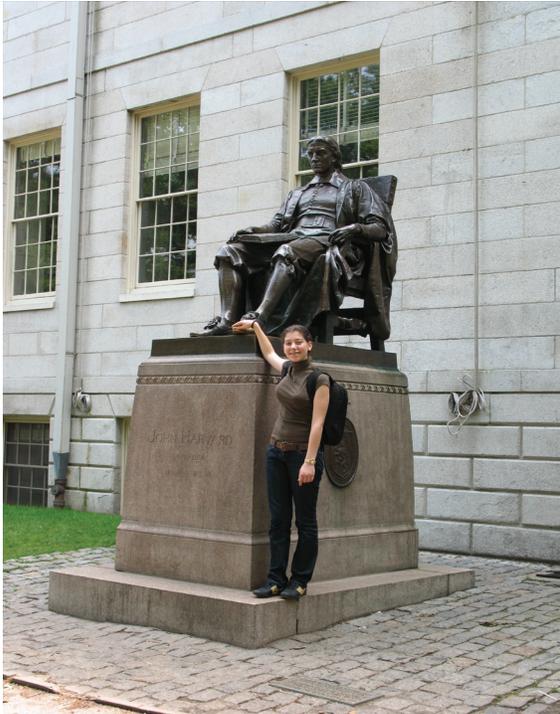
Most scandalous RSI experience: Being one of seven shopping chart collapsers during Scavenger Hunt
Best way to waste time: Introspection
Best way to stay awake in lecture: listen...
Funny mannerisms: Funny faces (OR a good excuse for bad pictures), Jackets provider (lectures is the Rush Hour)
Distinctive Traits: Balancing brooms down the corridor, eating cookies, playing soccer
Often found: Sarah's room or Balancing brooms down the corridor



"Seriously?, Seriously,....
.....Sarah, seriously.....
You are so girly.."

Katrina Evtimova

Name: Katrina Evtimova
Username: kati_evt
Nickname: Kati
Address:
124G Tzar Boris III Blvd.
Sofia 1612
Bulgaria
High School: Sofia High School of Mathematics
Cell phone: +359889530619 or +359895643619
Non-MIT e-mail address: kati_evtimova@yahoo.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/01/22



Longest stint without sleep: 30 so far ... but next week is Hell week

Longest continuous sleep: 8

Average hours of sleep per day: 6

Primary academic field(s): Mathematics

Secondary academic field(s): Chemistry, Physics, Computer Science

Title of RSI project: Representations of Rational Cherednik Algebras of Rank 1 and 2

Mentor: Emanuel Stoica, MIT

Place of Mentorship: Math Department (the basement!), MIT

Most memorable RSI experience: 4th of July, White mountains, Mercury orchestra concert, Talent show, Wacky games, Capture the flag and many more ... it was supposed to be only one? :)

Most embarrassing RSI experience: Being late to lecture and sitting next to Cliff

Best way to waste time: Explore MIT campus

Best way to stay awake in lecture: Think about the consequences if you fall asleep.

('Baaad things happen...' - Max)

Distinctive Traits: Smiles a lot :)

Often found: Singing

Favorite quotation(s): My favourite poem is "If" by Rudyard Kipling

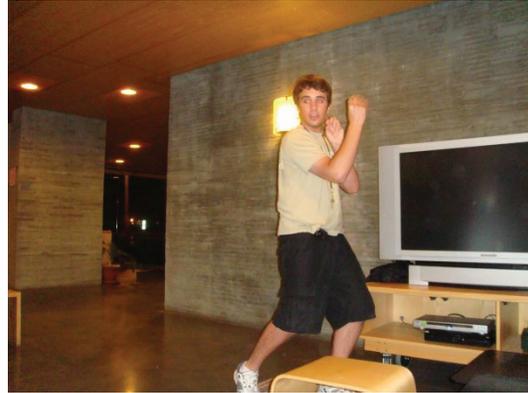


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C'est la vie.

Seth Gordon

Name: Seth Gordon
Username: sethg1
Nickname: Seth
Address:
9232 Vendome Drive
Bethesda, MD 20817
High School: Walt Whitman HS
Cell phone: 240-676-3333
Non-MIT e-mail address: seth_gordon1@mac.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/08/13



Longest stint without sleep: 15 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 9.5 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 8 hours
Primary academic field(s):
Astronautical/Aeronautical/Mechanical Engineering
Secondary academic field(s): Applied Physics
Title of RSI project: Solar Array Drive System for a Student-Built Micro-Satellite
Mentor: Col. John Keesee and Dr. Alvar Saenz-Otero
Place of Mentorship: Space System Laboratory (Building 37, MIT)
Most memorable RSI experience: Watching Hot Fuzz
Most embarrassing RSI experience: Being asked in

the Curious George Store: "Sir, is there a specific stuffed animal you're looking for?"

Most scandalous RSI experience: Sleeping on the bus to the White Mountains with Aziz sleeping on my shoulder

Best way to waste time: StarCraft and/or YouTube

Best way to stay awake in lecture: Imagine how I would fight my way out of the room, MIT, and Boston to escape an assassination

Funny mannerisms: Having a purple hippo on my head

Distinctive Traits: Eyes that look like Eeyore's (see Winnie the Pooh)

Often found: At Dim Sum, W20, and 7th Floor A Lounge

Pet peeve(s): Social Awkwardness

Purity Score: 89.6

Favorite quotation(s): "Vikram, we don't want you to admit that you're wrong...we just want to see the back of your pants." - Lily

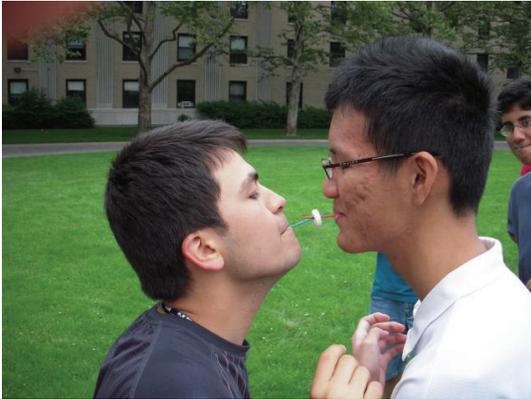


Hangry Hangry Hippos

"Where's Honnie?"

Burhan Gucmen

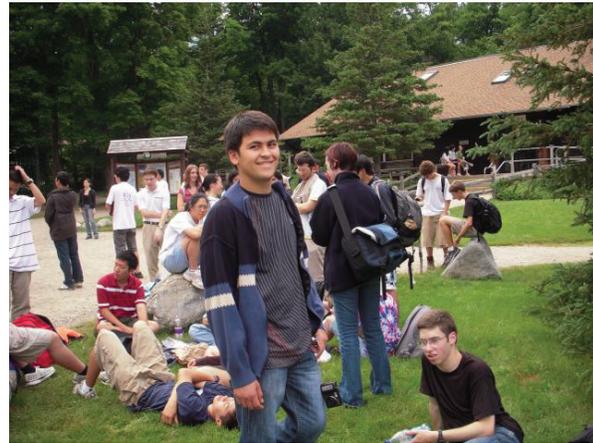
Name: Burhan gucmen
Username: gucmen
Address: Akdeniz Mahallesi, Yunus Emre Caddesi,
Yesil Vadi Sitesi, A Blok, Kat: 4, No: 7
Erdemli, Mersin, TURKEY
High School: Ankara Science High School
Cell phone: 90 5057888537
MSN: burhangucmen@hotmail.com
AIM:
Non-MIT e-mail address: burhangucmen@hotmail.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991,06,03



Longest stint without sleep: 20 hour
Longest continuous sleep: 10 hour
Average hours of sleep per day: 8 hour
Primary academic field(s): Astrophysics
Secondary academic field(s):
Title of RSI project: Searching for a Periodic X-ray
Emission in X-ray Binary System Cygnus X-1
Mentor: Michael Nowak
Place of Mentorship: MIT
Most memorable RSI experience: going to the beach
Most embarrassing RSI experience: doing the walla-
balla at bedcheck
Most scandalous RSI experience: staying in w20 until

4AM

Best way to waste time: playing frisbee
Best way to stay awake in lecture: rubbing your
eyes
Funny mannerisms: running my hand through my
hair
Distinctive Traits: being very fast, being late to
bedcheck
Often found: thinking
Pet peeve(s): getting wet in the rain
Purity Score: n/a



Hangry Hangry Hippos

"Oh my God!"

Axel Hansen

Name: Axel Hansen
Username: axelh
Nickname: Excel, Axel Foley
(Inor found me a theme song about this),
Hansel, (and maybe Axl Rose)
Address:
18 Maple St.
Hanover, NH 03755
High School: Hanover High School
Cell phone: 603-738-1601
AIM: applenerd12
Non-MIT e-mail address: axel.r.hansen@gmail.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/03/12



Longest stint without sleep: 45 hours

Longest continuous sleep: 11 hours

Average hours of sleep per day: 5.5 hours

Primary academic field(s): Computer Science, security

Secondary academic field(s): Computer Science,
networking

Title of RSI project: Improved Heuristics for Program

Continuation in Failure-Oblivious Computing

Mentor: Michael Zhivich

Place of Mentorship: Lincoln Laboratory, MIT

Most memorable RSI experience: The night/morning of July 3rd/4th was quite memorable: Truth or Dare, sleeping in the rain (which ruined my cellphone), eating "breakfast" at Keone's frat house, and stupid jokes that sleep deprivation rendered hilarious.

Most embarrassing RSI experience: Waking up on some



random woman's shoulder on the bus to mentorship... she switched seats when the bus stopped.

Most scandalous RSI experience: Downloading viruses on purpose to test my research was a bit sketchy... The system admins were probably wondering why the new guy is intentionally downloading exploits. Furthermore, the exploits are often on sketchy Russian websites with even sketchier images. Anything in the name of science, though!
Best way to waste time: Ping-pong, pool, google news, sleeping.
Best way to stay awake in lecture: Lots of coffee, chocolate covered espresso beans, and (sometimes not necessary) convincing yourself that the lecture is interesting.

Distinctive Traits: I Love Computer Science, I'm a dual-citizen (US/Germany), and I count from zero (like any self-respecting computer scientist). I'm determined, ambitious, and love learning.

Often found: Standard RSI stuff: working, talking, playing, eating, and maybe sometimes sleeping

Pet peeve(s): Two hour Or-style bedchecks. Max Rabinovich (my roommate) setting an alarm clock for 8:30am ON THE WEEKEND!

Purity Score: 95

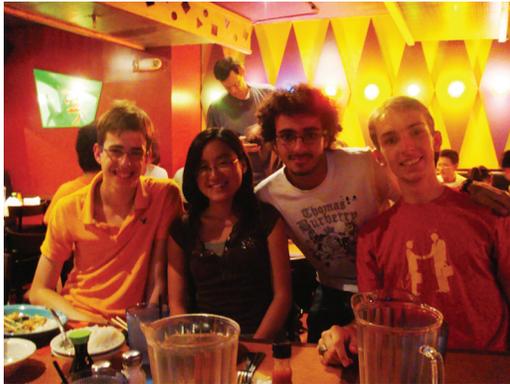
Favorite quotation(s): "The price of freedom is eternal vigilance." -- Thomas Jefferson



"To hell with it" -- apparently I said this one morning while my alarm was going off. Luckily, I woke up 45 min. later and still had time to get to mentorship.

Lily Hsiang

Name: Lily Hsiang
Username: lhsiang
Nickname: "Wo de bao bei"
Address:
13011 New Parkland Dr.
Oak Hill, VA 20171
High School: Thomas Jefferson High
School for Science and Technology
Cell phone: 703.708.9865
AIM: frostedlilies
Non-MIT e-mail address: frostedlilies@gmail.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1990/11/01



Longest stint without sleep: Night on the Esplanade.
Longest continuous sleep: The first night. After that I stopped sleeping.

Average hours of sleep per day: 6

Primary academic field(s): Biochemistry

Secondary academic field(s): Chemistry

Title of RSI project: The Effect of Sodium Butyrate on the Acetylation of Histone H4 in *Schizosaccharomyces pombe* Yeast

Mentor: Dr. Anthony Annunziato

Place of Mentorship: Boston College

Most memorable RSI experience: Jumping into the waterfall at the White Mountains.

Most embarrassing RSI experience: None. Counselors, do your worst.

Most scandalous RSI experience: Rocky Horror

Best way to waste time: Hold up a camera (while it's off) and point it in different directions while watching Aziz hop in whatever direction it's facing.

Best way to stay awake in lecture: Watch the counselors fall asleep.

Funny mannerisms: Flirting with Amy Tai. (Only Amy. Well, maybe sometimes Patricia.)



Distinctive Traits: Whispering with Kristin. Newly found proficiency with "that's what she said" jokes.

Often found: (More like always found) incubating at Boston College.

Pet peeve(s): Aziz (minus the peeve)

Purity Score: 86.4

Favorite quotation(s): "A pessimist sees the dark side of the clouds and mopes; a realist sees both sides of the clouds and shrugs; an optimist doesn't see the clouds at all: she's walking on them."; "Fine, fine."



Hungry Hungry Hippos

"Wait,
what?";
"HONNIE!"

Sandy Huang

Name: Sandy Huang
Username: shuang91
Nickname: Mink
Address (Please use multiple lines as appropriate):
1112 Idaho Avenue
Ames, IA 50014
High School: Ames High School
Cell phone: 515-450-0080
Non-MIT e-mail address: sandyhuang91@hotmail.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/10/11



Longest stint without sleep: 24 hours, approximately
Longest continuous sleep: 15 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 6 hours
Primary academic field(s): bioinformatics
Secondary academic field(s): computer science
Title of RSI project: Application of Gene Ontology Developments to Gain New Information from Past Cancer Research
Mentor: Dr. Marco Ramoni, Dr. Gil Alterovitz
Place of Mentorship: Harvard Medical School
Most memorable RSI experience: Pulling my first all-nighter at the Esplanade, while being involved in an interesting game of Truth or Dare.
Most embarrassing RSI experience: Tripping and falling on

the rocks during the Waterfall Hike, five minutes before we reached the waterfall.

Most scandalous RSI experience: Taking off a certain someone's shirt during Truth or Dare...

Best way to waste time: Facebooking

Best way to stay awake in lecture: Sit by someone cute.

Funny mannerisms: Bouncing up and down when excited.

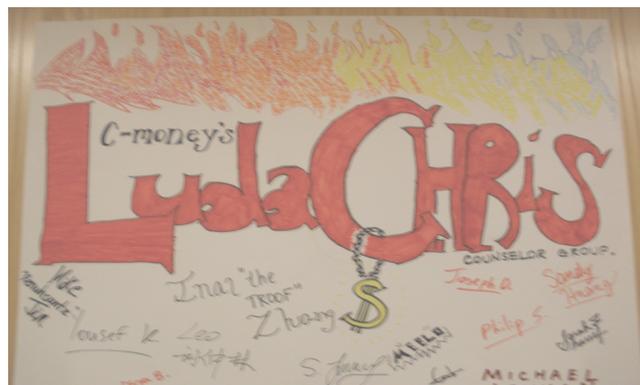
Distinctive Traits: Cutesy

Often found: In front of my laptop, possibly working.

Pet peeve(s): Waking up before 10:30 am.

Purity Score: 93.0%

Favorite quotation(s): Oh baby! -Inar, Hi babe. -Amy



"I should have done that yesterday..."

Dalton Hubble

Name: Dalton Hubble
Username: dhubble
Nickname: Dalton
Address:
412 Rolling Heights Blvd.
Rineyville, KY 40162
High School: Academy of Mathematics and
Science in Kentucky
Cell phone: 270-300-3281
Non-MIT e-mail address: dalton.hubble250@wku.edu



Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/02/13
Longest stint without sleep: 40 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 12 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 5 hours
Primary academic field(s): Chemistry, Chemical Engineering
Secondary academic field(s): Aerospace Engineering
Title of RSI project: Fabrication, Degradation, and Biocompatibility of Biomimetic pHEMA Polymer Scaffolds Developed by Hot Filament Chemical Vapor Deposition
Mentor: Dr. Rebecca Carrier
Place of Mentorship: Northeastern University
Most memorable RSI experience: Fourth of July Weekend, Mt. Washington and Beach weekend

Most scandalous RSI experience: Rocky horror?

Best way to waste time: Sleeping

Best way to stay awake in lecture: Drink water and keep your eyes moving around the room.

Funny mannerisms: Sarcasm, running,

Often found: Eating, Typing, Running, Working

Pet peeve(s): People talking when I need to work in silence, long bed checks, no air conditioning,

Purity Score: I didn't take it.



Bob (Hyunsub) Hwang

Name: Bob (Hyunsub) Hwang
Username: hyunh
Nickname: Bob(???)
Address:
2-603 SamikSunkyung Apt. Hagye1-Dong Nowon-Gu
Seoul, Korea.
Cell phone: 82-10-9178-8918
Non-MIT e-mail address: dinohwang@hanmail.net
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1993/03/26



Longest stint without sleep: 36 hours(In RSI!!)
Longest continuous sleep: 12 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 7-8 hours
Primary academic field(s): Mathematics
Title of RSI project: Permutations with a special property and their extension to Abelian groups.
Mentor: Joel Brester Lewis
Place of Mentorship: Building 2, MIT
Most memorable RSI experience: Trip to the Boston Esplanade.
Most embarrassing RSI experience: Missing Mentor Night.
Best way to waste time: Sleeping or Doing nothing.

Best way to stay awake in lecture: Sleep before lecture about 30 minutes

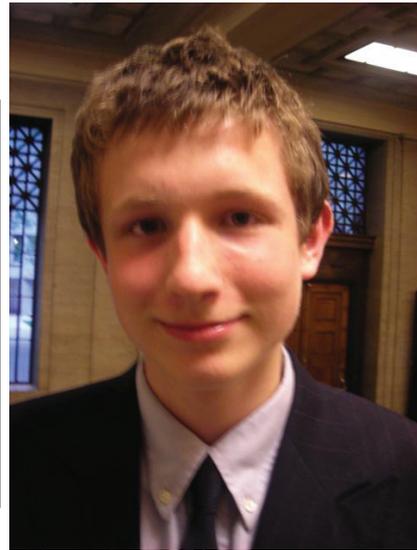
Favorite quotation(s): Do you want to see the miracle? Then, be the miracle..



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Andrew Hyer

Name: Andrew Hyer
Username: ahyer
Nickname: Not sure. Please e-mail me and tell me what you call me behind my back.
Address:
28 Connaught Square
London
W2 2HL
High School: Westminster School
Cell phone: 011 44 7929732729
Non-MIT e-mail address: andrew.hyer@westminster.org.uk
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1992/06/07



Longest stint without sleep: 37 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 16 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 7 hours
Primary academic field(s): Supercooled liquids (theoretical physics)
Secondary academic field(s): Complicated Equations (math)
Title of RSI project: A Study of the Behaviour of Hard Spheres in d-dimensional Euclidean Spaces
Mentor: Dr. Udayan Mohanty
Place of Mentorship: Boston College
Most memorable RSI experience: Not sure. Possibly Rocky Horror (I haven't been there yet). (And

while we're on the subject of shamelessly taking advantage of the situation...)

Most embarrassing RSI experience: Wearing a dress for the scavenger hunt

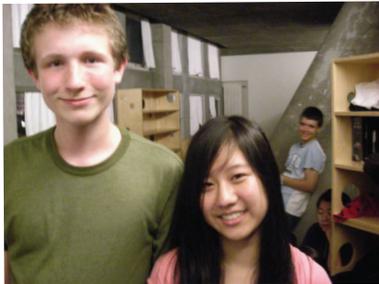
Most scandalous RSI experience: Probably Rocky Horror, but right now the D.E. Shaw article

Best way to waste time: Write Summerbook articles

Best way to stay awake in lecture: Think about the Summerbook article I could write about it

Funny mannerisms: Writing summerbook articles, complaining about Britain

Distinctive Traits: See above



Often found: Writing Summerbook articles

Pet peeve(s): People who complain about my Summerbook articles

Purity Score: 85.6%



"Think of it as evolution in action."

"Danger: Sharp learning curve ahead."

"Classical quotation is the parole of literary men."

Rafic Itani

Name: Rafic Itani
Username: raf_ani
Address: Sadat street Beirut Lebanon
High School: Hariri high school 2
MSN: abojamajim@hotmail.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/03/13



Longest stint without sleep: 36 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 12 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 8 hours
Primary academic field(s): Physics
Secondary academic field(s): Biology
Title of RSI project: The Consequences of Prompt Vs delayed LWR fuel recycle
Mentor: Prof. Michael J. Driscoll
Place of Mentorship: MIT campus
Most memorable RSI experience: undisclosed activity
Best way to waste time: Eating/getting into a conversation with Ahmad
Best way to stay awake in lecture: Not

showing up in the first place/red bull

Funny mannerisms:

Distinctive

Traits: lazy/smart/troublemaker at the same time

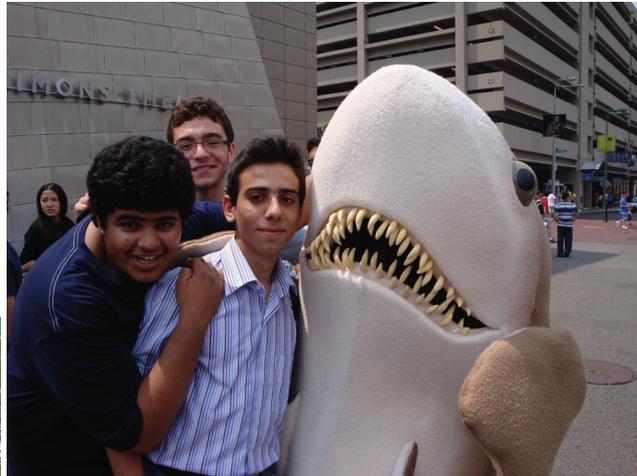
Often found: w 20

Pet peeve(s):

Purity Score: way too pure

Favorite quotation(s): Love all trust few

few



ema 

"The mind is quicker than the eyes"

Jesper Jacobsen

Name: Jesper K Jacobsen
Username: jjacobse
Address: galjevangsvagen
High School: Katedralskolan
Cell phone: 070-7964233
MSN: jesper_kjacobsen@hotmail.com
Non-MIT e-mail address: jesper_kjacobsen@hotmail.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1990/10/13



Batman

Best way to waste time: Internet, music

Best way to stay awake in lecture: Monster drink

Often found: Boston University

Favorite quotation(s): Wealth is of the heart and mind. Not the pocket.

Longest stint without sleep: 18 hours

Longest continuous sleep: 9 hours

Average hours of sleep per day: 7

Primary academic field(s): Biology

Secondary academic field(s):

Physics

Title of RSI project: Molecular

Interactions in Chicken Brain Cells

Mentor: Dr Hausman

Place of Mentorship: Boston

University

Most memorable RSI experience:



Hangy Hangy Hippos

Mike Jin

Name: Mike Jin
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16 Pricewoods Lane
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High School: John Burroughs School
Cell phone: (314)960-8629
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Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1990/10/03



Longest stint without sleep: 25 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 9 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 5.5 hours
Primary academic field(s): Molecular Biology
Secondary academic field(s): Oncology
Title of RSI project: Identification of Critical Genes in KRAS-based Colon Carcinogenesis
Mentor: Dr. Kenneth Hung
Place of Mentorship: Harvard Medical School
Most memorable RSI experience: jumping off a 40-foot cliff too close to the edge of the rocky pool of icy water below
Most embarrassing RSI experience: getting walked in on using Sarah Shareef's bathroom

by Sarah Shareef

Most scandalous RSI experience: running half-naked through Simmons chasing my assassin target
Best way to waste time: Rubik's cube
Best way to stay awake in lecture: mouthing Arabic swear words to my favorite Arabs across the room
Funny mannerisms: beatboxing/singing in falsetto for no particular reason
Distinctive Traits: OCD cleanliness about laundry and showers
Often found: LaVerde's drink section, Chinatown
Purity Score: 77%
Favorite quotation(s): "You know, now you probably shouldn't ever wash that hand again." -Jenny Sendova, following a handshake after ripping me apart in a table tennis doubles match
"So does he speak Jewish?" -Inar
"CAHM AHNNNNN!" -Abdurahman
"Wo xi huan chao fan. Hai you, qu ni. Wo kai wan xiao!" -Varoon



"LEGEND!"

Yousef Khalaf

Name: Yousef Khalaf
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Block 5, Street 5, House 27
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High School: Al-Bayan Bilingual School
Cell phone: (+965) 9642034
MSN: yekhalaf@hotmail.com
Non-MIT e-mail address: yekhalaf@hotmail.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/04/26



Longest stint without sleep: 24 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 17 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 5 hours
Primary academic field(s): Chemistry
Secondary academic field(s): Biology
Title of RSI project: Effect of Dissociation on the Strength of Hydrate-Bearing Sediments
Mentor: Antone Jain
Place of Mentorship: Parsons Lab, Building 48
Most memorable RSI experience: 4th of July on the

Esplanade

Most embarrassing RSI experience: Losing 11-0 to Sujay in Ping-Pong

Most scandalous RSI experience: MITES Party

Best way to waste time: Ping Pong

Best way to stay awake in lecture: Tying your tie really tight so that it chokes you when your head goes down.

Funny mannerisms: Winking

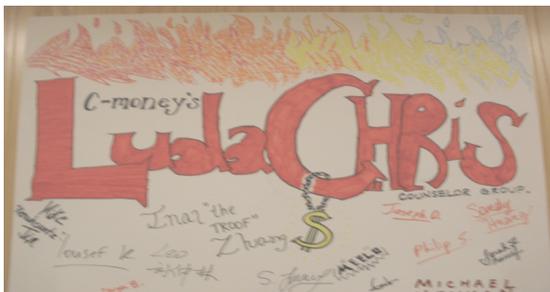
Distinctive Traits: Beautiful smile and nice eyebrows

Often found: In Jean and Diana's room

Pet peeve(s): Thunder and lightning

Purity Score:73

Favorite quotation(s): "Oh Baby!" - Sujay



"Aw-right"

Anna Kornakiewicz

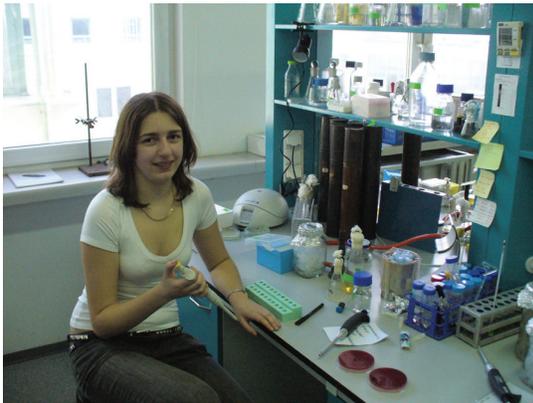
Name: Anna Kornakiewicz
Username: annkor
Nickname: Anna Justyna Zofia
Address: 8 Wrzosowa, 42-400 Zawiercie, Poland
High School: I LO Stefana Zeromskiego, 55 Wojska Polskiego, 42-400 Zawiercie
Cell phone: +48 692 533 722
MSN: N/A
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1989/01/14



Longest stint without sleep: 49 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 16 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 8 hours
Primary academic field(s): Biology
Secondary academic field(s): Medicine
Title of RSI project: Evolution of the potential for drug resistance in bacteria
Mentor: Dr. Pamela Yeh
Place of Mentorship: Harvard Medical School, Department of Systems Biology
Most memorable RSI experience: Fireworks
Most embarrassing RSI experience: wacky games
Most scandalous RSI experience: functioning of CT2

line

Best way to waste time: waiting for CT2 bus
Best way to stay awake in lecture: sitting next to appropriate person
Funny mannerisms: specific way of holding a pen
Distinctive Traits: early-bird
Often found: naturally at place of mentorship
Pet peeve(s): being late
Purity Score: N/A
Favorite quotation(s): "Imagination is more important than knowledge" Albert Einstein



ema 

"The wisest men follow their own direction" Eurypides

Alec Lai

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37065 Independence Ct.
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MSN: mercurialec8@gmail.com
Non-MIT e-mail address: mercurialec8@gmail.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/04/28



Longest stint without sleep: RSI: 22 hours; Anytime: 50 hours
Longest continuous sleep: RSI: 7 hours; Anytime: 28 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: RSI: 5 hours; Anytime: 5 hours
Primary academic field(s): Physics
Secondary academic field(s): Nuclear Physics and Thermodynamics
Title of RSI project: Thermal Optimization of Deep Boreholes for
Minor Actinide Waste Disposal
Mentor: Professor Michael J. Driscoll
Place of Mentorship: Nuclear Science and Engineering Department,
Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Most memorable RSI experience: That one game of "Truth or Truth"

Most embarrassing RSI experience: Attending the marriage between Aziz and Laundry

Most scandalous RSI experience: White Mountains room (Just kidding!!!)

Best way to waste time: Sit in the lounge on the 2nd floor of W20 from 10 AM - 5 PM doing nothing

Best way to stay awake in lecture: Have people around me slap me

Funny mannerisms: Random funny pouts, Index finger points out when drinking from a cup

Distinctive Traits: Mellow

Often found: W20 Lounge in the mornings and afternoon, 6-7 Lounge in Simmons at select times, In 1033 (my room) at night

Pet peeve(s): LaTeX

Purity Score: 80.4

Favorite quotation(s):

"Awwwwwwwwwwww, so cute!" - Sarah Shareef

"I feel fat." - Most people half my thickness

"Be good - in bed!" - APK

"You mean like theoretical math?" - Anne Wang, in response to "I don't see any purpose in doing things with no practical point in the end."
(Paraphrased)



Hangry Hangry Hippos

"Awwwwwwwwwwww, so cute!"

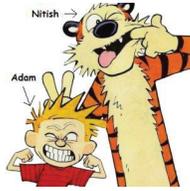
"Ugh, I'm lazy."

"Come up to my room."

"O, shut up, APK."

Nitish Lakhanpal

Name: Nitish Lakhanpal
Username: nitishl
Nickname: Niti, "L," or Word
Address:
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Irvine, CA 92603
High School: University High School
Cell phone: (949) 798-9215
Non-MIT e-mail address: nitishlakhanpal@gmail.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/08/12



Longest stint without sleep: 23 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 16 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 7 hours
Primary academic field(s): Biology, Physics, Chemistry, Math, Computer Science, Argumentation
Secondary academic field(s): English, History
Title of RSI project: An Investigation Into The Folding of Beta Structures
Mentor: Dr. Bonnie Berger and Dr. Allen Bryan
Place of Mentorship: STATA Center 5th Floor
Most memorable RSI experience: Steve yelling at a cab driver at 3 am.

Most embarrassing RSI experience: Truth or Dare
Most scandalous RSI experience: Rocky Horror Picture Show
Best way to waste time: StarCraft
Best way to stay awake in lecture: Sit next to Jay(or a counselor/tutor)
Funny mannerisms: Smiling
Distinctive Traits: Popping
Often found: W20 and Simmons 1st Floor Lounge
Pet peeve(s): Depends on the time
Purity Score: 92
Favorite quotation(s): "God was a Rickoid" -Seth



"Agggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh"
(while tap dancing);
"Pop goes the Nitish!"

Eric Larson

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5015 Donald Street
Eugene OR 97405
High School: South Eugene High School
Non-MIT e-mail address: elarson3@uoregon.edu



Longest stint without sleep: 19 hrs.
Longest continuous sleep: 17 hrs.
Average hours of sleep per day: 9
Primary academic field(s): Math
Title of RSI project: On Nilpotent Fusion Categories
Mentor: Pavel Etingof and David Jordan



Place of Mentorship: Math Dept.
Best way to waste time: Time should not be wasted!
Best way to stay awake in lecture: Get enough sleep the night before.
Often found: In the math department or computer lab.



Paul Lee

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paul13136@gmail.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/10/10



Longest stint without sleep: 20 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 13 Hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 6 Hours
Primary academic field(s): Mathematics, Sciences, History
Secondary academic field(s): Economics, Other Social Studies
Title of RSI project: The Effect of Salt Concentration on Topological and Geometric Properties of Circular DNA
Mentor: Xia Carol Hua
Place of Mentorship: Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Most memorable RSI experience: Being on the Charles River bridge during the first major thunderstorm
Most embarrassing RSI experience: Forgetting everyone's names while pretending to know them
Most scandalous RSI experience: mhm...
Best way to waste time: Music; learning about the cultural revolution
Best way to stay awake in lecture: Listening to what the lecturer has to say
Funny mannerisms: Eating too quickly; ticklishness
Distinctive Traits: Laugh; unphotogenicism
Often found: Far end of the 6th floor hallway; W20 Athena Cluster
Pet peeve(s): Nonsense
Favorite quotation(s): "Arch-ae-pel-ae-go"



"How am I supposed to know?" "Huh?"

David Levonian

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22032
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Cell phone: 571-263-0771
AIM: iforgotmyname09 (yes really)
Non-MIT e-mail address: dlevonian@cox.net
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1990/10/15



Longest stint without sleep: 48 hours (approx.)
Longest continuous sleep: 15 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 9 hours
Primary academic field(s): Physics
Secondary academic field(s): Electrical Engineering
Title of RSI project: Geometric Approaches to Network Theory
Mentor: Professor Lizhong Zheng
Place of Mentorship: Stata Center
Most memorable RSI experience: Fourth of July
Most embarrassing RSI experience: Truth or Dare
Most scandalous RSI experience: Rocky Horror Show
Best way to waste time: StarCraft or Wikipedia
Best way to stay awake in lecture: Holding my breath.

Funny mannerisms: Scowling at Aziz.

Distinctive Traits: Tall?

Often found: In the W-20 Athena cluster, pretending to work.

Pet peeve(s): Excessive hand-raising

Purity Score: 82%

Favorite quotation(s): "I stayed up the last 65 hours of my RSI. Shortly before my airport taxi came, I was sitting alone in my room, watching as my carpet turned into a dragon that started talking to me. Dead serious. It had a British accent." -- Prof. Dennis Ugolini

"That is so dirty, like Anna's Taqueria dirty." - Cherk



emax 

"All your base are belong to me!!!"

Patricia Li

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Lynbrook High School
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Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/08/29



Primary academic field(s): Math
Secondary academic field(s): Facebook
Title of RSI project: On the number of permutations with a given number of cycles and left-to-right maxima
Mentor: Matja\v z Konvalinka
Place of Mentorship: Walk
Most memorable RSI experience: Math is hard.

Most embarrassing RSI experience: Accidentally frying a MITES kid's clothing

Most scandalous RSI experience: Amy Tai

Best way to waste time: Waiting for the Simmons B elevator

Best way to stay awake in lecture: Who Would You Do?

Distinctive Traits: I wear my backpack above my butt and run like a little kid.

Often found: Awake before noon. Honest!

Purity Score: 91.8

Favorite quotation(s): The only thing to beer is beer itself.



"Like, yeah."

Zane Li

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Non-MIT e-mail addresses: gblob331@gmail.com
zane@math.byu.edu
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/09/25



Longest stint without sleep: 27 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 9 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 6 hours
Primary academic field(s): Math
Secondary academic field(s): Algebraic Geometry
Title of RSI project: On the intersection of quadric and cubic surfaces
Mentor: Ryan Reich
Place of Mentorship: Math Department Lounge (2-290)
Most memorable RSI experience: Talent Show (practicing and performing)

Most embarrassing RSI experience: Truth-or-Dare games
Most scandalous RSI experience: Truth-or-Dare game on the White Mountains trip, Wacky Olympics
Best way to waste time: Facebook
Best way to stay awake in lecture: Drinking a liter of water during the lecture
Funny mannerisms: Speaking Chinglish, saying English words with Chinese syllables
Distinctive Traits: Weird sense of humor, bad spelling (polynomail), Tai Chi
Often found: Sleeping at my desk, W20-575, 2-225, 2-290, and that room that has two entrances in Simmons (1064)
Pet peeve(s): People who write math papers in Word
Purity Score: 93%
Favorite quotation(s): "When I go to sleep at x , I usually wake up at $x+7.5$ hours modulo 12." -Elaine



Liew Xiao Tian (Elaine)

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Cell phone: +65 90122048
MSN: elainelxt@hotmail.com
Non-MIT e-mail addresses: elainelxt@gmail.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/07/26



Longest stint without sleep: Staying up all night playing truth or dare on the esplanade (and in the rain!) on July 3rd-4th. It was really fun!

Longest continuous sleep: About 24 hours, on the flight here from Singapore

Average hours of sleep per day: Eight.

Primary academic field(s): Mathematics

Secondary academic field(s): Physics, Economics

Title of RSI project: Predominant Intersection Vertices in Spanning Trees

Mentor: Maksim Maydanskiy

Place of Mentorship: MIT, Building 2

Most memorable RSI experience: Lying by the Charles River and watching the spectacular firework display together on the 4th of July.

Most embarrassing RSI experience: I forgot.

Most scandalous RSI experience: Using toothpicks to pass lifesavers during Whacky Olympics

Best way to waste time: Be sad, go online, or just stone.

Best way to stay awake in lecture: Pinch yourself really hard!

Funny mannerisms: Chirpiness

Distinctive Traits: Loves birds, waterfalls, dancing, pink/blue, smiles, and Rickoids.

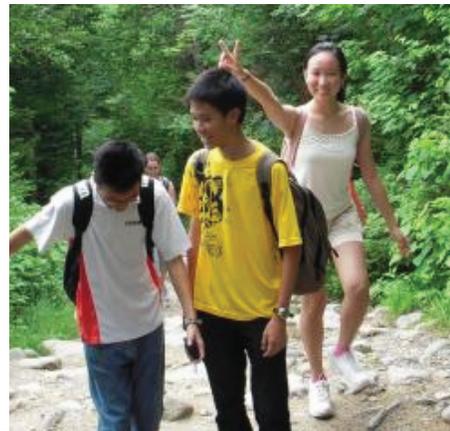
Often found: At random locations, dependent on mood

Pet peeve(s): People who are smart but really arrogant

Purity Score: I didn't understand the questions (and was too freaked out to google them)

Favorite quotation(s): Max: "or else... bad things will happen"

Patricia: "Guys, just get a room!"- referring to Marianna and Paul



ema 

"Awesome!"

Lim Jia Wei

Name: Lim Jia Wei
Username: limjw
Nickname: G-way
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2D, Hong San Walk
/#14-03 Palm Gardens
Singapore



High School: Hwa Chong Institution, Singapore
Cell phone: Oh, come on (Abdul-style). +65 93825688.
MSN: ljw2d@hotmail.com
Non-MIT e-mail address: ljw2d@yahoo.com.sg
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/12/11
Longest stint without sleep: 24 hrs
Longest continuous sleep: 14 hrs
Average hours of sleep per day: 6
Primary academic field(s): Pharmaceutical Chemistry
Secondary academic field(s): Biology
Title of RSI project: Multifunctional Polymeric Nanoparticles for MDR-1 Gene Silencing and Paclitaxel Co-Administration in Multidrug Resistant Ovarian

Cancer Cells

Mentor: Prof. Mansoor Amiji / Dr. Arun Iyer

Place of Mentorship: Northeastern University

Most memorable RSI experience: Going on the 'Old-man' hike during the White Mountains trip

Most embarrassing RSI experience: Spilling microwaved food on myself

Most scandalous RSI experience: Probably Rocky Horror.

Best way to waste time: Sleep. It's never a waste

Best way to stay awake in lecture: I'd recommend having sweets and drinks, though i still fall asleep anyway...

Funny mannerisms: Loves hugging... himself

Distinctive Traits: Has a face that resembles the moon. Has high activation energy, requires a stimulus. Sleeps everywhere he goes...

Often found: Anywhere.

Pet peeve(s): Messy tables

Purity Score: NA

Favorite quotation(s): Miaowwww – Elaine.



Hangry Hangry Hippos



"Sleep is good, uh-huh."

Zhonglin Liu

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High School: Shanghai Foreign Language School
Cell phone: 6174162128
AIM: NaN
MSN: lz1901030@126.com
Non-MIT e-mail address: lz1901030@126.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1990/10/30



Longest stint without sleep: 19 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 9 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 8 hours
Primary academic field(s): Computer Science
Secondary academic field(s): Environmental Science
Title of RSI project: Stitching and Analysis of Neuronal Images for Neuron Circuit Reconstruction
Mentor: Dr. H. Sebastian Seung

Place of Mentorship: MIT Department of Brain and Cognitive Science

Most memorable RSI experience: learning sailing on Charles river

Most embarrassing RSI experience: being called "Tim" by Ahxin and corrected him twice in less than 20 minutes

Most scandalous RSI experience: death hike

Best way to waste time: going body building with Nilesh the beast

Best way to stay awake in lecture: use Chinese herb

Funny mannerisms: countless

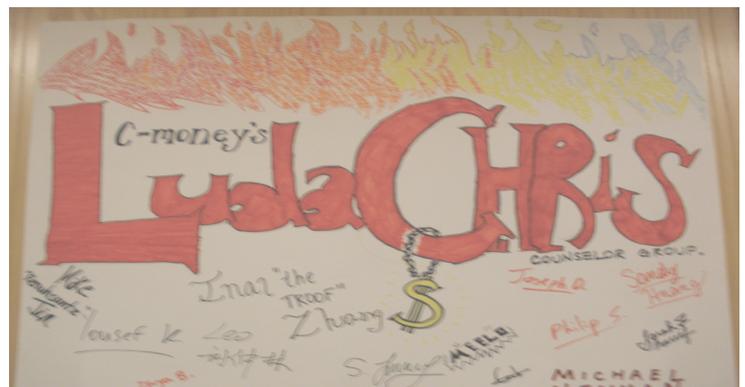
Distinctive Traits: Harvard T-shirt with MIT hat

Often found: at ping-pong table or Seung lab

Pet peeve(s): NaN

Purity Score: 87.6

Favorite quotation(s): Where there is a wall, we will crack a way!



Humility Honesty Mercy and Valor

Tim (Youngwook) Lyoo

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Gangnamgu. Seoul, Korea
Non-MIT e-mail address: ywl1397@gmail.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1993/6/23



Longest stint without sleep: 36hr
Longest continuous sleep: 18hr
Average hours of sleep per day: 8
Primary academic field(s): Math
Secondary academic field(s): I'd like to say physics
Title of RSI project: On linear and interval extensions that realize a poset.
Mentor: Yulan Qing

Place of Mentorship: The main MIT building math common room

Most memorable RSI experience: Trip to Charles Esplanade

Most embarrassing RSI experience: When I lost my backpack

Best way to waste time: something that starts with sc and ends with t

Best way to stay awake in lecture:

if you can't stand the lecture then think about your project.

if you can't do that then think about games or anything else you want to

if you can't do that then think about what will happen if Paul Kominers

sees you sleeping.

if you can't do that sleep.

DISCLAIMER: I did not say I did that.

Funny mannerisms: Hopefully not.

Distinctive Traits:

A math major and an international student suffering from time difference. Any time come to W20 and you have a $3/4$ chance of meeting me.

Often found: W20 student center at night.

Purity Score: Probably higher than 90



Hangry Hangry Hippos



Favorite quotation(s): God is the infinite point of the Alexandrov compactification of the universe. (Grothendieck)

Marianna Mao

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40884 Marty Terrace
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Cell phone: (510)493-8519
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Non-MIT e-mail address: yumyym@gmail.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991 09 08



Most embarrassing RSI experience: Borrowing pillows from Steve on the night of July 4th
Most scandalous RSI experience: See above
Best way to waste time: Reading Prince of Tennis
Best way to stay awake in lecture: Food, gum, and pinching
Distinctive Traits: I eat a lot of ice cream sandwiches, and I fall asleep with my mouth open in random places.
Often found: W-20 Athena cluster
Pet peeve(s): Quotes that are meant to be meaningful
Favorite quotation(s): See pet peeves

Longest stint without sleep: 22 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 8 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 5.5 hours
Primary academic field(s): Math, physics
Secondary academic field(s): History
Title of RSI project: Gravitational Radiation from Encounters with Ultra-Compact Binaries in Globular Clusters
Mentor: Professor Edmund Bertschinger, Sarah Vigeland, Phillip Zukin
Place of Mentorship: MIT (Kavli Institute)
Most memorable RSI experience: Weekend trip to New Hampshire



ema 

Benjamin Mirabelli

Name: Benjamin Mirabelli
Username: benno
Nickname: Benno
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70 Wooster St.
New York, NY 10012
High School: Packer Collegiate Institute
Non-MIT e-mail address: bemirabelli@packer.edu
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1990/10/22



Longest stint without sleep: 24
Longest continuous sleep: 12
Average hours of sleep per day: 9
Primary academic field(s): Math
Title of RSI project: Finding non-degenerate critical points of the superpotential associated to smooth Fano polytopes
Mentor: Maksim Maydanskiy
Place of Mentorship: Building 2, MIT
Best way to waste time: doo-wop in 741
Best way to stay awake in lecture: sit next to Michael
Distinctive Traits: walks like a boss
Characteristic quotation(s): I'm mighty hungry



Hungry Hungry Hippos

Vikram Nathan

Name: Vikram Nathan
Username: vikramn
Address:
5330 Beaumont Canyon Dr.
San Jose, CA 95138
High School:
The Harker School
Cell phone: (408) 505 - 1972
Non-MIT e-mail address: nathan.vikram@gmail.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/11/09



Longest stint without sleep: 21 hrs

Longest continuous sleep: 11 hrs

Average hours of sleep per day: 6 hrs

Primary academic field(s): Chemistry

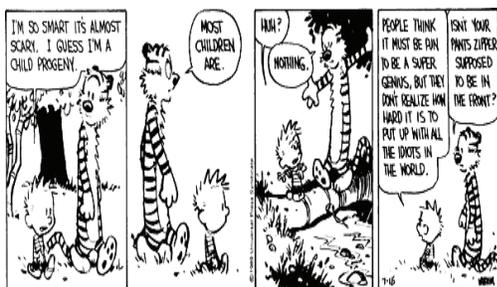
Secondary academic field(s): Physics

Title of RSI project: Effects of Fluctuations and Transition State Pathways on Reaction Kinetics

Mentor: Dr. Udayan Mohanty

Place of Mentorship: Boston College

Most memorable RSI experience: 4th of July Fireworks, White Mountains



Most embarrassing RSI experience: Being asked about my most embarrassing experience during the unnamed activity

Most scandalous RSI experience: Rocky Horror Picture Show

Best way to waste time: Facebook, Youtube

Best way to stay awake in lecture: Poking your eye

Often found: Ping-Pong, Eating, in the Athena Cluster (Simmons), Sleeping

Pet peeve(s): People who stay awake for the sake of proving they can, math people for

getting up late enough to be able to be the people staying awake all night.

Purity Score: Didn't take it.



Favorite quotation(s):

"I have the heart of a small boy...and I keep it in a jar on my desk."

-- Stephen King

"In the first place, God made idiots. That was for practice. Then he made school boards." -- Mark Twain

"Chuck Norris *can* eat just one Lay's chip" -- Random book from the MIT COOP

"Suppose you were an idiot and suppose you were a member of Congress. But I repeat myself." -- Mark Twain



Hongy Hongy Hippos

Michael Newman

Name: Michael Newman
Username: menewman
Nickname: Newman
Address:
PSC 3 Box 13
APO AP 96266
High School: Osan American High School
Non-MIT e-mail address: michaelnewman@live.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/10/31



Longest stint without sleep: 45 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 16 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 4
Primary academic field(s): Biology
Secondary academic field(s): Mathematics
Title of RSI project: Expression of DNA-dependent activator of IFN-regulatory factors (DAI) in IFN-induced and oncogenic human cells
Mentor: Dr. Ky Lowenhaupt
Place of Mentorship: MIT Department of Biology
Most memorable RSI experience: Looking for breakfast on the morning of July 4th after a brutal night on

the Esplanade.

Most embarrassing RSI experience: The talent show.

Most scandalous RSI experience: The photo-scavenger hunt.

Best way to waste time: Playing Spades.

Best way to stay awake in lecture: Doodle.

Funny mannerisms: Eating marshmallows constantly.

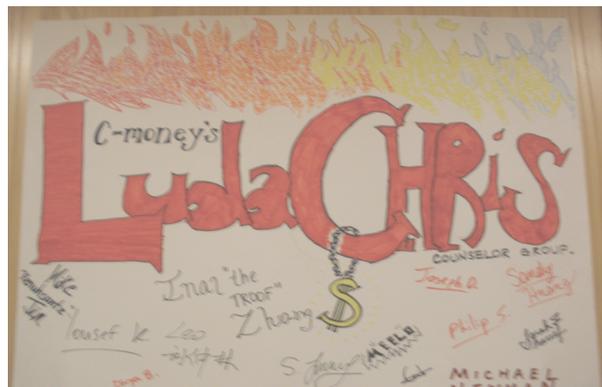
Distinctive Traits: A pronounced slouch.

Often found: In the 7th floor lounge of Simmons.

Pet peeve(s): Too much talk about math projects.

Purity Score: Not as low as Harry's.

"I'm mighty hungry" - Benno; "What time is it?" - Blake



"It's Stealth Time!"

Chris Olund

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Springfield, VA 22153
High School: Thomas Jefferson High School for Science and Technology
Cell phone: (703) 967-8204
AIM: lordofthemor0ns
Non-MIT e-mail address: colund@gmail.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1990/11/09



Longest stint without sleep: 18 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 10 hours?
Average hours of sleep per day: 8
Primary academic field(s): Physics
Title of RSI project: Inner K Shell Signatures of Iron in Warm Absorbers
Mentor: Dr. Norbert S Schulz
Place of Mentorship: Kavli Institute for Astrophysics and Space Research
Most memorable RSI experience: Karaoke
Best way to waste time: Doing absolutely nothing

Best way to stay awake in lecture: Caffeinated beverages
Funny mannerisms: Various OCD related things
Distinctive Traits: Quietude, laziness
Often found: Wandering
Purity Score: 94.4



ema 

Ong Hao Yi

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Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/01/10



Longest stint without sleep: 72 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 25 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 4 hours
Primary academic field(s): Aerodynamics
Secondary academic field(s): Organic Chemistry
Title of RSI project: Spacecraft Solar Panel Array Deployment Mechanism
Mentor: Col. John Keesee, Dr. Alvar Saenz-Otero
Place of Mentorship: MIT Department of Aeronautics and Astronautics
Most memorable RSI experience: Rocky Horror
Most scandalous RSI experience: Rocky Horror

Best way to waste time: Youtube!!

Best way to stay awake in lecture: Chew on bubblegum

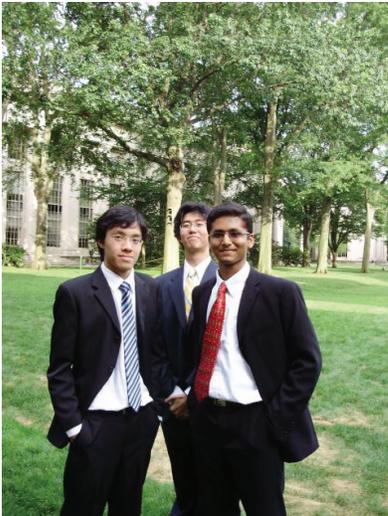
Distinctive Traits: Play table tennis for fun (strictly non-competitive).

Often found: In the MIT aero/astro library

Pet peeve(s): The mentality of the human race.

Purity Score: 84.6%

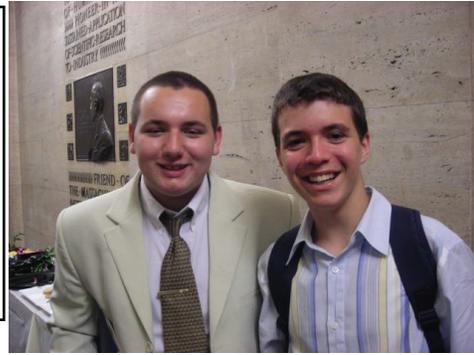
Favorite quotation(s): "Cah-Mahnnnnnn" -- ABDUUUUUUL



"People are not born equal"

Dimitris Papadimitriou

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Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/09/27



Longest stint without sleep: 25 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 13 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 8 hours
Primary academic field(s): Mathematics
Secondary academic field(s): Economics
Title of RSI project: Factorisation in terms of Cyclotomic Polynomials and algorithms for their coefficients.
Mentor: Tathagata Sengupta
Place of Mentorship: Department of Mathematics at MIT

Most memorable RSI experience: White Mountain and death hike
Most embarrassing RSI experience: Putting make-up for the scavenger hunt
Best way to waste time: Talking to other rickoids. You can always learn from them many interesting things.
Best way to stay awake in lecture: Punching the person next to you, to help him stay awake.
Distinctive Traits: Being sociable.
Often found: Playing ping-pong.



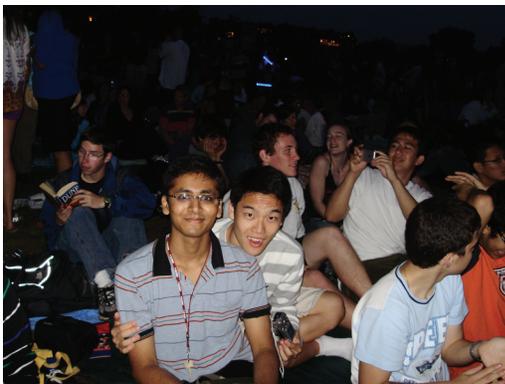
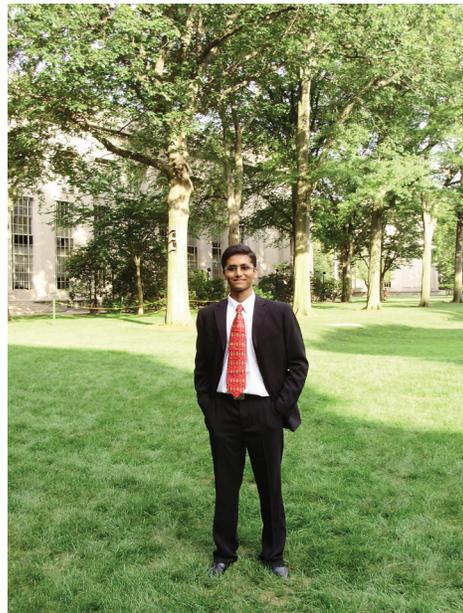
Purity Score: 89.6
Favorite quotation(s): Experience is the hardest teacher; it gives you first the test and then the lesson.



"Come on" (I know...
Abdul may have put
the same thing!)

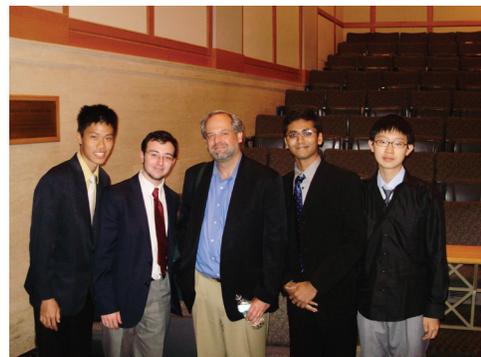
Jay Patel

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jaypatel77@gmail.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/12/12



Longest stint without sleep: 21 Hours
Longest continuous sleep: 8 Hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 6-7 Hours
Primary academic field(s): Computer Science
Secondary academic field(s): Speech Recognition Technology
Title of RSI project: Language Modeling for Lecture Transcription
Mentor: James Glass
Place of Mentorship: MIT Computer Science and Artificial Intelligence Laboratory (CSAIL)
Most memorable RSI experience: RSI itself is memorable,

but within RSI, dancing at the Talent Show was enjoyable
Most embarrassing RSI experience: count = 0
Most scandalous RSI experience: Refer to the above
Best way to waste time: Sleep - this is in fact a good use of time
Best way to stay awake in lecture: Try to follow what the speaker is trying to say and time will fly, its that simple...
Funny mannerisms: Change of accents from Indian to Singaporean to American (Learned a bit of Aussie from Alex)
Distinctive Traits: Determined, Helpful, Selfless, "Krazzy"
Often found: At the Ping Pong Table
Pet peeve(s): Stay cool, thats my motto
Purity Score: NA
Favorite quotation(s): 'Nothing is Impossible, Impossible are Nothing'; 'With great power comes great responsibility' from film 'Spiderman'



'Boredom is an insult to one's intelligence'

Eli Putterman

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Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/11/02



Longest stint without sleep: 42 hrs (predicted value, Death Week)
Longest continuous sleep: 18 hrs (predicted value, week after)
Average hours of sleep per day: 7.5 (first 5 weeks); 2 (last week)
Primary academic field(s): Mathematics, Physics
Secondary academic field(s): Computer Science, Postmodernist Deconstruction (see summerbook article)
Title of RSI project: Determination of the Rate of Convergence of the Equi-Energy Sampler
Mentor: Ms. Carol Xia Hua

Place of Mentorship: MIT Math Department
Most memorable RSI experience: Professor Ketterle's lecture
Most embarrassing RSI experience: Being Zergling rushed
Most scandalous RSI experience: Wouldn't you like to know?
Best way to waste time: StarCraft
Best way to stay awake in lecture: Go to sleep the night beforehand (hypothetically speaking)
Funny mannerisms: Overdone cynicism
Distinctive Traits: Yarmulke, presence in W20 at 4:00 AM
Often found: Simmons Cluster, W20 Cluster, LaVerde's, 6th floor kitchen
Pet peeve(s): Waking up
Purity Score: $\sum_{\forall \epsilon > 0} \epsilon |PS| < \epsilon$
Favorite quotation(s): "Touche." - Andrew P. Kositsky



"... at the obscenely early time of 10 AM..."

"... the poor Rickoids with their bio mentorships in their labs at 9..."

Max Rabinovich

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Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/10/04



Longest stint without sleep: 46 hours (July 4th!)
Longest continuous sleep: 10 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: Seven
Primary academic field(s): Mathematics.
Secondary academic field(s): Physics, literature.
Title of RSI project: On the Scaling Limits of a Generalized Divisible Sandpile Model
Mentor: Emanuel Stoica
Place of Mentorship: MIT
Most memorable RSI experience: Sleeping on the Esplanade in the pouring rain.
Most embarrassing RSI experience: A bizarre "Truth" question in Truth or Dare. Enough said.
Most scandalous RSI experience: The "Anything mating" picture with Diana. Apparently we read an outdated textbook, since we got it

backwards.

Best way to waste time: xkcd or Ctrl-Alt-Del, I guess.

Best way to stay awake in lecture: Remind yourself that if you fall asleep, Or will kill you.

Funny mannerisms: Being stoic, quoth Andrew.

Distinctive Traits: You tell me.

Often found: Solving (math) problems.

Pet peeve(s): Ppl tiping likke tiss.

Purity Score: 90.4%

Favorite quotation(s):

"You made me confess the fears I have. But I will tell you also what I do not fear. I do not fear to be alone or to be spurned for another or to leave whatever I have to leave. And I am not afraid to make a mistake, even a great mistake, a lifelong mistake, and perhaps as long as eternity too."

- Stephen Dedalus in James Joyce's Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man



"We must know.
We will know."

Harry Richman

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Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/04/30



Longest stint without sleep: 30 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 13 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 7
Primary academic field(s): Mathematics
Secondary academic field(s): Linear Algebra
Title of RSI project: Counting Diagonalizable Matrices Over Finite Fields
Mentor: Tonghoon Suk
Place of Mentorship: MIT, Building 2
Most memorable RSI experience: trips to Chinatown, 4th of July on the Esplanade
Most embarrassing RSI experience: having my Facebook profile edited after forgetting to log out, awkward Facebook comments
Most scandalous RSI experience: truth or dare, photo scavenger hunt

Best way to waste time: facebook, virtual cube
Distinctive Traits: subtle inappropriate comments
Pet peeve(s): LaVerde's closing at 11 pm
Purity Score: 65.6



ema 

Rajarshi Roy

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h0630066@highsch.nus.edu.sg
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/06/06



Longest stint without sleep: until 5:30 am
Longest continuous sleep: too sleepy to realise that!
Average hours of sleep per day: 9
Primary academic field(s): Engineering
Secondary academic field(s): Nanotechnology
Title of RSI project: Production and Modification of Titania (TiO₂) Nanotubes for Solar Cell Applications
Mentor: Dr. Latika Menon
Place of Mentorship: Egan Research Center
Most memorable RSI experience: 4th of July
Most embarrassing RSI experience: Spilling skittles

on the person next to me during a scary scene in the Batman movie
Most scandalous RSI experience: Rocky Horror Show
Best way to waste time: Sleep!
Best way to stay awake in lecture: Have Hersheys dark chocolate bit by bit.
Favorite quotation(s): "I came I saw I conquered"



Adam Sealfon

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Primary academic field(s): Mathematics
Secondary academic field(s): Computer Science
Title of RSI project: Complexity of Hypergraph Property Testers
Mentor: Victor Chen
Place of Mentorship: Stata center



Best way to waste time: "The time you enjoy wasting is not wasted time." - "Bertrand Russell
Best way to stay awake in lecture: Sit next to Or.

Favorite quotation(s):

"The reports of my death are greatly exaggerated."

--Mark Twain

"We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately."

--Benjamin Franklin

"Violence is the last refuge of the incompetent."

--Salvor Hardin

"In theory there is no difference between theory and practice.

In practice there is."

--Yogi Berra

"An expert is a person who has made all the mistakes that can be made."

--Niels Bohr

"The only thing we have to fear is fear itself."

--Franklyn Delano Roosevelt

"'Impossible' n'est pas francais."

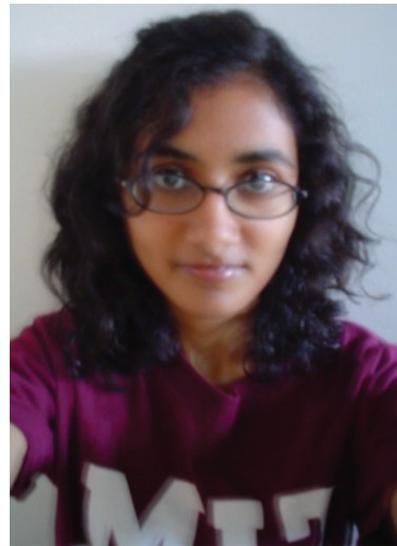
--Napoleon Bonaparte



``\$\$| A - \lambda \cdot I |\$\$"

Sarah Shareef

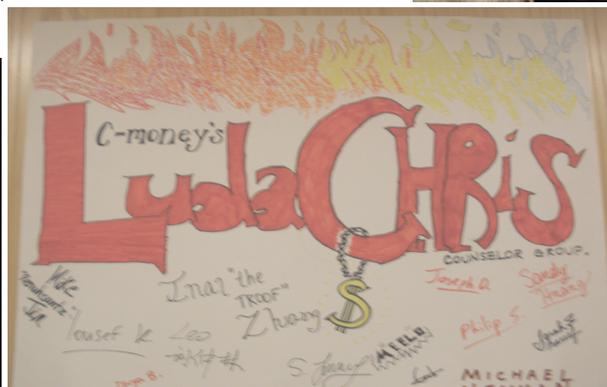
Name: Sarah J Shareef
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Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1992/04/09



Longest stint without sleep: 20 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 13 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 7 hours
Primary academic field(s): Biology
Secondary academic field(s): Chemistry
Title of RSI project: Tight junctions, Polarity, and Preventing Metastasis of Epithelial Cancers
Mentor: Dr. Maria Kukuruzinska
Place of Mentorship: Boston University Medical Center
Most memorable RSI experience: Jumping into the freezing waterfall after 5 minutes of standing on a rock

Most embarrassing RSI experience: Truth or Dare at White Mountains
Most scandalous RSI experience: Photo Scavenger Hunt - Group in the same bathroom stall

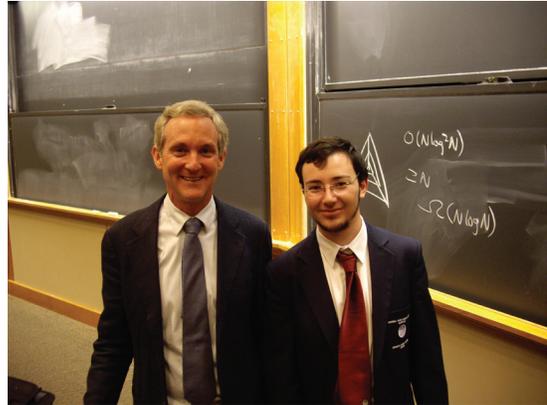
Best way to waste time: Stare out the window in the 6th floor laundry room.
Best way to stay awake in lecture: Analyze the speaker's presentation skills.
Funny mannerisms: Tendency to form a heart with my hands, Random pouting
Distinctive Traits: Uncalled for enthusiasm, sleep deprivation symptoms include severe bubbiness, preference for presentations over papers
Often found: On the bus to Boston Med Center or in the presence of Emily
Pet peeve(s): When Simmons gets really quiet around midnight during the first few weeks of RSI (its really creepy)
Purity Score: 98% (-2% thanks to RSI)
Favorite quotation(s): "OMG, I love you guys!"
- C-Money, "Oh Baby!" - Yousef



Awww so cute!,
COOOO-OOKIES!!!,
Let's eat!

Alexander Sharp

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simplechat@gmail.com, amadscientist10@hotmail.com



Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 2008/03/21
Longest stint without sleep: 30 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 12
Average hours of sleep per day: 5
Primary academic field(s): Computer science
Secondary academic field(s): Mathematics
Title of RSI project: Of Bits and Bytes - Metrics to Quantify Streaming
Mentor: David Rudolph
Place of Mentorship: Akamai Technologies
Most memorable RSI experience: Scavenger hunt/purity test
Most embarrassing RSI experience: I'm not keeping

count

Most scandalous RSI experience: See above

Best way to waste time: Starcraft

Best way to stay awake in lecture: Sleep on something sharp

Funny mannerisms: Aussie slang

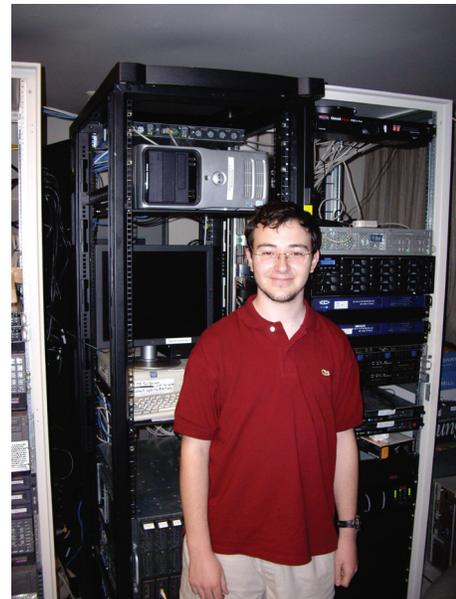
Distinctive Traits: Laid back, knowledgable, aussie slang, random knowledge, interest in everything.

Often found: Talking to lecturers, on computers, hanging out

Pet peeve(s): (office) Cubicals lack pillows.

Purity Score: N in R, $0 \leq N \leq 100$

Favorite quotation(s): "You say that like it's a bad thing?", "Abduuuuul", "Oh commmmmon", "Nobody expects the Spanish inquisition!"



"Nobody expects the Spanish inquisition!", "...?"

Jean Shiao

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MSN: I'll get one soon- ask me
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Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1992/04/03



Longest stint without sleep: 29 hrs
Longest continuous sleep: 11 hrs
Average hours of sleep per day: 6 hrs
Primary academic field(s): Math
Secondary academic field(s): Group Theory, linear and abstract algebra
Title of RSI project: A Study on Finite Subgroups of Multiplicative Non-Zero Quaternions and $SO(3)$ Groups
Mentor: Mr. Tonghoon Suk
Place of Mentorship: Building 2, MIT
Most memorable RSI experience: Seeing Sujay

and Inar for the first time and realizing how incredibly good-looking they were
Most embarrassing RSI experience: "Are you back yet?"
Most scandalous RSI experience: Rooming with Diana
Best way to waste time: Facebook, sleep
Best way to stay awake in lecture: Sit next to someone really good-looking. :) Kidding, lectures are fun.
Funny mannerisms: Not walking in a straight line, Hiding from the sun
Distinctive Traits: Not looking at people in the eye when talking to them, Laughing or singing at random times, Staring at strangers and starting fights
Often found: Sitting at W20 or with random group of people
Pet peeve(s): Loud alarm clocks
Purity Score: 97.2-ish
Favorite quotation(s): "That's Anna's Taqueria dirty."



"I'm not talking to you anymore."

Rohini Shivamoggi

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Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/05/30



Longest stint without sleep: 22 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 8 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 5.5 hours
Primary academic field(s): Physics
Secondary academic field(s): Astrophysics
Title of RSI project: Analysis of Clustering in Color-Magnitude Diagrams to Detect Gravitational Microlensing Events
Mentor: Dr. Rosanne Di Stefano
Place of Mentorship: Harvard-Smithsonian Center for Astrophysics
Most memorable RSI experience: Camping out at the Esplanade for fireworks

Most embarrassing RSI experience: Falling off my chair in the W20 Athena cluster

Most scandalous RSI experience: hmm...

Best way to waste time: Playing Spider Solitaire

Best way to stay awake in lecture: Pay attention

Funny mannerisms: Tendency to look lost and confused, twirling my pencil all the time, twirling my MIT lanyard, swiveling in the chairs in the Athena cluster, zoning out and coming back in at the most awkward moment possible

Distinctive Traits: Indecisive, Excitable, Mild

Often found: Walking towards a location that is not yet determined

Pet peeve(s): Computer refusing to play music

Purity Score: 97.2

Favorite quotation(s): "Facts are stubborn things, but statistics are more pliable." -Mark Twain



"Uhh..."; Addressing people by their full names

Rafal Sledziewski

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AIM: What's that?
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Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1989-06-02



Longest stint without sleep: 46.5 h
Longest continuous sleep: 18.8 h
Average hours of sleep per day: 9 h
Primary academic field(s): Biomedicine
Secondary academic field(s): Biochemistry
Title of RSI project: Diversity and Evolution of Conjugation Plasmids in Natural {it Vibrio} Population.
Mentor: Prof. Martin F. Polz
Place of Mentorship: The Parsons Laboratory, Department of Civil and Environmental Engineering, Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Most memorable RSI experience: Sunbathing on the beach
Most embarrassing RSI experience: One of the longest evening lecture
Most scandalous RSI experience: Bedcheck! (Or's group)
Best way to waste time: Fall asleep during Bedcheck...
Best way to stay awake in lecture: Tighten a tie
Funny mannerisms: Asking stupid question during lecture
Distinctive Traits: Sunglasses
Often found: Or's backpack
Pet peeve(s): Pig
Purity Score: 100 %
Favorite quotation(s):
"That's assume" and "Basicly..."



"It was your pleasure"

Janet Song

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Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/12/15
Longest stint without sleep: 19 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 8 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 7 hours
Primary academic field(s): biology
Secondary academic field(s): neuroscience
Title of RSI project: Brain Volumetric Measures in Alcoholics: A Comparison of Two Segmentation Techniques
Mentor: Dr. Gordon Harris
Place of Mentorship: Massachusetts General Hospital
Most memorable RSI experience: Fourth of July, skits, mentorship, White Mountains, Assassins, ... EVERYTHING. =D

Most embarrassing RSI experience: Truth or Dare
Most scandalous RSI experience: um ... Rocky Horror?
Best way to waste time: eating in the 6th floor lounge
Best way to stay awake in lecture: sit in the front and blink rapidly
Funny mannerisms: I eat a lot of jello and popsicles and I say weird things - like "foots" instead of "feet" and "thigh" instead of "Thai."
Distinctive Traits: um ... stereotypical Asian girl
Often found: If I told you, I'd have to kill you.
Pet peeve(s): arrogant, lazy people
Purity Score: 96
Favorite quotation(s):
"I can't believe you thought I was 110 pounds!" - Emily
"Stop while you're ahead." - Sarah and Alec
"Wait. You'd marry a forty-year old guy?!?!!" - APK to me



"You should measure the difference between foots."
"Sarah, your hair looks better now that it's not straightened."

Sang-Hun Song

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sam2102@gmail.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1995/02/07



Longest stint without sleep: about 30 hours
Longest continuous sleep: about 18 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: about 9 to 10 hours
Primary academic field(s): Number theory
Secondary academic field(s): Complex analysis
Title of RSI project: Discriminant values of complex quadratic fields with exponent a power of 2
Mentor: Liang Xiao
Place of Mentorship: 2-090(MIT building)
Most memorable RSI experience: firework on the 4th of July
Most embarrassing RSI experience: When I woke up at 1:30, which was 30 minutes before my mentorship.
Most scandalous RSI experience: When I forgot where I put my bag,

and found it after about 40 minutes.

Best way to waste time: searching and listening music

Best way to stay awake in lecture: pinch myself or think about my project

Funny mannerisms: have continuous urge to chew something like a straw

Distinctive Traits: like to stay in one place

Often found: Athena cluster

Pet peeve(s): Unexpected ruins

Purity Score: 97

Favorite quotation(s):

Time is money.



The most important thing in life aren't things

Galin Statev

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Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1990/01/28



Longest stint without sleep: 30
Longest continuous sleep: 16
Average hours of sleep per day: 8
Primary academic field(s): Mathematics
Secondary academic field(s): Computer Science, Physics
Title of RSI project: On Fermat-Euler Matrix Congruences
Mentor: Tathagata Sengupta
Place of Mentorship: Department of Mathematics in MIT
Most memorable RSI experience: Everything.

Most scandalous RSI experience: Rocky Horror

Best way to waste time: STARCRAFT

Best way to stay awake in lecture: Sleep with your eyes open

Funny mannerisms: Asking lots of questions

Distinctive Traits: Asking lots of questions

Often found: Asking questions

Pet peeve(s): Time schedules

Purity Score: 94.2

Favorite quotation(s): Time is infinite and yet it is never enough – me; There must be an ever lasting dream that never fades away even if it never comes true – unknown; The difference between



Genius and Stupidity is... Genius has limits - a wooden plate in a store at Hampton beach; Without darkness there is no light. Without light there's no life. Therefore darkness is essential for life. Join the dark side. We have cookies :-) - me



"Ehhhhh Annie?
I have a question....."

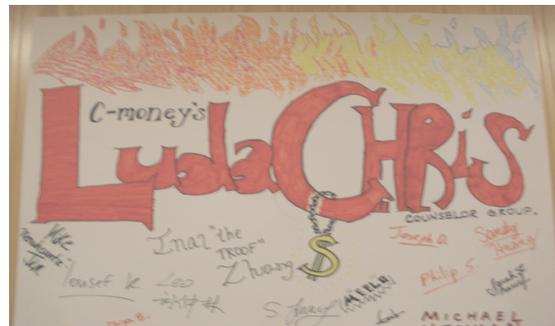
Philip Streich

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streichp@uwplatt.edu
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/01/23



Longest stint without sleep: 38
Longest continuous sleep: 10
Average hours of sleep per day: 6
Primary academic field(s): Nanotechnology
Secondary academic field(s): bionanotechnology
Title of RSI project: First Stable, Non-aqueous Bacteriophage Solution and Phage-based Lithium-ion Battery Cathode.
Mentor: Mark Allen
Place of Mentorship: Angela Belcher Labs, MIT
Most memorable RSI experience: Dining out
Most embarrassing RSI experience: Dining out
Most scandalous RSI experience: Dining out

Best way to waste time: Perusing Zagats.
Best way to stay awake in lecture: Dreaming of food
Funny mannerisms: Wild hand movements while speaking
Distinctive Traits: air force ones
Often found: On the move
Purity Score: 76



"graphene!"

Jenny Sul

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Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1990/03/23



Longest stint without sleep: 21 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 6 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 5 hours
Primary academic field(s): Biology
Secondary academic field(s): Immunology
Title of RSI project: Modular Assembly in Constructing Bispecific Antibodies
Mentor: Margaret P. Ackerman/Dr. K. Dane Wittrup
Place of Mentorship: Department of Chemical Engineering, The Wittrup Lab, MIT
Most memorable RSI experience: Hiking, "Truth or Truth" and "Truth or Dare" in White Mountains

4th July: Fireworks, shopping and "truth or dare" on the Esplanade, "Therapy" sessions with Alec, Steve and APK (or maybe just their company)

Most embarrassing RSI experience: Forgetting my lyrics while singing "Memory" at the Talent Show

Most scandalous RSI experience: Inar and Mike's mating position in Scavenger Hunt; Rocky Horror!

Best way to waste time: Facebook

Best way to stay awake in lecture: (Theoretically) Try to be inspired, (Realistically) Coffee and chewing gum!

Funny mannerisms: Making sketchy comments without being aware of it, Randomly singing or humming to myself, Poking people (especially the opposite sex)!

Distinctive Traits: (according to friends) Too insecure and anxious, Loud and social with an "innocent" demeanor

Often found: In either Alec's or Steve's room..!; With either Minerva or Daedalus on my shoulder

Pet peeve(s): LaTeX (it takes such a long time to type up the papers!); APK's constant sketchy interpretations...

Purity Score: 88 %

Favorite quotation(s): "RSI is for STUPID people!"; "Do something brave, then RUN like HELL!"



"Shuut Uuuup!";
"That is SO CUTE!"

Amy Tai

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2826 E. 83rd St.
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and Mathematics
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, atai@ossm.edu
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/07/17



Longest stint without sleep: July 4th on the Esplanade--- I think it was a grand total of 10 hours of sleep in a consecutive 48 hour period
Longest continuous sleep: Not anything wonderful--- perhaps 12 hours--- from 11pm to 10am one day. Patricia and I were still tired afterwards....

Average hours of sleep per day: 9

Primary academic field(s): Bioinformatics, Math/Computer Science

Secondary academic field(s): Chemistry/Biology

Title of RSI project: A Novel Predictive Model for Identifying Drug-Drug Interactions

Mentor: Dr. Gil Alterovitz and Dr. Marco Ramoni (Erdos number of 3!!!!)

Place of Mentorship: W20, but technically at Harvard Med..

Most memorable RSI experience: Death Hike

Most embarrassing RSI experience: Filling out this form

Most scandalous RSI experience: Patricia Li

Best way to waste time: Cubing

Best way to stay awake in lecture: Concentrate on clenching my bladder

Funny mannerisms: I drink lots of water. I also drink coffee in the morning, without fail. Consequently, I am also always looking for a bathroom.

Often found: buying water, drinking water, or recycling empty water bottles

Pet peeve(s): when people listen to loud music in the W20 Athena cluster.. without earphones

Purity Score: 93.6 %

Favorite quotation(s): "What is `here'? Isn't it just `there' without a `t'?"



Sujay Tyle

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Pittsford, NY 14534
High School: Pittsford Mendon High School
Cell phone: (585)-770-0803
AIM: inSTYLE993
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Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): September 3rd



Longest stint without sleep: 48 Hours (or 4 hours in 72)
Longest continuous sleep: 11PM-1230PM
Average hours of sleep per day: 6
Primary academic field(s): Biochemistry
Secondary academic field(s): Biological Physics
Title of RSI project: A Novel Design of Optical Tweezers to Model DNA-DNA Interactions without the Presence of Protein
Mentor: Dr. Mara Prentiss
Place of Mentorship: Harvard University
Most memorable RSI experience: Playing the role of "Frankenstein" for the first week, Fourth of July, MITES Dance
Most embarrassing RSI experience: Seeing Jesper for

the first time, and realizing that my good looks don't even compare to a male Swedish runway model
Most scandalous RSI experience: Break Free Striptease with Inar Zhang
Best way to waste time: Discussing Anna's Taqueria's Dirtiness / Ping-pong
Best way to stay awake in lecture: 32oz. Monster Energy Drink
Funny mannerisms: Saying "Oh Baby" all the time
Distinctive Traits: Being Frankenstein, Being Ridiculously Good Looking, Imitating Abdul / Saying his name really loud, Going all-out on the ping-pong table
Often found: Ping-pong Table, Inar's / Cherk's / Diana and Jean's Room, With team China
Pet peeve(s): Slabs of Dirty Cheese
Purity Score: Anna's Taqueria Dirty



Favorite quotation(s): "Have you met Tom and Barry. You're about to." - Nilesh Trip "CahhhMaan" - Abdul



"Oh baby" "That's just dirty.
Anna's dirty."
"My name Frankenstein."

Daniel Vitek

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Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/09/14
Longest stint without sleep: 23 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 11 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 8.5 hours
Primary academic field(s): Mathematics
Secondary academic field(s): Neurochemistry
Title of RSI project: Hamiltonicity of Configuration Spaces
Mentor: Yulan Qing
Place of Mentorship: MIT Math Department (Building 2)
Most memorable RSI experience: Helping people with LaTeX, designing the back of the T-shirt

Most embarrassing RSI experience: Getting locked out of my room the first morning at 6:00 AM
Most scandalous RSI experience: The pictures of Marianna and Patricia sleeping in W20
Best way to waste time: Doing math incorrectly and fixing your mistakes
Best way to stay awake in lecture: Getting enough sleep and drinking lots of water
Funny mannerisms: Buttoning the top button of my polo shirts
Distinctive Traits: Unknown eye color, occasional stuttering
Often found: Sleeping through the day
Pet peeve(s): People who use 'good' as an adverb
Purity Score: 87.6
Favorite quotation(s): "You don't need to write 'here' in your paper. Where else would you prove something?" - Dr. Rickert



ema 

"Yeah, that's pretty simple. You just have to..."

Anne Wang

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Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1990/11/01



Longest stint without sleep: 23 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 8 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 6 hours
Primary academic field(s): Biology
Secondary academic field(s): Microbiology
Title of RSI project: Mutation of SRC in Glioblastoma Cell Lines
Mentor: Dr. Jinyan Du
Place of Mentorship: The Broad Institute
Most memorable RSI experience: Sleeping in the rain on the Esplanade, although the actual sleeping only

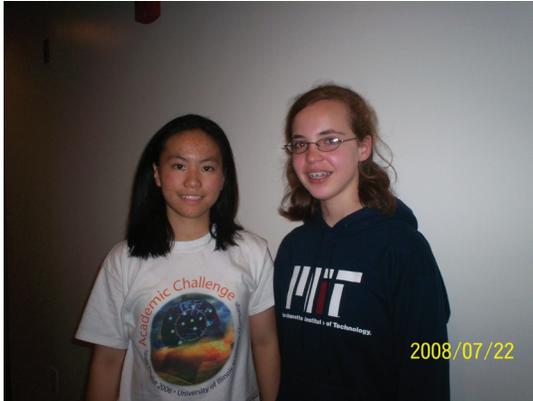
lasted an hour., hiking in the White Mountains and seeing the rising fog, completing tasks for the Wacky Olympics
Most embarrassing RSI experience: Janet and I were alone in Alec's room when APK knocked on the door, and I asked, "Who are you and what do you want??"
Most scandalous RSI experience: Truth or Dare
Best way to waste time: SSBB & Karaoke in Steve's room/ "Study" parties/ Zephyr spam!
Best way to stay awake in lecture: Watch the counselors watch us/ Take pictures
Funny mannerisms: Making faces when my nose itches
Distinctive Traits: Always wearing Janet's hair clip, taking lots of random photos
Often found: Haunting the 6th floor lounge
Pet peeve(s): People with pet peeves
Purity Score: 95%
Favorite quotation(s): Zane, "Byron Kan Bu Dong"; Jenny, "Will you microwave Swedish meatballs with me?" (during Assassins game)



Ahhh shoot!

Jeanette Wat

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AIM: jwcircle
Non-MIT e-mail address: userwat@gmail.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/06/28



Longest stint without sleep: 22 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 12 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 7 hours
Primary academic field(s): biology
Secondary academic field(s): chemistry
Title of RSI project: Gender and the Endocrine and Inflammatory Responses to Sleep Loss
Mentor: Dr. Janet Mullington and Dr. Monika Haack
Place of Mentorship: Beth Israel Deaconess Medical Center
Most memorable RSI experience: Spending the night on the Esplanade in the rain
Most embarrassing RSI experience: Wearing a shirt

inside out the whole day, even at mentorship
Most scandalous RSI experience: Passing Lifesavers on toothpicks during Wacky Olympics
Best way to waste time: Walking from Simmons to W20
Best way to stay awake in lecture: Stare at the lecturer every now and then?
Funny mannerisms: Locking key in room (3 times now)
Distinctive Traits: Usually a ponytail
Often found: Anywhere
Pet peeve(s): Loud noise when trying to go to sleep
Purity Score: N/A - Didn't take



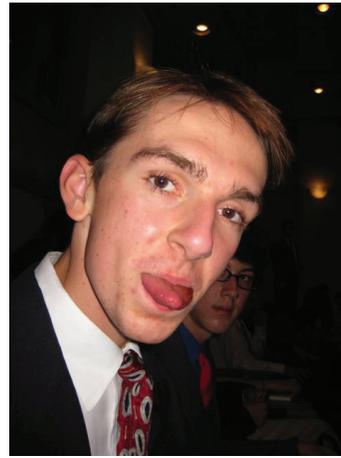
Favorite quotation(s): Life itself is a quotation.



"Hm"

William Whitney

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Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1990/07/25



Longest stint without sleep: 36 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 12 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 8 hours
Primary academic field(s): Engineering, Computer Science
Title of RSI project: Creation of a Tactile Computer Interface
Mentor: Dr. Rich Fletcher
Place of Mentorship: MIT Media Lab
Most memorable RSI experience: July 3/4 at the Esplanade
Most embarrassing RSI experience: "I'm not so sure about the W..."
Most scandalous RSI experience: Scavenger Hunt
Best way to waste time: Spades
Best way to stay awake in lecture: Watching Michael doodle
Distinctive Traits: awesomeness.

Often found: Lounge 7
Purity Score: 82

Favorite quotation(s): "Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic."



"Spades?"

Blake Wilson

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shortfallup@hotmail.com
Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1990/10/31



Longest stint without sleep: I'm betting... 40 something hours?

Longest continuous sleep: 12 hours

Average hours of sleep per day: 5-7

Primary academic field(s): Astrophysics

Secondary academic field(s): Statistics

Title of RSI project: X-ray Variability and Rapid

Acceleration of Electrons in Sagittarius A East

Mentor: Dr Frederick Baganoff

Place of Mentorship: MIT Kavli Institute for Astrophysics and Space Research, building 37

Most memorable RSI experience: Jul 3-4, spent out in the rain.

Most embarrassing RSI experience: Getting lost in my Mentorship building... and realizing I was in the basement of the wrong building.

Most scandalous RSI experience: Phone call.

Best way to waste time: Fiddle with something, play guitar

Best way to stay awake in lecture: Focus on one thing, and pinch your hands as necessary

Funny mannerisms: Apparently I play with my key a lot

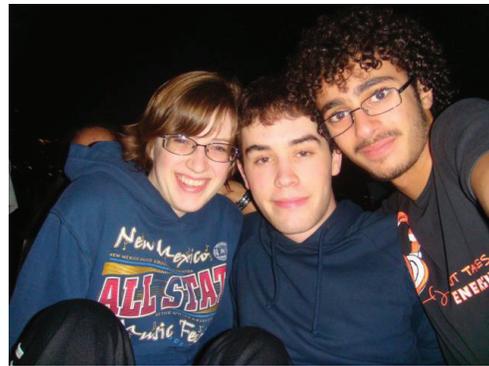
Distinctive Traits: Guitar, or, see above.

Often found: In the 7th floor lounge

Pet peeve(s): People who take themselves too seriously

Purity Score: 78

Favorite quotation(s): I hate quotations. Tell me what you know! -Ralph Waldo Emerson



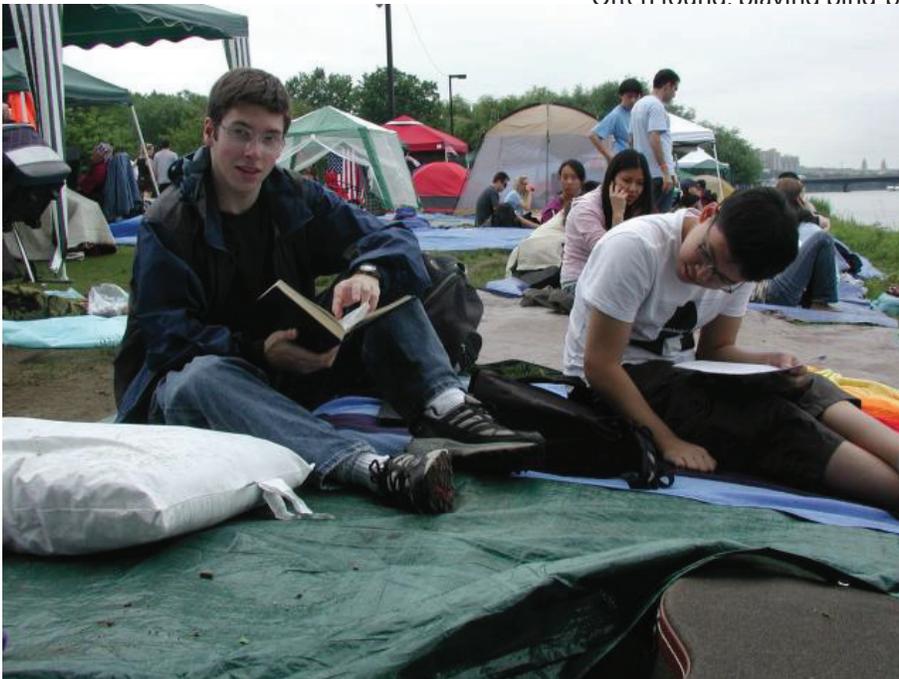
Michael, what time is it?

Brent Woodhouse

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Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/08/03



Longest stint without sleep: 21 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 10 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 7.5 hours
Primary academic field(s): mathematics: group theory, combinatorics
Title of RSI project: Characters of Induced Representations from Coxeter Groups
Mentor: Dr. Matjasz Konvalinka
Place of Mentorship: Math Building, MIT
Most memorable RSI experience: July 4th
Most embarrassing RSI experience: being assassinated
Most scandalous RSI experience: walking the streets of Boston at 3 AM
Best way to waste time: read fiction books
Best way to stay awake in lecture: sleep the night before!!!
Often found: playing nina-nong



Hangry Hangry Hippos

Inar Zhang

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Nickname: Enah
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Mercer Island, WA
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Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1990 December 12



Longest stint without sleep: 24 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 8 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 5 hours
Primary academic field(s): Biology
Secondary academic field(s): Molecular Genetics
Title of RSI project: Role of DYX1C1 on the postnatal phenotype of developmental dyslexia
Mentor: Dr. Glenn Rosen



Place of Mentorship: Beth Israel Deaconess Medical Center

Most memorable RSI experience: July 4th, Getting clotheslined on a ramp, MITES latina..., Sonsei's hostesses...

Most embarrassing RSI experience: Realizing I'm gay for Jesper... and Mike... and Sujay, Facebook hacks

Most scandalous RSI experience: Breaking Free striptease with Sujay, Getting aloe vera backrubs from Diana... three times

Best way to waste time: Discussing how dirty Anna's Taqueria is

Best way to stay awake in lecture: Not Possible

Funny mannerisms: Timing my naked walks to the shower to coincide with awkward girls

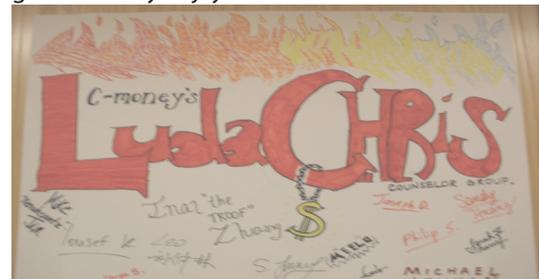
Distinctive Traits: Disturbingly good looks, Touching Mike, Being Touched by Sujay

Often found: Learning Arab culture, In Sujay's room... with Jesper

Pet peeve(s): APK's freakish purring

Purity Score: Anna's Taqueria Dirty

Favorite quotation(s): "Guess which day I was hung over for your presentations?" -- Steve; "Have you met Tom and Barry? You're about to..." -- Trip



"Oh, baby",
"Allllriigggh",
"That's taqueria dirty"

Peter Zhang

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Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/06/13



Longest stint without sleep: 18 hours
Longest continuous sleep: 14 hours
Average hours of sleep per day: 6-7 hours
Primary academic field(s): Math, Inorganic Chemistry
Secondary academic field(s): Physics
Title of RSI project: Examining the integrability of $e^{(x^2)}$ in various fields.
Mentor: Mr. Ryan Reich
Place of Mentorship: MIT math commons room
Most memorable RSI experience: Scavenger Hunt
Most embarrassing RSI experience: Scavenger Hunt
Most scandalous RSI experience: Rocky Horror

Best way to waste time: Sleeping. Reading manga.
Wandering MIT campus not wanting to do work
looking for interesting people (things).
Best way to stay awake in lecture: Eat chocolate.
Funny mannerisms: As Annie says, I have no twitches
or other math-like physical issues.
Distinctive Traits: Forgetting glasses. Losing important
things.
Often found: Looking for glasses, or wallet.
Pet peeve(s): Uninformed arrogance, and arrogance in
general. Patronizing or malicious people. People who
impress their beliefs on others. Bureaucracy. Deadlines.
Purity Score: 92.8
Favorite quotation(s): Without friends no one would
choose to live, though he had all other goods. -
Aristotle



"Have you seen
my glasses." "No."

Serena (Zhongyuan) Zhang

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Luwan District, Shanghai, China 200023

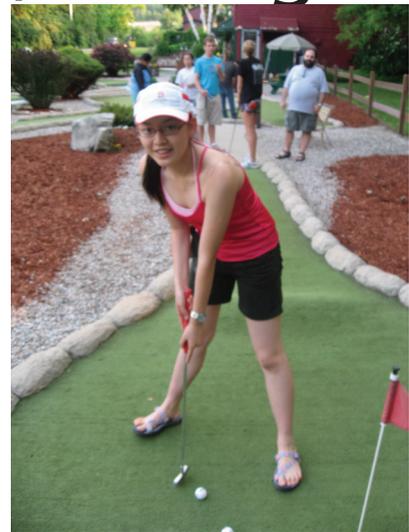
High School: High School Affiliated to Fudan University

Cell phone: 8613917361516

MSN: zhangzy19910613@hotmail.com

Non-MIT e-mail addresses: zhangzhongyuan.serena@gmail.com

Birthday (YYYY/MM/DD): 1991/06/13



Longest stint without sleep:

22

Longest continuous sleep:10

Average hours of sleep per day: 7

Primary academic field(s): Engineering

Secondary academic field(s): Environmental

Title of RSI project: Groundwater Irrigation Efficiency: A Case Study of Bangladesh

Mentor: Dr. Charles F. Harvey and Rebecca B. Neumann

Place of Mentorship: MIT Department of Civil and Environmental Engineering, Building 48

Most memorable RSI experience: all the Death Hike, the beach and the talent show

Most embarrassing RSI experience: Got caught and became totally wet in the thunderstorm on the way from Mary Chung's

Most scandalous RSI experience: Got murdered 5 minutes after the assassins game began

Best way to waste time: Chat

Best way to stay awake in lecture: Take notes ^_^

Funny mannerisms: An inverse relationship exists between my laughter and my Ping-pong score.

Distinctive Traits: friendliness, sharing

Often found: W20, Room 639, and Ping Pong table

Pet peeve(s): Remembering directions

Purity Score: 93.2

Favorite quotation(s): "A great man may not be without breadth of mind and vigorous endurance. His burden is heavy and his course is long."



Yeah!""Great!""Haha!"

ARTICLES

Each 2008 Rickoid contributed to this compilation of articles. From the hilarity of random 3 a.m. moments to our shared academic curiosity, we bonded over our summer together. What remains for each of us, in addition to lasting friendships and an enriched mind, is this written collection of memories.



The Aquarium Trip

Nitish Lakhanpal

The trip to the Boston Aquarium was quite amazing. A small group departed with Nicole and Max about an hour before noon one Saturday. We had originally planned to tour the aquarium first and then eat lunch at Quincy Market, but due to the lengthy ticket line we opted to eat first (leaving Nicole to get the tickets). Quincy Market certainly lived up to its great, weighty history with its Roman facade and Doric order columns...oops, this isn't Art History, is it? At any rate, the food was delicious. Afterwards, we walked back to the aquarium. There was plenty there for everyone - lots of cute penguins, touch tanks with sharks, skates, and rays, jellyfish, electric eels, sea lions, and much more. All in all it was quite a memorable little adventure.



On the Gendered Racial Construct of White Male Science

Eli Putterman

Scientists view the humanities as an inferior form of academic endeavor, lacking in rigor and consequence. In contrast, science is capable of discovering the immutable Truth of the universe. This conception has its roots in the zeitgeist of the Enlightenment, when humanity entertained dreams of revealing the principles of nature, and has been dominant among scientists ever since. However, postmodernist theory has cast grave doubts on the scientists' claims.

The scientific method, which is the basis of all branches of science, save mathematics, is predicated on the fundamental assumption that the experiment is a valid epistemological structure - that knowledge of reality is derivable from empirical observation. But this idea is indefensible in the face of recent deconstructive critiques of the objective, notably vasoneurotheory: the idea that human sensation lacks epistemic value, as we could all just be brains in a jar.

The groundbreaking framework proposed by the early vasoneurotheorists and expanded upon by the Wachowski brothers and Keanu Reeves completely undermines any pretension to legitimacy science may hold. If observation bears no relation to reality, from whence proceeds scientific knowledge? At bottom, one is forced to conclude, science is no more than a construct of the Western tradition, which is in itself a self-perpetuating manifestation of the hegemony of the white male elite. In light of the above, therefore, it is necessary to advance a new understanding of science that does not involve an outmoded and culturally biased epistemology.

In pursuing this enterprise it may be fruitful to take a leaf from the book of mathematics, the one science that escapes the vasoneurotheoretical critique. Mathematics makes no epistemological claims; its results proceed not from an empirical link with the objective feigned by experimental science, but from logical axioms that mathematicians invent. Unfortunately, those axioms historically have been chosen for their usefulness in building a system that resembles the misogynist ethnocentric Western conception of the natural world. Nevertheless, the lesson is clear: it is possible to derive a scientific body of knowledge without reference to a nonexistent absolute.

On what principles, then, should the new science be based? Care must be taken to avoid recourse to notions of "reality" in their formulation. Once science is liberated from this misconception, progress can begin to be made.

Along with the development of a suitable, each field will have to revise its set of axioms in order to advance the sociopolitical goals of the New Science. To take an example, it is well known that $E = mc^2$ is a bigoted equation: it privileges the speed of light over other speeds, a clear analogue to chauvinist doctrine. Thus, it is necessary to do away with the postulates of special relativity that enabled Einstein to derive this result. There are only two: a) the laws of physics are identical in all inertial reference frames; b) the speed of light is constant in all such frames.

If either axiom were to be omitted, the relation would fail to hold; however, there is an important difference between the two which leads to a clear choice on which should be struck down. The two statements have implications beyond their limited physical meaning (which, as we have established, is irrelevant) which are opposite. The latter asserts an absolute, the speed of light, a concept that is fundamentally anathema to the postmodern age. The former, on the other hand, is aptly known as the "principle of relativity" - indeed, it is no great leap from the physical frames of reference in its original understanding to other frames of reference as well: in this formulation, the meaning of the statement is that no particular society or culture is privileged over another. Thus transformed, relativity becomes relativism.

Eric Larson

College Night

Everyone in RSI, as well as students from other programs on the MIT campus, gathered to learn about the top colleges in the United States. Whenever anybody entered the room, the MITES students broke out into loud cheering and clapping. The first time -- the time you entered -- it was a little disconcerting. Then, it was sort of funny, and finally it became a bit annoying. Representatives from the colleges of Wellesley, MIT, Caltech, Brown, Chicago, Yale, Harvard, Tufts, and Stanford entered the room as well. But when they came in, there was no applause.

Each of the representatives had to give a speech about his/her college with only two constraints: that it be five minutes long, and that it mention Harry Potter. One college had to resort to saying "We were all told that we had to mention Harry Potter. There, I mentioned it!"

Some interesting things that we learned:

1. Yale's residential system is very similar to Hogwarts's.
2. At MIT, you can do more than notice the similarities to Harry Potter; if you get tired of math, you can actually study Harry Potter.
3. According to its representative, Wellesley college is considered one of the most diverse colleges.
4. There are many professors at MIT who are not only great in their field, but excellent teachers.
5. There are more than two colleges in the world.



Tom and Barry

Michael Cherkassky



Tom and Barry are pretty much the most menacing things you'll find on the MIT campus. Attached to Abdul and Rahman, Tom and Barry can bench 225 and curl 135. That's pretty dirty. Anna's Taqueria dirty. I think some people do not appreciate or understand the beastliness of Tom and Barry. I myself fear the day that Tom and Barry can curl my weight; that would be scary.

Tom and Barry are members of Annie's bedcheck. This is a very good thing, because Tom and Barry protect us in times of trouble. For example, one time, an ignorant counselor named Keone thought he could ambush our bedcheck. Keone and his posse were armed with water guns, but this was no trouble for Tom and Barry. As tensions rose, Abdul and Rahman could not contain Tom and Barry anymore. Abdul first unleashed Tom and then Rahman released Barry. This was not good for Seth Gordon, because Tom and Barry ripped his water gun from his hands and snapped it in half. Seth was pretty embarrassed and, with water all over his face, sulked back to Keone's Bedcheck.

Tom and Barry are pretty BA.



Sujay Tyle

For those of you who do not know what Tom and Barry are, they are Nilesch Tripurareni's biceps. They have been deemed "Most Jacked" by critiques around the world, among other muscles (ex. Abdul and Rahman are his left and right peck respectively) As Michael mentioned before, Tom and Barry are Anna's Taqueria dirty. However, what Michael failed to mention is that they also provide emotional support. Whenever Nilesch feels down, he looks down at Tom and Barry, says "Wow, I am jacked," and then feels better. Barry, who has known to be agitated compared to Tom, helps Nilesch move unwanted things/people out of his way when he walks.



Intro Presentations on 6 July

Jay Patel

Greetings.



The Introductory Presentations on the 6th of July were a glimpse of what our Final Presentations may actually look like. The session started, for my tutor group, with tutor Dr Jenny, with a reminder of some useful tips on how to present well. These included eye contact, body gestures, remembering not to read from the slides, how to answer a question well, and many more.

When the presentations started, I saw a great effort by my fellow presenters to put into action some of the above tips; I tried my best to do so too. All the presenters were more confident than ever, and I believe this is due to the following 3 reasons:

1. The Mini Presentations that we had a few days ago gave us an exposure to presenting to a group of people. Hence, the Mini-Project helped us prepare for our presentations on the 6th of July.
2. Over the days since the beginning of RSI, we have fostered stronger relationships within our tutor group and also with the rest of the fellow Rickoids. This made us become more relaxed while presenting. We knew that it is OK if we make some mistakes in front of our friends (no one is going to throw eggs or empty water bottles at us, haha). Of course, this tendency to become relaxed, instead of backfiring, helped us all the more: Everyone presented more confidently, without fear of making a mistake.
3. Most of the presenters have gained sufficient knowledge about their projects over the past few days, so they are able to present well and answer questions effectively.

However, some fellow Rickoids just met their mentor a few days ago, and were therefore not very familiar with their subject matter. (TO THESE RICKOIDS: Feel free to talk to other people in your own project field, or even outside of your field, as they might just be able to help you catch up on the subject matter that you missed in the days before meeting your mentor. For example, if you have to learn a new programming language, I'm sure your mentor will help you learn it, but I guess your fellow knowledgeable Rickoid friends will also be able to help you speed up the learning, at a faster pace. Of course, we also have our tutors, counselors, TAs, and nobodies willing to help out too. The Rickoids understand that in these short four weeks, missing a few days of mentorship while the rest have started working on their project can be quite disheartening. But we are here to support you. Cheers.)

RSI is a great place to sharpen our presentations skills, which I believe will be of utmost importance in the future. I believe we can help each other, by giving constructive feedback and moral support, so that everyone progresses.



I Really Want Dippin' Dots

Michael Cherkassky

Have you ever had a craving for ice cream? Well, after a certain unspecified activity, Vikram, Varoon, and I did.

Prior to unspecified activity-ing, we had noticed a Dippin' Dots ice cream machine located in the dark labyrinth beneath the Green Building. The night was young and our bellies were full, so we decided to pass up this wonderful opportunity. A few hours later, though, this was not the case.

After a long night of unspecified activity-ing, an unsatisfied craving had built up in our stomachs. We wanted Dippin' Dots; we needed Dippin' Dots. To satisfy our infatuation, we decided to find the one and only Dippin' Dots machine. Wandering the maze for hours on end, we still didn't find the holy grail and decided to call it a night.

We sulked back to Simmons, still with an empty void in our stomachs. Vikram started to sob, and Varoon swore profusely. I realized this was not the end, and remained optimistic. "No worries," I said, professing that we would find the machine again tomorrow.

Suddenly, Varoon noticed a bright "vending machine" light out of the corner of his eye. We resolved that though it wasn't Dippin' Dots, we might as well still get a snack.

As we walked toward the vending machine, its words became much clearer. We made out double D's, the initials for Dippin' Dots. It was a miracle! We all broke down and wept. At last, our craving was satisfied.



The Scavenger Hunt

Serena Zhang



After the exciting Wacky Olympic games, another new adventure began. Although the Scavenger Hunt was one part of Wacky Olympics, it brought us a totally different kind of experience from the lifesaver pass or the hopscotch relay.

Every group got a list of 60 photos that we needed to take, and 9 scenes waiting for our interpretation. Some of the choices were very creative: for example, "spell out RSI with your bodies." Some others were quite sketchy.

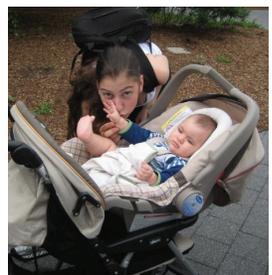
Time waits for no Rickoid - every group started immediately after getting the list to get as many pictures as they could in the three hours left. Our group started with all the group pictures, which needed the teamwork of the whole group. It wasn't easy to get all the boys to wear make-up and take a photo. However, other group pictures were quite easy to take. We had a lot of fun making a dogpile on the floor, all doing the same dance, and putting our feet in the Charles River. The Scavenger Hunt also gave many Rickoids the chance to do many things that they have never done before, such as wearing someone else's underwear, dressing in one pair of pants with another person, and piling in one bathroom stall with 9 other people. Needless to say, we will never forget this amazing hunt.

We also met with many difficulties during the Scavenger Hunt. While trying to get the photo of a student handcuffed to a policeman, we walked to the MIT police station, but immediately got rejected because the police said that it was illegal.

There was a very special rule that an RSI participant from our counselor group must be in every picture, so a lot of funny photos appeared, including Peter smiling behind a kissing couple and Janet laughing in front of a crying kid.

In the evening we gathered together at around 9 o'clock and all watched a slideshow of the pictures. Every group proudly presented its photos. The slideshow fully showed the Rickoids' intelligence and individuality because many groups took some amazing pictures that seemed impossible to take in such a short time. I still remember a photo of a Aziz Al-Kattan [EMAX] with a "Ralph Landau" portrait to show "A team member standing with a Nobel Laureate." Another memorable one was the EMAX picture of their entire group behind a pair of sun-glass to show "The whole team in sunglasses." (With 105 creative photos, and only having skipped a few captions, EMAX was named the Scavenger Hunt winners). Countless impressive pictures enabled us to spend a delightful and memorable night.

I believe that the Scavenger Hunt will be one of the most unforgettable experiences for all the Rickoids at RSI because we had so much fun together and fully showed our transcendental ability of thinking. More importantly, we learned how to solve difficult problems by cooperation, which will be very helpful in our college life, future scientific research, and the journey to realize our dreams.



Soccer Tonight?

Michael Cherkassky

It all started with a simple zwrite message. "Soccer tonight?" was the question, and the insanely attractive Yousef Khalaf provided the answer. One pickup game of soccer turned into another, which turned into another, and, soon enough, soccer after Bedcheck became an RSI 2008 tradition.

If there's anything that I learned from playing soccer almost every night since the beginning of RSI, it's that internationals kick our asses at soccer. Some of the regulars were Yousef, Rafik, Ahmad and Musleh. All of these guys were great to play with, and, though I provided the soccer ball, they were the ones who could actually use it. This is my thanks to you guys, for putting up with my minimal soccer skillz night after night.

What can I say about Yousef? He's the fundamental. Slow and steady, he made the perfect passes and shots. Rafik's the tricky one. He lures defenders towards him and then uses his speed to get around them.

Flashy would describe Ahmad on the soccer field. It's pretty much useless to defend him near the goal, cause he's gonna score anyway.

Musleh's just dirty. If you've seen him out on the field you'd know what I'm talking about.

Soccer these six weeks has been awesome. It's been a time of bonding, friendship, and trash talking. I would never have expected to play soccer with kids from Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, and Lebanon... and I'm glad have.



Annie's Betrayal

Ong Hao Yi

We're not late!! *cowers*

One of the hallmarks of our RSI experience has to be a record 36 minutes long military-style roll call. Being abandoned by our counselor (Annie, we'll get you for this, grr...), we were to report on time (a seemingly impossible task that was miraculously accomplished) to the 6A lounge for an important intelligence briefing as per every Rickoid's daily duty.

While in an everyday civilian's life, one could enjoy the luxury of a comfortable seat as one is provided daily intel in a rather informal fashion, the rapid switch to a military lifestyle means that we have to put our butts to the potato chips/cookie crumbs/ice cream-infested floor (we didn't do it).

Of course, before we started the briefing, it was mandatory as per military standards to introduce ourselves even though we knew each other (no, we don't exist, and yes we know you OR). Alas, the proper briefing started (with us sitting upright and not fidgeting), reminding us that we are in a highly accessible world where information is public and virtually everything we need to know exists (arguably solely) on the RSI calendar and our MIT web mails. Following that, we would have a review on the intel gathered by the intelligence service (our dedicated field agents/hackers/counselors), evaluating each piece of information with questions, concerns, complaints and finally compliments (yes we know you "rock" OR).

Despite the 36 minutes long military briefing, we learned that there are invaluable resources we never should have taken for granted:

Annie!!

On second thought, I suppose it's all Annie's fault this happened. =P



What is "Anna's Taqueria Dirty"?

Michael Cherkassky & Sujay Tyle



Throughout our six weeks at the Research Science Institute, we've all heard the ubiquitous phrase "Anna's Taqueria Dirty". First coined by the Tripmaster himself, this adjective has been used to describe everything from Musleh's soccer skillz to hard grinding MITES chicks. Since the birth of the phrase, many more have come into play, including "Anna's Diarrhea".

The thing about the phrase "Anna's Taqueria Dirty" is that everyone who's been to Anna's inherently knows the definition. It's quite hard to put into words, however, so in the following I will attempt to decrypt the adjective "Anna's Taqueria Dirty."

We all know that Anna's Taqueria is hella good. Walking into the Taqueria, you're always greeted by the smiling cashiers and chefs. A typical meal for me at Anna's would consist of a steak burrito with rice, lettuce, salsa, sour cream, and the infamous guac. My mouth always waters as the authentic TexMex aromas permeate into my nose. Once I get my burrito, I usually sit down in W-20 and get to work.

The first bite is always the best. A 'mezcla' of beans, meat and veggies, the burrito has cemented itself as the golden standard of Mexican food. Every bite after that, however, goes downhill exponentially. About halfway through the burrito, the dirtyness overwhelms me, and I have to call it quits. This is Anna's Taqueria dirty. It's the point where something's so good but just so dirty that you can't go on. It's when you look at the remains of the burrito and notice the juices dripping down the dirty tin foil. It's when, four hours after you ate Anna's, you still feel it in your stomach. It's when at night, you hallucinate about the dirtiest slabs of cheese you've ever seen. It's when, ten years after RSI, you still have a guac stain on your pants. And the next morning, when you find corn in your diarrhea, you'll KNOW where it came from.

All in all, Anna's Taqueria is pretty dirty but it has given us an adjective that will be forever ingrained into the heart of RSI. Whenever something looks weird, whenever something smells funny, whenever something just isn't right, just describe it as "Anna's Taqueria Dirty."

Y cuando los hombrones del restaurante se dicen que vuestra comida es la mejor en Cambridge, ellos no saben lo que estan diciendo.

Translation by means of my high-school Spanish: "And when the restaurant guys say to themselves that your food is the best in Cambridge, they don't know what they're talking about."

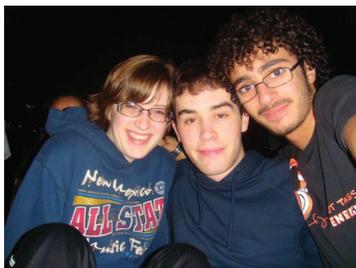
The Safety Show

Seth Gordon

As the RSI 2008 participants sat down to enjoy a showing of Mel Brooks's Young Frankenstein, they were surprised as the six counselors (Annie, Christina, Paul, Keone, Max, and Or) stood up at the front of 3-270 and launched into the annual RSI safety briefing.

In their trademark dramatic style, the counselors enacted what to do in various hazardous and "unsafe" situations. Through their comic wit and stylish performance, these budding actors and actresses taught us that the best plan of action in an emergency is to escape (without panicking) from the danger, and to notify a responsible adult. The Rickoids learned that screaming is bad, yelling is bad, leaving one's injured friend behind is bad, "methyl-ethyl-death" is bad, and that Paul's dying is very bad. Thanks to such key underlying morals and lessons, all viewers left 3-270 far more informed than they had been before.

Due to thrilling performances by counselors Paul, Keone, and Christina, and trusted Nobody Marie, the Rickoids were aptly prepared for whatever might go wrong. Unfortunately, the math people lacked education about the threats encountered when completing proofs and subsequently the rate of untreated paper-cuts and hand-cramps skyrocketed. I highly suggest this show to any Rickoid past, present, or future since Mel Brooks and Gene Wilder had quite a hard time following such an entrancing act.



Trip to the Boston Esplanade

Tim Lyoo

About forty Rickoids and all the counselors went to the Esplanade and got the best spots to watch fireworks at about 1:00 am. in the early morning of July the 4th. Obviously, nobody was there, and we put the tarps on the ground and began to play games. After about 30 minutes, the game of Truth or Dare gained superiority over all other games and people played it in two groups of about fifteen people each. Basically everyone was humiliated at least once and the rest had a hilarious time laughing. It was a great experience for the Rickoids. People who were trying to sleep were interrupted by irregular rain once every hour, and about ten people, led by Charles Tam, went back to Simmons after some rain at 4:00 am.

As the day dawned, people were supposed to take shifts to guard the RSI spot on the Esplanade. This was not strictly enforced, as there were always people there voluntarily, and the rest were free to do what they wanted.

We walked to the Hard Rock Cafe to eat (with Or asking Boston citizens for directions, some people were worried ^_^). At the Hard Rock Cafe we all ate hamburgers (while listening to rock music) of American Proportions (10 oz) and everybody was too full even to think about dessert.

Everybody came back to the Esplanade by 7:00 pm. It was a bit sad that because we got the best spot for watching fireworks, we couldn't see the musicians performing during this period, and had to listen to their music over the PA system. Since the fireworks display was scheduled to start at 10:30, the Rickoids had to listen to a lot of other stuff. We listened to some classic music about twice, and we also heard a song and a commentary about the Boston Red Sox. They played Star Wars as well. We also learned that patriotism is really important on Independence day. In the intervals between the many Esplanade events, we were constantly reminded that we were listening to the Boston Pops commercial-free thanks to a company called Liberty Mutual. Liberty Mutual was constantly introduced to us as an insurance company as responsible as we are. The Rickoids expressed gratitude for Liberty Mutual. It was all very exciting.

At 10:30, the fireworks that everyone except Liberty Mutual was waiting for started. It was a wonderful display of fireworks. In the roughly 30-minute display, fireworks were constantly fired out of barges on the river. Because we had the best spot (we were right next to the barges, across the river), we could see everything very clearly. From fireworks with several shells each of which would explode in different places with different color to fireworks that were designed to look like a cube or a multi colored star, the sky was colored from a large palette of colors from the fireworks. There were so many fireworks that smoke from the fireworks condense to looked like clouds.

All in all, the Rickoids had a great US Independence Day.



Seth Gordon The Helmand

In the first of many "nobody"-run activities, Andrea led a group of six Rickoids to the Helmand Afgani Restaurant near the Cambridge Galleria. Though Afgani food is often hard to find, this establishment is notable for its many awards and its crowded but cozy dining room.

To start the meal, Andrea ordered a serving of Kaddo, or a popular pumpkin dish and arguably the reason we went. It was phenomenal--after we finished the meal, the Kaddo remained the favorite dish of the night. With meals ranging from meat and onion filled pastries to lamb and chicken, it was truly an amazing supper that left no Rickoid unsatisfied.

If you want a great, though somewhat expensive, meal, go to the Helmand and prepare to be taken away by its atmosphere and cuisine (found in Cambridge between MIT and the Galleria).



MITES party Sujay Tyle & Michael Cherkassky



The difference between an RSI dance party and a MITES dance party is subtle, like that between a Porsche Cayenne and a Cadillac Escalade. The Porsche is streamlined, sexy, and organized. The Cadillac is raw, hard and bumpy. On some occasions (like the third dance party) the difference is like that between a BROKEN Porsche and a Cadillac.

Late one night, a few of us brave Rickoids decided to pop in and drive the Caddy. Like a sleek group of sneaky snakes, we slipped into the MITES dance party. The best looking of us, including Inar, Abdul, Sujay, Yousef, Musleh, and I began to seduce the MITES women. For some of us, it was an experience that we would never forget.

Immediately, upon entering the 5th floor lounge the music hit us. As our crowd of beautiful men entered the dance floor girls piled up on us like magnets. I found myself and many of my wingmen dancing with multiple women. After a few minutes of grinding, I decided to take a break. However, the party did not end that quickly for my main wingman, Musleh.

Musleh is probably the most handsome guy I've ever met... and the ladies surely take notice of that. As I popped my head over towards Musleh's direction, I noticed him surrounded by three girls. That's my boy. But what's even better was the next song. We look over, and seen Musleh just sitting on the bench, because he was tired from the wild dance that just took place. So we look away, but five seconds later we that Musleh is still sitting there...with a girl on his lap. Now, this girl was Anna's Taqueria dirty...like the cheese dirty. Musleh has not been the same since.

The other topic of the dance is the Latina girl that every guy in MITES was trying to dance with. But as soon as we walked in, she had some guys she wanted to dance with. Let's just say she was successful.

MITES dance was a good party.



Dim Sum (1, 2, 3, 4, etc...)

Kristin Cordwell & Seth Gordon

As is now a weekly tradition at RSI, Counselor Paul Kominers has led countless (2, soon to be 3) trips to a Dim Sum restaurant near the Downtown Crossing and Chinatown "T" stations.

Many people are now scratching their heads, "What is Dim Sum?" The idea of Dim Sum is rather simple. A group of people sit down at a table with plates, green tea, and water. Various waitresses then come by with large carts stacked to capacity with all manner of Chinese dumplings, rolls, rice, and desserts. Each cart has a different selection which necessitates waiting for every cart to come by to get the best of each. Paul Kominers is an expert at ordering and has (as mentioned above) led all the trips to this establishment, "Chow Chow City."

* First Time: The first trip to Dim Sum was an eye-opening experience for me and my fellow Rickoids. That day there were eight people on the trip including six Rickoids. After ordering and consuming our food, the group left Dim Sum after a long and overly complex payment process (because no one had change for a twenty) which left Seth \$7 in debt to Kristin Cordwell. The trip back to MIT was relatively unexciting but centered around the obvious task of returning to our various labs and/or whiteboards.

* Second Time: The second Dim Sum trip came as a surprise to the author since it had not been mentioned at the previous night's Bedcheck. Nevertheless, Seth, Paul, Hao Yi, Janet Song, and Zane Li, traveled out on the "T", disembarked at Downtown Crossing, and had Dim Sum yet again. Unlike the previous trip, this adventure was continued as the four rickoids and counselor traveled about Downtown Crossing where Paul perused Macy's and the four students bought ping-pong paddles at City Sports. After returning to campus on the Red Line, Paul abruptly disappeared (since we were once more on campus) leaving the four Rickoids to return to their mentorships.

* Third Time: For the third time of RSI 2008, Paul Kominers led a group of Rickoids (three, Seth, Kristin, and Max) in the company of Amy and Sasen to Chow Chow City Dim Sum near Downtown Crossing. After hiking up to the third floor of the establishment, the group sat down at a table and promptly began to enjoy tea, Dim Sum, and most notably, a lot of shrimp-based dishes. Though this trip lacked the adventure of the one before it, its simple, elegant, and smooth execution left nothing to be desired. The author, for the third time now, gives Chow Chow City a 5-star rating.

* Fourth Time: Once again, on Thursday 7/17, Paul led a group of six Rickoids and Amy to enjoy a delicious lunch at the Dim Sum restaurant. For the first time ever, no game of Contact was begun on the T-Ride over: instead, conversation focused on the origins of RSI. More food than on any of the other trips was ordered, mainly due to the ravenous appetites of several Rickoids. After about fifteen minutes of dumplings, buns, and seafood, Paul inquired as to whether we should order dessert and finish the meal: the answer, given by Paul Lee and Noah Arbesfeld, was a decided negative. The entire trip lasted about two and a half hours, and it was concluded with the now-traditional Contact game. Promises of more Dim Sum in the near future have been met with great anticipation.

* Fifth Time: In a completely out-of-character move Paul decided to lead a Dim Sum trip on a weekend! This trip was attended by Paul, Amy (the leader not student), Cliff (eventually), Annie, Seth, Kristin, and some other people that Seth forgot about... Anyway, the trip was a pretty standard Dim Sum affair with a noon departure and 2:00 return time. Though the group didn't eat nearly as much as the one on the previous Thursday, those involved were rather hungry and set about consuming massive amounts of shrimp, pork, and desserts. Though Seth had to leave to visit his grandparents midway through a game of "Contact" from what he understands those who returned raved about their experiences.

* Sixth Time: (Probably not going to happen before the summerbook is due)

* Seventh Time: (see above) .

Janet's Scary Appetite

Alec Lai

I figured since Janet wrote about me, it's only fair if I write an article about her. Janet...has a scary appetite.

After Ms. D's amazing lecture, Janet heads towards Simmons, taking a quick stop at LaVerde's. She searches the shelves for filling food (despite it being only 2-3 hours after dinner) and ends up buying a huge tray of sushi. The next time I saw her in my room...she had consumed the entire tray.

She followed up complaining about how she really wanted to eat Jello. After working hard on her project, she could no longer resist the urge, and went downstairs searching for Jello.

She later came back, holding a Popsicle in her hand, while claiming she had already eaten two cups of Jello. As if that wasn't enough, she spent the next 20 minutes constantly whining about how she wanted another Popsicle. Once again, she couldn't resist the urge and went back downstairs to get another Popsicle.

When she next returned, she was no more full than she was at the beginning of the saga. She immediately claimed that she wanted another Popsicle and started asking me for mints to fulfill her endless appetite.

Whether or not she continued to eat after she went to her own room, I will never know. I do know that this calls for an eating competition...



Alec Lai

RSI stands for...

- * Research Science Institute
- * Rickover Science Institute
- * Repetitive Strain Injury
- * Really Stressful Institute
- * Relative Strength Index
- * Really Super Individuals
- * Research Saturates Iguanas
- * Really Sexy Intellectuals
- * RSI saves Intellectuals



W20 - The Student Center - Food Evaluation Alec Lai

The Student Center - W20. Many complain that there aren't enough choices and that it's getting boring. Others can't seem to get enough of the food served at relatively cheap prices. What are your options in W20?

Anne's Taqueria: This fast Mexican restaurant serves burritos, tacos, quesadillas, and other famous Mexican foods. The lines are relatively short, and the actual cooking time is slim to none. People get the classic options to customize their own meal: guacamole, beans, salsas, cheese, sour cream, lettuce, etc. The prices are very cheap, and the meal can be very filling - especially with a big burrito. The food can leave the hungry Rickoid quite satisfied. I've also heard that their orange juice is pretty good.

Cafe Spice: This is an Indian restaurant located on the second floor. Honestly, I haven't eaten at it enough to fully evaluate it, but the lines are really short and the prices are decent. It would be nice if someone would like to evaluate the taste of their food. Thanks!

Cambridge Grill: This American restaurant located on the first floor is very popular among Rickoids. They serve burgers, pizza, hot dogs, fish & chips, and many other American classics. The prices are decent; however, there is often a very long wait for the food (unless you get pizza right off the counter). There are also cups of fruit for those that need to balance out the fat junk food. :) The line can vary from no people to over 10 people depending on the time of day. The food is definitely very delicious.



Dunkin Donuts: This classic American donut store is definitely a popular place to grab a quick meal. They serve the classic breakfast sandwiches and the famous donuts and donut holes. The coffee there is also of relatively good quality. The line is mostly very short, and the prices are very cheap. It's especially good for the Rickoid with a sweet tooth. :P

LaVerde's: This is by far the most popular place for Rickoids. It acts as a convenient store, where students can pick up snacks, drinks, basic foods, meals, coffee, candy, caffeinated drinks, stationary supplies, caffeine, and coffee. The counter lines are decent in length, but the cheap prices make it well-worth it. The all-day breakfast/egg sandwich is very satisfying, and the subs offer a variety of options for the buyers. Other ready-made meals include paninis, soups, sushi, sandwiches, and salads. The food is also pretty delicious!

Shinkansen Japan: This is probably also one of the most popular places for Rickoids. It's a Japanese store that serves the infamous Chicken Teriyaki that everyone seems to get. It also has a delicious sushi selection, and its huge variety of bubble teas attracts almost every person in RSI. The prices are relatively cheap; however, because of its popularity, at lunch and dinner times, the lines can be very long. The wait is definitely worth it because the food is absolutely delicious. It is recommended to go a little before noon or 5:30 PM.

Sejal: This is a Middle-Eastern place on the second floor. The lines are relatively short, and the prices are decent. Once again, I haven't visited this place enough. Can someone give more information? Thanks.

Subway: This is the classic American sub shop. There's a huge variety of subs offered at 6-inch or foot-long lengths. The variety of toppings and condiments are the same as most other subway restaurants. The lines are decent in length, and the prices are cheap. The food comes out very quickly, and you can be sure to enjoy a satisfying meal. It also seems to be one of the more popular places
So...where will you eat next?



Lily Hsiang First Dance Party



So at Bedcheck one evening during the first week of RSI, Keone announced that there will be a dance party. That Saturday, the 28th of June. To be sure, there were more than a few apprehensive glances exchanged, some, having never danced before, anxious about the prospect itself, while others wondering what kind of a dance party it will be with a bunch of awkward nerds crammed onto a dance floor.

Talbot Lounge. The lights are dimmed, Keone, has got the music blasting, and everyone is standing awkwardly on the sidewalk outside, not coming in. Slowly, as more people show up, a few find their way to the dance floor, drawing others in with them. Elaine. Noah. Aziz. Jay. More people wander shyly into the lounge, either joining one of the groups in the center or standing on the perimeter talking. "My curls are getting soggy!" Aziz yelps despairingly, tentatively patting his characteristic hair in angst. True enough, by now almost everyone has joined the bit-more-than-slightly-sweaty crowd rocking out in the middle.

A short tangent on those East Campus monstrosities (whom we also graciously thank for the use of their lounge). I'm

absolutely parched, so I head out the side doors to East Campus's main desk and spot a water fountain in relief. Smiling at the dorm's residents (as they ominously fall quiet and watch me) hanging out by the desk, I hop over to the fountain only to notice a sign reading "ASK FRONT DESK FOR PERMISSION." Confused, I hesitantly walk back to the desk to ask for water and receive a slow shake of the head from the guy standing solemnly behind the desk, arms crossed. Slightly taken aback, I take an uncertain step back towards the door before the rest of the college students let out a snort and crack up, motioning that it was all a (very bad) joke. Embarrassed and slightly indignant, I notice Max Rabinovich coming in through the doors. Ready to witness the misfortune of another luckless Rickoid, as I leave I hear him pause behind me and ask, "May I partake of your water?"

So the rest of the night was danced away, with stellar performances by Alec Lai break dancing and the Kominers brothers raving (after which glow sticks were requested for the rest of us next time, too). The music was beautifully accompanied by Abdul, who circled the room and sang (shouted) along with the music, as well as getting everyone on the dance floor really angry by flashing his camera into our eyes. Abdul, if you're reading this -- STOP DOING THAT!!! Even the shyest of Rickoids eventually got up and started moving to the music; I mean, who can resist getting up and jumping up and down once Sandstorm starts playing? This first dance party let everyone just let loose, get sweaty, and have some fun as people got to know each other better after the first week -- special shout out to Elaine Liew and Noah Arbesfeld for some amazing dancing, as well as to Keone Hon for being such an awesome DJ.



Night on the Esplanade Jeanette Wat

Weather forecast for midnight, July 4th: 40% chance of rain

Undaunted, a group of Rickoids headed over to the patch of grass at the Esplanade, towels and pillows in arm. They arrived at around 1:30 am, in time to see Max (the counselor) teaching a group the moves of the dance "Thriller." Some settled down to watch, chat, or sleep.

Shortly after, a circle formed for a round of "Truth or Dare." As more Rickoids joined in, the group split into two smaller circles (with one performing noticeably more involved antics) headed by Keone/Max and Christina/OR.

4:00 am approached, and Christina led a group back to Simmons. While some of the remaining Rickoids settled down to sleep, others gathered under a tree. Aziz retold a story in Arabic, some told "scary" stories, and soon the group played a round of "Never Have I Ever." Unfortunately, it was about at this point that the rain began a steady drizzle, and those sleeping curled even more tightly under their umbrellas.

At 5 am, Annie led a group tired of the rain back to Simmons, where they slept and hopefully showered. Those remaining soon followed, stopping at certain spots along the way. Though the rain caused some inconvenience, the night trip to the

Esplanade certainly paid off, as we all watched the fireworks the following night in the prime seating on the bank of the Charles River.



In one of the more memorable events of the White Mountains trip, around a dozen Rickoids engaged in what are known as "Chicken Fights." The premise is simple, one player (usually smaller than his/her partner) gets on the shoulders of his/her partner and the duo engage in battle with similar pairings. The goal is to remain upright while knocking one's foes into the water.

Notable pairings included:

- * Abdul and Musleh (close to undefeated)
- * Mark and Max
- * Max and Nicole (and vice versa)
- * Benno and Christine (and vice versa)
- * Seth and Blake
- * Seth and William

Of these duos listed only Abdul and Musleh came close to being undefeated. They cooperated so well that it took the combined efforts of three other teams to take them down. Nevertheless, the epic battles were truly amazing in both their scope and their intensity. Unfortunately, many non-swimming Rickoids were drenched as they observed both the "Chicken Fights" and the karate-style splash battles that followed.



Chicken Seth Gordon



Honnie

Seth Gordon and Kristin Cordwell



Who is Honnie the Hippo, you ask?

The answer is quite simple. He is a purple stuffed hippo who has lent his creativity and leadership to his namesake counselor group, the Hongry Hongry Hippos. During a trip to Harvard Square, allegedly to eat dinner, a group of Rickoids ventured into the Curious George toy store. Delighted by the huge pile of stuffed animals, various members of Keone's counselor group, the aforementioned Hongry Hongry Hippos, began searching for a hippo. A large, oddly shaped, orangish-brown hippo was found and discarded as insufficiently "cute". Most of the Rickoids began exploring the other delights of the toy store, but Seth persevered in the search, to the extent that he was approached by a saleslady, who inquired, "Sir, may I help you locate a specific stuffed animal?" Seth explained what he was searching for, and she led him to the baby section, from which she produced an enchantingly friendly purple hippo. Dubbed "Honnie" in honor of Keone, this special hippo has become close to the hearts of numerous Rickoids.



He accompanied the "Hippos" on the White Mountains trip where he was seduced by Miles, seemingly betraying his teammates. However, as the sun rose Sunday morning, he returned, proving his loyalty to the victorious (in the Wacky Olympics) Hongry Hongry Hippos.

Often seen on buses, in rooms, on shoulders and heads, and watching movies, Honnie has become a familiar fixture of RSI 2008. Though many feel that he might be "too cool for school," it is undeniable that he is truly the most amazing and enchanting purple stuffed hippo RSI has ever seen.

Alec Lai Aziz and Laundry

What exactly does Aziz do after hours...and with whom? Little do people know of his secret relationship with..."Laundry."

One night, Aziz came to my room (refer to the article Alec and His Room), asking for laundry detergent. Later on he returned to my room...without the laundry detergent. I criticized him for not returning my laundry detergent, calling him heartless and not taking into consideration that laundry detergent might have feelings, too. In retrospect, this was probably a bad idea. He ran out of the room half-in-tears to search for his soon-to-be-beloved laundry detergent.

Later he returned, holding tenderly the laundry detergent, which he had nicknamed "Laundry," and stroking the handle lightly with his fingers. Sarah Don and I were quite disturbed and quickly ran out of the room, closing the door behind us. For the next five minutes, Aziz screamed a long speech from inside the room; the neighbors cursed at him as he screamed either excerpts from the Koran or romantic lines to Laundry. Eventually he came out...still with the laundry detergent and was ready to board the elevator. I refused to let him leave with Laundry. Since Aziz refused, Sarah left in the elevator, and Aziz would have to wait for it to come back again.

Eventually, the elevator came again. Aziz still held Laundry, and, as Laundry's guardian, I demanded that he drop off Laundry in her room. After a very long goodbye, he eventually placed Laundry back in my room...and missed the elevator again.

With his heart fragmented without Laundry by his side and the betrayal of the elevator, he cried rolling on the floor in front of my room door, voicing his pains caused by the absence of Laundry. He once again woke the neighbors at 2:30 AM; Zane joined to watch as the man writhed in pain and agony - only to see him miss another elevator.

After 10 minutes of utter confusion and hilarity, Aziz and I finally settled in front of the elevator and waited - this time with Laundry in her/my room (once again, refer to the article titled "Alec and His Room"). Soon, Jenny came out of the elevator, and for no apparent reason, we both started laughing hysterically. Jenny stood outside the elevator door and stared in confusion. When both of us finally calmed down, we saw the elevator door close behind Jenny - followed by Aziz's cry of utter despair.

Alas, when the elevator came a fifth time, Aziz was prepared to board it, still crying about how he wished to keep Laundry. I faked a charge toward the elevator as if I would force it to leave Aziz again, eliciting a crazy, hysterical, and ear-deafening scream from him as he charged madly into the elevator - once again waking up the neighbors.

That is the short story of the romantic relationships between Aziz and Laundry. He only saw her once more, during the ping-pong tournament. However, after his defeat, he was too embarrassed to meet Laundry again, even if she started to twist her cap off for him.

Rumors say that Aziz is in another relationship with Daisy, but that is for another day...

Rock Seth Gordon



What is "Rock?"



No, I am not referring to the rocks you may find in your garden, or to the rocks Steve embarrassingly toppled from, or to the rocks that we climbed over at the waterfall on the White Mountains trip. I am, in fact, referring to the addicting game that has been introduced to us by a certain Aziz Al-Kattan.

The game, in theory, is easy. A number of players must arrange themselves in a circle and the first player says "rock". The next player then must say the first word and/or phrase that comes to mind. While the game itself is simple, laughter and merriment quickly become an integral part of game play.

Within a few rounds (one circuit around the circle), a number of patterns had developed:

- * Seth had "orange on the mind" and often said that word completely out of context, much to the chagrin of his fellow players.
- * Michael was addicted to one particular phrase (which will not be mentioned here) that came up quite often both in and out of context.

* Many people often said "Aziz" in funny context, which left Aziz in a rather proud and merry mood.

As the game continued for over an hour, the makeup of the group changed. Elaine left and was replaced by Galin. Harry joined the circle. Cliff dropped in but promptly left with a grin on his face after observing the players rolling on the floor with laughter. As the game seemingly wound down, the author decided to leave ten minutes early and take a shower, but, as evidenced by the continuing laughter, the game did not end quietly.



Alec Lai Thailand Cafe

On Sunday, July 6, 2008, Paul led a group of Rickoids and Cliff to a small Thailand Cafe. It was only a short walk along Mass. Ave and, sadly, just barely off-campus. We came to this small, dimly-lighted cafe where we were welcomed to sit down (at a relatively empty restaurant). The menu reminded me of the Thai food that I haven't had in years, and we quickly ordered some food and waited for it to come.

The food was absolutely delicious. The chicken was spicy and tender, with a unique texture, and the rice was light and appetizing. The tom yum soup was delicious and very well made, and the dumplings and crab ragoons were crazy good. The food was given in large portions, and most people were satisfied with their meal.

Paul and I weren't, apparently, because we could still keep on eating after the meal. Peter Zhang sent his noodles down to our side of the table, and we quickly split it up and consumed it. Janet sent an almost half-full plate of noodles down, and it soon disappeared without a trace (which was odd concerning her big appetite for Popsicles). Embarrassingly, we asked Jenny for her left-over food, and it was gone in a few seconds, leaving the table in awe at our amazing appetite.

As if that weren't enough, we both decided to try one of the hot stir-fried peppers. Initially, it was nice and tasty. Then, it started to burn, and Paul and I dove for our waters, while laughing at our own stupid condition. After 3 or 4 glasses, we started to feel a tiny bit better. It took a while for the spiciness to subside...a long while.

We left soon with a relatively cheap bill, and everyone seemed satisfied with the filling dinner.



Seth Gordon Berryline

When one hears talk of "The Berryline", one may mistake it for an extension of the Red Line, or maybe a simple fruit shop. In actuality, the popularity of Berryline is sweeping Cambridge and the surrounding universities. Since its founding and opening in fall 2007, the frozen yogurt parlor has experienced massive popularity amongst students, adults, children, teachers, and Rickoids. The success of the venture has been unprecedented, especially when one realizes that it was co-founded by two students, one from MIT and one from Harvard!

The fare at Berryline is simple yet delicious. It is famous for its frozen yogurt (which is actually yogurt based!) and its myriad assortment of toppings available to accentuate the yogurt. During any given week, one, two, or three flavors of yogurt are available, with the "original" flavor acting as the common thread from week to week. Various "Flavors of the Day", which are, in fact, available throughout the week, include Passion Fruit, Kiwi, Raspberry, Banana. Examples of available toppings are almonds, blackberries, chocolate chips, fruity pebbles, graham crackers, kiwi, mango, Oreos, pineapple, raspberries, strawberries, and white chocolate chips. For such aficionados as Kristin Cordwell and Noah Arbesfeld, even a large is not nearly enough.

A personal favorite of numerous Rickoids, Berryline is a welcome change from your average ice cream parlor.



The US vs. The World

Seth Gordon



In a stunning display of soccer skills, the stupendous students of RSI showed their suaveness as they scored in a super smooth and scandalous soccer game.

But I digress from my horrible alliteration. The epic US Rickoids v. International Rickoids game of July 16, 2008 ending surprisingly as the Americans managed to win 4-0. With amazing plays by APK, Keone, Daniel Vitek, Charles Tam, Yousef, Musleh, and several others, the underdog domestic team managed eek out a victory.

However, the game was slightly less than fair. Not only did the Americans have more adults/nobodies/counselors on their team, they also just had more people. This discrepancy meant that at any given time there were a few Americans open for passes even if everyone on the International team had "manned-up." Finally, the actual game was played in an "all v. all" format which removed almost all of the strategy normally seen in



a standard 11 v. 11 soccer game. Though the Americans won, many of the international Rickoids (and the author to a certain degree) feel that the game was unfair.

The game opened quickly, with the Americans making their four goals in less than 30 minutes. However, the remainder of the game was a stalemate as the equally skilled teams dueled over the soccer-ball up and down the field. The surprising star of the night was Charles Tam who (in his own words) "Did things by just standing here!" His few but key plays keep up the pressure on the International Students. Another key player was Musleh who became infamous for every time he got the ball. As soon as Musleh began to take the ball towards the goal, Daniel Vitek, Charles Tam, and others would put up a chorus of "oh crap!" and rush back to defend. Though he never scored, Musleh was certainly the source of a lot of stress for the Americans.

Partway through the game the Americans donated the hybrid player Andrew Hyer (a hybrid since he claims to be American but clearly has a British accent, and also claims to be British with his American accent) to the Internationals but even Andrews 'amazing' playing could not stop the massive machine that was the American Juggernaut. Though the author is certainly not a soccer player, he enjoyed himself and recommends continuing this tradition should he meet any 2009 Rickoids.

Reflections from a W20 Lounge Window

Alec Lai



Sitting in the sofa lounge on the second floor of W20, I look through the large, glass windows at the beautiful view outside. I lean back with the comfortable sofa cushioning my fatigued back and my tired brain, and I rest my feet on the windowsill out of which a cool, soft air-conditioned breeze flows out and soothes my worn-out muscles. I stare out at the beautiful clear, blue sky, with a few fluffy clouds accentuating the soft, comforting blue. The leafy trees sway with the gentle breezes, displaying the perpetually forward motion of time. Many diverse MIT buildings are shrouded by the trees, and a modern, glassy dome-like structure stands to the right. In a small, grassy section of land directly in front of me, twenty or so kids play Fast Football or tag, screaming with smiles and laughing under the pains of the hot, beating sun.

There I lay, reflecting on my RSI experience at MIT. It's almost been four weeks, and the end of the program seems to approach faster and faster. Like many others, I realized that I didn't really want to leave. The freedom, the friendship, and the fun enticed me to stay here forever, enjoying the learning experience from entertaining and interesting mentorships and loving the people and the places in Cambridge, MA. Some of us come from schools that bullied or showed little respect for the more intelligent, and for those, RSI was like a haven – a place for new and memorable friendships. Others had a solid social status in their hometown; however, this place has brought them a new perspective, new people with new personalities, and a whole new face to their life. Naturally the mentorships were also amazing learning experiences that few people get to experience. Finally, most people love the city of Cambridge and MIT. For some it's even a dream to be able to stand on the MIT campus. I think it's safe to say that everyone will miss RSI.

All that's left is to enjoy the last two weeks. It will be hard work, with most of us being procrastinators, but we know we have friends (students, tutors, counselors, and other staff) to help us through the last few weeks.

The Stress of Summerbook Writing

Alec Lai

I sit here, stressing and thinking about interesting Summerbook article ideas. Or's group is speeding up again, and Keone's group is falling behind. The race is still on. Ideas zoom in and out of my head. We can't only write for quantity; there must also be quality. Only the best ideas can become good Summerbook articles.

What is there to write about? Clever group events; individual after-hour events; specific people; specific groups; specific activities; specific qualities; RSI in general. I was running out of ideas, and my brain was starting to implode. However, after some delicious sushi, I was back to work. From the recommendations of Alex Sharp, I decided that this idea was plausible: why not write a Summerbook article about writing summerbook articles?

So here I am, writing an article about typing articles. The fan helps keep me cool, and the brain food keeps the thoughts coming - or the fat. I can imagine the sun rising and falling as I sit here scratching my head hoping articles will fall out and cultivate themselves on the screen. I tried to think like Andrew, for he somehow is able to write thousands of articles on a whim. It didn't work out very well. All I could think of was his international night presentation with fish and chips.

Perhaps I could write about international night! No...someone already took it. Hmmm...
I figure however, this article deserves its place in the Summerbook. Many of us have spent endless hours writing these articles, and so this definitely describes a part of our daily life in RSI.

Michael, Aziz, & Camera = 256 Pictures?

Seth Gordon



While Aziz is considered by many to be RSI's officially unofficial "Camera Whore," Michael Newman is rapidly gaining on everyone's favorite purse-carrying Saudi. Though he is noticeably missing from many pictures, Michael is becoming the most prolific camera-man in the history of RSI.

With more than 250 pictures from Monday and the many more he took as the week progressed, Michael has outclassed many of his fellow Rickoids in the camera-taking contest. Unfortunately, Aziz has stolen Michael's thunder since he is the one who posts the pictures from his ubiquitous "red" camera.

When asked about his addiction of photography, Michael simply replied, "Aziz, I love your camera."

The net result of this affair between "Cami" the digital camera and Michael has taken the heat off Aziz who is already dealing with a love-triangle between himself, Laundry the detergent, and Daisy the umbrella. Nevertheless, Cami has taken a surprising number of Aziz himself, indicating her continued love and her split emotions between Aziz and Michael.

Even so, the love triangle has expanded to include Cami and Michael with more than 250 pictures testifying to the increased tension.

Almost four weeks in and drastic changes have already occurred in the Summerbook...

It started out being a burden for some. I remember students groaning at how they had to write their articles before midnight and complaining about how long it would take and how short their articles would be. Many didn't even bother to check the Summerbook. It was just another tedious task.

Then, some people started looking at the Summerbook to check the articles that others were required to write. New, exciting events happened, and people wanted to record more and more of them. More articles were being written at a fast pace.

Then came...Andrew Hyer. When I started avidly checking the Summerbook, I saw him start with 4 articles. Then, he had 6. Then, 8, and at this point in time, he's written 10 articles, even more than some other counselor groups.

Fearing to be thrashed by Or's counselor group, Seth and I started writing tons of interesting articles. Then, others started to join in to try to catch up. Articles suddenly started increasing at a fast rate. Two to three days ago, Keone's group only had 15. Now, we were approaching 25. Andrew finally reached 10, and he then decided to separate himself from Or's counselor group, starting his own section. A mad race for articles began.

Thus started the...Summerbook Frenzy.

Summerbook Frenzy



The Art of Procrastination

Alec Lai

Procrastination is a deadly curse placed on many of the members of RSI. The desire to do something fun and entertaining with friends often outweighs the urge to write a MiniPaper. The motivation for figuring out how to make charts on LaTeX cannot compare with the tendencies to play Ping-Pong or Starcraft. New people, new experiences, and new places to visit. They lure us, enticing us to continue with the fun and to stray from the hard work. They grab us subconsciously and pull us slowly into the world of entertainment addiction and laziness. What can I say? My last name in Chinese does mean lazy.

Procrastination seems to be fulfilled. After all, I'm typing this article at night when my second milestone is due in less than two days. Procrastination seems to be fulfilled. After all, I'm typing this article at night when my second milestone is due in less than two days. Procrastination seems to be fulfilled. After all, I'm typing this article at night when my second milestone is due in less than two days. Procrastination seems to be fulfilled. After all, I'm typing this article at night when my second milestone is due in less than two days.



Wacky Olympics

Alec Lai



One Sunday afternoon, the counselor groups of RSI 2008 had a massive competition - the annual WACKY OLYMPICS. 6 counselors - Annie, Christina, Keone, Max, Or, and Paul 6 groups - Animated, Ludicris, Hongry Hongry Hippos, eMax, JabBORwokies, and the Unkominers - Tell me if any are spelled wrong Around 80 Rickoids - Not listing them all

The games consisted of 5 intense events:

The Lifesaver Pass The Hopscotch Relay The Orange Pass The N+1-Leg Race The Balloon Toss



(The scavenger hunt was apparently a separate event.) The lifesaver pass involved passing lifesavers from one person to the next via toothpicks held tightly in each person's mouth. After some dangerously close encounters, Keone's group came out strong and took the first victory.

The hopscotch relay involved taking off and putting on a t-shirt, hopscotching through boxes, grabbing a balloon, running to the bench and sitting on the balloon, and, then, running back looking like your animal. Although Keone's group's impression of a hippo was quite interesting, their speed brought them another victory.

In the classic orange pass, each player has to pass an orange under their chin to the next player. They continue until the last person receives the orange. (Who won this again?)

Many groups started practicing for the N+1-Leg Race, a race where adjacent legs between two people are tied together. Some groups had their own personal chants, and others used the classic "1,2" chant. After lots of practice forwards, backwards, and sideways, Keone's group managed to win, chanting "Hip-po!" across the finish line.

Finally, in the balloon toss, teams have to pass a water balloon down the line until they reach the final member of their counselor groups, without breaking the balloon in the process. With some quick skills and beautiful catches, (Who won this again?)

At the end of the day, with 3 first places, Keone's group won and was awarded a pizza party at a Friday bedcheck.

Until next year...



Lily Hsiang The Waterfall Hike



The rumors were hard to believe, but once I took the plunge, I was convinced: this water was literally almost freezing.

An hour or so before, a group of Rickoids had found themselves meandering through the forests of the White Mountains, led by Paul Kominers and Annie Ouyang. Well, perhaps meandering isn't the right word. What with poison ivy paranoia and a few rock cliffs, the hike wasn't the easiest walk in the park. But the view near the peak was certainly beautiful, and the little bunch of RSI students made it back to the bottom with only a (albeit rather bloody) scraped knee, sustained by Sandy Huang.

The hike ended with the sound of rushing water, as a creek came into view. Around the corner of a cliff, the waterfall tumbled into a pool of clear blue-green water. Amazed, I closed my eyes for a second before jumping in surprise at a loud whoop and a huge splashing sound. Someone had leapt into the pool from the top ledge of the cliff, which was at least 40 feet above the surface of the water. The newly-arrived Rickoids buzzed with excitement as a few daring ones, led by Inar and Musleh, immediately began climbing up to experience the thrill of free-fall for themselves.

The rest of us tentatively stepped into the water. Instantly, our feet began to hurt. Two seconds later, the pain went away...along with all feeling whatsoever. Shouts of surprise and expletives were drowned out by the pounding of the waterfall as Rickoids realized how cold the water really was. Kristin, Aziz, Annie, and I tentatively but rapidly made our way to the other side of the pool, where there was a less intimidating rock ledge from which we could jump in.

Inar and Musleh climbed up to the top of the 40-foot ledge. "Aw, come on: how bad could it be?" was the general sentiment before reaching the very top. But the string of curses raining from the very edge of the cliff portrayed quite clearly how terrifying it was the moment before the jump. After taking a few deep breaths and crossing himself...Inar jumped.

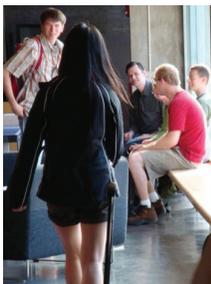
A large splash, an exhilarated shout, and a few minutes of shivering later, Inar had broken the ice, and more Rickoids soon followed. Aziz's curls were a little more than soggy afterwards, and, as he would later relate to us at least nineteen times, "I jumped from up there!! Did you get a picture? What?! NO ONE got a picture? I jumped! And I kept falling, and falling, and falling, and I thought it would never end..." Finally, after Mike Jin's jump, Rickoids were banned from the high ledge. Mike didn't even realize that he had come within one or two feet of hitting the underwater rock shelf instead of the deeper water.

The rest of us jumped in from the rocks off to the side, which were about one order of magnitude smaller of a drop. Seth Gordon jumped in at least six or seven times, while Abdul, unafraid of the cold water, sat in the creek for at least fifteen minutes and later swam through the pool until he sat right under the waterfall. Sarah Shareef got caught in the rocks across the water for a while before being rescued by Paul Kominers, who himself managed to come away with a bullet-hole-shaped cut in his side. By the end, everyone had slipped on the rocks and had fallen into the water at least once, and the group of Rickoids went back shivering, wet, and happy.



Sleeping Outside in the White Mountains

Alec Lai



That Saturday night at the White Mountains, Rajarshi Roy and I decided to try a different sleeping method. We chose to sleep outside on the garden chairs in front of every door, with nothing but two chairs and a blanket. I wrapped myself up tightly and rested comfortably between the two chairs, peering out at the night sky and the tour bus right below us. The blankets were actually surprisingly warm, and my height was perfect for two chairs, and so it was almost like a bed. I enjoyed the peaceful sounds coming from the rural New Hampshire insects and the cool, soothing breeze. The air had a different smell to it, a much fresher but more wild scent. It was relatively quiet, and everyone was asleep; nothing stirred, but nature.

Resting in our comfortable positions, we were ready to doze off and sleep. Suddenly, Anne came up to pay us a quick visit. She thought we were crazy and that we would be dead if we did such a feat. We assured her that the blankets were warm and actually really comfortable. She then said that she wasn't worried about the temperature, more so the mosquitoes. We suddenly realized the small buzzing insects were slowly closing in on us. Suddenly it didn't seem like such a good idea.

Real men don't back down from our original conviction. Real men beg Anne for bug spray. We pleaded her to go downstairs to her room and get us one of her many OFF bug wipes. We waved around trying to hit mosquitoes, and eventually, Anne, pitying our situation, got us one wipe each, which we promptly used to protect ourselves. We bid her good night, and soon we started to doze off again.

Rajarshi couldn't stand the dropping temperature and the endless buzzing of mosquitoes by his ear, so he soon dropped out of the challenge. All that was left was me. I braved through the dropping temperatures (they actually didn't get too bad), but I soon did start to shudder. The blanket wasn't enough, and I put on my jacket. I was still feeling kinda chilly though. The bug spray did a decent job of keeping away mosquitoes. I did end up with 3 big mosquito bites which continue to torture me 5 days after this event. I guess it was a pretty stupid idea.

However, it was still memorable. The midnight breeze and the natural sounds were very satisfying, and a little peace and quiet once in a while is like meditation, calming my mind for the horrible 3 weeks that would follow, cramming for papers and presentations. Honestly, I have no idea why I did it in the first place, but it was actually worth it.

Aziz's Love Triangle (From Laundry's Perspective)

Alec Lai



There Laundry sat, in her corner by the bed on the dark, dirty floor, abandoned by her first love, Aziz.

Her evil guardian, Alec Lai, had grounded her for hanging out with Aziz past her bedtime, and so, for the remainder of RSI, Laundry is not permitted to leave her corner without Alec's permission. It did not matter to her though; she did not want to leave her corner. All she wanted was to cry for the rest of her life. Aziz had left her all alone. Aziz left her for...Daisy.

Laundry had heard the rumors. One cold and rainy Independence Day, Aziz had been protected by the umbrella, Daisy. Since then, they had fallen in love, and Aziz has completely forgotten about Laundry. He shows no regret, no remorse, and no *rection toward Laundry. She was left to die in her dark, dirty corner.



Laundry was furious. She had spent her entire life cleaning people's clothes. People exploited her for her cleaning abilities, and all she got was isolation in the corner, heart-broken and soul-less. She wanted revenge. She wanted to teach Aziz a painful lesson.

She started out by visiting Aziz's ping-pong match, making him shudder in fear and shake in his boots. She seduced Aziz by slowly taking her cap off, and, embarrassed, Aziz flinched and missed the ping-pong ball. Aziz was so ashamed, he could never look at her again. She had succeeded in the first step of her plan.

Then, she published her love story in the Summerbook. She hoped Daisy would realize how horrible Aziz really is. Soon, she heard that Daisy had left Aziz as well. Now Aziz knows how it feels to be lonely. However, Laundry's revenge is far from complete... Daisy...she better watch out...



Seth Gordon

Email Spamming

While many Rickoids were minding their own business, a scourge was sweeping the email mailing lists. This is of course, the plague that is the spam e-mail.

Though considered spam, these messages are actually far more deadly. From the cat-calls and belligerence of e-mails after the Americans v. Internationals soccer game to the misunderstood and scary advice concerning sleep, Rickoids have been inundated by e-mail from their colleagues. After repeated calls to end the madness, Keone put his foot down and severed the spam chain concerning the soccer game. However, the issue is still at-large as evidenced by the chain of emails about sleep, or lack thereof.

This problem can be traced back to before RSI 2008 even began, when an innocuous message was sent out by Leo (Zhonglin) Liu which was followed directly by 26 e-mails and indirectly by several other messages on the same topic. Though I do not blame the original author of these e-mails by any means, I do feel that such spamming may have gone too far especially when several Nobodies began chiming in about the best way to push yourself to survive an all-nighter.

Sleeping is good. Losing is bad. Everyone should say hi. These previously innocent topics have warped into the monstrosities that have swamped the RSI mailing list.



Brent Woodhouse

Midnight Frisbee

One of the major evening activities held almost every day at RSI is ultimate frisbee. Even though this sport is common among summer camps and college campuses, playing at RSI makes it that much better. Usually about ten students and five staff and friends come out to play. We'll first toss the frisbee around to warm-up, break up into teams, and get down to business. After forty minutes of tossing, running, catching, guarding, cutting, stacking, dumping, and all-around organized chaos, the lights will go out on the field, and we'll walk back to Simmons.

I've played ultimate frisbee on and off since middle school, but the games here are just as fun and challenging. Lately, the students have been preparing for the traditional game against PROMYS, a nearby math camp (which isn't free!). By playing students versus "adults", we hope to gather up enough skill, strategy, and speed to win in the coming trial. Keone and others also offer helpful advice during the game. So far, the students have done a fine job, despite the opposition's unavoidable height advantage. With consistent practice and sufficient sleep the night before, RSI athletes will control the field.

With eighty unique students from across the globe, RSI has plenty of events from which one must choose carefully their schedule. You might be thinking, Why play frisbee, when I can do ____? That is an excellent question! There are many reasons to chose frisbee over ____ (especially soccer). First, it is an excellent sport for good, fun exercise. In addition, being part of a team is enjoyable and necessary. For those of you who don't know the rules, if you catch the frisbee, you can't walk with it; you must move down the field by throwing it to your team, then finally scoring in the end zone. Even the weakest player can make a difference if he is always looking for an opening. Lastly, we get to play from 11:00 to 12:04:51, on a brightly lit field. What could be better?



Alec Lai

Second Dance Party

At the second dance party, many of us decided to arrive half an hour later than the starting time, so we wouldn't have to deal with having no people on the dance floor. Somehow, we were still the first people there. It turns out that most people wouldn't come until 10:30, since that's when the Hip Hop, dance music, and international music starts.

First, with our relatively small group of people, we danced to a lot of techno music. The crowd was too small to have some intense atmosphere, but it was still a lot of fun. Noah never ceased to show off his amazing dance moves. I jumped in once or twice for a few breakdance moments. Others showed amazing new dance styles that I have never seen before, i.e., the Australian crocodile move.

Then, when the music changed to Or's playlist, the party started heating up. The room was quickly packed full of people, and the dance party was getting heated up!

Too bad no one seemed to remember that a painfully long and rainy July 4th was coming right up.



Hot Fuzz Seth Gordon

Though Hot Fuzz is an incredibly funny movie, the highlight of the night of July 17/18 was the misadventures encountered along the way.

Originally slated to play in one of the ubiquitous classrooms in building 2, the movie was moved to 6-120 when the author and Max concluded that it was not being used. However, that is when the fun began. Between an uncooperative computer, DVD player, and A/V systems in general, the group relocated back to a classroom to finally begin watching the movie.

After several bags of popcorn and two bottles of MAX cola, the Rickoids present settled down to watch the famous "Hot Fuzz." Apparently, good times don't last. The group was rudely (but understandably) interrupted and halted by one of the many MIT security/police officers. After moving back to the 1st floor of Simmons, the Rickoids were finally able to sit down and enjoy an excellent movie from the creators of "Shaun of the Dead."

With the conclusion of the gory, exciting, and mindlessly violent film, many students shuffled off to bed. The author followed the herd and settled down in his room only to be interrupted by a rattling of his door. Somewhat groggy, the author threw open the door and scared Aziz horribly (much to the enjoyment of Kristin). After relocating to the 1st floor ping-pong arena, this trio of Rickoids found Will, Benno, Michael, Steve (the tutor), and Daniel Vitek and that whole group (except the author) traveled to a pizzeria on Massachusetts Avenue.

Staying up late can be seen as foolhardy but one can never say that it's boring.



Ways to Have Fun in RSI

Alec Lai



- * Stay up late
- * Meet new people
- * Stay up late
- * Party in people's rooms
- * Stay up late
- * Take pictures of Aziz
- * Play Yu-Gi-Oh! with Diana
- * Seduce Seth
- * Participate in any or all planned activities
- * Visit Steve's room for food, karaoke, SSBB, and other activities
- * Chill with friends
- * Go on any or all dinner trips
- * Party in the lounges
- * Party in dance parties
- * Play Starcraft
- * Stay up late
- * Stay up late
- * ASSASINATE!

Ways to Get Stressed in RSI

Alec Lai



- * Procrastinating
- * Not understanding what your mentor is talking about
- * Being too afraid to ask your mentor what he/she was talking about
- * Procrastinating
- * Not sleeping because of work
- * Not sleeping because of too many entertaining activities
- * Waking up the next day after the previous bullet point
- * Being within 10 feet of Cliff or Amy
- * Being within 1 mile of Ms. D
- * Procrastinating

Happily Ever After

Alec Lai

The following is a 100% true story. It proves that dreams can indeed come true. After coming home from a brilliant lecture by Mr. Fred Chang, I took a quick pit-stop by my room and was ready to work hard on that milestone due in less than 20 hours. As I relaxed in my chair and prepared myself for the upcoming stress and pain, I heard loud knocks at my door. Who could possibly visit me now? I opened the door, and there was Aziz with Divya, Alex, and Noah. I saw Divya trying to sneak a picture, and promptly closed the door. After opening and closing the door again, I let Divya take the picture and asked Aziz what was going on.



Aziz dusted the floor and went down on his knees, pulling out a giant curtain ring. "I want to marry Laundry," he said. I responded like any good parent would when a stranger that had abandoned his or her daughter suddenly asks for her hand in marriage. I slammed the door in his face. The next time I opened it, he was still there, begging for her acceptance. After much convincing, I brought Laundry out, and Aziz made a formal proposal. Laundry accepted, and I had no choice but to give my approval. Aziz put the ring around her handle, and prepared for the marriage.

After rounding down Paul on his trip back to his room, all of us promptly headed down to the first floor lobby, picking up Lily, Kristin, and Miles en route. We prepared a formal event, following the proper Jewish way of doing things. We originally chose Sandstorm for the song, but Lily decided to change it to a more traditional marriage song. There I walked down the aisle, leading Laundry toward her eternal happiness. Noah was the rabbi, and he promptly delivered the entire speech, including the circling and the breaking of the glass (a water bottle). After exchanging rings, finally, it was time for Aziz to remove the veil and kiss his bride. He slowly and tenderly twisted off the clear bottle cap of Laundry, exposing her toxic fumes. He leaned closer, and we all held our breath—whether in anticipation or to prevent ourselves from inhaling those toxic fumes. Aziz lunged forward dramatically and kissed Laundry's open lips. A reception of two cookies promptly followed.

Aziz and Laundry shall live happily ever after. Paul kindly offered me his laundry detergent for the remaining two weeks of the program. Now the only question is, when will they have their first child?

Rajarshi Roy Reflections from a Singaporean's Perspective

Since I am from a Singapore, a first-world country where McDonald's and KFC are in abundance, I thought that there wouldn't be much of a difference between Boston and my home. But this whole feeling changed on the course of reaching Boston and going through the first week of RSI.

On the way to Boston, we had to transfer flights at Hong Kong and Chicago. It was a joy to reach Chicago after a 14 hours flight and we were very happy just to stand up and walk around! However, our flight to Boston was leaving an hour later and two of us from Singapore were interviewed for a quite a while for not bringing the I2019 form. By the time we changed terminals and reached at the check-in area, we thought that we had already missed the flight! Thanks to our good luck, the flight had been delayed for another hour due to an "auxiliary power system problem." What really moved me was the helpful attitude of the airport officials. Each of them helped us directly. They did not need to ask others what procedures were necessary. When we told them that we were going to run late, they relieved us with the news that the flight was delayed and also allowed us to check in our baggage without waiting at the long queue. When we reached Boston, we could already feel the warm atmosphere of the RSI camp (not referring to the weather!) because we were received at the airport with big smiles and friendly conversations. The one thing that I felt from then on in Boston was this sense of friendship oozing out from everyone. Everyone was simply so free and friendly in their conversations and there is absolutely no feeling of superficiality when they talked to us. This was one thing that really started off this camp's wonderful experience. Other than friendliness, there was also this caring-for-others attitude that moved me a lot. On the first night, when W20 was closed, the counselors and the "Nobodies" (as if) bought boxes of cookies and chocolate croissants for us and we chilled out at the lobby. It was the best first-day-of-camp experience ever.



The more time I spent at RSI, the more delightful the program became. Students from all over the world were talking so freely—and there were so many things to talk about! This sense of international friendliness was pervasive.

Other than that, our lecturers were really awesome. My subjects were Biology and Engineering. The thing about the Biology lecturer, Dr. Katherine Olsson-Carter, is that she really makes us think logically, rather than flooding us with information. And the engineering lectures were totally cool, because of the super-interesting robot dog and the robotics concepts that Dan so nicely simplified and passed on to us. Throughout the summer, I loved the light sense of humor and the informal tone of the lecturers. This was one striking difference between lecturers here and back home.

From this experience, I realized that it's not how much we are exposed to development that makes a difference but rather the people who do.



Vikram Nathan The Quest for Dippin' Dots

At two-thirty in the morning, and three tired Rickoids have decided to retire for the night after an exhilarating episode of the unspecified activity (the one that rhymes with "stairing"). Michael Cherkassky, with his signature blue duffel bag, Varoon, and I (that's Vikram for those of you who don't know who author is) had to get up early for our mentorships the next day morning (actually, that would be the same day morning). We took our leave and started walking. We turned a few corridors and passed a few doors, until

"Wait, something doesn't look right. I don't remember seeing that huge maintenance cart on the right..."

"Shoot, I think we're really lost!"

"No, I'm sure I saw that vending machine on our way there."

"But there are vending machines everywhere down here!"

"Oh my god! I want Dippin' Dots!"



That last one was Cherkassky. It turns out that his eternal craving had manifested itself and had to be satisfied before he went to sleep. So our goal became twofold: Find the way out of the underground tunnels as well as the Dippin' Dots vending machine. So we turn a few more bends, trying to navigate using the small white (and thoroughly inadequate) signs overhead. At every corner, Michael looks expectantly ahead, hoping to see the radiant blue light of the vending machine.

"Oh, finally! There it is!"

"Darn it. It's only ice-cream..."

That's because for Michael, Dippin' Dots aren't just ice cream. They represent an entirely new level of ice-creamy goodness. Disappointed again, Michael took to mumbling to himself, "Oh God, I need Dippin' Dots sooo badly," so much so he infected us with the craving as well. Soon we were all stumbling around, swearing to give up our clothes and possessions just to have a bowl of Dippin' Dots.

Finally, we emerged somewhere in the long corridor of Building 26 and spotted (at last), the outside world. Pushing the doors open, we smelt the smell of fresh air and turned to head towards Mass. Ave. And then, out of the corner of his eye, Michael saw that characteristic blue light where only two things could lie (well, actually one, if you consider Dippin' Dots to be ice cream). We pressed our faces to the glass door of Building 16. It was then that Varoon noticed that it wasn't your usual ice cream vending machine. Could it be...could it really possibly be??? There was only one way to find out. And all that stood between us and the vending machine was a door and a long, long corridor, the end of which glowed blue with promise. We hesitated: Our dreams would be dashed if the door was locked, but otherwise, we could potentially achieve our night-time dream.

We gave the handle the slightest tug. It didn't move. We tried a little harder until, with a hint of a creak, the door opened just a crack, and the path to the Dippin' Dots was free, at last. Looking down the seemingly endless hall, the muscles in our legs fired as we shot down the hall simultaneously, knowing that we were only seconds away. As we approached, the pictures on the vending machine became clearer. The images of the smooth melt-in-your-mouth dots formed clearer on the picture of the vending machine as we finally arrived, panting, at our destination.



We were in hysterics. Michael dropped to his knees in utter disbelief. Varoon hugged the vending machine, and I could only watch as my eyes welled up with tears of happiness. After we paid the \$3.50 each for our highly anticipated midnight snack (which is definitely a reasonable price if you're buying Dippin' Dots), we left with our spirits elevated, knowing that our night was complete. We headed back to Simmons in pure ecstasy, ready to take on the world now that we had our Dippin' Dots.

Hell Hath No Fury like Staff at a Sleeping Rickoid

Seth Gordon



When the 2008 Rickoids first arrived at RSI they heard horrid stories about what would happen to you if you fell asleep during lecture or mentorship. For the first two weeks the very idea of sleeping in lecture was abhorrent and unappealing, but as sleep-deprivation kicked in, many Rickoids were caught asleep in lecture.

Though the punishments were originally rumored to be cleaning the Simmons Hall bathrooms, they turned out to be far more labor-intensive. Reported punishments are or have rumored to be the following:

- * Take notes in the (insert date and/or lecturer's name here) lecture
- * Write a 3-page paper about the (insert date and/or lecturer's name here) lecture
- * Write a Summerbook article about (insert topic here)
- * Extra-long Bedchecks for Or's group



Despite all of these punishments, many staff members prefer the simple threat: "Don't make me get Amy or Cliff!"

Nevertheless, sleep-deprivation remains a major issue at RSI, though it is certainly not the fault of the program itself. Quite simply, Rickoids are too cool to go to bed early: they must participate in the many fun student-run activities are after Bedcheck (StarCraft, Spades, TV, just talking, etc...).

Fortunately, some Rickoids have found alternatives to an early bedtime. Daily afternoon naps and weekend wake-up times around 1:00 pm are commonplace and those fortunate enough to have late mentorships benefit from longer sleep-times.

Counselors, Staff, Nobodies, Tutors, and Professors have all chimed in in a desperate attempt to increase the average amount of sleep at RSI. With Hell-Week coming up, more sleep is starting to look more and more appealing.



Veggie Planet Noah Arbesfeld

W20 may be nice, but chicken teriyaki from Shinkansen, and footlong subs from Subway can only sustain a Rickoid for so many days. Thus, on Sunday, June 29th, approximately fifteen hungry RSI students ventured on a not-so-long journey to Veggie Planet, a vegetarian pizza restaurant concealed in a Harvard Square basement that's almost as hard to track down as Jesper. Although the concept of a restaurant that served no meat seemed foreign to some, such as Max Uhlenhuth who fervently searched the menu for barbecue chicken pizza, the majority of Rickoids were pleased by the variety of the menu, which ranged from a simple straightforward pizza, (the "safe") to a pizza decked out in squash, caramelized onions, and asiago cheese. The Rickoids were graciously squeezed onto the



restaurant's outdoor patio, where we received our food. Even the most carnivorous among us thoroughly enjoyed whatever we had ordered, and even the most dignified among us, Sir Miles Edwards, squealed with sounds of delight not since heard (with the possible exception of Prof. Elkie's lecture). All in all, our trip to Veggie Planet, whose motto is aptly "Great food in good conscience," was not only a respite from the slightly mundane, but also really fun.



Amy Tai

It all began with a trip to MIT Medical. My unfortunate position of being allergic to absolutely anything green resulted in my getting weekly allergy shots for the duration of RSI. Paul Kominers, Rohini, and I traipsed to MIT Medical to meet the allergist. But, enough about the actual medical trip, which is in itself quite mundane. The action really took place when the three of us decided to proceed to Harvard Square, despite the cancelled trip because of the impending thunderstorm.

We took the T from Kendall to Harvard Square. After wandering around parts of the quaint Harvard University campus, as well as combing through sale racks at Urban Outfitters, we decided to walk back to MIT, due to the deceptively clement weather. I admit, there were sharp flashes of lightning and ominous claps of thunder, but we figured the storm was still several hours away.

We were about 10 minutes out of Harvard Square when the drops began to fall. A foreign traveler in the Boston area, I still strolled obliviously along, leisurely despite the drops which dropped faster and fatter by the second. Fortunately, Paul was acquainted with the fickle New England weather area and quickly told us to take shelter. Lucky us.

We had barely hit the nearest office building when the downpour really started. Sheets of rain obscured our immediate vision from the glass windows of the office. After several minutes, however, seeing as it was already 5:30pm, we decided to brave the weather with no respite in sight. We guerilla-hopped from shop to shop and entered anything from financial institutions to Au Bon Pain to delicious-smelling Mediterranean restaurants. At first we were worried about getting wet. Soon enough, however, it became apparent that getting soaked was not an option; our shoes, backpacks, and clothing were all completely drenched by the third hop.

Furthermore, glasses were an extreme hindrance for Paul and me, because in addition to getting covered in water, they also decided to fog over. Often we did not know where we were hurtling until both feet and legs were shocked by a splash of obscenely cold water. We tried to alleviate the situation by wiping the glasses on our shirts. Was it a surprise when the glasses became even more smeared due to our equally soaked clothes? The path to Central Park--the T stop between Harvard Square and MIT--seemed infinite.

Finally, however, the end was near. We stumbled underground and scrambled through the gates of the subway. We were going on the inbound direction. As hordes of drenched people clustered onto our side, we saw, to our dismay, several outbound trains opposite to us crossing in the other direction. Then, at last! We heard the rumblings of an inbound train arriving. But wait... It was blasting curious honks and showed no signs of slowing down. It sped by, completely void of humans whatsoever. And then it disappeared down the tunnel, leaving us even more desperate and downtrodden than ever. At last, the outbound train arrived, after about twenty minutes of standby. The compartments were already about to burst, but we squeezed in anyway. I stood next to a woman with a dog in her purse. Talk about smelling like wet dog. As we proceeded to MIT, the train decelerated until we came to a standstill in a pitch-black portion of the tunnel between Central and MIT. It remained this way for several minutes. I tried to deceive myself into believing that we were indeed moving along, yet at a pace imperceptible to my measly human senses, but to no avail.

Finally, we began cruising again, but perhaps at one-fifth of the original speed. I suppose the relative level of packing humans like sardines in a subway train is inversely proportional to how efficient the subway is. And then we finally arrived at the MIT station. There was, however, one last leg of the journey--hopping from the T station to the giant tangle of buildings attached to the main Dome building. Earlier, crossing the plaza at MIT Medical, we had seen skateboarders attempting ollies and scaling the railings. This time, we didn't have to worry about getting run over.

Hashem Al-Mahmoud The EURO Final and Keone

On Sunday, June 29th, a group of RSI students, including me, and some staff members went to one of MIT's lecture rooms to watch the EURO 2008 final between Spain and Germany which was held in Vienna. Spain had won the title once in 1964 (44 years ago), whereas Germany had three titles and thus was the favorite for this match. Both teams played well. Fernando Torres scored the only goal in that game, contributing to Spain's victory. However, the real hero for us was Keone who showed great effort that day. He arranged every thing for us to watch the final game. We would not have been able to share this sports tradition together without Keone's organization and help. While each of us joked about our loyalty to the two different teams, the afternoon was fun for all.



Zane Li Sleep



RSI is very distinct when it comes to rest. While most normal people have the habit of sleeping at sometime at around midnight, RSI seems to always be awake. Except, of course, there are Rickoids who sleep at all hours. In the words of Andrew Hyer, "RSI students work all night and sleep all day." Jenny, one night wrote up an email proclaiming that sleeping is a waste of time. After multiple "reply all"s by other people (see Seth Gordon's article on Spam Mail), the talk turned into a heated discussion about stimulants. Even Ugolini replied, writing "I stayed up the last 65 hours of my RSI. Shortly before my airport taxi came, I was sitting alone in my room, watching as my carpet turned into a dragon that started talking to me. Dead serious. It had a British accent."

Now for some personal rant... Coming to RSI meant a drastic change in sleep habits for me. First of all, in Cambridge, the sun rises earlier than it does in Utah. When I first came here, I woke up without an alarm at around 5:50 am and my internal clock thought it was eight. Then, as I got used to the light change in the morning, I got up later and later. Another difference: like other "normal" (actually non-RSI) people, I went to bed at around midnight--but as people stayed up later and later, I went to bed later and later. Midnight became the new 8 pm. Of course, now that I've switched my biological clock to the RSI sleep schedule, moving back to Utah and adjusting will be a pain. Oh well...



The Death Hike

Miles Edwards



Never before had a mountain laughed at me. Yet there it was. I had just reached what I imagined would be at least a modest local maximum on Mt. Washington; it turned out to be nothing but a little level ground where I could more clearly see the vast expanse that still remained before me. The mountain loomed so suddenly, serenely, certainly, and vastly above me that I could not imagine that it was not laughing. This was a characteristic episode in the Death Hike.

The Rickoids had three ways to spend the afternoon on Mt. Washington: a trip to the waterfall, led by Paul Kominers (swimming included), the Old Man Hike, led by Dr. John Rickert (for people who like hiking but who aren't clinically insane), and the Death Hike, led by Max Uhlenhuth.

Max started at a brisk pace. The ground was somewhat steep and quite rocky, and breaks were few, so many Rickoids could not keep up. I stayed close to Max for a while, but before long I began to use my slower partner as an excuse to take more frequent breaks. Max advised us not to eat just yet. I disregarded this advice with an apple, and soon regretted it. An energy bar went down well, though.

The way up was quite hard, but after a while, I started to see beautiful views. Lunch gave me a brief respite. Eventually, I came into the open. The view was truly marvellous, and only improved as I climbed higher. I was perhaps ten or twenty minutes from the summit when it was time to turn back, for fear of missing the bus and invoking the wrath of Cliff and Amy.

The way down was less fun. The rocks slammed against our feet for two hours. We posed for a picture near the base of the mountain, and then rejoined the rest of the Rickoids. It had been an exhausting four hours. Even Max was affected; the next day, he wrote, "I'm still

recovering from the Death Hike, so there won't be any running in the mornings until further notice."

Was it worth the blisters, sore legs, and exhaustion? I think so. Although there was little snow, the views were beautiful enough to compare to Switzerland, and the air at the top of a mountain is something unique. And the very experience of completing the Death Hike justified itself. I would do it again if we went back tomorrow.

Amy Tai 17 at RSI

One of the first things I heard on my birthday foreshadowing the impending events was from my counselor, Paul. Over Facebook (yes, a primary mode of communication), he informed me that "RSI birthdays are the best". This sounded both exciting and criminal (of course, the two go hand-in-hand, don't they?). I awaited anxiously all day for something to happen me. But in general, it was the usual "Happy Birthday, Amy!", thrown casually to me as people rushed to mentorship, W20, or, more often than not, to socialize in W20 under the pretense of working on their projects (not to say that I don't do that either..).

I was slightly relieved and disappointed as 10pm rolled around. I began cubing in my room with my roommate, waiting for the usual 10:29pm rush up to Bedcheck. At around 10:25pm, I stepped out of the shower and began to cube again. I hit an unfortunate turn, at which point I handed the cube to Patricia to solve in oh, 2-3 seconds. "Wow!" I exclaimed, "teach me that algorithm." She gladly began to do so, but then she began rambling in incoherent language again, as she often does when explaining cubing algorithms to me. Then I realized the time. "Oh no!" (of course, in more profane language, which has been conveniently censored for the Summerbook). It's 10:29:30pm!! Let's go to Bedcheck!"

I ran out of the room and up the flight of stairs from the 9th to the 10th floor. Strangely, Patricia was not following me. I sighed and yelled at her from the stairwell. "Let's go!!" I opened the door to 10th floor and paused. 10th floor was empty, absolutely void of any Un-Kominers. I smiled to myself. So this was where the "RSI birthday" came in. I went back to our room, which Patricia hadn't left. "Hahaha. So where's Bedcheck today?" I asked. She looked at me blankly, suppressing a grin. "I dunno. Let's stay in our room for Bedcheck." I sighed, assuming that sooner or later something would happen. Patricia slammed the door and sat against it, preventing my escape. "Let's cube!" I suggested, so we sat there cubing for about 5 minutes until I heard footsteps from the stairwell heading toward our room. I jumped towards the door. It was Noah. "You guys are late to Bedcheck! Well, I don't want to be the last one back, so let's go, Patricia!"

He ran down to 6th floor, with Patricia and me in close pursuit. Here, I'll take an aside. The last person to Paul's Bedcheck traditionally has to wear an AIDS-infested and who-knows-what-else-infested hat, which Paul found in an extraordinarily sketchy fashion (I don't remember the story anymore. If you want to hear it, ask Paul). I had wet hair, so I most definitely had no intentions of wearing such a "nice hat."

So we ran down to sixth floor. Coming out of the 7th floor laundry was Aziz. "Hi, Aziz!" the three of us yelled. "Oh, Amy!" Aziz shouted, "Happy Birthday!" He grabbed me around the waist and absolutely prevented me from making it down to sixth floor lounge. "Aziz!!!" I yelled half-heartedly, knowing full well that this was probably part of my "RSI Birthday." Finally, Paul walked out of 6th floor lounge and took us all downstairs, where I was promptly serenaded by fellow Rickoids and allowed to blow out my 17 candles (I missed one by the way. Hopefully my wish will still come true.)

About the gifts that I received: several lovely cards from my Rickoids, some food--courtesy of CEE-- and a lovely, lacy, cheetah-print thong/brief from American Eagle. That by far was the most useful. RSI Birthdays are the best.



Inar "Drop-Dead Gorgeous" Zhang

Sujay Tyle

Perfectly toned abs. Throbbing biceps (not bigger than Tom and Barry, though). Face to die for. Inar Zhang goes above and beyond all of these qualities. From all the "beezies" to the "All Rights!" Inar is quite possibly the most gorgeous, well-toned man I have ever met. On June 22nd, I got my first glimpse of him. He had his shirt on, much to my disappointment. I wasn't shocked, I was stunned.

My favorite activities with Inar have to be: beach fun and ultimate frisbee--mainly because those were the times we played without shirts on, and he exposed his amazing body. Whenever this happened, I couldn't help but notice that people just stopped and stared. Especially during frisbee. The tactic was that if we take off our shirts, we'll win, because instead of playing, everyone will just look at us. It worked 100% of the time, especially with Inar.

he beach was especially "special" when Inar repeatedly took off his shirt, which eventually became red with sunburn. "I so excited" is the phrase that Borat would use to describe this phenomenon.



One day, Inar and I had a conversation about children, which led to our discussing a potential child that we would conceive, and the magnitude of "good-lookingness" that it would exude. We deduced that it would come out as one big ball of bright white light, so hot and good-looking that no one could see it, except of course, us two. We would name the baby "Tom" after well known celebrities of Nilesch Trip, "Tom and Barry." As Abdul would say "Cahhhhh Maann." That was my first reaction to how good looking Inar is.

The Aquarium Daniel Chew

Many Rickoids would have seen the many posters littered all around Boston, at bus stops, T stations and even by the roadside, with the phrase "Sharks and Rays -- Now in Boston". They were advertising for the Aquarium, of course. It was to this place that a group of Rickoids (led by Max and Nicole) took a delightful trip on a wonderful Saturday afternoon (19th July, to be exact).

Now, despite its unassuming name, the Aquarium was indeed a wonder to behold. There were two separate exhibits at the Aquarium: one on jellyfish, and the other boasting an impressive display of aquatic wildlife ranging from the most minute polyp, to the large sharks and turtles that swam round and round. We had a wild time there viewing the sea creatures and taking photographs.

Of all the exhibits, the penguin enclosure was surely the most popular among the Rickoids who went to the Aquarium. It was simply a treasure to see the penguins standing erect in such a cute posture and to marvel at the grace and speed at which they swam around the enclosure. Top that off with a trip to the gift shop, and there you have it--the perfect way to spend a Saturday afternoon.

Some of the highlights that we will remember for years to come are the "frenching" of penguin, iguana and shark pincers, wearing the bright and tight sea anemone hats, and willing the lazy sea-lion to roll over the rock ledge and into the water, which, despite our best efforts, just opened its large eyes and then went back to sleep.

And across from the Aquarium was Legal Seafoods--the allegedly the best seafood place in all of Boston. After seeing so many fish, why not taste some? It's perfectly legal.





Toscanini's

Daniel Vitek and Seth Gordon



On Monday, June 23rd, 2008, a group of brave Rickoids ventured into a known hideout of criminals, cheats, and crooks. One by one they entered the den, glancing around and chatting with each other in low voices. One by one they approached the infamous counter and handed over payment to the employees. Was this an illegal exchange of goods? No, certainly not--not unless Toscanini's puts restricted substances in their ice cream, which some might not put past them. After all, it was Toscanini's that swindled the federal government out of years of tax revenues, although given the current state of the parlor one might never guess.

As some tried samples of exotic flavors such as lemon burnt caramel, others ordered longtime favorites. As the newbies were introduced to the subtle texture and immaculate taste of Toscanini's, not one voice would have denied that they had just had some of the best ice cream of their life. As the enormous line of Rickoids slowly wound its way through the store, they formed a large group outside.

Some weak souls tried to avert brain freeze by remaining in the slightly warmer interior of the store, but to no avail--the proportions were simply too large. But with Bedcheck fast approaching, the younger Rickoids headed for what was fast becoming home. With full stomachs and dopamine coursing through their brains, the Rickoids had fallen for the allure of Toscanini's.

British Footballers

Daniel Vitek

Fancy a spot of football? A couple of Britons making a graduation trip through the States certainly did on Wednesday night, June 25th. Just as a small group of Rickoids was leaving bed-check and heading for the field, they were joined by three or four chaps who were kicking a ball around. A game quickly formed--white shirts versus everybody else, and soon feet were flying. The field was AstroTurf, so thankfully dirt wasn't.

Colors made the first attempt, where a shot from an aerial feed went narrowly wide. However, a small pitch oriented crosswise soon became crowded, and the game moved to the full field. After an array of dazzling moves, fancy footwork, precision plays, smart passing, and tremendous goalkeeping on both sides, coupled with a few close shots, colors broke the deadlock when one of the Englishmen slotted a shot past white-shirts goalie Galin Statev of Bulgaria. A few minutes later, another series of fabulous feeds enabled colors to double their tally.

But white-shirts were not to be denied so easily. Striker Hashem of Saudi Arabia put one past colors' goalie, an Englishman, to reduce color's lead to one. A shot from colors midfielder Rafic Itani slammed off the post and narrowly missed deflecting into the net, but later in the play colors finally broke through to make it 3-1, and colors were flying.

Just as white-shirts seemed to be reeling, they showed that the magic of that night was far from over yet. With the lights on the field going out at midnight, everybody knew there wasn't long to play. But then again, a goal can happen in a blink of an eye, and sure enough, one did. A feed from white-shirt striker Mike Jin left an English player with a bit of room at the edge of the box, and he turned and made to cross the ball. By a stroke of luck that called into doubt whether he had any Irish blood in him, his cross failed to curve properly, looped crazily over the colors goalie's head, and clanged off the top of the post into the back of the net. I don't think that anybody moved for at least fifteen seconds, except possibly for some jaws dropping. Not many goals in semi-professional play are struck with the quality of that one, and there wasn't anything but pride at stake.

White surged forward after the strike, but inspired colors defense managed to stop several close calls from white-shirt strikers until finally the field was plunged into blackness. Colors had pulled out the narrowest of wins, and even then it was debatable as to whether they had played the better game. Final score: 3-2 colors, but almost nobody will remember that tally. White-shirts' second goal, on the other hand, was a memory to last quite a while.



The Underground Adventure

Aziz Al-Kattan



We were sitting peacefully in Simmons when Max came up to us and told us that we were going on an adventure. We automatically assumed he was joking but we joined him anyway. It turned out that all we were doing was transporting the snacks and drinks the counselors had bought earlier for the Professor/TA party. They party was to be held in Building 1 of the MIT main campus, so naturally we headed toward Lobby 7.

Just before we got to Lobby 7, Max suddenly took us to a dark staircase by the side of the main entrance. We entered the rusting old door and suddenly found ourselves in the infamous MIT underground tunnels! With our plastic bags filled with food crackling as we walked further and further into the dark and mysterious tunnels, we did not know where we were going or how long it would be until we would see sunlight again. At that point I expected it would be days, maybe even weeks, until fresh air would enrich our lungs!

We went in deeper and deeper, but somehow we began to feel signs of hope. Miraculously--there it was! The staircase to our salvation! We trudged up and found ourselves right by the hall for the skit! With the strength we were earlier lacking

while we were in the tunnels, we quickly ran into the room and hurriedly dropped our bags. Our hands looked like those of an escaped convict made red by the chicken wire he had to climb. We took a few minutes rest but we had to go back.

If there was any hope of our arriving before sunset we had to move quickly--which meant we had to go through the tunnels! It was then that Max decided that we should take the long route, so we could discover the tunnels' intricacies further. We creaked beneath the Infinite Corridor, heading in the direction of the Green Building. All was going relatively well until Patricia and I fell behind, (curse my incessant urges to take pictures!).

The others--including Max--were up ahead, and as we were headed to catch up with them, they suddenly disappeared! We were now stuck with two options: we would either stay where we were in hopes they would notice our absence, or we could push forward and trust we were going in the right direction. We chose the latter. Not noticing the door to the right--which turned out to be the way to safety--we took the door to the left, not noticing the sign above that said "Caution, High Voltage!"

The room was weakly lit, with roaring machines all around the entrance. We saw a small passageway to the left, but it was blocked by a puddle of what looked suspiciously like sewage on the floor. Ahead was a wooden board on the floor which seemed to act as a bridge above the funky smelling liquid. With no apparent alternative, we leaped onto the board, which was barely big enough for the two of us, but we had made it safely to the other side! We saw a door to the right and quickly opened it; to our surprise, Max was standing right on the other side. We were safe. Max guided us to the rest of the group, and then we moved ahead. Shortly after, we emerged to the surface, safe and unharmed, and we returned back to Simmons.



California Pizza Kitchen

Aziz Al-Kattan

On the Fourth of July, seldom known as Independence Day, Max the counselor organized a trip to one of Boston's favorite pizzerias, California Pizza Kitchen. It being the Fourth of July, and only a few hours before the infamous fireworks that rock the whole city, the restaurant was a bit crowded: there was a twenty-minute wait to be seated.

As we waited, some of us decided to take a look around at few of the nearby stores, but as we approached them, we realized that they were closed. At that moment, somebody, who will remain unnamed (Aziz), had a stroke of what seemed to be genius! He decided that we should go "window shopping"!

We were all assigned names from the window shopping era such as Patricia Eckhart and Bradford Dickerson. Arm in arm, we walked past the stores and peeked through the windows at the contents of the store, uttering descriptions such as "divine!" and "marvelous!" It was jolly good fun! Our twenty-minute wait thus passed quickly. We returned to the restaurant and were split into two groups for seating. When we finished our delicious hot meal, most of the group went back to our spot at the



Esplanade, while a small group, led by Christine and Aziz, was taken on a secret rendezvous to Cold Slab Ice Cream! There, odd but freakishly tasty combinations were made and consumed on the way back to the Esplanade. We all thanked Max for indulging our craving for tasty pizza! We know it was probably hard to deal with our adventuresome group!





Starcraft

Hyunsub Hwang

Starcraft is the most popular computer game in Korea. (At least this is the common opinion among young people.) But I'm not good at playing Starcraft like my friends and others. I'm sure everybody knows Starcraft in Korea, and everyone except babies have played it at least once.

I'm wondering if Rickoids are familiar with "E-sports"? At least in my country, we use this word. We call computer games "E-sports," which stands for electronic sports (games). Starcraft is particularly popular in Korea, where professional players and teams participate in matches, earn sponsorships, and compete in televised tournaments. Some people think it silly, but it is very fun and interesting.

Because Starcraft is a real-time strategy game, it needs a lot of strategy and control! There are some popular strategies like D.T rushes and SCV rushes. Controlling units requires a quick hand.



I don't know how many people have played Starcraft before RSI, but there are some good players at our program.(For example, Charles Tam and Peter Zhang.) The most important thing when we play computer games is moderation. If we play games too much, it affects our academic work. My advice: Just enjoy the game game, and do your best on your project.

Aziz Al-Kattan & Noah Arbesfeld

Les Miserables

If a helicopter were to have flown over Boston at 5:00 am on the morning of July 4th, the view would have been pretty boring. It would have seen some buildings, some empty roads, and a sleepy river. But what the helicopter would have missed is one of the most riveting, heart-wrenching stories to take place in Boston since the American Revolution. The helicopter would have missed the sad yet inspiring saga of Abdul Aziz Al-Kattan and Noah Arbesfeld.

How did these two poor children end up alone on a river? What events in life led them to such a dire situation? Just hours before they had been surrounded by friends and dry tarps, but now they remained alone.

"We won't eat before we come back," the counselor had promised as he and the rest of the seven-member group departed to bring back some much-needed nourishment. This left Aziz and Noah to guard the camp all by themselves. At first, this seemed to be an ordinary task. Simple. Easy. Huddled under an umbrella, later named Daisy in a delirious frenzy, Aziz and Noah relished their semi-important role. However, their hopes of instant gratification soon faded. As the rain beat down on our weary pilgrims, they migrated back and forth along the Esplanade's path in their wet towels. This grew tiresome after half an hour, prompting them to seek refuge on a nearby bench. But they found more than that. . .

They found the Bible bench. What seemed like just an ordinary bench had been blessed with a sense of spirituality--or someone had just written "Bible bench" underneath the bench. But, at 6 in the morning, it didn't matter. After having gone an entire night without sleeping, searching for help from beyond, Aziz and Noah found the notion of a Muslim and a Jew on the Bible bench the funniest occurrence in all of human history. They laughed for a minute, but it felt like an hour.

Even religion could not sustain our protagonists for very long. They soon grew cold sitting on the bench, prompting them to move to drier ground a whole five feet behind them. And what a sight they saw. Who else had been setting up camp behind them for the past hour but Sasen, a first week TA. Her tricolor hair, not quite glistening in the rain, served as a beacon of hope in the mildly dark early morning. She took Aziz and Noah under her relatively small wing, guiding them to dry out camp, and providing them with food and, more importantly, emotional support. After rehabilitating the two nomads, she temporarily left them to their own devices, claiming, "This is the stuff Summerbook articles are made of."

Sasen, oh how right you were.

Still, it is always darkest before dawn. At 6:30 in the morning, boredom set in. Waiting for the group to return with food, Aziz and Noah heard nothing. They quickly grew worried. What if someone had gotten hurt? What if the counselor had forgotten about the two cold and hungry Rickoids? What if Les Miserables would be left out on the Esplanade forever?

To take their mind off of their troubles, Aziz and Noah resorted to simple diversions. Consuming nearly an entire box of cookies, and running up the pathway near camp, Aziz and Noah had little to do to occupy themselves for two and a half hours. As they grew colder, and more tired, they searched for any sign of the counselor, nearly accosting an Asian man who was out for an early morning run. And then, after hours and hours of waiting, a sign came.

Noah's cell phone started to vibrate. On the other line was the counselor, who, for the sake of his own dignity, will still remain anonymous. Aziz and Noah, who had been tired and HONGry, were screaming with joy. However, much to their surprise, the counselor did not inquire as to whether or not the Rickoids were cold, or wet, or alive, rather, he merely asked Noah if "he wanted egg and cheese on his bagel." He did, but the question still underwhelmed the two. And then it amused the two. And, after almost 24 straight hours of no sleep, Aziz and Noah laughed for an obscene amount of time, talking about egg and cheese, cheese and egg, and bacon for nearly a half hour. Eventually, the group (whose travels can be found elsewhere), along with their bagels came, and everything returned to almost-normal. But, more importantly, pushed to the brink of despair, Aziz and Noah had discovered truths about the human condition that scholars and warriors alike pursue for lifetimes. Left alone in the wild, Aziz and Noah had survived, and emerged with a melodramatic tale that will, assuredly, survive for generations and generations.

The Dark Knight

chris Olund

(*WARNING* spoilers are contained in this article. If you haven't watched it yet, go out now and do so. Seriously, this will ruin the movie for you if you read it first.)

Saturday, July 19. Milestones had been finished, and now it was time for something much more important. I speak, of course, of The Dark Knight: Batman.

Led by our fearless leader Max, those of us who attended the orchestra concert, laden with our semi-classy attire, were charged



with the task of holding seats for the others, whom Nicole would lead from Simmons. Of course, Max didn't want to waste too much of our time, so we were given the opportunity to do whatever we wanted until 11:15, a risky hour before the movie started. After wandering around Boston for 40 minutes, we returned to the theater and received our tickets from Max. Proceeding to buy some ridiculously overpriced food at the concession stand, we then went to the line to wait. As it turned out, you can't get into the actual theater until about 20 minutes before the movie starts, and our efforts to save seats for the others were for naught.

Despite this, we proceeded onward, and began to watch a truly epic film. Once again Christian Bale made an excellent Batman, and Heath Ledger's final performance was astonishing. He perfectly captured the essence of the Joker; some of my compatriots were truly terrified (a certain Marianna Mao was known to have jumped at particularly frightening moments). He is particularly cruel, killing someone every day until Batman gives up his identity, and loading bombs on two boats, one with prisoners and the other civilians, and giving each boat the trigger to the

other one's bomb. Aaron Eckhart also made an astounding Harvey Dent, a tragic character who becomes Two-Face after a mental snap: half of his body is drenched in oil and burned while his girlfriend dies. During the course of the movie, Batman is struggling against himself, trying to determine whether or not to continue to don the mantle of the Caped Crusader. In the end, he has to take the blame for everyone killed on the Joker's rampage. Commissioner Gordon ends the film by saying that Batman would be hated, but he would endure, because he could. He would be the hero Gotham needed, but not the hero Gotham deserved. There was a certain ineffable feeling of empathy as I heard these words. I had been pumped for this movie for months, and it did not disappoint.



We then left The Dark Knight and entered the dark night. The T was closed, so we would have to make the journey by foot. We began walking in one direction, but after a few minutes, Streich was convinced that we were going the wrong way. A few of us broke off into another group and followed him back on the "shorter" route; we ended up getting back around 4:30 AM, about 30 minutes later than the other group. As I wandered through the night back to Simmons, I did not speak very much; I was thinking. Thinking about the Dark Knight, and what he stood for. Some people are destined to be hated for things that they should not be blamed for. Some people choose to be heroes in spite of the entire world's opposition, and others must be heroes when no one else will accept responsibility. To most people, Batman is simply an action movie. To me, however, there is a message behind the movie, just as there is a man behind the mask.



Wanted Aziz Al-Kattan

As Aziz and William were walking back from their mentorships, they thought to themselves, "Today is gonna be soooo boring! We finished our first milestone a day early, and there are no activities planned until Bedcheck! What ever shall we do?" They dwelt on their options until finally Aziz said: "Let's watch a movie!?"

These simple but potent words led the evening from a boring night to an evening of excitement and bloodshed! With great determination, they ran towards Max's room, hoping for his approval. At first, he was a bit hesitant. Max feared being late to his own Bedcheck, and the wrath of Or, who would be angry if Max were to make one of his students late (which he did). Upon hearing the movie we wanted to watch, and who stars in it (Wanted, Angelina Jolie) he quickly sprung into action!



With Amy's blessing and an "Off-Campus Sheet" filled out, we went! The Movie itself was Awesome, if you're the Blood-loving type! Aziz's jaw was opened in awe throughout the whole movie!!! (Most of us were in normal counselor groups, except Andrew, who was in Or's! So on the way back, while we were all walking at a moderately fast pace, Andrew was running his Shoes off! And thus ended the night, which started out as the whim of two non-procrastinators, and ended up as a dream come true, all thanks to Max and his "sidekick" Nicole!



The Monster

Aziz Al-Kattan and Divya Bajekal



Divya and Aziz were walking back from their mentorship, taking the route through the Infinite C Corridor. As they approached Building Four, they saw Patricia sitting with a look of intensity on her face, reading her "math Stuff." Aziz, feeling a bit mischievous, decided to harass the innocent and unsuspecting victim Patricia. He quickly grabbed Divya by the arm and pulled her to the side of the corridor, where they hatched their evil plot. At that moment, Noah, who is one of Patricia's closest friends, walked by (in a full suit), but Patricia did not even look up. Angered by Patricia's callousness, Noah assisted the two schemers.

The plan was: they would go up to the second floor and throw a number of missiles, formed from various hand-held items, down upon the poor math kid's head. First came the bottle cap, then the crunched-up napkin, but Patricia could not be distracted away from the intensity of her work! All she did was move slightly down her bench. The plan had failed and they needed to come up with something quickly, before Patricia got up to go get dressed for the lecture. They immediately jumped into the slightly frightening elevator, and went down to the first floor. Although they are the antagonists in this event, they quickly became the scared and intimidated victims of the gurgling elevator. This elevator frightened them so much that they ran out of it, screaming and shouting. Neither of which attracted the attention of Patricia.

The napkin they had previously dropped was lying on the floor next to their strategic hiding place. Aziz picked it up and boldly threw it on Patricia. This awoke the monster within her and she rose up and with great fury. She gave Aziz an alternative: either she would make Aziz eat the napkin or place it down his shirt. Aziz picked the latter. She grabbed him by the collar, practically ripped off his shirt, and shoved it down. Aziz then ran, squealing like a little girl, down the Infinite, with Divya following closely behind.

Alaan wa Ayam Zaman, A Poem About Friendship

Translated By: Aziz Al-Kattan

il7aya t5tlf l kl insan
w ti5tilif bi5tilaf ilw8t wilzaman
shf keef awwal jddk kan
bs int al7een wa99alt l ay mkan
shf keef awwal km wa7d b 9a7bo ista3an
bs al7een km wa7d l9a7bo 5an
shf keef awwal y3bbroon 3n ilshkr wilimtinan
bs al7een ma 3ndna 3'erilly ynsab w ynhan
shf km wa7d feena m9dd8 nafs fannan
bs shf keef 5ofo lmmn y3rf inna wa8to 7an..

Each of our lives is unique from others
Especially across times and places
Just look at how your grandparents were
And how you and your friends are today
Think of all the people that used to always seek help in their friends
But now, all people do is back-stab and hate
Remember how people of the past would show thanks and aratitude
But now all people have to say to each other is mean and hurting
How many of us think of ourselves as perfect and cool?
But we are not
naitha but scared the day we're judged by God



Elaine Liew The Official Unofficial Harvard Tour

Huddled under umbrellas, we toured the centuries-old, beautiful red brick campus of Harvard College. Though worn-down in some places, there is something reminiscent of the magic of Harry Potter in the air--a sense of awe at the generations of geni who honed their talent here. Scott--now majoring in Mathematics, Economics, and Ethnomusicology--expounded upon the subtle differences between Harvard and MIT.

- School Philosophy: Perhaps the most fundamental difference--a liberal arts education versus a technical education with science at its core. One is quirkiier and really fun, while the other offers a more holistic education with more room for exploration.
- Research: MIT's Undergraduate Research Opportunities Program (UROP) is more structured and supportive, while the Harvard College Research Program (HCRP) calls for more student initiative.
- Housing: MIT's dorms each boast their own unique personality, whilst in Harvard, houses are randomly assigned and have a somewhat homogeneous population.
- Food: At Harvard, people socialize over meal plans. At MIT, socializing happens mostly when you cook together.
- Funding: MIT spends money building cool buildings, whilst Harvard directs funding to attract more sponsorship from the alumni.



- Social life: MIT throws dorm parties, while in Harvard people tend to socialize among their immediate friends.

All in all, the Official Unofficial Harvard Tour was a fun and informative trip that provided us with a glimpse into arguably the most sought-after education in the United States.

Yavuz Aslan International Night

For six stimulating weeks of hard work, teens who come from different countries, speaking different languages and representing different cultures come together in order to develop their scientific talents at RSI. Meeting a totally new culture in the U.S.A broadens international students' life-views and allows them to introduce their own culture as they represent their own countries. International Night is one of the most important traditions of RSI worth mentioning in every RSI Summerbook.

On 29th of June, this tremendous tradition gave us the opportunity to be introduced to our friends' customs and cultures. Each of us gave a ten-minute presentation about our nations, and when all was said and done every, RSI member had gained a fuller understanding of how the differences between us can contribute to a society and make it funnier and more humanistic. Nonetheless, like every single Minipaper, paper, introduction and speech, the International Night Presentations also required some work. Especially for Burhan and me, cooking some Turkish food for the presentations turned into a nightmare. Turkish food is very difficult to prepare even for talented chefs, and we were not good cooks at all.

The night before, I began to think how to charge Burhan with this task. Knowing he had not yet heard about the cooking requirement, I started up a conversation about our kitchen "talents." In a very cunning way to motivate the chef in Burhan, I commenced to joke about my culinary clumsiness. Unfortunately my plan backfired and I learned that Burhan's cooking repertoire was limited to burnt French fries and overcooked spaghetti and omelets. Consequently we decided that the only dish we could make was "Menemen," a simple mix of tomatoes, green pepper and eggs. However, our 10-15 minutes cooking time quickly turned into 45 minutes, causing us to be late for the presentations. We finally realized that we had been trying to cook the tomatoes in their juice and this was preventing them from cooking. We emptied the juice with a spoon and added two more eggs. Finally the yellow yolk of six eggs turned the red color of tomatoes into orange and our dish was finally prepared. In light of these and other details. I personally did not taste it, and neither Burhan. But the people spoke to us about it told that the "Menemen" was the most delicious thing they had eaten that night.



Anna Kornakiewicz



International Night was an amazing event which left an indelible impression in our minds... I realize it sounds pathetic, but this is my perception after the evening. Okay, I'll be honest: at first, I wasn't delighted when I found out that as an international participant I would have to prepare special food and a presentation about my country. The previous week had been extremely busy and any additional task was unwelcome. Not to mention my meager culinary skills... But when I got down to work eventually, it turned out to be such great fun! I suppose that each international participant felt similarly!

This quote by William Blake is the best way to illustrate what exactly International Night is. It says everything: during so short evening on the 29th of June, we experienced the beauty and diversity of the whole world and even the entire universe. Naturally, participants of RSI are incredibly interesting people, by definition. Bringing together many talented individuals with a wide range of interests engenders such camaraderie. A truly amazing effect is also created and amplified by our cultural diversity. The best evidence is International Night. It was fascinating to see on slides so many beautiful places to visit. Our having made so many new friends among RSI participants from different corners of the world is a great asset: it can facilitate significantly our traveling around the globe. Travel broadens the mind, so it can be a crucial factor in our future life!

In conclusion I would like to say that International Night was definitely a wonderful experience, stimulating all of our senses: sight (magnificent photos), hearing (amazing songs), and, most importantly, smell and taste (delicious traditional dishes). Such a mix of feelings acting simultaneously exerts inevitable influence: now our curiosity about meeting new people and visiting new places is piqued. Everyone gained a substantial amount of information, of course, but I am convinced that the most benefit is on the part of presenters, not receivers, because it is always better give than to take.



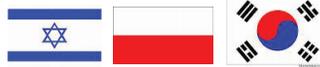
To see the world in grain of sand,
and the sky in beautiful flower.
To close infinity in the palm
of your hand,
and eternity in hour."

William Blake



International Night

Rafal Sledziewski



One building, one place, one RSI community. People from all over the world with different cultures and languages. And, most importantly: you have three minutes for your presentation! For the representation of your incredibly beautiful country! Impossible? At the first glance it looks strange--time should not be a restricting factor. 180 seconds--enough or not? It doesn't matter, because a guy called Or K. (:) will be looking at his watch, counting each second. Suddenly he stands up and shouting: "Your time has just finished! Well done! That's it!" But is that all? Not exactly... The main question during this night is: "What did you cook?" Everybody is hungry and thinking about dinner--not about what you told us about your country.

There is something exciting about the International Night atmosphere. Maybe it is because each group of people wants to present its country better than the others. It is some kind of competition which we can call "good rivalry." So what should we do to create the most interesting show? We should be just exude our national pride, describing our country's



environmental, architectural, scientific etc. treasures, even if the presentation is not as prepared or long as you'd like. It is really important to focus on one interesting thing about your country, and highlight it, to illustrate the cultural nuances. When you say everything, you say nothing indeed. Moreover, there are many different ways you can give a presentation. Variation is good--it helps the audience pay attention. So, the truth is that during three-minute-presentations you can still say something remarkable and incorporate humor. Luckily for the entire RSI audience, each international student did just that.

Dalton Hubble Kitchens Find Use



In light of the current rather monotonous dining options available at W20, some of the Simmons kitchens have recently found actual uses other than storing ice cream and tableware. In fact, some Rickoids have been inspired by the desperate nutritional sustenance conditions to take up an art I long thought to be archaic--namely, making food yourself[1] *gasp*. It was for such a bold undertaking that Sarah and I joined forces in the 6th floor kitchen to make some vegetables (a rarity in the diets of those nourished solely by campus dining facilities) and rice. You may mock, but due to the somewhat sad developing rift between American living and cooking, I am mostly incapable of severing my nutritional dependence upon food made by others. In fact, I am perhaps not alone in stating that my cooking abilities are nearly transcended by mere pasta. Nevertheless, Sarah and I proceeded. Later, we were joined by Alec, Jenny, and Janet for an evening discussion on international culture, LaTeX, and college admissions in the 6th floor dining room. Jenny even brought some homemade ice cream cleverly disguised in a Ben and Jerry's container. I found the experience a pleasant change from pizza.

While RSI's scientifically and mathematically focused students are rarely noted for their culinary abilities, some may now consider endeavoring to surmount such challenges in the hopes of avoiding the infamous freshman



15 or simply the repetitive W20 food. While I am still amazed by the abnormally high density of food options contained within LaVerde's, food options and ingredients that can be used for making food remain difficult to find. Overall, it must be admitted that MIT manages to provide a decent selection of food options considering four of its dining halls are closed for the summer. However, those with tastes more refined than pizza and Mexican every night should consider other options. Perhaps checking out your local grocery store or biology lab would provide access to some unique but simple dishes. Also, many of the off-campus trips offer enjoyable alternatives to campus food though the health benefits of Toscanini's, Fire + Ice, and Sullivan's are questionable. Options available from LaVerde's include pasta, soup, rice, canned veggies, a limited selection of frozen veggies, and PB & J (yes, I say that counts as cooking.....plus it's cheaper than buying the premade sandwiches).

Recent evidence, such as International Night, has shown that Rickoids are capable of more than just dominating academically. They can survive and adapt to food scarcity with remarkable creativity. In fact, this small 6th floor cooking event a few nights ago was not the first occasion Simmons kitchens have found RSI use other than preparing party food. Several students have turned to making their own pasta or Ramen.

After cooking a few times in Simmons, I would suggest that anyone who is discontent with dining options visit a grocery store and try to make something. I cannot speak for Internationals, but I realize that for many American students like myself this "cooking" could be a very rare and momentous occasion. Be reassured, however, that I managed to make some food without blowing anything up (be amazed!) so maybe you can too (one can always hope!...or pray). Maybe you could test out the cooking procedure in your lab first...after all, everyone knows that there are always explosions in mad scientists' labs, so your mentor won't mind too much. When making your food, just remember, toxins you create can have useful applications too...like weed killer. Well, I think I will leave it at that.

Thank God for directions on the box.

Note: Cooking is a somewhat radical idea/concept so if asked, I will not admit to being in a kitchen or writing this article.....that would just be uncharacteristic of me. If you're a Rickoid who can cook I apologize, I just assumed everyone was as unskilled as I was in an effort to console myself and block out thoughts of my cooking inadequacies.



Janet Song Alec and His Room

By the end of these six weeks, it seems that Alec Lai and his room will reach a pinnacle of notoriety. It's already attracted quite a bit of attention.

APK and Steve call themselves his bouncers and attempt to sneak pictures of whatever's going on in there whenever they can. Jenny and Diana seem to think that Alec's bed is their bed. Sarah Shareef and I have pestered him about LaTeX or our laptops one too many times. Anne and the rest of us are always up for some late-night gossip. And Sarah Don ... well, Sarah's always there. Nobody's exactly sure what's going with that, especially because Sarah and Alec are both otherwise engaged, so to speak--although Steve and APK do seem to have many bright ideas in that area, and we all remember that one Fourth of July game of Truth or Truth ...

People outside our little circle have also commented. Sujay comments on the fact that Alec's always with a girl every time he sees him, but that might just be Sujay being Sujay, considering the amount of ribbing he applies to Paul Lee, concerning a certain Marianna. APK always looks surprised when he sees Alec with not just any girl, but yet another girl. Even Seth and David have managed to take a break from their Starcraft world every once in a while to add their two cents.

But regardless, Alec's room is a unique place to be. A lot of us tend to congregate there after mentorship and before Bedcheck--very time in between. Whenever anyone complains about trudging up to the 10th floor instead of just hanging out in the 6th-7th floor lounge, for example, Alec replies: "I have a fan," and his hot, sweating friends, feet smarting from the trek back from mentorship, happily oblige.

But really, at the heart of the matter, is the fact that Alec's a genuinely nice person. On the Fourth of July, when Anne, Axel, Max, and I were attempting to sleep amidst pouring rain covered in blankets and jackets, Alec attempted to sleep whilst holding two umbrellas over our heads (and getting water down his pants in the attempt). Even better is the fact that when we go shopping and drag him along with us, he carries our bags (well, Jenny's anyways) and doesn't complain about his empty stomach--like Peter--even when we shop an hour and a half over the allotted time. And he somehow has the amazing ability to make all the food near him disappear very, very quickly--a characteristic that really comes in handy when you're eating with six or seven girls with proportionally smaller appetites.

Now all of that has to count for something.



Shopping on the Fourth of July

Janet Song



Shopping on the Fourth of July seems sacrilegious. Whether it's the fact that the Fourth of July was the day the United States formally declared its independence from Great Britain or the fact that it's one of the most important national holidays in this country's history, doing something so mundane on such a day seems... so very wrong.

But nevertheless, the full import of the day failed to sink into some ten to twenty Rickoids, who--although they barely managed to roll out of bed by noon--trudged out to Newbury Street excitedly, intent on spending much of the vaunted national holiday ensconced in a wealth of modern materialism.

Zara, H&M, American Eagle... we shopped and shopped... and shopped. Alec, Peter, and Dalton, who were wandering around with some of us girls, escaped midway through to grab (what they later described as) god-awful tea at some forsaken tea shop. Luckily for Dalton, he held out on the tea in favor of ice cream, while Peter and Alec started an impromptu tea-drinking contest so as not to waste their money. The joke was on Dalton, though, when he deserted us in favor of the Esplanade and we later passed a Ben and Jerry's located on the opposite side of the street. He never did get his ice cream.

The 4:30 deadline came and went, with Anne making a strategic call to Annie to delay our return. Sarah Shareef eagerly returned to perusing the sunglasses rack at H&M's, but nothing met her fancy. By five, we were at American Eagle where Jenny seemed to have made it her mission to buy out the entire store, layering clothes upon clothes in the seat where the rest of us were resting. In her defense, though, they apparently don't have an American Eagle in Sweden and she wanted to stock up on clothes and a pink, white, and puke-green bag--which looked awfully cute when you squinted.

By 6, Peter looked ready to combust, muttering about girls, shopping, and why-the-heck-did-he-not-go-back-with-Dalton-so-that-he-could-eat. After we rescued Jenny from the hypnotic aura of American Eagle, Peter eagerly led us to restaurant after restaurant, finally deciding on a cheap Italian place, which didn't look too bad. But in all his eagerness, Peter then proceeded to walk into the wrong door, booking us seats at an upscale Spanish place where the waiter recommended 3-4 \$10 tapas a person. Giving our wallets disappointed looks, we merely ordered 1-2 tapas a person, thanking Mr. Bowman and the RSI gods for giving us each \$20 to spend on food for the day.

Nevertheless, the meal was very enjoyable, and the duck, chicken, salmon, and beef all proved to be quite good. With our stomachs bulging (and Alec finishing most of the girls' portions), we paid the hefty bill and wandered back to the Esplanade for the fireworks.

Although our purses proved to be much lighter upon our return, I couldn't help but think that maybe this was what the Fourth of July was meant to be--a day to celebrate our freedom to spend wantonly.



Sarah Don

Alec's Radioactive Foot



By the end of these six weeks, it seems that Alec Lai and his room will reach a pinnacle of notoriety. It's already attracted quite a bit of attention.

APK and Steve call themselves his bouncers and attempt to sneak pictures of whatever's going on in there whenever they can. Jenny and Diana seem to think that Alec's bed is their bed. Sarah Shareef and I have pestered him about LaTeX or our laptops one too many times. Anne and the rest of us are always up for some late-night gossip. And Sarah Don ... well, Sarah's always there. Nobody's exactly sure what's going with that, especially because Sarah and Alec are both otherwise engaged, so to speak--although Steve and APK do seem to have many bright ideas in that area, and we all remember that one Fourth of July game of Truth or Truth ...

People outside our little circle have also commented. Sujay comments on the fact that Alec's always with a girl every time he sees him, but that might just be Sujay being Sujay, considering the amount of ribbing he applies to Paul Lee, concerning a certain Marianna. APK always looks surprised when he sees Alec with not just any girl, but yet another girl. Even Seth and David have managed to take a break from their Starcraft world every once in a while to add their two cents.

But regardless, Alec's room is a unique place to be. A lot of us tend to congregate there after mentorship and before Bedcheck--very time in between. Whenever anyone complains about trudging up to the 10th floor instead of just hanging out in the 6th-7th floor lounge, for example, Alec replies: "I have a fan," and his hot, sweating friends, feet smarting from the trek back from mentorship, happily oblige.

But really, at the heart of the matter, is the fact that Alec's a genuinely nice person. On the Fourth of July, when Anne, Axel, Max, and I were attempting to sleep amidst pouring rain covered in blankets and jackets, Alec attempted to sleep whilst holding two umbrellas over our heads (and getting water down his pants in the attempt). Even better is the fact that when we go shopping and drag him along with us, he carries our bags (well, Jenny's anyways) and doesn't complain about his empty stomach--like Peter--even when we shop an hour and a half over the allotted time. And he somehow has the amazing ability to make all the food near him disappear very, very quickly--a characteristic that really comes in handy when you're eating with six or seven girls with proportionally smaller appetites.

Now all of that has to count for something.

The Nobody Chronicles of Charles Tam



Sarah Don

So Charles Tam decided he wanted to go to the Sushi Cafe for dinner on Sunday July 13th with only 30 minutes prior warning of his departure. Alec and Sarah decided that \$1 sushi sounded like a good idea and so they went to wait in the lobby of Simmons Hall only to later realize that they didn't read the email properly--they were supposed to meet at W20! So they raced all the way to W20 with still very sore legs from the hike the day before. They caught up with Charles juuuust as he was leaving and the three were soon on their way to Sushi Cafe.

When Charles and his fellow sushi fans arrived at Sushi Cafe they had to wait quite some time before they were seated (\$1 sushi night is apparently popular.) Charles beat Alec by 2 pieces of sushi (*rolls eyes*) and Sarah too at way more than she should have.

...and then the bill came. Sarah and Alec juuuust managed to cover their sushi costs and the tip. And then Charles whipped out his credit card and placed it in the check, only to find the waitress return a minute later to inform him that his card had expired!! They were in a situation with the viscosity of molasses. "But I thought I brought the new card," said Charles as he fumbled through the contents of his pockets. "Oh no! Whatever shall we do!" cried Sarah as she regretted not bringing her purse, but only a single note.

After several phone calls to a people who could find his new card's number, Charles discovered that his memory was better than he'd first thought, and that he had in fact remembered all 16 digits correctly anyway. So Charles paid for his dinner and they were on their way back to MIT on foot again.

All the way back to MIT, Alec and Charles made their best efforts to disturb Sarah mentally, with mathematically oriented "sexual innuendos"...lol, coming from two Starcraft geeks...>_< This provided the inspiration for the Nerd Jokes article.



Route Vassar Sarah Don

Every day we take the long and treacherous Route Vassar all the way to W20 and beyond. But between Simmons Hall and W20 is the worst part of everybody's journey. When it's cold, the air is harsh and the wind passes through the permeable weave of our jackets. When it's hot, the sun burns down onto our skin and heats our hair (the 90% of us with darker hair colors...) until it stings and melts any chocolate we may be carrying in our bags. And then we have to make a decision to walk fast and work up a sweat, or walk slow and endure the penetrating gamma rays from the sun. Then there's the gravel and sand, which is swept up in the wind and sandblasts our ankles. And when the ladies walk to evening lectures in their nice shoes, they find their heels sinking into the gravel because the men occupy the footpath and endure the countless pebbles that hitch a free ride under their feet.

There are also the ongoing roadworks with the tradespeople thinking we're not smart enough to realise that signs that tell you to take a detour in both directions at once are really futile. And any commentary on whether we can use the main Simmons entrance or not exposes such Australian slang as, "Do the trades

working on the footpath knock-off at 3:30?" which translates to, "Do the construction workers working on the sidewalk finish working at 3:30?" But nobody takes notice of any of the barriers, barricades, fences or signs anyway...

I guess we should just all be grateful we didn't have to walk all the way to MIT!



Climbing the Molehill

Anne Wang

One pleasant Saturday afternoon, a small group of Rickoids set out for a little jaunt over the hills and through the woods to a small molehill... known to some as Mt. Washington. Being the seasoned hiker that I was (ok, the "mountains" that I hike in Nebraska aren't AS tall as the White Mountains), I figured that the Death Hike couldn't be as bad as the counselors made it seem. I mean, only so much can happen on a hike. You could twist an ankle, get mauled by a bear, step off a cliff.. you see? It's not the end of the world.

At the start of the trail, I took a deep breath. Okay, I could do this. So long as I "DON'T MISS THE BUS!!!" Or's omnipresent voice in my subconsciousness reaffirmed the short message from Bedcheck. NOW, I was ready to do this. I set off at a steady pace at the start of the pack with nothing but a small water bottle.

1 minute in: The trail wasn't too bad! What lovely rocks to climb over. And my mother always said, "No pain, no gain!"
5 minutes in: Holy crickets! Where'd my water go? And why would anyone willingly sacrifice their longevity to attempt something called a "Death Hike"?

I fell a little behind, then a little more behind. My conversations with temporary hiking partners went something like, "Hi, Nicole...Bye, Nicole!" (By the way, congratulations to the only girl this year to survive the full Death Hike!)

Eventually, six of us ended up traveling together: Michael, Blake, Axel, Dimitris, Varoon, and me. We slowed down our exorbitant pace, and took the time to look around. Birds chirped, and Bambi leapt airily past... not really. But we did see an abnormally large chipmunk (I still think it was an unnaturally tiny squirrel). We also crossed a bridge or two, climbed a ladder, battled mosquitoes, passed the "Mt. Washington: 2.0 mi" sign, and scaled a steep mountain slope. Blake shared with us his dream of working alongside nature, Michael talked about wrestling and found many foot paths, Axel shared his home state of NH, Varoon talked about Zhi Ma Ji, and Dimitris taught me some Greek. Eventually, we reached the top... again, not really. However, I did learn what the mist line is (thanks, Blake!), and we shared one of the most magnificent sights I have ever seen. Standing on a protruding boulder overlooking the mountain valley, we watched a wall of mist get swept up by the wind and soar over our heads up the mountain side. Now THAT will definitely be a lasting memory.

Later on, Amy and Patricia also climbed to the boulder. Amy said, "Hey guys, what's up?" Patricia said... well, I won't say. Serena and Galin joined us as well. We may not have made it to the top of Mt. Washington, but I loved our hike more than I can express. I'm glad that eleven lucky Rickoids shared a spectacular moment together that day.



When I heard that Dr. Tom Leighton was going to come to give us a lecture, my reaction was less than enthusiastic. For one, I am a biologist, who understands computers about as well as I understand the intricacies of Jackson Pollack (which is not very well) and whose grasp of mathematics extends about as far as the kind of classes many RSI-ers were taking in eighth grade. In short, I expected to sit through another one and a half hour lecture bored out of my mind and understanding only about one word in every five. It didn't help that Dr. Leighton was coming from some company called Akamai, which A) I'd never heard of and B) I had no inclination of learning about. I expected another my-company-is-the-most-awesome-place-in-the-entire-universe spiel and... well, I'd already heard about eight of those.

However, it turned out that my initial assumptions were quite, quite wrong.

Having chosen a seat rather close to the front in an effort to keep myself focused and awake (and possibly learn something by osmosis), I got a front-row view of just how excited and interested Dr. Leighton was in computer science, in math, and especially in the challenges presented by the internet. Fortunately, I was actually able to comprehend some of Dr. Leighton's excitement – unlike Dr. Skinner's classes where I could tell he really, really, really loved number theory (and Gauss), but didn't understand half the symbols he was drawing on the board (they looked like they would have fit right at home at some abstract art gallery).

Dr. Leighton explained about how the internet system is built on trust, how something called DNS gets an IP address and destination from your url, and how the internet is complicated by issues associated with peering, bad guys, and security. He spoke of placing servers and information randomly on a circle to consolidate information storing and of a \$50,000 competition that (contrary to urban legend), he did not win. Even his talk about his company was interesting. It was very amusing to learn how Akamai had started (beer, beer, and more beer), how March Madness and Star Wars kickstarted the company, and just how large Akamai has grown since its humble beginnings.

Beyond providing us with a very entertaining lecture, Dr. Leighton's talk also explained to some of us less computer science-minded individuals exactly what they do in cs and why exactly it is so important. Before his lecture, I had this idea in my mind that cs was working with zeros and ones and combining them in new and oh-so-exciting ways. But, all of the challenges he talked about that dealt with the internet (and that can probably be extrapolated out to the entire field in some way) seem a lot like the kind of research you find in other scientific fields, like math or biology, involving models, theorems, and some sort of experimentation.

All in all, I left the lecture room much more excited than when I entered it and was actually interested in taking a cs class sometime in the future (the shock! the horror!).

As Sarah Shareef remarked, "Now, I can understand why people actually study this stuff!"

Janet Song WAIT. THAT'S THE INTERNET?!?!?



The Stata Cafeteria

Anne Wang

Watch out, W20, you've got competition. I recently realized how popular of a hangout the Stata Center cafeteria has come to be. When you've had your fill of bubble tea, or the daily LaVerde's shopping ritual has finally lost its luster, there's always the wacky Dr. Seuss-esque fast mart down the road (Starbuck's lattes at the Stata > Dunkin' Donuts coffee any day)! Or maybe your mentorship's just conveniently located across the street. Whatever may be the case, many a Rickoid has enjoyed a pleasant lunch break there. The Stata Center is not only a bustling site of innovation and education, but also has delicious real food, a bubbly atmosphere, a winding maze of staircases, and *gasp* scandalous gossip. It was here on my lunch break that I first learned of the many creepers at RSI, including everyone at the table: Diana, Yousef, Alex, and me (take a look at Diana's sketchy article). Diana, munching on her healthy lunch of two brownies, went on to describe the creepiest of the creepy (this was about when she inconspicuously indicated towards Yousef). Yousef then scoffed and listed his own long list of creepers (Diana). Other people who hang out at the Stata center include Nitish and Philip Streich. [add your name] Fun times.



Bertucci's Blake Wilson

By week two, most of us had embraced the golden rule of RSI dining: when you can avoid W20 food, avoid W20 food. So it came as no surprise that the Tuesday dinner trip to Bertucci's was extremely popular.

A mob of hungry Rickoids, we made our way off campus to the "modestly priced" Italian restaurant. We arrived, sat down, ordered, and, in a very satisfactory amount of time, received our victuals. The author's pasta, though regrettably not as spicy as claimed on the menu, was quite tasty, as was the pizza of those sitting around the author who possessed less of an appetite.

After enjoying the excellent eats, we made our way back to Simmons a satisfied mob. Many games of Contact were played that evening, beginning a trend that would linger for many weeks. It was a most magnificent march and a terrifically tasty tribute to Italian food.



Varoon's presentation on Darfur genocide

Dimitris Papadimitriou

On Thursday July 17th, Varoon Bashyakarla made a moving presentation about the genocide in Darfur and about twenty people were there to attend it. After some small technical problems Varoon started his power point presentation which we all expected with great enthusiasm. The majority of the audience was already aware of the Darfur conflict (I am ashamed to say that I was not one of them) but wanted to learn more about it. Varoon explained the reasons for this genocide, as well as many interesting data about how serious the problem is. Many pictures and videos were used to show the misfortune of Darfur residents, so that we could all understand the need to help them. We also learned the ways these people are attacked from the Sudanese military which destroys the buildings where the food is stored or drops bombs from helicopters.

The main purpose of the presentation, however, was to make us aware that "We CAN make the difference." Varoon emphasized the importance of any kind of contribution to these poor people from ordinary people like each and everyone of us. He underlined the need to "be humans" and care about the others, by taking action on your passion about helping the world. In my personal opinion he totally succeeded in motivating us all to do that.

All in all, I think that this wonderful presentation was really worth attending and I would like to congratulate Varoon for devoting a part of his time to complete it. On behalf of the whole audience, Varoon, thank you!

Janet Song On Being A Spectator



If anyone had told me before I came to RSI that I would be watching a soccer (oh, pardon me, football game) at 12 AM in the morning, I would have told them they were crazy. I mean, me? Watch soccer?

As my table at Legal Sea Foods can attest, I am an ardent football (that's American football for internationals) fan and soccer ... well, soccer's a very distant spot in the horizon.



But dragged out to the soccer field by the very fact that I didn't have to be at mentorship until 2 PM the next day (and I'm a biology person) and the fact that Emily was playing, I settled on the stands, bookbag in hand. Although Sarah Shareef somehow managed to read during the ensuing soccer game, I studiously avoided my laptop and all mentorship-related activities, content to watch my home team beat the internationals 4-0. I have to say that soccer is definitely more exciting in real life than on TV (unlike baseball), and the fact that we didn't adhere by any real rules made the game all the more spontaneous.

Unfortunately, I do have to agree that the fact that the Americans outnumbered the internationals 2:1 was probably unfair (in some cases, quantity really does count more than quality), but the Americans did put on some inspired play as Zach, Mike, Inar, and Paul all scored. Still, the internationals seemed to have more strategy (they actually kept people on defense instead of all swarming the ball at once), and the overall game quality definitely out-stripped its lop-sided score.

When the lights turned off suddenly a little after 12, I was surprised that I was just a bit disappointed that the game wouldn't keep continuing. But really, it would have been nice to see the internationals score at least one goal. No disrespect, you guys. The internationals were definitely very skilled, but numbers won out in the end.

Max Rabinovich The S*** Just Got Real

With apologies to Carmen Sandiego, in case anyone recalls a certain Justin Case.

CAMBRIDGE, MA--Sometime between midnight and 1 AM this past morning, a group of hoodlums was apprehended while "watching a movie" in a classroom belonging to MIT's mathematics department. The perpetrators were caught when a "janitor" (who was really a policewoman officer specifically assigned to protect room 2-136) noticed several "students" trying to open various locked doors. "I knew right away they were up to no good," said the janitor who prefers to remain anonymous. "They just had that look in their eyes. Then I saw their leader carrying bags in and out of the room. I just got very suspicious."

Despite protests by the "counselor" Max Uhlenhuth, this reporter has good reason to believe that the so-called "popcorn" he was making was actually something much more sinister: a deadly mixture of highly concentrated paris hiltonate and methyl ethyl death. One of the "students," who has chosen to remain nameless, recalled that Max had spoken about the former compound jokingly at a "safety session" for the "camp" Uhlenhuth claimed to work for. Officer Justin Case expressed his concern that Uhlenhuth did not take the law seriously and was actively trying to subvert young minds. "He had organized the session to promote anarchy and lawlessness among his deluded followers. The 'students' called us the 'po-po' and compared us to the main character of Hot Fuzz. It made me mad. And then he gave us some crap about a camp called RSI. No such thing," Dr. Jacqueline Hyde, of L'Hopital des Maladies Imaginaires, noted that no such program exists: "The only RSI I know is repetitive stress injury. You get that from computers."

Nonetheless, Uhlenhuth was released because it was impossible to prove that he didn't have permission to be in the main MIT building. "My partner felt we couldn't prove it," said Case. "So we had to let him go. It just burnt me up inside. Especially what he said walking away. He--he said, he said... Ah, I just can't repeat it." But this reporter has it on good authority that as he and his ragged crew walked away, he said, "The s*** just got real," following that up by saying, "Snitches get stitches." Needless to say, the investigation of Uhlenhuth's nefarious activities is only beginning, and the police feel confident they will uncover something about him. Until then, the "janitor" is being kept in witness protection so that Max "Stitches" Uhlenhuth can't get to her.



Table Tennis - Bulgarian Speciality

Brent Woodhouse & Adam Sealfon

Welcome to the world of table tennis. Once you enter, there is no turning back! Since the beginning of RSI, players from all around the world have entertained the masses with their displays of prowess with the racket and the ball. After a week or so of playing for fun, it was time to get serious. The 2008 RSI Team Table Tennis Tournament was begun. The head of the event was Jenny Sendova, former Bulgarian national team member. In addition, the Alaskan junior champion Brent Woodhouse presided over many of the matches as assistant referee. The tournament was in professional format (4 member teams, each with 2 doubles teams), and because of the wide range of skill, it was further divided into A and B divisions. Unique to RSI, special conditions for teams were added; each team was required to contain one girl and one international student (at least). Each tie contained 5 matches, 4 doubles, 1 singles between captains. The first team to win 3 of the 5 matches was the victor. Because careful records of each tie were kept in daily email format, a condensed version can be reproduced for your eternal enjoyment.

B Division teams:

Patricia, Noah, Aziz and Kristin, champions! Galin, Adam, Kati, and Sam, 2nd place Jenny, Sarah S., Alec, and Sarah D., 3rd place Seth, Zane, Amy, Anne

A Division teams:

Sujay, Peter, Serena and Leo, champions! Brent, Lily, Dimitris and Daniel Vitek, 2nd place Vikram, Yousef, Divya and Nitish, 3rd place Max, Andrew, Axel and Diana

Whether the players were learning how to hold the paddle, or winding up for their millionth smash, everyone had fun! We still have yet to hear a challenge from a staff team though--they seem to have a ton of papers to revise all of the sudden.



Craft. Star Craft.

Andrew Hyer

I found myself likening myself to James Bond as I strode through the darkness towards W20, my heart pounding in my chest like one of the jackhammers the workers seem to take pride in using right outside Simmons when I'm trying to take a nap. Both of us risk our life (albeit in different senses of the word --see below) for an abstract goal. In his case it was for love of Queen and country--in mine, it's intellectual curiosity and the desire to write yet another Summerbook article.

However, James Bond winds up with much greater job satisfaction than me regarding this. After all, his job seems to involve sleeping with stunningly beautiful women on such a frequent basis that they are now termed "Bond Girls"--a group nearly as notorious as Hugh Hefner's "Playmates" or the topless models that grace Page 2 of almost every shady newspaper. In this case, however, my job is anything but attractive to the ladies. In fact, writing this article may lead to my being ostracized. "So you're like James Bond? Oh? Who was the last villain you beat?" "Starcraft." "WHAT???"

I'll repeat that, as it bears repeating. The 'glamor' of my 'secret agent' work is limited to having played Starcraft. It's actually a really fun game, but the one problem is the hype--playing Starcraft automatically makes you a "nerd". If it weren't for that, I might actually play it a lot, but I still have (however unfounded) aspirations to a social life, and am not yet willing to throw them all away for a computer game.

Starcraft is, I must say, stupefyingly addictive. It rewards repeated play with discoveries about how to get better--Charles Tam was exceedingly gleeful in his superiority and his ability to beat me in about five minutes by just making loads of little aliens at the beginning and killing me while I was still trying to work out where on the map my units are and why my workers weren't working when I told them to. However, after just a few games it now takes him a whole 10 minutes to overwhelm me! This makes it very similar to MMORPGs [Massively multiplayer online role-playing games], except that here, instead of your character leveling up after you've played 23 hours a day for 5 months and 17 days, you 'level up' by becoming better at clicking ridiculously fast and telling your units what to do.

But I'm sorry, Starcraft. It's not you, it's me. I just wasn't willing to go far enough for you.



But I'm sorry, Starcraft. It's not you, it's me. I just wasn't willing to go far enough for you.

Andrew Hyer The Unnamed Activity (no, not that one, the other one)



Note: This is the unspecified activity that rhymes with "booth or dare", not the one that rhymes with "stairing". Ah, Truth or Da...the unspecified activity. Never before has there been such a classic way for a large group of adolescents to amuse themselves. For those with inhibitions, irrational phobias of getting arrested or of pictures of you going up online (or to your parents) there are counselors around to forbid sexual, dangerous, or illegal dares and keep anyone from taking pictures of it... in short, preventing us from having fun.

At some points, however, it became questionable whether we should bother playing Truth or Dare or whether we should just play Spin the Bottle and be done with it. To people who think the latter, let me just point out the following: in Spin the Bottle you have to kiss a random person, whereas in Truth or Dare you can get dares to kiss anyone you want, which has to be one of the best dares ever (sorry about that, Christine).

Some very amusing truths came up as well. Apparently one person (who shall remain unnamed unless they choose to reveal themselves) has a fantasy to have sex while bungee jumping, while another would rather get laid than solve $P = NP$, even if he got to solve it himself.

We also had a few "classic" truths and dares, listed here: Dare for guys: Pole/lap dance. None of us is any good at this, except Aziz, which adds to the amusement. Truth for guys: Who's the most attractive girl at RSI (if Max is playing, add a hasty "other then nobodies" to the end of this)? Truth for girls: Who's the most attractive guy at RSI?

And a few really funny ones: Axel dared Seth: Go up to the other group acting like Frankenstein's monster and give somebody a foot massage. Somebody dared Cherkassky: Go into the middle of the other group, take your shirt off and thump your chest like King Kong. Somebody truthed Max: Which RSI tutor would you most like to give Nicole up to? (Answer: John Rickert, for unflattering reasons which will not be listed here)

Hang on a sec, I've just realized that there's a fair chance my parents will read the Summerbook. Should I delete this article... nah. Anyway, we bonded over this activity, mutually lowered our purity scores, and shared some unforgettable moments. RSI, at times, embodies sketchiness--and our Esplanade and White Mountains Truth-or-Dare escapades were these times.

Cooking with Keone Michael Newman



Independence Day started out quite appropriately for those daring few Rickoids who camped out all night by the Charles River. After shivering a night away huddled under umbrellas held haphazardly over our meager tarps, we were free of sleep, independent of body heat, and liberated from any source of breakfast. Not surprisingly, daybreak saw a massive retreat to the safety of Simmons Hall; however, a brave contingent of Rickoids remained to ward invaders away from our riverside location. Unfortunately, a foe greater than sleep deprivation or eager tourists loomed over us: hunger. And thus began our long and arduous trek for breakfast, led by Keone, that was to last for longer than anyone could have foreseen--particularly those unlucky few who stayed behind to guard the tarps, assuaged only by Keone's promise that we wouldn't eat any of the food until we returned.

Boston, however, had little pity on our rumbling stomachs. At 5:00 in the morning, we couldn't find anything open other than the odd convenience store, offering little more than canned tomato soup and motor oil. Exacerbating the problem, the ever-present clouds lurking overhead continued to splatter heavy droplets of rain all over us. After a long circle through Boston, we ended up nearly where we had started, but Keone finally had a plan. He took us to his nearby frat house, where we were offered the use of the communal kitchen. Upon hearing that not everyone needed to cook, most of the weary survivors rushed out of the kitchen to the ping-pong room, where they enjoyed around an hour of languid table tennis.

Two of us, on the other hand, remained in the kitchen to prepare breakfast for the others. Keone brought out eggs, hash browns, and frozen vegetables, and we went right to work. At first glance, the kitchen was disastrously dirty. Strange odors emanated from the sink, and a moth fluttered carelessly around the room. Nevertheless, we whipped out the corn oil and the frying pans and soon had a tray full of streaming scrambled eggs and crispy golden hash browns. Even better, Keone made us lemonade. Before long, we were all scooping out platefuls, marveling at how good our hastily contrived meal actually tasted.

Our friends back at the Esplanade, however, were not so fortunate. They had been waiting outside by the Charles for several hours, still cold and unfed. Although we hadn't kept our promise not to eat food before we returned, we did stop by a Dunkin' Donuts on our way back, picking up coffee, donuts, and bagels for both their benefit and ours. We'd finally won the Battle for Breakfast in Boston--but only barely.

Reflections on Concrete

Sarah Shareefm

Why would you want a life with no damaged edges, no warps or burrs to make it stick a little, to keep it from easily slipping back onto a shelf somewhere?

- Logozoa

One of my favorite places in Simmons, the 6th floor study lounge has dim lighting, prickly carpet, and uncomfortable chairs--the perfect environment for devouring scientific articles on the N-glycosylation of E-cadherin and its effects on adherens and tight junction stability at two in the morning. It isn't the physical sore placed on eyes and back that makes this place so special, but rather the uniquely designed architecture of its frame; the way I can stand next to the only window and feel the cargo train laboriously rattle down the tracks, the sound of rain pelting the glass skylight ready to shatter any obstacles in its love affair with gravity. The angles of the walls and the shadows that dance capture my eye and send imaginary chalky lines snaking down the concrete to calculate angles, sines, and cosines.

This room is not high tech or modern. Its beauty doesn't originate from a plain and simple arrangement. It is far from beautiful but at the same time not ugly. Just as the quote on its sloped concrete wall encourages us to live our lives in new and exciting ways so that they don't fit neatly onto a bookshelf, so too this room doesn't fit neatly into the leafs of my memory.

Oh the memories: meeting Christian, Harry, Janet, and Elaine on the first exhausting Sunday; falling asleep on the white coach turned gray over the years to awake 10 minutes later with thoughts of a 2 inch stack of articles looming in my future; watching Aziz practice his dance routine for the talent show; and talking about biology with Amy and Sandy.

Oh yes the memories in a room continue...

A place of reflection, a place of sounds and sights, of solitude, and of the seeds of life long friendships.

Volleyball

Joseph Dexter



On many levels, the second weekend of July was indeed eventful for the 2008 Rickoids. Between the scaling of mountains, the revealing of deep personal secrets, the playing of miniature golf, and other various and sundry exploits, it is quite probable that a small afternoon game of volleyball escaped the notice of most.

It was the heat of the day at Hampton Beach, and I had just returned from eating a lobster roll at a small restaurant a few blocks from the downtown. Lacking any immediate things to do, I noticed Or and Christina organizing a small group of students for a game of beach volleyball. Always partial to outdoor net sports, I quickly joined them. We staked claim to a small playing field only a few meters behind an intense and passionate game of American football and, with no net, no scorecard, and no cares, proceeded to entertain ourselves for the remainder of the afternoon. Many of our volleys were spectacular; many others (much to the peril of our fellow vacationers) were hopelessly erratic and unpredictable. On occasion, we even resolved to use more than our hands—many of our international friends, noticing the remarkable physical similarities between a football and a volleyball, could not resist kicking it from time to time. Indeed, it was an afternoon well spent.



these times it can be so busy, that you will find yourself waiting on the stairs. The train may come and be filled to the brim with people before you get onto the platform. But don't worry, keep your head up, because as in life, there will always be a next train.

Emily Elhacham & Sarah Shareef Taking the T

For those of us who take the T every morning, the slow, bumpy ride across the river has become a part of our RSI experience. Every day I take the T train for two stops to Park Station. On the way to Charles/Mass General Hospital, the train crosses the bridge. As you cross the bridge, a beautiful view stretches out before you: the river sparkles, the sailing boats glitter, and the surrounding buildings show intricate architectural design and the walking people are smiling. The pedestrians are an important component of the view, as the train moves as slowly as walking pace and thus a curious observation of these people is possible: I can actually see them talking on their phones or just looking at the river. The runners pass quickly with a focused mentality that gives their movements elegance. If you're really lucky, you may be able to catch a glimpse of the bike-riders as they speed by in a blur of colors, going so much faster than the T.

Taking the T back after a long day at mentorship, I find the afternoon train a great symbol of diversity. The variety of people is large: busy businessmen in suits to sweaty athletes, old people and kids. One adult counting up a dozen kids is a common sight in the vacation time, obviously regretting the decision to volunteer for this mission. While the afternoon train population symbolizes variety, the morning train population can be divided into only two groups: the sleepers and the readers.

If you aren't lucky as in your mentorship day was too long, you will arrive at the T station during rush hour. At

Sujay "STYLE" Tyle

Imagine. A really, really good looking guy. I mean like, it's a little ridiculous how good looking this guy is. The moment you set eyes on him, your jaw unhinges a little, your eyes become glazed, and your head rotates in unnatural ways to drink in his gorgeous features, sculpted chest, and masculine lower body. Yes, there are only two people THIS good looking at RSI—I'm talking about Sujay Tyle (the other of course, is myself).

Several weeks ago, I found myself in an elevator contemplating my disturbingly good looks among other fantasies dealing with my massive ego. Suddenly, I felt a warm, tingly sensation sneak up on me. I had never felt this before, it was like an unquenchable, fiery passion inundated my entire being, drowning me in euphoria. Tears streamed down my eyes, my vision became blurry, my shirt started taking itself off. Then it happened: the man himself stepped into the elevator. The overload of cute-ness in that elevator reached a breaking point—cables started breaking, the elevator buttons started pressing themselves, and that annoying jingle started up an instrumental version of "All My Life" by JoJo—I had just experienced my first taste of Sujay.



In the weeks since that fateful day, I've learned to control my natural biological response to such an attractive man, although I still find myself fantasizing about Sujay's arms, Sujay's torso, Sujay's round, round eyes... I've often wondered what exactly would happen if Sujay and I conceived a child. The doctor that delivered that child would most likely experience instant death upon touching something so good looking. The child would be perfect at everything, including (but not limited to): sports, music, flexibility, intelligence, lady-charming, lady-seducing, marriage, work, retirement, and of course, he/she would be the most beautiful person, ever. Really, trying to describe Sujay's good looks is a little like trying to describe a goatee, you can't actually do it-- you just have to see for yourself. But be ready, because the moment you lay your eyes on Sujay, you'll realize that humanity's future is bright indeed.



Inar Zhang Adventures of Harold (Inar) and Kumar (Sujay)

For all of those people who have not seen Harold and Kumar 2, the story line essentially revolves around Kumar (Indian guy) trying to go to reclaim a girl named Vanessa. Harold (Chinese guy) is his best friend and helps him to get her.

It's no secret that there is a dire lack of females at RSI. This troubling fact has manifested itself at dance parties, truth or dare sessions, and even relationship possibilities. Thus, it was our immense pleasure to learn of another summer program at MIT -- Women's Technology Program... a program... with 60 FEMALES right across from Simmons. Coincidentally, I happened to know a girl at this program, which allowed for several meetings to quickly take place.

At one of these rendezvous, we happened upon a girl named Vanessa. Oh, and that's how it all began. She was dreamy, she was tall, she was tan, she was European, she was just perfect. And Sujay could not take his eyes off her. Afterwards, he immediately began scheming ways to capture her heart. Should I pretend to rob her and let him viciously take me down? Should we arrange some sort of meeting and let Sujay unleash his boyish charms? No, no, she was different. She was unique. We needed something better, something so original and creative that she would instantly fall, swooning at Sujay's feet.

Wait... suddenly we realized something amazing. We literally just reenacted Harold and Kumar. Coincidence? We thought not. Upon this realization, we decided we had to get contact info and find this girl, at any cost. We dashed to W-20, logged onto facebook, and... major buzzkill. Her profile picture is some guy draping his arms around her neck... and this dude is rather good looking. Relationship status? Taken. Sujay was on the ground, writhing in emotional pain. But no, it couldn't end like this.

By some stupendous stroke of fortune, ladies-man extraordinaire, Cherkassky (Neil Patrick Harris), decided to lend us a hand. Several girls at WTP had personally requested to meet Cherk, thus, using his popularity, he arranged a small meeting between RSI and WTP -- specifically asking for Vanessa. Sujay, got the button-down on, the axe sprayed, and the A-game ready. Oh tonight would be the night! And... she doesn't show. However, the moral of the story remains: Sujay Tyle is really, really good looking. I mean the dude's name is STYLE.



Rohini Shivamoggi & Divya Bajekal

A small group of devoted hikers decided to find the most challenging path to the infamously inaccessible Glen Ellis waterfall. They realized that the steepest incline in the White Mountains followed a long and tortuous highway and bravely chose it as their route. As they walked they were in constant peril from the treacherous creatures speeding through their path: the roar of the cars and their jagged metal frames posed a constant and cataclysmic threat. The heat rose from the ground in waves, beating up into their faces as they walked slowly and painfully to their destination. Despite the aches and pains and bruises incurred along the way, our steadfast wayfarers valiantly disregarded their paralyzing weariness so that they could ultimately reach their faraway goal.

At long last, the travelers beheld the raw, relentless radiance of the waterfall. The ceaseless roar of the water had carved out thousands of crevices and waterways that poured into a myriad of secondary streams and pools. Led by the fearless Peter Zhang, the group made short work in finding a sunny, comfortable rock to lie on in the ultimate culmination of their journey. Sunbathing is pretty awesome stuff.

Eventually, two daring and dauntless explorers decided to ford the impassable falls and discover what unseen wonders lay beyond. Little did they know that they were being followed by none other than Abdulrahman Al Ballaa. After considerable meandering under a canopy of weaving branches and over spirals of treacherous roots, the two explorers stumbled upon a gigantic new pool. They were gazing into its depths when they suddenly heard SPLASH! and found that Abdul had leapt into its subzero waters. Forty-five minutes later, the explorers grew worried about Abdul's health and begged him to leave the water. When he refused they modified their tactics. "You'll get hypothermia!" they shouted. "What's that?" queried Abdul. "It's when your fingers and toes turn blue and fall off!" they explained. "We don't have that in Saudi Arabia," said Abdul dismissively, and happily continued swimming.

the two daring explorers eventually got across the river and back. Abdul did not get hypothermia, and everyone lived happily ever after.

The Waterfall Walk: An Epic Tale

This article was inspired by a few words I happened to thoughtlessly drop during conversation at one point: "You know, RSI would be so much more fun if we didn't have to do mentorships."

I immediately realized how silly this sounded. After all, the purpose of RSI is the mentorships. The reason we can get MIT to let us stay here, get companies to donate money, and get our parents to buy us plane tickets here (except for those lucky few who live right down the street) is because of our intellect and our mentorship work. And yet...

Imagine RSI—a collection of 79 other people who pretty much share your likes and interests—only this time, instead of spending all your time frantically typing up your papers, you have time free. We already have loads of cool activities—films, games, sports, etc.—and this would give us time to have real fun. Maybe someone could run a sort of "after-RSI camp" where everyone stayed for a week with no academic commitments, with no goal except to have fun... come on, wouldn't that be great?

And then I realized: No. It wouldn't. Imagine a world where Charles Tam could spend 23 hours and 52 minutes per day (he's a Zerg, he only needs 8 minutes of sleep a day) playing Starcraft, spamming us about Starcraft, bragging about his prowess in playing Starcraft, etc. A world where a dozen or so RSI people would retire to the basement (Dungeon) and develop tough, scaly skin from lack of personal hygiene (Dragon) while playing D&D. Come on, this is a camp of nerds. At least a third of the people here play or have played Dungeons and Dragons. If you're sitting at an Athena terminal reading this, look to your left. Now look to your right. If neither of these people looks like they play Dungeons and Dragons—it's because you do. (P.S: I'm writing this while sitting next to a short kid with glasses, so I'm confident it's him). A world where we would wind up in a "Mafia championship" or develop RSI (repetitive strain injury) from playing Ping-Pong all day. A world where our ears would begin bleeding from listening to "Sandstorm" so often at dances. Can you imagine this world? I can, all too easily. So even though we sometimes gripe about our daily schedule, and weigh the options: stay for extra hours at the lab or try to get to lecture on time, we really do need our research projects.

Andrew Hyer The Talent Show

Ah... the Talent Show. The time when we reveal that we're not just good at math and science, but that we're actually brilliant actors/dancers/singers. While not everyone can be a prodigy, the Talent Show was interesting through and through, because even the people who are bad at what they're doing are better at it than I am. Unfortunately I chose my seat badly, so I spent most of the Talent Show with a riveting view of the back of Axel's head. Talbot Lounge was at least a cozy space for the event.

From what I've seen so far, really good dancing looks like martial arts and really bad dancing looks like street fighting (Note: Shat I do in dances looks like street fighting, so this isn't arrogance.) Judging by these criteria, there was some really good dancing and some really bad dancing going on. There were plenty of people taking their shirts off (Inar, even if you are as attractive as you think you are, more than half your audience is male...) and throwing them into the audience (luckily someone gave Inar back his shirt as soon as possible). The dance numbers included a couple of High School Musical performances. Aziz, Seth, Elaine, Lily, Christine, Kristin, Michael N., Vikram, Noah, and Paul L. acted/danced in "Stick to the Status Quo." Later in the program, Serena and Inar sang "Breaking Free" from the same musical, and Sujay interpreted... hilarity ensued.

Of course, many of the dances were international traditions. In a suite of International Dance, Rohini Shivamoggi performed a traditional Indian Dance, Mary Davis danced ballet, Elaine Liew prepared a traditional Chinese folkdance, and in a swing/tango medley were Aziz, Lily, Noah, Kristin... and Alec breakdancing. The two Chinese students, Serena and Leo, teamed up with Zane to model Kung Fu.

Other musical acts included a beautiful little piece composed by Sarah Don called Lily Waltz and many other piano solos and duets. Yavuz played the kanun, a traditional Turkish instrument, and many girls sang solos (Kati, Jenny, Serena.)

After the talent show came the counselor skits. Ours about Or was worrying for two reasons. Not because it was funny, but because it was funny despite the fact that we hadn't actually rehearsed for it and because it really closely approximated what goes on in one of Or's real bedchecks (albeit several orders of magnitude shorter). The single best performance, however, was not Varoon (although he was a very good Or). No, that award has to go to Christine, who gave a hilarious impersonation of a sweetly smiling Annie (which, judging from what I saw on the one Bedcheck Annie took my group for, was actually very accurate). The best performance overall is also probably not our group – I would say that that goes to Paul's group, who gave a skit at least as funny as ours (NICE... HAT) despite having much less to work with than we did. However, all the skits were really funny (and I'm fairly sure I saw several counselors burying their heads in their hands as theirs came up.)

Much to Or's chagrin, Christina's father is going to be reading the Summerbook (this is why he was so annoyed by my poetry about him and forced me to 'appropriate' it until all the humor was gone), and so, to spare him trouble with the in-laws, I am not going to relate the details of our counselor skit about him. I can, however, advise Fred Chang to look on YouTube, where a video of it will go up shortly.

And then was the Staff skit, in which Keone played a serious Cliff, Christina played Amy, Nicole was hilarious as Jenny, Or walked in late as Steve, Annie scratched her arms and attempted to borrow pillows as Alli, Max encouraged frisbee as Zach, and Andrew made us all pet his kitten.



Institute of Contemporary Art Sarah Shareef

Thursday morning started out uneventful as most other mornings tend to be. I rolled out of bed...literally...in response to the distant buzz of my jaded alarm clock and stumbled for the bathroom, remembering my keys just in time to prevent locking myself out. With random phrases such as "polarity protein complex" figments left from yesterday's attempt at reading an article while listening to Emily talking about cookies at midnight, I was somehow drawn to my computer. My morning and day was completely transformed when I checked my inbox to find Keone's email about a trip to the Institute of Contemporary Art. I was exuberant as I really like art galleries. The rest of the day passed in a blur of lysing cells, collecting and quantifying protein - lighted by the thought of the trip to the art gallery.

After meeting in W20 a few minutes after 6 PM, Keone led us to Kendall Square. I think buying a T-pass was more exciting than the bumpy and slow ride across the river. We were all glad to get off the silver line and away from the "DRINK ODAWALLA" posters that covered almost every wall in the station to the contrasting view of the river and the geometrically exciting skyscrapers in the distance. ICA was right along the Boston bay, but was really crowded. Opting to take the stairs over the huge glass elevator that ascended through the middle of the institute, RSI students arrived on the fourth floor expecting great things.

The exhibits were amazing! Of course, there were some pieces that I completely didn't understand and found to be a little ugly with far fetched significance, but I was inspired and moved by many more. After looking through all the exhibits but one, Elaine, Emily, and I found ourselves on a balcony area looking over the river. The view was beautiful. The water rippled in sinusoidal curves and the cooling breeze tugged sail boats gently. The scene was only interrupted by a single bottle floating in the water...yeah random right? Well, we ended with the Kapoor exhibit titled: Past, Present, and Future. This exhibit was one of my favorite because all the works were puzzling, moving, and overall had a more mathematical significance. Perusal of the gift shop resulted in the finding of little treasures. The music being played on the patio behind the ICA in front of the water beckoned brave dancers, swaying their hips gently to the eccentric music.

It's hard to pick the best pieces, but the two that were most poignant to me:

1) A haystack made of needles: Turns the idea of finding the needle in the haystack 180 degrees around, doesn't it? 2) Pieces of charcoal hanging from the ceiling: This piece of art looked like fire; violence calmed.

The day became even better with a trip to Tuscannini's. The feel of Raspberry and German Chocolate melting sweetly concluded a wonderful day to the Institute of Contemporary Art.



Research Science Institute 2008 Presents its annual

Talent Show

Sunday, July 20, 2008



7-10 p.m. Talbot Lounge, Massachusetts Institute of Technology

You are invited to a sensational showcase of our students' talent and creativity.

- Alan wa ayam zaman (Hadeeloo Algamar)
A Poetry Recital. Aziz Al-Kattan.
- My soul as the moon (Deng Lijun)
A Vocal Performance. Serena Zhang, Leo Liu, Inar Zhang, Peter Zhang, Jean Shiao, Diana Cai, Mike Jin, Sarah Don, Anne Wang, Daniel Chew Wen Chao, Jia Wei Lim, Annie Ouyang, and Nicole Nova.
- Concerto in A minor, 1st Mvt (Edvard Grieg)
A Piano Solo. Janet Song.
- Way Back Into Love (Music & Lyrics)
A Vocal, Guitar, and Piano Duet. Christine Ashton and Blake Wilson.
- Tong Hua, *Fairytale* (Guang Liang)
A Vocal Performance. Diana Cai, Inar Zhang, Mike Jin, Marianna Mao, Harry Richman, Leo Liu, Serena Zhang, and Peter Zhang.
- Lily Waltz (Sarah Don)
A Piano Solo. Sarah Don.
- Memory (Cats)
A Vocal Performance with Piano Accompaniment. Jenny Sul and Janet Song.
- Stick to the Status Quo (High School Musical)
A Vocal and Dance Performance. Aziz Al-Kattan, Seth Gordon, Elaine Liew, Lily Hsiang, Christine Ashton, Kristin Cordwell, Michael Newman, Vikram Nathan, Noah Arbesfeld, and Paul Lee.
- Ten-minute intermission
- Meditation from Thais (Jules Massenet)
A Violin and Piano Duet. Varoon Bashyakarla and Mike Jin.
- Krazzy 4 (Krazzy 4)
A Breakdance Performance. Jay Patel.
- The Taming of the Shrew, I.2 (William Shakespeare)
A Dramatic Scene. Miles Edwards, Adam Sealfon, and Paul Kominers.
- Breaking Free (High School Musical)
A Vocal and Dance Performance. Inar Zhang, Serena Zhang, and Sujay Tyle.
- Prelude from Sixth Cello Suite (J.S. Bach)
A Cello Solo. Miles Edwards.
- A Suite of International Dance
- Chandana Charchita (Shri Jayadeva). A traditional Indian dance by Rohini Shivamoggi.
- Sway (The Pussycat Dolls). A hybrid of swing and tango by Aziz Al-Kattan, Lily Hsiang, Noah Arbesfeld, and Kristin Cordwell, with a Breakdance solo by Alec Lai.
- Variations from Coppelia (Arthur Saint-Leon). A ballet by Mary Davies.
- Dai Zu Wu (traditional). A traditional peacock Chinese folkdance by Elaine Liew.
- Rondo Alla Turca, *Turkish March* (W.A. Mozart) and Santuri
Ethem Efendi (Sehnaz Longa)
A Kanun Solo. Yavuz Aslan.
- Katerino mome (traditional)
A Vocal A Cappella Performance. Kati Evtimova.
- Horo (traditional)
An Interactive Dance Performance. Kati Evtimova, Galin Statev, and Jenny Sendova.
- China REN. My Chinese Spirit (Mingmin Zhang)
A Vocal and Kung Fu Performance. Serena Zhang, Leo Liu, and Zane Li.
- Four Minutes to Save the World (Justin Timberlake and Madonna)
A Creative Dance. Elaine Liew, Rohini Shivamoggi, Mary Davies, Divya Bajekal, and Aziz Al-Kattan.
- Counselor Skits. Students from EMAX, Jabberwockeez, The Un-Kominers, Annie-mated, LudaChris, and Hongry Hongry Hippos.
- The Staff Skit.
Keone Hon, Annie Ouyang, Max Uhlenhuth, Christina Chang, Paul Kominers, Or Katz, Nicole Nova, and Andrew Wang



The Research Science Institute
is sponsored by the
Center for Excellence in Education
in collaboration with the
Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Mafia

Andrew Hyer

Every so often (on those rare occasions when a dozen or so Rickoids are in the same place at the same time without some other commitment) someone says those three (er, four) fateful words: "Hey, let's play Mafia!"

Some people think this is a game. Others, a way of life. But they are all wrong. It is an addiction. Some sort of hidden attraction keeps drawing us back to play Mafia. Maybe it's the chance just to drop a few hilarious one-liners: "He has a logical argument! He must be Mafia!!!" Maybe it's the opportunity to listen to descriptions of the gory deaths awaiting you: those who have played Mafia while I'm God will recall Seth's death (at the hands of an agent of Dennis Ugolini who, angry at his performance in the professor skit, tied him up inside LIGO) and also will recall the death of Sasen in a concrete hat (if you don't know what that is, recall that one of the Mafia's favorite methods of killing is the "concrete overshoe," where they stick your feet in concrete and then drop you in the river. Extrapolate this logically.) Maybe it's the chance to learn (in some cases way too much) about your fellow Rickoids.

It also provides the focus for stories which will endure for years to come. For example, Zane will always be "The Demon Doctor of Doom" to me after a certain game of Mafia in which the Mafia never actually managed to kill anyone because he was so ludicrously effective at saving people.

But hey, it's just a game. A way for us to release our violent urges without anyone getting really hurt. (Except maybe if Patricia gets really sore when we take too long to kill someone--i.e. almost all the time) It's a mental, logical exercise and it's pretty fun.

Alec

Andrew Hyer

As those of you who read my articles know, I think the male:female ratio in RSI is way too high. Now I find myself unreservedly apologizing for that. The male:female ratio is not that bad--there are more boys than girls--but not quite 27 times as many. No, the problem is ... Alec.

When I first saw Alec, he seemed an unlikely 'homme fatal' to me. However, evidently he has some sort of secret magnetic attraction for the ladies. I doubt I've ever seen him without at least one member of his entourage following him around. Even when we have managed to force him into games of 'Truth or Dare' (during the White Mountains trip) we can't get much information. The one thing we've been able to discover is who his favorite member of his 'harem' (I'm not the one who decided to call it that, so don't blame me) is. However, I'm not going to write that here - t might jeopardize his chances with the rest of his... umm... entourage.

The White Mountains trip was particularly interesting--we were outside his room, playing Truth or Dare, when he came out. Then a girl came out. Then another girl. Then another girl. Then another girl. Then another girl. Then another girl. Then a last girl. (And we're not sure whether or not there was an eighth girl in his room.)

However, I find myself unable to harbor any resentment for Alec, even though he's obviously the reason for the deficit of girls at RSI. Partly it's because he's just a really nice guy -- polite to everyone, not just girls, and always ready to do people favors. Partly it's because, having watched James Bond a few times (and seeing the great ease with which he beds every girl who comes near him) and having tried to get into relationships myself (it's not as easy as James Bond makes it look) I hold some respect for someone who's that successful. And partly it's because complaining about him just sounds like selfish jealousy.

So here's to you, Alec. Congrats on your ... um ... entourage. Just ... would you mind giving me a few tips? How can I get one?

The many uses of zrsihelp and some self-praise

Sarah Shareef

zrsihelp on

Ethan: I need help. I've been facing this problem for a long time. Brainstorming sessions never seem to work even in the lab, in my room, or with my friends...

APK: What is it?

Ethan: Well every time I see her, I just get more confused. I don't know what to say, what to do.

Angelloti: Have you tried Shakespearean poetry? "So long as I can breathe or I can see, so long lives your love which gives life to me." That phrase always works.

Lively Leo: ☒世☒情☒何物, 直教人生死相☒. Can somebody tell me, What is love supposed to be? That makes me hold no fear in the face of death. With your absence, My existence is meaningless on earth.

APK: MEOWWWW kittens!

Nilesh : If you ever need help in life, turn to a Bollywood film. This is how I live my life. "Love is to chill" -- Kal Ho Na Ho

Azizaz: The hills are alive...

APK: This is supposed to be for computer help... though!

Musleh: "Ismik qamar shee? Le'anik helwa mithil alqamar" meaning "Is your name moon or something? Because you are as beautiful as the moon."

Ethan: Any advice APK??

APK: How would I know? Children, I must inform you of a fact of life. Sometimes I don't know things. Look it up on google!

Ethan: First thing that comes up in google is called "C-money's LudaChris site". (scroll noises) Wow it has lots of advice for RSI students. LudaChris must be the best counselor group at RSI 08.

C-Money's LudaChris

100% guaranteed success rate*

List of Pick-Up Lines

1) Ok, so you like Mac and I like a PC. Just because our computers are incompatible, doesn't mean we are. 2) I wish I were adenine because then I could get paired with U. 3) What's your sine? It must be pi/2 because you're the 1 4) I'm so glad I brought my library card because I'm checking you out. 5) Your name is Leslie? Look, I can spell your name on my calculator! 6) Our love is like dividing by zero.... you cannot define it 7) If I was sin^2 and you were cos^2 together we would be 1 8) You're like a dictionary, you add meaning to my life! 9) You're sweeter than glucose. 10) Wanna see the programs in my HP-48 calculator? 11) You fascinate me more than the Fundamental Theorem of Calculus. 12) Wanna be my lab buddy? 13) When you and me get together it's like superposition of 2 waves in phase 14) I'd like to see the way your hair shines by the light of the monitor. 15) I want to see you so often, it hertz.

* Disclaimer: Test subjects were members of LudaChris -- being one of the coolest, best looking bunch on campus. Results may vary depending on counselor group.

Endnotes: An RSI stereotype is that we are all a bunch of socially awkward nerds. Of course, anyone attending a sketchy game of Truth or Dare will soon see, RSI kids know something about something outside of academics... Anyway, even if you don't come away from this article more educated or highly amused, the main point to take away is that C-money's LudaChris rocks your socks!!!

Sarah Shareef

The many uses of zrsihelp and some self-praise

Beep bloop Bring bleg bleak BEEP! Alarms all over Simmons began a knoll that called forth sleepers into Saturday morning sunshine. Night owls were turned into zombies that stumbled out of bed, grabbed unmatching socks, and headed to the Simmons dining room with their frantically packed bags slung over their shoulders. Too tired to contemplate the messiness of her hair, Anne Wang buried her face in a stuffed animal as she waited for Rickoids to congregate. Jenny from Sweden held two tabby cats named Minerva and Daedalus, and Yousef from Kuwait sat on a chair and dreamed of rubix cubes.

The only excited faces were the counselors, calling their minions together. Of course, the first group that was ready was Christina's LudaChris. Proud of being the first ones, we attempted to actually open our eyes as we boarded the buses. With Matrix voted onto the screen in Bus 1, fondly named LudaChris bus and later the Matrix bus, the long ride to White Mountains was a medley of head bobbing, startled awakenings to the sounds of Neo flipping through the air, and silent cameras capturing cute (and not so cute) moments.

Lunch at the Vistors' Center was enjoyable for those who chose the trip to the Waterfall. The ambitious opted for eating lunch on the trails as they clambered up the mountain on the Death Hike or on the Old Man's Hike. Max and Or led the group up the Death Hike, while Dr. Rickert led the Old Man's Hike. Paul and Annie took a group of Rickoids on a hike to the waterfall which made most long for the cold waters ahead, while Christina led some along the highway to the waterfall.

The scenery was beautiful and provided a plethora of picture opportunities (cough Aziz cough). Clambering up boulders and down rock strewn paths, even the timid in Paul and Anne's group couldn't wait to jump into the cold pool that lay at the end of their journey. The waterfall was beautiful and the waters frigid. Daredevils jumped from a hill close to the pool about 20 feet high (Inar, Mike, Aziz, ...), while the daring jumped from boulders strewn on the opposite side of the pool (Annie, Paul, Lily, Sarah, Musleh, Diana...). Nature lovers explored the banks and the pools and streams downriver. Exhausted from the frigid waters yet cheered by thoughts of survival, groups walked back along the highway and were greeted by a frizbee game. Old Man's hike participants returned looking proud, and those who reached the top of the mountain along the Death Hike returned appearing red and on the verge of tears... but nonetheless extremely proud of themselves.

Our encounter with nature was riveting and very satisfying, but everyone looked forward to running water, air conditioning, and soft beds.

A Magic Trip to Media Lab

Leo Liu

At 10 o'clock in the morning, Leo sat outside Lav Verdes, sandwich in hand. It was early, but Leo was so excited that he didn't even feel the need to drink coffee. Obviously, he was waiting for someone.

In no time at all, Jim, RSI 2005, showed up. "Yay!" cried Leo. "Now the trip can start!" The trip Leo had been longing for was to the MIT Media Lab, a place where adults play like kids and where technology becomes magic.

Leo and Jim met more people at W20 and set off with Jenny and Jay. The Media Lab is a 5-minute walk from W20, but the group stayed there for almost 2 hours listening to the researchers, some of whom are Jim's friends, introduce their wonderful inventions and experiencing the beauty of computer science.

Some of the fancy inventions include a programmable cloth, a kind of suit that can be programmed to change shape freely. The suit was created by the Tangibility Lab, an incredible place where researchers focus on human-machine interfaces, especially interfaces using peoples' sense of touch.

Another amazing project the group saw was a kind of "cup-tunes." This invention doesn't use buttons or mice-- only cups! When you open a certain cup, a piece of music will begin playing and will stop when you close the cup. So far

Leo is still a little confused about how it works, but it is COOOL!

The muscle simulation is another fascinating project in the Media Lab. Researchers are working on robotic ankles, arms, and legs and are even on the way to connecting robotic legs to a human body to help those who lose their legs in accidents.

If there was one word to sum up this trip, it would be AMAZING. All the scientists at the Media Lab are extremely smart and are using their intelligence to make the world a better place. Hooray for the MIT Media Lab!



Quotes

"My curls are getting soggy!" -- Aziz, at the first dance party

"It goes faster if you develop an emotional attachment to the cube." -- Patricia, about cubing

"I'm not so sure about the 'W.'" -- William, while confused about butt-spelling.

"The butt part of my backpack is all wet!" -- Aziz, on the way back from the White Mountains waterfall

"Streich, bend over!" -- Keone, during Truth or Dare, as Sujay attempts to grind with Streich

"First I just lick the sides but when it gets too pointy I have to do this" -- Aziz, when describing his method for eating an ice cream cone

"Sir, is there a specific stuffed animal you are looking for?" -- A cashier at the Curious George Store

"Seth, you definitely have Duct-tape flip-flops. Why not just wrap up your other foot to match?" -- William

"Do the tradies working on the footpath knock-off at 3:30?" -- Sarah Don, translates to "Do the construction workers working on the sidewalk quit at 3:30?"

NOOOOO! My deathless sarcasm has been bowdlerized!" -- Bronwyn

"I thought you were supposed to make all the decisions... I just follow along" -- Alec (discussing dinner plans, lying extremely lazily on the couch)

"The woman who can hunt me is really clever" -- Ahmad

"Seducing Seth is so much fun!" -- Aziz

"Be goooooo!" -- APK, addressing Alec and a group of females

"It's Touchy" -- APK, also addressing Alec and a group of females, when Alec said "touché"

"I'm probably destroying my legs because they're so hot... the temperature of my legs will rise too much and the enzymes in my muscles won't work. Then the proteins of my muscle cells will deanimate and turn to mush and my legs won't work!" -- Sarah Don

"Foods" -- Janet

"Thai" (pronounced like "thigh") -- Janet and Marianna, on different occasions

"Soccer Tonight?" -- Michael

[After listening to a sudden explosion of sound from the speakers] Alec: "That was my massive fart." Sarah: "You wish you could claim that as yours."

"Wait, it's an ice cream place?! I thought it was like the 'Red Line.'" -- Aziz, after discovering the true meaning behind "Berryline"

"Oh baby, you're here." - Yousef, upon receiving his package of 6x6 and 7x7 cubes.

"I am NOT a camera whore!" -- Aziz

"This article is boring. Please integrate with respect to humor." - Andrew

"Pretend you're a jolly old fat man." -- Christine, during Elaine's singing lessons in preparation for the talent show

"Vikram, we don't want you to admit that you're wrong... we just want to see the back of your pants." - Lily, after Vikram finally admits his pants are on backward and not just "weird" and "from India."

"Ehhh, my parents call me on skype and wake me up at 9... and then I snooze a little bit... and then they wake me up at 10... and then I snooze a little bit... and then I wake up at 12!" -- Galin, describing his morning ritual

"Uhhhh Annie? This, eh, root beer? Is it REALLY beer?" -- Galin, at Bertucci's

"Have you met Tom and Barry?" -- Nilesh

"You're about to meet Tom and Barry" -- Nilesh

"I stayed up the last 65 hours of my RSI. Shortly before my airport taxi came, I was sitting alone in my room, watching as my carpet turned into a dragon that started talking to me. Dead serious. It had a British accent." -- Prof. Dennis Ugolini, when discussing what happens when you pull an all-nighter

"I was gonna say Mozzarella but I...uh...mean malaria" -- Sarah Don, talking about flies landing on fruit

"Isn't there a Paranoid?" -- Aziz, on the subject of the Seven Dwarves

"Thank you for sending our children away to camp!" -- a sign on a church lawn near Central Square

"Celebrate Lead Poisoning Prevention!" -- a sign on the same church lawn, a few weeks later

"Oh,, Nooooooo..." -- Dimitris, playing with Brent in ping-pong

"Here Peter! Have a squeeze!" -- Diana, holding out Harold the googly worm

"That ***hole! He is SO getting an article written about him!" -- Andrew

"He has a well reasoned argument! He must be Mafia!" -- Unknown, during Mafia

"Was the earth you bounced the balls on the same earth each time?" -- Aziz, during mini-presentations

"Don't wait until now to start. Start last week." -- John Rickert, referring to the first milestone papers

"Well, while we're on the subject of shamelessly taking advantage of the situation..." -- Andrew, during Truth-or-Dare

"Well, since we won the Summerbook we will have a reward -- an extra-short Bedcheck!" -- Or, right before giving an hour-long Bedcheck

"I would like to thank you for working hardly at the Wacky Olympics" -- Or

"Andrew, you need to appropriate your articles." -- Or

"Will you dance with someone? Yes? A female?" -- Or to Andrew during the dance party

"I can speak Jewish" -- Inar

"Cah-Mahnnnnnnnn" -- ABDUUUUUUUL

"PAH-REE" -- Everyone, about Paul Lee

"Oh, baby" - Sujay

"Today I didn't go to mentorship. I wake up at 12:30, and I was very hungry, so I went to eat. Then I slept, and I youtubed. I slept, and I youtubed." - ABDULLLL

"You're not serious." -- Dimitris Papadimitriou

"You're my role model." -- Abdul to Harry after learning that he scored 65 in the purity test

"When I go to sleep at x, I usually wake up at x+7.5 hours. Modulo 12." -- Elaine as Zane convinces her to stay up all night

"Would you mind saying something really stupid so I can put it up on the quotes page?" -- Andrew

"No! I can't go to the bathroom! People wait in the bathroom to kill you! I DON'T WANT TO GET KILLED IN THE BATHROOM!!!" -- Musleh, after developing acute paranoia over the game of Assassins

"I don't need a thermometer to tell which way the sun is blowing." -- Michael

Quotes 2

"We don't know who Sean works for really, but I don't think it's the Park Service..." -- Cliff Bowman

"That is so dirty, like Anna's Taqueria dirty." - Inar, Sujay, Cherk, Trip

"You should title your paper: On the Origin of Cognitive Preparation - you can't go wrong with that!" -- Aziz, helping Divya out with her paper.

"I can't believe that people who call football "soccer" could beat us internationals!" -- Jenny Sendova

"You have an amazing talent for sound bites, you know that?" -- Bronwyn, to Alex

"No, it's not a duck! It's a cormorant! Cor-mor-ant!" -- Bronwyn, failing to get Or to grasp the basics of birdwatching

"You said the correct response to bullies is an overwhelming response. Well, once, I had a misogynistic jerk try to trap me against a desk. So I kicked him in the balls. But he kept bugging me. Where did I go wrong?" -- Bronwyn, daring to ask a question of Dave Rensin

"I DON'T bounce." -- Jenny Sul

"Everybody hates me. That's because I'm white." -- Emily, abruptly interrupting silence

"I'm not playing Starcraft!" -- Steve, clearly getting his Protoss minions pwned

"I have Max burns. You know, like rug burns? Except these are from rubbing up against Max." -- APK. Shortly followed by...

"APK, I'm going to need you to take off your pants." "I'm not wearing any."

"The spoon is a lie!" -- the natural consequence of a bus full of sleep-deprived geeks watching The Matrix

"ZOMGZOMGZOMG!!!! There's a movie of Watchmen coming out!!!!!" -- Bronwyn, during an uncharacteristically and terrifyingly fangirlish moment after seeing the trailers at The Dark Knight

"Seth, don't you like tomatoes?" -- Christine "No, I don't really like them when they're raw." -- Seth "But they aren't raw, they're cooked." -- Christine "Raw means they aren't in Ketchup or Spaghetti Sauce." -- Seth

"Sorry Christina, I found another man" -- APK when he found that Mulesh is great swing dancer

"Going to bed, Nicole??? It's only 3 a.m., and you've only been working on Summerbook for the past twelve hours? Don't try to impress me." -- Jenny Sendova

"(Imitating Jenny's Bulgarian accent): 'What is this 'Bed? Not so bad for a Nobody.'" -- Nicole

"To bed, or not to bed? This is the question." -- Christina

"K..R..A..Z..Y..Y..Y!" -- Jay, while dancing during RSI Talent Show 2008

Nerd Jokes:

- 1) You can be $\sin^2(x)$, and I can be $\cos^2(x)$, and together, we can be 1!
- 2) If I were an enzyme, I'd be a DNA helicase so I could unzip your jeans.
- 3) I wish I were your derivative so I could lay tangent to your curves.
- 4) Our chemistry is exothermic and my clothes obey the laws of entropy.

Last Wills & Testaments

Abdulrahman Al Ballaa

I leave my youtube account, the dearest thing that I have with a wounded heart to my friend Mooseo. please take good care of it. :(

Aziz Al Kattan

I, AbdulAziz Al-Kattan am writing my last will and testament. The following items are those dearest to my heart. My favourite possession in the world, My big, singing "Walking on Sunshine" Button, I leave it to Lily. I leave my caps to Diana and Jean (Although they already have them!). I leave my camera to Mickael, May he take even more Pictures of me while dead than alive. I leave for Serena my mug with our picture on it. I leave my sunglasses to Christine, may they make her look even hotter than she already is. I leave my Shimag to Rohini because of her great joy while wearing it. For Alec I leave Laundry detergent to make up for the one I married for annee I leave my solja boy dance! I leave my phones, and my tie's to Harry, I wish you many phone Calls to come! I leave all my seductive powers, and my purses to Seth, May he use them for evil and not for good! For Sandy and Mike I leave My USB. I leave my speakers to Or, may he use them to play techno all day. I leave my Rain Jacket to Daizy The Umbrella. For Blake, I leave My room key for him to twirl. I leave my Running Shoes to Emily, for her to kick ass in soccer with! (Just like I did!) I leave My food to Max, may he grow fat after eating it all! I leave my laptop to Divya, may it help her finish her presentation. I leave my iPod to Ellain, may she dance enough for the both of us in the years after my final departure. I leave my water Bottle to Flora my plant. I leave my deck of cards to Benno, may he master Spades and ERS with them. I leave Flora, my plant to Mary. I leave my perfume to Patricia. I leave my watch to Alli, so she can always know the time. I leave My Books to Jenny Sul, just hope she likes them. I leave my frisbee to Keone and My Chocolates to Annie. I leave My summerbook Articles to Andrew. For Christina, I leave My Awards (even though she doesn't need any more!). I leave Will All My Movies. I leave my Underwear that she loves to wear to Mariana. I leave All my Orange coloured Possessions and an Egg and cheese bagle to Noah. For Amy I leave my wallet. I leave my calculator to Kati. I leave my perfect teeth to Nicole. I leave all My kiwi and Peaches to Sarah Sherif. I leave My Pens to sarah Don. And to Laundry I leave my everlasting affection and my wedding ring. My most Prized Possessions, My pictures of Myself, I have Decided, to avoid an argument over them after my death, I will splitt them Among all Rickoids! I leave my Body to all the biologists in RSI. And last, I leave all My clothes to Kristen, May she look as hot as I did in them.

Musleh Al Zahrani

to my Mom my heart, to Abdul all the food in my room , to Rafiq relationship advices, to Hashem my laptop, to Inar my Superman boxer, to Yavuz my coins, to Mike Jin my room, to Sarah my respect

Hashem Al-Mahmoud

I will never forget my experience in RSI.

Noah Arbesfeld

I, Noah Arbesfeld, of few worldly possessions, wish to offer the following to those who surrounded me my last few days before my untimely end. To Rohini, who is standing right behind me as I write this, I leave something good. To Alex, I leave the lifetime supply of Teddy Furs (aka Tiny Teddys) that I stole from him without him noticing. Heyyas. To Lily, I leave blinders, so she can actually read those papers she's always talking about. To Michael Newman, I leave a baker's dozen of bagels, because they're better than donuts. To Kristin, I leave pints of Berryline so she can carry on the tradition. To Peter, I leave my bedroom, so he can live in Lexington where he should. To Miles, I leave a steak. You should try it sometime. To Mary, who let me use her computer to write this, I leave earphones so she can drown out the really loud Cold Stone customers.

To Patricia and Amy, I leave a chair. And if anyone else tries to sit in that chair, you know what to say. To Chris Olund, I leave my batsuit. To Aziz, I leave my blessing for a happy Jew "ish" life with Laundry. To Adam, I leave two ping-pong paddles so he can have a rematch with my corpse. To Eric, I leave my LaTeX files, so he can debug them. To Harry, I leave a crane, so he can continue removing fallen trees from cars. To Dr. Rickert, I leave red ink, as he used his supply on my paper.

To the ludicrously large number of people I didn't mention/couldn't think up anything for in the 10 minutes I had to write this up, I leave the rest of my stuff. And finally, to my counselor group, I leave a nicer hat. ~Noah

Christine Ashton

I do give and bequeath to my dearest Asiz my camera and all the pictures. In the event that Asiz shall not survive me, then I give and bequeath my camera to whoever wants it. If my partner Blake shall survive me, I give, devise and bequeath to him all my music and musical abilities. In the event that these run out before his possession of them, I do bequeath him my pajamas, since he never gave his to me. In addition, all my clothing are entitled to Benjamin. Since he looks so pretty in my red and orange jacket, this item especially must be given to him. Commencing with the date of my death, the rest of my junk here at RSI may be auctioned off to which ever creep wants it. These profits should go to pay Divya or Asiz to finish my project since they are the most knowledgeable in my field out of all present Rickoids. Also, I would like to request my tombstone to read: Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird! / The voice I hear this passing night was heard. -Keats

Yavuz Aslan

1. I leave the money that I have not used in my MIT card to Cliff Bowman for him to enjoy.2.I leave my kanun to Max Uhlenuth, he is one of the rare people who appreciates art and music. 3. I leave all my Turkish music cd collection to Nitish, so he may send me some Indian music cds in return. 4. I leave my KNT-308 sniper rifle to Or Katz. So he may touch, for the first time in his life, a "real-man" sniper rifle. 5.I leave my hut in Istanbul to Dimitri so he may live in the city of his dreams. 6.I leave my camera to Burhan Guçmen. He is after one with a Turkish manual. 7.I leave my alarm clock to Annie. It was the reason for my being late to the bed checks. 8.I leave a box of Gaziantep baklava to Musleh. He loves this dessert. 9.I leave my Turkish dictionaries to Bob and Peter. They promised to teach me Korean and Chinese in return. 10.I leave all the literature in my library to Eric Larson. 11.I leave Peter a plane ticket to Istanbul. But I do not leave the return ticket. I don't think he'll need it.

Divya Bajekal

I, Divya Bajekal, being of sound mind and body, hereby bequeath the following: To Rohini: My stack of pretty pictures of earth taken from space To Mary: My glow in the dark stars to stick on your wall and ceiling and pretend you're in space

To Anne: Quality orange juice with pulp, so that you may never go thirsty again To Katy: A painting by Monet to decorate your room To Emily: tickets to the World Cup To Jenny: a cat of your own To Janet: jello!!!! so you don't have to ask Steve

To Alec: jello to give to Janet To Sarah S.: My watch since you wanted it To Sandy: a pretty purple shirt because it's your favorite color To Ania: Polish food that I personally learned to make To Serena: Tickets to the Beijing Olympics To Leo: A friendship wallet in return for the lucky wallet To Aziz: My camera in case your camera dies from exhaustion To Rafal: A Polish- English dictionary so that you can figure out words you don't know even when Ania is not around :) To Nitish: lens cleaner for your glasses since you wanted it To Varoon: a recording of Meditation by Sarah Chang To Jay: all the Bollywood movies I own, so that you can learn all the dances in them To Yousef: A 10x10 Rubiks Cube To Jia Wei: singaporean noodles because they're really good To Sarah D.: a kangaroo for a pet because that would be amazing To Zane: lots of Asian friends in Utah To Adam: film for your camera to take lots of pictures To Miles: more cello music because you play so well To Michael: marshmallows, a quart of milk and a quart of soda, so that the last two can balance the amount of calcium you get To Kristen: my phone number because we never get to talk anymore :) To Blake: a dictionary with all the languages of the world to accompany your travels To Yavuz: a contract with a recording studio so that the whole world can hear your talent at playing your cool Turkish instrument To Christina: LudaChris music To Steve: cool movies to add to your collection And to all my other friends (fellow Rickoids, staff, counselors, nobodies, etc. included): A photo album to record all our wonderful experiences together this summer! If only I could have written a personal message to you all! Stay in touch and hope to see you again soon. Good luck in whatever you plan to do! ~Divya

Varoon Bashyakarla

I, Varoon Bashyakarla, would like to bequeath all my candy to RSI students. To Mr. Mike Jin, I grant all the zhu-mah-gee in my possession and to Mr. Inar Zhang, I bestow dancing skills, of which he is in need. I herewith give my beloved white board (on my dorm room door) to Ms. Xiaotian Liew, and would like to divide my Dip-n-Dots vending machine evenly between Mr. Michael Cherkassky and Mr. Vikram Nathan. Ms. Sandy Huang receives my Russell Peters video. Furthermore, I would like to wish well upon Mr. Yousef Khalef in hopes that he may one day acquire the skill to challenge Mr. Jesper Jacobsen in the game of true men, golf.

Diana Cai

Looking across the distance, my RSI experience suddenly flashes before my eyes. Some of the greatest moments of my life are in this movie playing in my mind. There are many things I would dedicate to the characters in this movie. To my roommate, Jean Shiao, I would give Jesper to as well as my iPod with only one song on it: Tiny Dancer. To Marianna, I dedicate all my cardigans to add to her collection. To Harry I dedicate all the cushions in my room, so he can have a better night's sleep. To Inar I dedicate all my Mandarin Mango body spray, so he will never have to ask me to use it before every lecture; I would also give him lots of aloe vera in case he ever gets burned. To Sujay I dedicate all my other body sprays so Inar and Sujay can share them, as well as Jean's shampoo; he can also have my jackets to keep him warm; in addition, I give him Inar. To Musleh I dedicate my pillow, so he can never steal it again. To Yousef I would give Jean Shiao and all my shirts to compliment his sexy body. Hashem and Alec Lai can split my deck. Cherk can have all my belts to add to his collection. Streich can have the white soap in my bathroom. Chris can have all my korean pop music. Pauree can have my stuffed animal Rhina with super cute paws. Aziz can have his hat back. Mike Jin can have my Rubik's Cube and sell it on Ebay or trade it for my sassy girl and all my Pokemon roms. Or Katz and Blake Wilson can split all my brain bread. The Shershan can keep my shirt. Peter Zhang can have the moon that represents my heart. Max can have my ping pong paddle as a replacement if he ever loses his. Rafic can have all my frisbees when he's sick of playing soccer. Varoon can have all my Chinese artifacts and fried rice. Abdul can "come onnnn."

Michael Cherkassky

To the Arabs: my Adidas soccer ball To Haoyi and Nitish: my laundry detergent To Diana: my belt To Trip: The rest of my tech cash To Streich: my macaroon... You can't buy death with tech cash.

Daniel Chew

For Abdul: A perfectly-proportioned sofa, with a leg-rest and (possibly) a cushion. For Hashem: A brand-new watch which keeps exact time and has a loud loud loud alarm. For Noah: A Hawaiian-print tee with matching shorts. For Varoon: A pocket Chinese translator. For Bronwyn: A whole room of literature texts. For Mary Davies (and Rohini): Dumbbells so that she can be a MACHO! For Emily: KFC coupons!! For Burhan: A photo-album (a nicely-decorated one at that) For Dalton Hubble: A telescope! (what else? Duh...) For Miles: A flute (he's good enough at cello already -- it's time to move on) For Seth: Engineering texts For Axel: A brand-new computer For Yousef: A 11 x 11 Rubik's Cube (Ha, let's see how he solves that) For Alec: A limousine to ferry all his charges. For Rafic: An Adidas soccer-ball, not a Nike one. For Paul Lee: 10 packets of Listerine mint. For Zane: The Secret Manuals of Taichi and Other Annotated Forms of Martial Arts with a complete Jet Li outfit For Elaine: Dancing shoes. For Jia Wei: A dancing panda. For Michael Newman: A mirror. For Hao Y: A model aeroplane!!For Jay: Techno music, glitzy shoes and a hot hot outfit. For Zhonglin: A lolipop. For Mariana: A pair of movie tickets. For Roy: 1 new handphone, preferably with MMS, SMS, WiFi and .internet functions and with a 1000 min talktime monthly plan. For Adam: A new digital camera to continue taking more pictures!. For Alex Sharp: All the tech gizmos possible and a room of Akamai servers! For Anne Wang: 5 tubs of ice-cream!! For Daniel: Nah, he doesn't need anything. He's coming with me. For Brent: Table-tennis bats and balls! For Peter: A huge fluffy pillow For Jenny Sul: A Karaoke set so that she can continue singing! She's so good at it. For Dr. Jenny Sendova: My best wishes For Paul Kominers:

Last Wills & Testaments

Kristin Cordwell

In all actuality, I do not own much of consequence at this stage of my life. However, there is one item which I feel compelled to will to a certain special person: Vikram, in the event of my unfortunate death, I leave you...my pants.

Mary Davies

In the event that I shall at one point be unable to make these views known, having succumbed to a degree of sleep deprivation that can only be experienced at a place like RSI, accept these now as my final wishes. To APK, I leave provisions for a lifetime supply of laptops with unvalidated copies of Windows, for all the times that he might be bored and not feel like working on whatever he should be. To Rohini, I leave 72 million light curves. You'll know what to do with them. To Kristen, I join many others in taking care to assure that, in her old age, she has adequate and ample access to all the Berryline her heart desires. To Aziz, I give warmest wishes for a long and full life with his beloved Laundry, in addition to a lifetime supply of hair conditioner, just in case he should ever run out. To Jeanette, I leave a fleet of bodyguards. Use them as needed. To Divya, I leave a camera. With batteries. To Noah, I leave Jenny's laptop, even though it's not really mine, because it seems like I really ought to give him something in return since he's now giving me half his fortune, although I suppose that doesn't really matter since I'm dead now. To Elaine, I leave provisions for monthly shipments of munchkins and contraband chewing gum. And pointe shoes, with the warning that they're really not nearly as much fun as they seem. To Adam and Miles both, I leave my most enthusiastic congratulations for putting us all to shame during the White Mountains trip. Had I lived, my next goal in life would have been to hop on one leg up Mt. Washington in a suit.

Joseph Dexter

Lacking the time to elaborate, I leave all my fellow 2008 Rickoids with the memories of an interesting, multifaceted, and fantastic six weeks.

Sarah Don

Or: Every meeting, every lecture, every everything multiplied by 10 times the time it needs to take. APK: Maturity (just kidding)...meow...purrrrr. Steve: Bananas for your apathetic monkey. Jenny: Nutella and a room mate. Anne: Hand soap, bread and a laptop. Alex: A razor. Aziz: A fountain pen called Penny...and any other inanimate objects that you can personify... Janet: A song played as well as your Piano Concerto. Varoon: More time to get to know you. Alec: You still owe me a waffle but I owe you about 14.25 lunches. You can have some of my Australian accent...

Miles Edwards

I, Miles Dillon Edwards, recently killed by Varoon in the middle of Vassar Street, hereby bequeath the following: To Paul, cheesecake and Shakespeare (in particular, Taming of the Shrew I,2); To Kristin, Berry Line in Harvard Square; To Adam, my copies of the complete works of Shakespeare and all the cool algebra theorems we talked about; To Eric, my RSI results, since my program might still be running without your Python help; and an instruction manual for your necktie; To Max Uhlenhuth, the beautiful views that I saw on the Death Hike; To Sujay, the ideal roommate, a free schedule, and my thanks for waking me up whenever I need it; To Jenny, my thanks for one of the best meals I had here; To Aziz, laughter everywhere because you are simply hilarious; And to everybody I've ever helped with LaTeX, the book. <http://tobi.oetiker.ch/short/short.pdf> and the manuals <http://ftp.ams.org/pub/text/doc/amsmath/amsldoc.pdf> and <http://www.tug.org/pracjourn/2006-4/madsen/madsen.pdf>, which have just about everything you'll ever need.

Emily Elhacham

I, Emily Elhacham, in this sincere moment of death, would like to thank all my companions and friends who have been there for me during my weird life. Moreover Special thanks and property goes to: Janet Song - an electronic Piano and a free pass to Chinese restaurants. Sarah Shareef - my black jacket and my RSI diary. Sarah Don - all the postcards that we have sent to each other over the years. Alec Lai - my research group - great guys. Anne Wang - her tennis racket, after borrowing it for some balancing practices and thank you letters from all of her patients. Christina Chang - The biggest dictionary in the world, that contains all of the spoken languages of all times. Jenny Sul - Opportunity to be the head of The Kittens Museum in Sweden. Adam Sealfon - History of Military stupidest mistakes - the sign copy that you gave me few years ago + a nice amount of money. Divya Bajekal - I am also Portuguese (by you) - the guide to self believing signed by thousands of kids that were given new hope and self believing thank to your book. Daniel Chew - The biggest jokes book in the world, for some more great smiles.

Seth Gordon

I, Seth Gordon, being a 2008 Rickoid and High School Student, hereby give my Last Will and Testament as witnessed by my good friends: Honnie the Hippo and Nemo the Clownfish. I hereby place Honnie the Hippo in the care of both Lily Hsiang and Kristin Cordwell, who were so envious of our friendship that they often stole him from me. I also bequeath my pillow to Aziz Al-Kattan who often used me as one. I present my battle-plan for World Domination to William Whitney, may he use it well in the coming years. I give my jar of Walgreens Peanuts to Michael Newman, may he make a never-ending stream of inappropriate jokes to accompany this gift. I pass on my StarCraft account to Charles Tam and David Levonian so that they can epically fail just like I have... In my honor, I wish for all those alive and present in the United States today to continue on the legacy of creativity, excellence, and lectures that constitute RSI. I hope for all those Rickoids who read my Will to strive to become Counselors, Tutors, TAs, Nobodies, Assistants, and (please help us all) Lecturers. I hope that someday each and every Rickoid will have the opportunity to speak to the subsequent RSI classes. God Bless..... (croak, gasp...) I don't have much time left so... (gasp, choke, groan..... thump)

Axel Hansen

I'd like to be frozen when I die so some crazy rickoid of the future can bring me back to life. To preserve the incentive to revive me, I'll keep my fortunes hidden. I think a multi-tiered round-robin priority queue (where priority is class of friend/acquaintance) is a suitable algorithm to distribute the possessions I presumably won't need when I return to life.

Lily Hsiang

For Kristin: my Chinese dictionary. And my love. For Aziz: another camera. For Seth: Aziz. For Varoon: another yeast culture. And my other Chinese dictionary. For Jeanette: a really loud alarm. For Noah: chapstick. For Keone: a Disney CD. For Amy: another remote control. Not for Patricia. For Patricia: another remote control. Not for Amy. For Amy and Patricia: a real cheetah-print thong. For everyone else: my undying gratitude. Oh wait. Too late.

Sandy Huang

To Steve: Grudging appreciation for your criticism. To Christina: The best counselor group ever! To Amy: Gallons and gallons of sparkling water. Plus my love! To Michael C: A new pair of un-scratched glasses. To Mike: My shimmering white blouse. To Varoon: My phone number. To Sujay: My fake phone number. To Anne: A plane pillow. To Kristen: My fuzzy green purse. To Sarah S: My hair straightener. To Alec: A haircut. To Inar: Mike. To Divya: Apple juice boxes. To Emily: A hot pink tutu. To Jenny: Caffeine. To Rohini: My hair clips. To Leo: Dress shirts. To Serena: My black high-heels. To Elaine: My pink sweater. To Michael N: Drawing paper. To Patricia: Even more Rubik's cubes. To Musleh: Pencil-spinning skills. To Yousef: A 100x100 Rubik's cube. To Nitish: Tap dance shoes. To RSI Staff, Rickoids, and Everyone Else: My thanks for making this a great summer!!!

Bob (Hyun-Sub) Hwang

I, Hyunsub Hwang, a citizen of South Korea, being of sound mind and body, do hereby make, publish and declare this instrument to be my last will and testament. I declare my all organs for others... To Hashem, I leave some Korean abuse lists if he wants..... To Tim, I leave some Starcraft strategy if he wants..... To Yavus, I leave some Korean books if he wants..... To Yousef, 8x8x8 cube. For others.....

Andrew Hyer

I leave: My Britishness to Blake, so that he'll have everything he needs to act as James Bond. -My soap (such of it as remains) to Rafal, in the hope that he'll learn not to pour it all out and refill it with water. -My sense of humor to Alec, in the hope that the articles he grunts out will become at least vaguely interesting. -My ability to sleep at night instead of during the day to all the math people at RSI. -My architectural ability to whoever designed Simmons (even though I have no idea how to be an architect, I'm better at it then him). -All my worldly possessions to CEE, so that that I'll become a sponsor and you won't be allowed to make fun of me. -The sign on my head, visible to other people but not to me, that tells them: "I know how to fix computers. If something doesn't work, ask me." to APK, who actually does know how to fix them. -My ability to refrain from making "your mother" jokes to APK and -Charles Tam, who need it.

Mike Jin

I'd like to thank everyone for making RSI some of the most interesting and fun-packed days of my life. You're the smartest (hands down), most talented, and quirkiest bunch I've ever met. For this, I would like to will the following things to the following legends. You dominate at life. If you're not on this list, that doesn't mean you're not a legend or that you don't dominate at life. Perhaps you're so legendary that I just couldn't think of anything you don't already have. Or maybe I've just had too little sleep and too little time to submit this while trying to include everyone I'd like to remember before the rapidly approaching midnight deadline. Zhonglin "Leo" Liu - You were a clean, friendly roommate, and I appreciate that. You deserve a pop-up blocker and a long-sleeved dress shirt. Inar Zhang - You've given me so much, how could I ever give back enough? No but really, I can't think of something better to will to you than a bottle of chocolate syrup. I know you'll find a good use for it. Harry Richman - You need some lube, since you couldn't provide me with any when I most needed it. Keep up the outrageous cubing skills, and take it easy. Don't clown too much. Chris Olund - Band-aids. Don't worry about it. Plus, my self-proclaimed creepiness index is higher than yours. Varoon Basyaharla - Zhi Ma Ji. Whoa ay nee, as you put it so nicely. Your violin skills make me weep. Musleh Al-Zahrani - A pair. So maybe next time you'll be able to jump. Just kidding. Don't listen to the ladies sometimes and keep your shirt on. Abdurahman "Abdul" Al-Ballaa - Internet security. Wouldn't want your Texas proxy to cause you any trouble. Yousef Khalef - You take it easy too. On a different subject, I will you a pair of magnifying spectacles, because you'll be needing them soon enough. The little squares on the cubes are going to get too small for you to see without eventually going blind. Phillip Streich - I'm not sure if I have anything that you'd want, but I think you do need a helmet. For one thing, you wouldn't want someone stealing all the top-secret information about graphene out of your brain. Sujay Tyle - Loosely buttoned pants, to rip off at your whim. Repeat talent show performance. It was hot. Forreal. Michael Cherkassky - A pole and some clothes of minimal material. You've got some talent, for sure. Alec Lai - Be careful with all the girls, it could lead to complications when you accumulate too many. I will you some silicon nanomaterial-treated kevlar. Paul "Pauree" Lee - Protection. For those hugs. You know. Steve Hershman - Soap to wash out that ****ing dirty mouth, a filter to block especially piercing research presentation criticism, a guide to eating suspicious-looking Chinese food (it's delicious if you don't think about it too much), and not Rock Band. Guitar Hero is better. I also reverse-will your sister to me. Sandy Huang - I will you less confusing locks to prevent additional embarrassing moments in the future, a camera, a white shirt, and a rose. Never forget Diana Kai - Korean dramas, Yu-Gu-Oh! cards, lychee jelly, and some antidote for 291c virus poisoning. You're a b.a. Jean Shiao - You deserve blue jeans (baby)! And a veil. It's hard being so heavily pursued. Jenny Sul - Melatonin and a tape recorder. Get some sleep to regain your sanity, then sing me some of that juicy Ashlee Simpson. Janet Song - I want to give you a special care kit for those hands. You're a legend at piano, keep it up. Someday we will meet again and you'll give me the full concert that I've been wanting to hear from you. Sarah Shareef - Soundproof walls. Marianna Mao - A few more guys. For various purposes. Like carrying your shopping bags! Amy Tai - Lasso. For all the boys. Emily Elhacham - Chips, dip, and delicious drinks. I really want to learn some more Hebrew, and food would definitely have increased turnout. Zhongyuan "Serena" Zhang - Jin Sang Zi! That Chinese stuff for your voice. Thanks for organizing all the songs for the talent show, it was a lot of fun. Christina Chang - I think you need a megaphone to amplify your words and a giant magnifying glass to focus your enthusiasm. Thanks for being such a fun (also, fun to make fun of) counselor!

Yousef Khalef

In the unfortunate event of my death, I will pass on my belongings to the people I cherish most. To Dirty Harry, I pass on all my Rubik's Cubes (with the exception of the 5x5x5) and some edible panties for his special desires. Mike Jin can have my 5x5x5 Rubik's cube so that he can finally learn how to solve it, and knows how much he means to me. I love you, man. Philip "Graphine" Streich will receive the key to my room, so that he can admire his German artifacts closely and without interruptions. Sujay "Style" Tyle gets all my unwashed shirts, so that he can remember my beautiful smell forever. To Inar "The Troof" Zhang I leave a box of sun screen and a boombox so that he can dance topless all day, baby. To my Saudi Arabian brother, Musleh "Moosy" Al Zahrani, I leave my iPod so that he can listen to all of his bad music without disturbing other people. Rafic "Raf" Itani will get a paper filled with advice that he needs to listen to when in a relationship. To Jesper, who shares my taste in women, music, and clothes, I leave my music collection, my wardrobe, and all my "special" journals. To "Trip", I leave my bed to bench press so that he stays buff his entire life. To Jean Shiao, I leave a knife so that she can protect herself from all the guys that are chasing her all the time. To Aziz, I leave my memory stick so that he can take all the pictures he wants. To Abdurahman "Abdu" Al Ballaa, I leave my stash of pop tarts and candy, so that he will always be happy. To Michael "Cherk" Cherkassky, I leave a DVD of "How to Play Soccer" and all of the appropriate equipment to enhance his soccer skills to "International Level". To Hashem, I leave sunglasses so that he can fall asleep in all of the lectures that he will attend in his life. To Ahmed, I leave my soccer shoes so that he can really show off his soccer skills and not hurt people with his basketball shoes. Finally, Diana Cai gets my good looks so she can attract Jesper.

Anna Kornakiewicz

My last will is really simple... I would like everyone from RSI has only positive memories of me and everything what was wrong was quickly forgotten. Naturally, I hope there was no many bad things! However, if you remember something what can not be described as wonderful, awesome, magnificent or fantastic, imagine that you do not remember about it! Imagine your dream about me and it becomes true! See how powerful is your imagination! "Imagination is more important than knowledge"- Albert Einstein... "A fear of flying and hunger of experiences/ A shame of telling yourself "I don't know" / The huge power of imaginations/ It's not an accident that we are together"- Myslovitz. I, Anna Kornakiewicz alias Anna Justyna Zofia, hereby grant my all staffs which I had during RSI (including staffs from my hair dryer through my dress to credit card) to person who inspired of his/her imagination will invite the most creative way to take advantage of my this! -Anna Kornakiewicz

Alec Lai

Should Alec C. Lai leave this world, his possessions that will be given to members of RSI shall be partitioned as follows: Sarah Don - My jacket and computer Janet Song - All my pencils, pens, and physics textbooks Jenny Sul - Blanket Sarah Shareef - My research (not just science) Anne Wang - My wallet P Emily El Hacham - Lanyard Diana Cai - Yu-gi-oh cards Jean Shiao - Nametags Peter Zhang - Guide to food and shopping malls in Boston Zane Li - Bottles of water Rajarshi Roy - A lock for the bathroom David Levonian - SCII (preorder if necessary) Keone Hon - All my snack food Zach Wissner-Gross - Vegetables in my garden APK - All my music Let everything else left in his Simmons room go to MIT and CEE.

Nitish Lakhnapanl

Just in case I die, I will give: To Adam - My right leg and my Marx-Engels reader To Hao Yi - All my knowledge of and love for ping-pong doubles matches To Max Rabinovich - My green polo t-shirt To Michael Cherkassky - My softener sheets To Yavuz - My collection of Indian music To Jay - All the code I wrote here To APK - A kitty Al(like the soldier except better) To Varoon - Another copy of Campbell's Biology To Dr. Rickert - A digital SLR camera To Dr. Sendova - A banitza(Bulgarian specialty) To Annie - My pop To Divya - An elephant To Peter - A copy of Peter Pan To Sarah Shareef - My benevolent nature To Michael Newman - A pin with the letter "L" To Miles - My Calvin and Hobbes collection To Andrew the Younger - A few Carriers To Galin - A life To Inar - Some shorts...to replace all those that he pulls off To Jenny - Memories. I don't think she has enough yet To Vikram - Saris To Nilesh - Burrito from Anna's. Dirty good To Leo - A lucky ping-pong paddle To Mary - My tap shoes. Have fun! To Sandy - My long eyelashes To Sujay - A doctor To Eli - Hard candies. Lots of them To Philip - A book on Poisson distributions To Rafic - A copy of the Jungle Book To Alex - A proper accent To Musleh - tickets to the World Cup To Yousef - a n x n Cube To Steve - GSB...every day for a year! To Charles Tam - My pants(since you seem to enjoy things like that...) That is all. Farewell.

Eric Larson

I give Peter Zhang my math and latex skills.

Paul Lee

I leave behind baklava scattered in all the cracks and crevices of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. I left a special batch of it for Mr. Andrew Kositsky located in W20's athena cluster. For Chairmistress Mao is a nail clipper, multiple servents to clean her throne, and a blanket which she dearly adores. For Keone is my respect for being Keone, and same goes to everyone else. Hashem, you have kept me very entertained, so thank you. Thank you Alli and Carol. All in all, I give a thanks to everyone at RSI for this great experience. It was really at a level I didn't expect it to be, surreal in some respects, monifemym.

Last Wills & Testaments

David Levonian

I give my fabulous starcraft skills to Seth, who really needs them, and my horrible Chinese skills to Zane, who will be extremely amused. Good Bye.

Zane Li

I'm not dead yet, but here's what I'll give: Serena Zhang: another chat that would last from 11PM to sunrise about US and China Leo Liu: my Wu-form tai-chi skills David Levonian: a Byron Kan4 Bu4 Dong3 t-shirt Lily Hsiang: another Byron Kan4 Bu4 Dong3 t-shirt All Chinese-speakers: a BaI2 Ren2 Kan4 Bu4 Dong3 t-shirt Andrew Hyer: my skill in random guessing as a doctor in Mafia Paul Kominers: a Nice Hat! Alex Sharp: an attempt to fight with tai-chi Anne Wang: the correct a04 character in your Chinese name Daniel Chew: the name Chao1 Ren2 Elaine Liew: my math "skills" I've run out of ideas, imagination, etc. but for the rest take whatever you guys want.

Patricia Li

To my roommate, Amy, I leave my cubing skills, since she currently doesn't have any. To Noah, I leave enough balls to buy lacy lingerie, though he needs to share with Paul Lee, who seems to have been cursed with a crippling inability to grow his own. To Steve, I leave all my authentic Bay Area crap, not only to replace the fake stuff he currently has, but also to add to the rapidly growing piles of crap already in his room. To Dr. Rickert, I leave an endless pile of poorly written papers to be proofread, and several red pens to do it with; he'll need them. To everyone else, I leave the giant hairball in our shower. Oh--Sandy--you're dead. Never gets old, does it?

Elaine (Xiao Tian) Liew

Die happy. I bequeath to all Rickoids a purple RISIS orchid that never dies.

Jia Wei Lim

So, you want a piece of me huh. Alright, take all you want. Except this blue bright shiny box i store away on the top shelf of my cupboard in the corner of my room. I put everything precious inside. Yeah, that includes my secret stash of cash. Don't tell anyone about it though, its MY SECRET. Be nice, don't take it... Then again, you wont know where my room is. And besides, I probably will outlive you. Yeah, whoever's reading this. You're cursed for LIFE. Don't even try taking anything, I will KEEEL/HAUNT you, I mean it. Now go away. I'm taking my RSI experience back with me.

Leo (Zhonglin) Liu

I would like to donate my neurons to Seung lab, my formal suits to room 6-102 and all my belongs to MIT for de-constructing W20.

Tim (Youngwook) Lyoo

I, Youngwook Lyoo, a resident and citizen of Seoul, Korea, being of sound mind, do hereby make, publish and declare this instrument to be my last will and testament, hereby revoking any and all wills and codicils by me at any time heretofore made. I first leave my (empty) bank account to whoever can find it first. That person will also have to pay off my debts at RSI for going to the Dolphin Seafood restaurant of about 20 dollars. I also leave my collection of lost pencils, pens, erasers, et cetera to whoever can find it first. I have lost hundreds of them and have not found many. Surely whoever can find them deserves to keep them. Among my possessions, which are 1) 5 pens 2) pencil case 3)MIT backpack 4)MIT t-shirt 5)5 MIT keychains and 6)My meal card I authorize an auction of these possessions, in which the first five of them starts at 1\$ each, and the meal card 20\$. I instruct all proceeds to go to the Boston orphanage... Particularly, in the RSI camp, I bequeath the following. To Sanghun Song:An existence proof of the practical applications of his project To Hyunsu Hwang:A nonexistence proof of the practical applications of his project To Eric Larson: I leave a false proof of the Riemann conjecture (look around arxiv you'll find one quick) (I'm remembering how you killed me, Eric!) To Peter Zhang: A practical application of his project which he claims doesn't exist. To Dimitrios Papadimitri: A collection of geometry problems from the IMO. To Liu Zhonglin & Alex Sharp:Thanks a lot for being so nice (and helping me on Athena!) To David Levonian: Knowledge of Chinese Characters(He is the best Chinese speaker among non-Asians) and maybe some starcraft strategies. To Daniel Chow: A complete list of the proteins and their functions in the human body(The Army guy said they would have it by 2040 contrary to the thoughts of some people) To Vikram Nathan: Award for being the nicest person in RSI. To Adam Sealton & Miles: The complete works of William Shakespeare so that they can give wonderful plays like they did at the talent show. To Hao Yi: A ping-pong paddle which never loses. To Charles Tam: A clock program that beeps every ten minutes you play starcraft. To Hashem: A detailed essay on the politics of the North Korean Government. To the rest:

Marianna Mao

I leave the ghost of an unidentified asian woman to the next resident of room 637: my broken toeanal to Diana Cai; my impeccable pronunciation to Paul Lee; my manga collection to Peter Zhang; and my Korean cereal to Patricia Li. I would also like Fred from behind the Japanese food counter to have some of my hair, in return for the ones I found in my chicken teriyaki.

Benjamin Mirabelli

When I die I would like to give my slashed shorts to William, my patent on the word mighty to Michael, and my brain for Christine to cut open.

Vikram Nathan

I give my pyjama pants that I got from India to Keone's Conselor group, because...well, just because. To Nitish, I give my amazing Starcraft ability, which is fairly limited as I have no experience, but hey, every little bit counts. To Adam Sealton, I give my video of the Reduced Shakespeare Company, which I'm sure he'll enjoy. To Daniel Vitek and Andrew Hyer, I bequeath my own sunscreen, which I haven't yet used, but which I'm sure you will. To Kristin Cordwell, I give a t-shirt and pants because she's probably the most familiar with them. I also give her a pair of her own clothes, which I still probably have lying around somewhere, although I should have returned them a while ago. To Peter Zhang, I give my old wallet, since I'm sure he'll need a replacement sooner or later. To Youngwook Lyoo (Tim), I give a copy of my paper for the several times he has asked to see it. To Burhan Guemcin, I give enough money to buy all the Seasons of "Lost" (with Turkish subtitles of course). To Nilesh Tripuraneni, I give all my books on Quantum Mechanics and General Relativity, hoping in vain that he hasn't already read them. I also give him my school backpack because Tom and Barry can carry more than I weigh and probably need a bigger challenge. To Andrew Hyer, I give a CD of (I't real) death metal music, my ability (however insignificant) to predict the T, and a lifetime supply of Dunkin Donuts' breakfast bagels To Harry Richman and Patricia Li, I give my Rubik's cube for you to lubricate and add to your collection. To Yousef, I give the 4 by 4 Rubik's Revenge Cube, but he probably has a better one. To Lily Hsiang, I give a copy of my schedule to use as a spare because it's undoubtedly the same as hers. To Dimitris, I give my "special" deck of cards to do more magic tricks. To Seth, I give my stuffed dog (From a long time ago) because he seems to have an affinity for stuffed animals. To Michael Newman, I give you something to do so you don't have to spend your free time waiting outside my door at 8:30 in the morning. To Jenny Sul, I give the staff password to the photoserver (if I find it) so that you can remove the only picture of you that I was responsible for keeping permanent (not my fault, APK told me to). To Miles Edwards, I give his own help contact, so he can offer LaTeX aid to people that aren't just around him. To Zane Li, I leave whatever he wants, because anything is useful when you live in Provo, Utah. To Jay, I give you the very limited set of Bollywood movies I have for you to compose your own dance moves to. To Michael Cherkassky and Varoon, I give money enough to by how ever many dippin dots they want or need to satisfy their craving. To RSI, I give you this last will and testament to publish in the 2008 Summerbook.

Michael Newman

To Benjamin "Benno" Mirabelli I leave my meal card, so that he can cure that mighty hunger that seems to dominate his emotional state. To William Whitney I leave my slouch, so that he can be less conspicuous. To Yousef Khalaf I leave my alarm clock, so that he too can leave the room before 10:00 in the morning. To Blake Wilson I leave my key-ring so that he can jingle without spinning his lanyard. To Kristin Cordwell I leave her own headband, for the mojo. To Patricia Li I leave all of Yousef's Rubik's Cubes. To Seth Gordon I leave a pet crocodile, so that he can watch Honnie compete for dominance in his own natural ecosystem. To Nitish L. I leave my Shinigami eyes.

Hao Yi Ong

I, Ong Hao Yi, hereby bequeath my belongings to: Nitish Lakhanpal - My official Singapore passport which is worth approximately US\$25, 000 in the blackmarket.

Dimitrios Papadimitriou

To Abdu, I leave the "Oreo" cookies that I just bought. To Yavouz, I leave my guitar, because he loves music. To Rafic, I leave my willingness to play "truth or dare". To Yousef, nothing (actually he can choose anything I have that I haven't left to somebody, so that he does not complain) To Kristin and Lily, I leave a video with me saying "fine" (lol) To Tim, I leave my paper, because he is always trying to help me with it. To Miles, I leave all the books and articles I have about cyclotomic polynomials, as he seems to love them. To Jean, my ability to whistle. To Adam, I leave my ping-pong paddle (it is in Greece, but anyway) and my wish for him to participate in next year's IMO. To Hashem, my positive way of thinking (he definitely need it...) To Andrew, I leave my laptop, so that he can write his articles. To Peter, the best math project, because I am sure he could complete it. To Galin, my geometry books, as geometry is the only thing that can prevent him from getting a gold in IMO next year. To Sujay, I leave a doctor who can "make like Jesper" (maybe I should also leave him a ping-pong coach...). To Philip, all my money to do any research project he wants. To everybody, my friendship and my best wishes.

Jay Patel

I, Jay Harshadbhai Patel, hereby bequeth: Everything to RSI..I owe it to RSI for what it has given to me

Eliyahu Putterman

Given that my knowledge of the legalities involved in the writing and execution of wills is entirely derived from John Grisham novels, it is difficult to believe that I am writing my own in consideration of the high mortality rate of RSI students during Death Week. But my assets are worthless enough that the will will in all likelihood go uncontested; therefore, the customary formulaic language generally used to assure proper execution will be neglected in favor of a less formal style. Here goes. Death Week is coming, and I'm about to get pwned. Unlike some Rickoids that have four years of experience writing research papers and such, I am an utter n00b in this arena. The expected length and quality of my paper and presentation are impossible to one of my skill level, especially under these brutal time constraints. As such, I am fully expecting to die next week; whether as a result of sleep deprivation or internal injuries brought upon by induced suicidal tendencies is as yet undetermined. So I gotta get rid of all this swag, man. First and foremost, I leave to all RSI students in equal shares all the remaining money on my MIT card. Hold a Ben & Jerry's party in my memory. To Annie, the counselor with the fastest bedchecks, I leave my watch, and my grateful recognition of all the times she made sure that I remained in the loop despite my frequent absences. In addition, I give boundless thanks to Cliff and Amy for doing their utmost to accomodate me in this regard. Material possessions are insufficient to express my gratitude for your understanding and help throughout the summer. To Or and Emily, I bequeath my collection of Hebrew books, most of which I am incapable of reading anyway. But you knew that. Nitish, I leave you my sense of humor (or lack thereof) and my StarCraft handle, "Fission" (which is orders of magnitude cooler than "na") in memory of long nights spent insulting you gratuitously while simultaneously pwning you into oblivion. To Peter goes my tennis equipment as a memento of time spent on the duPont courts during mentorship hours. I bequeath to apk my MIT account and its attendant hard disk space, in the hope that he will have use for it. To Max goes absolutely nothing, for his godly awesomeness is beyond augmentation by mere mortals. To Steve, I leave a large quantity of seeds, in the hope that he will go plant some trees. You know why. To All G, I leave my nonexistent DVD collection of all movies featuring Sacha Baron Cohen, including but not limited to Borat, All G Indahouse, and Sweeney Todd. Finally, to my parents goes my cell phone, as a gentle reminder that I may not have cracked had you not called me at all hours of the day and night, interrupting my work and pestering me. To my siblings goes everything else, in the hopes that they will remember me as more than someone who would occasionally scream at them for entering my room.

Max Rabinovich

To Kati, I leave my mentor. Best. To Axel (aka Hansel), I leave our room and my really loud fan. Perhaps the fan will keep you awake so you don't wake up saying, "To hell with it." To Andrew, I leave my copy of the Summerbook. He practically wrote the whole thing, after all. To Or, I leave roughly forty-two hours of my life. That's how long I spent in bedcheck over the course of six weeks. To Christina, I leave my meager dancing ability. 'Twas fun. To Alex, I leave some good math notation. He knows what I'm talking about. To all of RSI, I leave this hopefully amusing last will and testament.

Rajarshi Roy

Although my death would be a very very sad occasion to humanity, IF it ever happens, I would like to depart these to my friends: A nuclear warhead for Haoyi. An electron microscope to Philip. The world's fastest computer to Alex (To laugh at). The world to Rafal (to dominate under his country), More clothes to Sujay and Inar to do a better act, A bigger room for Alec

Adam Sealton

To Miles: The number seventeen and the yellow pig. Also a countably infinite selection of cello and piano music and theorems, a projective plane, and my math books. Additionally, a simple proof of the four-color theorem. To Paul Kominers: A facsimile of Shakespeare's First Folio, and a hat. In particular, a nice hat. To Kati: Cool theorems about the prime numbers.

To Nitish: My Tom Lehrer sheet music and albums. To Eric: Proofs of the theorems for which he gave me heuristic arguments - the Riemann hypothesis, the existence of infinitely many Mersenne primes, and the existence of only finitely many Fermat primes. To Alex: On guard! To Alex and Sarah Don: Sheets of aluminum suitable for doing math. To Dimitris: Six geometry problems at next year's IMO. To Noah: Continuous and differentiable food at bedcheck. To Peter: Flawless topsin in your looping attacks. To Zane: Infinite data compression for your camera. To Benno: Polytopes on a general lattice To Kristin: Proving many awesome theorems with JBL. To Keone: A victory over PROMYS. To Or: A strawberry-banana smoothie.

To Christina and her dad: A secure internet protocol system. To Max: A mention of the Y-school in some college information session. To Annie: Elliptic curves and modular forms. To APK: A company named the "APK is Cool Corporation"

To Dr. Rickert: Continuing to be as awesome as he is now. To Dr. Sendova: Many "Bulgarian specials." And to everyone, lots and lots of theorems and open problems.

Sarah Shareef

To Future RSI students: An ability to sieze the moment, try daring things, and setting aside work for play To RM 665 in Simmons: Hopes for a more tidy occupant To Emily: All the cookies ever bought at RSI (minus 20.3% which will be consumed by me), Pink lipgloss To Michael Cherkassky: An extra towel To Janet: Consolation and black ballpoint pens

To Sandy: My Tinkerbell purse and anything purple To Alec: My AP Chem book To Musleh: My Ipod in hopes that he will develop a taste for music beyond Avril and Ciline Dion To Divya and Jenny: Camille, my stuffed horse To Aziz: Camera memory card To Christine: Bug Spray To Sarah D: My flute To Diana: Band-Aids To Yousef: Qutips (so he can apply eye shadow any day he feels the necessity) To Anne: Yale and Harvard Brochures (good luck!!!)

To Rafic: Chocolate milk (yummy breakfast) To Ahmad: French-English dictionary To Mike Jin: A pair of 2 inch black heels To Rohini: One cheesy quesadilla from Anna's To Michael N: Korean dramas (since you never watch them) To Hashem: A soccer ball To Varoon: My copy of [Nit Mountains beyond Mountains] To Nitish: A sense of humor and a dab of niceness To Inar: A spare shirt

To Philip: The hint of a French accent that may come in handy at many posh restaurants To Nilesh: Mousse for curly hair

To Sujay: A license To Peter: A map of Chicago To Leo: All the luck he wishes for others To Jay Patel: A Desi DJ To Adam: Film To Joseph Dexter: My Merriam-Webster pocket dictionary To Jai Wei: A private jet (to avoid the long wait for the CT1 bus) To Christina Chang: My copy of War and Peace To everyone else: Lots of love, cherished memories, and best of luck for the future

Alex Sharp

I would like my papers to be published, all of my designs provided, under the GPL v3 licence forever, free of charge, to whoever wishes them. I would like it to be known that I have no regrets and hold no grudges, and that I have nothing but love for the people of this world, and I would hope that the feeling is mutual. To the stuff: To Jay, all of my computer knowledge To Hashem, my knowledge of lying, so he may be more convincing as he so often needs. To vitek, my knowledge of math, so that he may discover solutions to problems that have eluded me to add my aussie charm, may he use it for the correct purposes. To eli all of my zerglings, use them well. To adam my proof of the reiburg hypothesis, and all of my german rap (in trade) To paul, all of the integers, including the uncountables. To bronwyn, all of bays, with probability P(B|G) To andrew, my aussie sense of humor, so that he may perfect the art of witt. To charles tam, a WOW subscription, so that he may finally kick his starcraft habit. The rest i biquith to my family, let them find some use for my junk.

Last Wills & Testaments

Jean Shiao

Upon my departure from the world, I hope it'll be sad enough so that the last thing to come across anyone's mind is what they get. But, on the chance that I actually die, I really have nothing to give away. However, the first person to mention is Diana, because she's my amazing, completely non-sketchy roommate. She can have my laptop, since some people who can remain unnamed kind of destroyed hers by watching some pretty sketchy things. She can also have my white skanky tank tops (kidding) and she can have my band-aids, because she trips over a lot of things and hurts herself at an abnormally fast rate. Inar can have my mirror, because he's so good-looking and should look at himself all the time. He can share it with Sujay or they can take turns. Inar can also have my shampoo because he likes to smell things, and he can have my pillow, because it's really nice and soft. Sujay can have a poster of Jessica Alba that I have (I don't know how I have it) back at home because it'll

make him humble about his own beauty. Harry can have my room key, because he's always in our room (just kidding). Harry can also have my meal card because I drink everything he buys and eats all the food he stocks up on anyway, and he gets my detergent, because his mind is so dirty. Yousef can have all my clothes because they'll remind him of the girls he wishes he could get but can't, despite how absolutely charming and faithful he is. Next, Musleh can have my iPod, because he likes all the avril lavigne and nickelback that I listen to. He can also have my phone, because it pretty much doesn't work and for some reason he thinks that's really cool. Chris can have my earphones, so if anyone ever borrows his, he'll have a spare. Jesper can have Diana, just because. And everybody in my counselor group is also really cool, so they can share any food I have left when I die, because it'll make them feel better when they have some hour-long bedchecks. And Or and the rest of the staff members-they can have my gratitude.

Rohini Shivamoggi

I leave two-minute noodles with very specific directions to Divya Bajekal. I leave a brand-new, no-problems no-concerns laptop and an automatic Italian translator to Mary Davies. I leave three bags of nachos and two bottles of salsa to Elaine Liew.

I leave a pair of beautiful AND comfortable shoes to Anne Wang. I leave lots of ice cream to Jenny Sul. I leave a free procrastination handbook to Janet Song (in hope that she will one day use it). I leave a broomstick to Emily Elhacham so she can balance it on one finger. I leave mountains of Berry Line frozen yogurt to Kristin Cordwell. I leave a shiny blue towel holder to Sarah Shareef.

Rafal Sledziwski

I believe that during RSI summer program it is impossible to die a natural death or to be killed by someone... I believe in this matter especially because I was killed three times and still feel like alive... Diane knows what I am talking about... It is unbelievable, but that is why I do not want to have any Last Will or Testament... It just does not make any sense...

Janet Song

I, Janet Song, do now bequeath my possessions in the case of my unfortunate demise as a Rickoid. To everyone at RSI: a pencil to record the memories To Jenny Sul: my stuffed animals (especially the cats) and an apology for killing you. To Sarah Shareef: hair clips, Emily's jacket, and a dose of decision (to help with college) To Alec Lai: a notebook in which to scribble down Summerbook ideas and a phone with continuous service (for you-know-what) To Anne Wang: my laptop (because you needed one) and my umbrella (in honor of the Fourth) To Emily Elsachem: money to buy a replacement jacket and a lifetime's supply of pizza, cookies, and a fast metabolism To Sarah Don: piano music, CDs, and a ward against arrogant boyfriends To Peter Zhang: Orson Scott Card books (because you were the only person who actually understood my references and was patient enough to listen to them) and a watch to tell you when it's time to go to lectures To Rohini, Mary, and Elaine: plants and dance shoes (in thanks for environmental awareness) To Divya: my sympathy concerning your mentor (I'm glad I didn't get her) To Brent and Seth: Charlie Cards, Bibles, and gift cards to Finagle a Bagel To Or: a lifetime supply of food and backpacks To my counselor group: earplugs and patience And thus do I depart into the afterlife. Amen.

Galan Statev

After Jenny kills me AGAIN, I leave...my football skills to all the Americans because they're very bad; my dance skills to Abdul; my milkshake to Paul; my sneakers to Max because he likes jogging (and death-hickies); my Cliff bar to Cliff; my ties to Yavuz and Burhan; my everlasting service and devotion to Jenny; my questions to Annie so she can smile at them; my ping-pong skills to Adam; my singing skills to Kati; my Starcraft skills to Charles; my geek skills to APK; my comments, complaints and compliments to Or (Annie gets the questions); my writing skills to Andrew; my tishues to Daniel; my ultimate frisbee skills to Keone.

Philip Streich

I bequeath any residual royalties from my graphene coated ping pong ball to Ping pong champion, Sujay and ping pong ball contributor, Nilesh. I also bequeath to all Rickoids past, present, and future a 5% discount impertuity on pure graphene

Jenny (Se-Young) Sul

I, Jenny Sul, being of sound mind and body, hereby bequeath the following items to the following people: To Janet Song: A lifetime supply of Ben & Jerry's, goldfish, jellos and waffles. To Janet Song and Anne Wang: A small portion of my fund for a ticket to Sweden each (so they can spend more time with *HOT* guys). To Alec C. Lai: A helicopter which he can use to visit his girlfriend whenever he wants. To Emily El Hachan: My iPod with all my songs, iPod cable and charger (you can listen to Evanesence and Nightwish as much as you want along with the battery doesn't run out). To Sarah Shareef: My camera so she can make better memories with clearer pictures than blurry ones from her camera. To Sarah Don: A GRAND piano as an encouragement to compose more music. To Peter Zhang: Remodelling of his nervous system with my genes (you're too physically sensitive!). To APK: Pictures of Minerva and Daedalus on my bed and my Tablet PC. To Steve Hershman: Whatever he chooses to have out of whatever valuable he thinks I have left (as a tutor I am giving him this "privilege" and also in gratitude for his moral support).

Amy Tai

Among other nasties I have probably left in my room at RSI, I wish to leave the mountain of empty 3 liter water bottles for future Rickoids. In particular, I would like to point out the sparkling water bottles which might be lingering our room. These shall be given to my roommate, who seems to have developed an affinity for sparkling water as well. I would also like to leave a pair of very tight, skinny jeans for any future MALE Rickoid who wishes to go to the Modern Art Museum. Shall he receive them, these shall be MANDATORY wear during trips to the ICA. I also leave a pair of briefs--- brown, lacy, cheetah print--- for my fellow Rickoids Patricia Li and Noah Arbesfeld. May these come in handy for their future... adventures. Also to Steve, may he be endowed with an endless supply of Toscanini's pints for the remainder of his living days. Finally to Sandy and Mike, I leave my nasty, fly-infested mattress. May it be of use in the very, very near future.

Nilesh Tripuraneni

To Michael Cherkassky: I give you Tom and Barry To Inar: I give you Abdul and Rahman. By the way death is for the weak.

Anne Wang

I, Anne Wang, being of sound mind and body, hereby bequeath the following things to the following people: To my counselor group - a one minute bedcheck To Or - a pint of Ice-cream. To Varoon - world peace and zhi ma ji. To Divya - some tasty apple juice. To Serena - a chopstick brush. To Leo - a lucky backpack. To Rohini - my completed Extended Essay!. To Mary - a Russian Ballet troupe. To Jeanette - a .ppt -> .pdf. To Jenny - a bodyguard (Alex Pettyfer, perhaps?). To Elaine - my iPod penguin. To Jay - a Krazzy Bollywood contract. To Yousef - a creepy eyebrow wave. To Zane - a twinkie named Byron. To Janet - Severus Snape... made of Jell-O. To Alec - my shopping bags (jk) - endless company. To Sarah D. - a life supply of yogurt. To Sarah S. - a stylish lab coat. To Emily - a spatula (for balancing). To Alex - my final paper. To Jia Wei - a C. elegans costume. To Daniel C. - a Superman cape. To Howie - my death. To Diana - a sweet hip-hop hoodie. To Jean - my strappy high heels. To Nitish - some unhealthy exercise. To APK - the secret recordings from behind the door. To Steve - a tossed salad - of favorite tutees. To Daniel V. - a pet C. elegans. To David - a fortune cookie - in Chinese. To Axel - my cautions. To Dimitris - a whistle. To Vikram - a first aid kit (to prevent assassination). To Roy - my bug spray. To Aziz - personal paparazzi. To Dalton - my favorite tennis shoes. To Blake - sheet music for 100 Years. To Max - an untalented show. To Amy - my tennis racket. To Patricia - sunglasses (so people aren't blinded by her awesome cube skills). To Sandy - a naked tennis ball (to match the fuzzy one). To Peter - a teleportation station (straight up to 6-120). To Rafel - a personal jet. To Anna - my silver hoop earrings. To Andrew - my really loud alarm clock.

Daniel Vitek

So in considering what to put in this document, a lot of considerations came into my mind. First of all, what possessions do I think other people will use? What possessions will remind them most of various qualities of me that they know well? Keeping this list in mind, here is a list of belongings of mine that I think other people would appreciate, or at least not burn immediately: 53. To Abdul, my red jogging shirt; To Adam, my brace, to remind him that his leg will heal; To Ahmad, my roommate, my fold-up laundry hamper, since his was large and cumbersome; To Alec, my calendar, so he can organize his harem visits; To Alex, my solution to his algorithm challenge; To Amy T., my lamp, for unknown reasons; To Andrew, a subscription to the Onion; To Anna, my shampoo; To Anne, my flash drive, for unknown reasons; To Axel and Sara S., some of my cookies to fatten them up; To Aziz, my comb, for obvious reasons; To Benno and Dalton, pedometers; To Blake, Christine, Jenny, and Yavuz, sound recording equipment in hopes of modest commercial success; To Bob, Dimitris, Eric, Galin, Miles, Sam, and Tim, one each of my math books as they'll probably use them next year; To Brent, some spare Ping-Pong balls, for obvious reasons; To Bronwyn, a bottle of water, for unknown reasons; To Burhan, a warm handshake and a wide, sincere smile, as that's what I remember him most for; To Chris, my calculator, for unknown reasons; To Daniel C., my laptop, because he's another Daniel; To David L., my Penn State lanyard, in case he loses his other one; To Diana, my fan, for punny reasons; To Divya, a camera, for unknown reasons; To Elaine, Mary, and Rohini, a sincere round of applause for their dancing abilities; To Eli and Emily, my Israeli flag from International Night; To Hao Yi, a Ping-Pong paddle as I took so long to return his; To Harry, my mouthwash, for obvious reasons; To Hashem, a roll of toilet paper, so that he can take care of some of his bull crap; To Inar and Paul L., two bottles of ale; To Janet, my camera, for unknown reasons; To Jay, all of my music files, as he can dance so well; To Jean, my notes on abstract algebra garnered from the book we both have copies of; To Jeanette, all three of my NC ARML shirts so she can regret leaving the state; To Jesper, a pair of sunglasses, to see what he looks like in shades; To Jia Wei, my alarm clock, for unknown reasons; To Joseph, my suit; To Kati, an English dictionary, in hopes that it will further improve her speaking skills, not to slight them in any way; To Kristin and Zane, two bottles of sunscreen, as they'll probably need it at some point in the future; To Lily, a Ping-Pong paddle, for being my doubles partner; To Liu, my empty wallet, in case it brings him luck; To Marianna, my Halliday Resnick Walker physics book, in case she doesn't already have one; To Max R., my encyclopedia of mathematics, as he'll probably need some of it; To Michael N., my other alarm clock, in hopes that he'll sleep more; To Mike C., my muffel bag, so that his small one can be upgraded; To Mike J., my backpack, because it's still full of sand, for punny reasons; To Musleh, my mirror, so he can admire himself; To Nilesh, some weights; To Nitish, a recording of Wagner's Ride of the Valkyries; To Noah, my salmon-orange polo, because it's his favorite color; To Patricia, my D.E. Shaw Rubiks Cube, for teaching me how to solve one (a lesson which I promptly forgot most of); To Peter, extra-high heels for Rocky Horror; To Rafal, my soap; To Rafic, my soccer ball; To Roy, a book of mine of his choice; To Sandy, a microphone, for punny reasons; To Sarah, my periodic table poster and a music theory primer; To Seth, my NSB 2008 shirt, in case he loses his other one; To Stretch, a baseball and some graphene; To Sujay, a stylius and a sushi boat; To Serena, a watermelon, in thanks for learning a basic tai chi maneuver; To Vikram, a song so he can finally dance with a girl; To Varoon, a donation for Darfur; To William, my brown shoes, so he can finally get some closed-toe shoes; To Yousef, another soccer ball; To Annie, another large crossword puzzle; To Christina, the rest of my roll of quarters; To Max U., my sneakers, for going running with me; also copies of my letters because they were really late; To Keone, my National Science Bowl frisbee, so that he has another one; To Or, my watch, in hope of shorter bedchecks; To Paul K., my wireless mouse, because he reminds me of a real one; To apk, copies of my letters, as proof that he doesn't always fail at Perl (or Starcraft); To Dr. Rickert, my basketball; To Amy "The Dragon", a fire extinguisher (not a stolen one); To Cliff, my room key, so that he doesn't have to spot me \$100 for the MIT fee.

Jeanette Wat

I, Jeanette Wat, being of sound mind, do hereby leave cool, sunny days (and not hot, rainy days) in Cambridge to future Rickoids.

William Whitney

Before I depart this RSI summer forever, I hereby will the following: To Michael: Being the first into La Verde's in the morning. To Benno: My thanks for being an agreeable roommate. To Axel: Games of pool that last an hour. To The 7th Lounge Crowd: Spades, naps on the couch, late night games, sunrise... Farewell, RSI, and thanks.

Blake Wilson

To Michael, I leave my key and lanyard so people will hear his stealthy approach. To Andrew, I leave my toothpast, in case his is "stolen" again. To Christine, I leave my Superman pants... well, maybe. To Benno, I leave my seat at the Spades table. To Will, I leave my alarm clock, to wake him up at an obscenely early hour. To Kristen, I leave my limited ticklishness, as she is clearly lacking in that respect. To Seth, I leave BCC is better than Whitman!

Brent Woodhouse

I, Brent A. Woodhouse, bequeath the following to others in RSI who may outlast me in the final trials. To Jia Wei, my awesome roommate, my annoying cross puzzle, may you never solve it, even if you cure cancer. To Keone and my counselor group, thanks for your advice and support, but it just wasn't enough. The hippo lives! To Dimitris, Lilly, and Daniel, my ping-pong paddle (you can fight over it). Together we took on the world. To all remaining math students, my congratulations for avoiding a horrible death by Latex insanity. Beware, for I now have the power to haunt you by slowly revealing errors in your proofs. I, The Testator, sign my name to this instrument this the twenty-second day of July, 2008 and being first duly sworn, do hereby declare to the undersigned authority that I sign and execute this instrument as my free and voluntary act for the purposes therein expressed, and that I am eighteen years of age or older (mentally), of sound mind (for now ...), and under no constraint or undue influence.

Inar Zhang

I hereby bequeath my stunning face, sculpted body, and general masculinity to Dimitri...stop learning math and go forth and frolick with the Mediteranean beezys. I leave Diana a brand new computer and some vaseline... stay away from girls with cups. And Jean, 7 cocktail dresses and that mandarin mango body spray so she can entertain me. Oh, and a rape whistle so she can stave off the 30+ guys macking on her. To the Arabs: I give Hashem a stimulant to speed up his 5-second response time, a 4-D rubik's cube to Yousef, a fresh pair of Air Nikes for Musleh (so he can run from conservative police when he gets 'e). A sports illustrated swimsuit calender for Rafic, and body-sized bubble wrap for Abdul... godspeed. To Mike Jin, some KY Jelly and my everlasting love. A lifetime supply of dirty taquerias to Cherk. Raw eggs and protein shakes for Tom and Barry. My virginity and high school musical library to Style. My phone number to Jesper... I'll be macking on your cousins even if I'm dead. Some ethanol and paper towels to Harry... it'll only scratch the surface of your dirtiness. A custom key to the utilities closet for Streich. And last but not least, a letter of consent so Steve can keep his job, even while he's toasted.

Peter Zhang

1. To APK, I leave Serena's D.E. Shaws shirt which I have yet to return. I pray he finds something sufficiently sketchy to do with it. 2. To Jenny Sul, I leave my almost full bottle of Tylenol PM, as she has probably developed insomnia, and my sensitivity to poking, so that she may suffer my eternal curse. 3. To Eli, I leave my sarcasm and cynicism. He clearly does not need any more of these two qualities but will probably be amused and find some negative pithy comment to make about them. 4. To Nitish, I leave my bootlegged copy of starcraft from China. He isn't skilled enough to use a real copy. 5. To Eric, I leave all my Latex problems. Stand back, he knows regular expressions. (refer to xkcd). 6. To Tim, I leave my chinese skills. He has yet to learn more than 5 phrases despite my teaching. 7. To Varoon, I leave my Zhi ma Ji (Sesame Chicken). My mom is off limits though. 8. To Annie, I leave my physical therapist to correct her inability to stay off her toes for more than 2 seconds, "food and affection," all the photographic evidence (refer to the article "Annie"), sugar, spice, and something nice. 9. To Bob, NOTHING! 10. To Paul Lee, I leave salve for the sunburn and the daily floggings (see "whipped like the family pig"). 11. To Sam, I leave my self-censoring software for the newly learned english swears. 12. To Adam, I leave my table tennis skills, because he loves the game. 13. To Dimitris, I leave my stupidity, because he needs it more than I do. 14. To Alec, I leave the sentiment that his sister is awesome, and my copy of "How to Become a Pimp for Dummies." Maybe some advertising space to get a client base. 15. To Sarah Shareef, good vegetarian food which MIT apparently fails to provide. 16. To Noah Arbesfeld, I leave some self-tanner, so that no one else will be scarred after seeing his veins through his translucent skin. 17. To Alan Gilmore, I leave my second mini-paper, which I have yet to turn in yet. 18. To Anne, I leave my slits (I use them when I'm trying to impress). 19. To Serena, I leave a replacement shirt. 20. To Leo, I leave my table tennis rackets. 21. To Diana, I leave my fairy tale, a cell phone, and some elevator music. 22. To Jay, I leave some brain cells to replace the ones lost during a certain collision between his head and an air conditioner. 23. To Nilesh, I leave 10 kilos of protein powder, and some HGH for emergencies if Tom and Barry become couch potatoes. 24. To Jean, my ability to speak in a loud voice at the wrong times, and hopefully at the right time as well. 25. To Vikram, the masculinity he has lost after getting so comfortable in the girls' clothing. (I'm a coward. Only real men wear women's clothing. Especially underwear.) 26. To Yavuz, I leave my collection of 50 state quarters. 27. To Miles, I leave a new set of clothes, and a stylist. 28. To Inar, I leave what little singing ability I have. 29. To Elaine, I leave my apparent insanity/"funinness". Oh, and my number. That dance was enough for me to reverse societal gender roles. (JK) 30. To Patricia, I leave several table tennis smashes to the face. 31. To Amy Tai, I leave a matching top. Noah bought it. 32. To Christine Ashton, I leave an inflatable bed, two body guards (RSI affiliated, of course), and some duct tape for those who talk too much. I will refrain from specifying why; I appreciate the fact that this can be interpreted in multiple ways. 33. To Galin, I leave an AK-47 and a team of soldiers to command. 34. To Or, I leave some compliments, comments, questions, and complaints. 35. To Cliff Bowman and Amy Szczepanski, I leave a therapist to deal with all the issues that arise from living with high schoolers for 6 weeks. Also eternal gratitude for running RSI. 36. To Charles, I leave my pet zergling. 37. To Janet Song, I leave my copy of "I am a Strange Loop." 38. To Zane, I leave my copy of "Algebra" by Artin. I will leave the little bit of chinesisness that has not yet been bleached away. 39. To Marianna, I leave what little part of Paul's brain that has not yet been brainwashed, and an gps tracking device. Oh, and a few pokes in the side for good measure. 40. To Daniel Vitek, I leave a special package. You know what it is. 41. To Janet Song, I leave nothing. Maybe some coal. I don't own a comb. 42. To everyone else, I leave my everlasting love and devotion, a teary farewell, and hope for the future (specifically future meetings, unless you dislike me that much).

RSI 2008 Superlatives

Most Likely To...

Be President

Seth Gordon
Lily Hsiang

Win a Fields Medal

Eric Larson
Patricia Li

Become a Nobel Laureate

Phillip Streich
Sarah Shareef

Question a Nobel Laureate

Daniel Vitek
Bronwyn Cockburn

Make a million dollars

Phillip Streich
Sarah Shareef

Play at Carnegie Hall

Mike Jin
Janet Song

Become famous

Aziz Al-Kattan
Patricia Li

Become infamous

Harry Richman
Bronwyn Cockburn

Shut up

Bob (Hyun-Sub) Hwang
Jean Shiao

Not shut up

Andrew Hyer
Bronwyn Cockburn

Marry a computer

Alex Sharp
Patricia Li

Have a one-night stand with a computer

Alex Sharp
Amy Tai

Meet future spouse in outerspace

Miles Edwards
Mary Davies

Meet future spouse on the Internet

William Whitney
Bronwyn Cockburn

Become a lawyer

Andrew Hyer
Lily Hsiang

Become a doctor

Michael Newman
Janet Song

Succeed in business

Phillip Streich
Sarah Shareef

Flirt with a counselor

Yousef Khalaf
Christine Ashton

Flirt with a tutor

Musleh Al-Zahrani
Christine Ashton

Marry the RSI Director

Phillip Streich
Anne Wang

Get mail

Dalton Hubble
Anna Kornakiewicz

Become a nun or a priest

Brent Woodhouse
Janet Song

Seduce a nun or a priest

Aziz Al-Kattan
Christine Ashton

Become a talk show host

Michael Cherkassky
Sarah Don

Be arrested

Michael Cherkassky
Diana Cai

Be committed

Harry Richman
Diana Cai

Fall asleep during lecture

Hashem Al-Mahmoud
Bronwyn Cockburn

Not go to lecture

Jesper Jacobsen
Patricia Li

Wear a T-shirt to formal lecture

Adam Sealfon
Patricia Li

Wear formal wear to a casual lecture

Miles Edwards
Rohini Shivamoggi

Be late

Rafic Itani
Diana Cai

Be early

Miles Edwards
Sarah Don

Not come to Bedcheck

Jesper Jacobson
Bronwyn Cockburn

Star on Broadway

Adam Sealfon
Jenny Sul

Bomb on Broadway

Inar Zhang
Diana Cai

Be the next Cliff

Seth Gordon
Divya Bajekal

Be the next Amy

Axel Hansen
Anne Wang

Be the next Jenny

Brent Woodhouse
Katrina Evtimova

Be the next Dr. Rickert

Joseph Dexter
Kristin Cordwell

Succeed without trying

Abdul Al-Ballaa
Lily Hsiang

Become a bum

Chris Olund
Bronwyn Cockburn

Pose for playboy/playgirl

Aziz Al-Kattan
Patricia Li

Get married

Mike Jin
Sandy Huang

Get divorced

Paul Lee
Marianna Mao

Marry an 08 Rickoid

Inar Zhang
Lily Hsiang

Hook up with someone from MITES

Adul Al-Ballaa
Patricia Li

Hook up with someone from WTP

Michael Newman
Amy Tai

Die of RSI (Repetitive Stress Injury)

William Whitney
Jenny Sul

Solicit sex via zrsi

Alex Sharp
Patricia Li

Get males

Aziz Al-Kattan
Jean Shiao

Get females

Alec Lai
Jean Shiao

Get locked out

Daniel Vitek
Bronwyn Cockburn

Become a counselor

Noah Arbesfeld
Kristin Cordwell

Be a Nobody

William Whitney
Rohini Shivamoggi

Be a Nobody for the sole purpose of picking up Rickoids

Inar Zhang
Patricia Li

Work at lab too much and miss lecture

Varoon Bashyakarla
Lily Hsiang

Go to CalTech

Eric Larson
Marianna Mao

Go to Harvard

Daniel Vitek
Jeanette Wat

Go to MIT

Noah Arbesfeld
Mary Davies

Go to Stanford

Axel Hansen
Amy Tai

Go to Princeton

Seth Gordon
Anne Wang

Slip into a coma from sleep deprivation

Michael Newman
Jenny Sul

Slip into a coma from too much sleep

Tim Lyoo
Amy Tai

Have a nervous breakdown

Hao Yi Ong
Bronwyn Cockburn

Cause a nervous breakdown

Eric Larson
Christine Ashton

Get mugged

Hashem Al-Mahmoud
Lily Hsiang

Have a hidden talent

Abdul Al-Ballaa
Sarah Shareef

Have no talent

Hashem Al-Mahmoud
Bronwyn Cockburn

Be a specimen for scientific research

Sujay Tyle
Christine Ashton

Become addicted to video games

David Levonian
Christine Ashton

To work hard

Phillip Streich
Serena Zhang

To hardly work

Nilesh Tripuraneni
Patricia Li

Become a hermit

Chris Olund
Bronwyn Cockburn

Become immortal

Bob Hwang
Amy Tai

Win a Darwin Award

Daniel Vittek
Bronwyn Cockburn

"Accidentally"lose the toothpick in the Wacky Olympics Lifesaver game

Inar Zhang
Christine Ashton

Start a game of Ultimate

William Whitney
Diana Cai

Start a game of soccer

Yousef Khalaf
Diana Cai

Capture the Flag

Seth Gordon
Emily Elhacham

Dominate the foosball table

Tim Lyoo
Elaine Liew

Play pool

Max Rabinovich
Marianna Mao

Injure him/herself

Jay Patel
Marianna Mao

Injure others

Blake Wilson
Patricia Li

Start a fan club

Aziz Al-Kattan
Patricia Li

Have his/her own fan club

Inar Zhang
Sarah Shareef

Be voted man/woman of the year

Noah Arbesfeld
Jean Shiao

Go topless

Inar Zhang
Christine Ashton

Most willing to lose purity points

Michael Newman
Patricia Li

Least purity points left to lose

Harry Richman
Christine Ashton

Most purity points lost at RSI

Michael Newman
Marianna Mao

Cleanest room

Varoon Bashyakarla
Lily Hsiang and Jeanette Wat

Coollest room

Musleh Al-Zahrani
Amy Tai

Messiest room

Alex Sharp
Marianna Mao

Sketchiest

Harry Richman
Patricia Li

Most sincere

Seth Gordon
Janet Song

Most anal-retentive

Eli Putterman
Amy Tai

Best looking

Jesper Jacobsen
Sarah Shareef

Best eyes

Aziz Al-Kattan
Kristin Cordwell

Best smile

Dimitris Papadimitriou
Serena Zhang

Best figure

Mike Jin
Sandy Huang

Best dressed

Joseph Dexter
Jenny Sul

Best undressed

Inar Zhang
Jean Shiao

Best hair

Aziz Al-Kattan
Serena Zhang

Best sense of humor

Michael Newman
Patricia Li

Best accent

Rajarshi Roy
Sarah Don

Best name

Benno Mirabelli
Divya Bajekal

Best dancer

Jay Patel
Lily Hsiang

Best prankster

Inar Zhang
Diana Cai

Best laugh

Max Rabinovich
Sandy Huang

Cutest couple

Inar Zhang and Mike Jin and Sandy Huang

Most platonic couple

Rafal Sledziewski and Anna Kornakiewicz

Most non-platonic couple

Paul Lee and Marianna Mao

Best non-couple couple

Alec Lai and Sarah Don

Best still-not-formed couple

Zane Li and Serena Zhang

Most unlikely couple

Noah Arbesfeld and Lily Hsiang

Owner of bed least slept in

Paul Lee
Jenny Sul

Owner of bed most slept in

Mike Jin
Marianna Mao

Biggest gossip

Aziz Al-Kattan
Kristin Cordwell and Lily Hsiang

Best matchmaker

Alec Lai
Jean Shiao

Most photogenic

Inar Zhang
Sarah Don

Biggest flirt

Harry Richman
Christine Ashton

Most likely to have hooked up even though they pretended not to

Benno Mirabelli and Christine Ashton
Inar Zhang and Mike Jin

Most likely to hook up with other

Rickoids in college
Benno Mirabelli

Diana Cai

Best cross-dresser

Harry Richman
Diana Cai

Become a boy-band member

Aziz Al-Kattan
Diana Cai

Most likely

Aziz Al-Kattan
Patricia Li

Least likely

Chris Olund
Emily Elhacham

To get upset if he/she does not get a

superlative

Aziz Al-Kattan, Marianna Mao



LIFE AFTER RSI...

v1.0 by Ben Rahn '94 and Justin Bernold '89; v2.0 by Luyi Zhao '05 and Quentin Smith '05

POST-MIT CONTACT WITH RSI: They can take you out of Simmons, but they can't take you out of our hearts. Here's how to stay in touch with everybody and how to keep in touch with all of your files when you need them:

ATHENA (AND OF COURSE ZEPHYRS) AT HOME!: You will have to use an SSH (secure) client to connect to Athena (see each operating system's section for more details). Through an SSH session you can access all your files and spam zrsi once more ;). Linux users just need to remember: **athena.dialup.mit.edu**

WINDOWS USERS: If you're a Windows user, you can get Putty, a free SSH client, from <http://www.chiark.greenend.org.uk/~sgtatham/putty/download.html>. Then connect to **athena.dialup.mit.edu** and you're in! However, even though you're connected to Athena everything will be text-only and zephyrs will be crammed in your terminal. To have a more complete Athena experience you must enable X11 windowing by following these instructions:

- 1.) Download X-Win32 from <http://web.mit.edu/software/win.html>. (see last section on how to obtain MIT software)
- 2.) Install and launch X-Win32. The first time it's launched it will ask for a validation number (aka license key) which can be found at <https://web.mit.edu/software/mit/win/xwin32readme.txt>.
- 3.) Once X-Win32 is up and running (it should appear as a system tray icon), create a new putty session. Type in **athena.dialup.mit.edu** as your hostname and then go to the "X11" category on the left of the putty window and check the "Enable X11 forwarding" box. Now go back to the "Saved Sessions" category and in the Saved Sessions box type in a name for this session and hit save.
- 4.) Load and open your new session you just created to connect to Athena.

MAC USERS: Mac OS X already has a built-in SSH client so just go to **/Applications/Utilities/**, open a terminal, and type: **ssh athena.dialup.mit.edu** to connect to Athena. Even though you're connected to Athena, everything will be text-only and zephyrs will be crammed in your terminal. To have a more complete Athena experience you must install X11 by following these instructions:

- 1) *Tiger users:* If your machine came with OS X, there is probably an installer for X11 sitting in **/Applications/Installers/**. If you installed or upgraded OS X on your machine, you can get X11 by reinserting your install DVD. *Panther users* (Panther only, not Tiger!) can download X11 from www.apple.com/downloads/macosx/apple_x11formacosx.html.
- 2) After installing X11, it should be in **/Applications/Utilities**. Now launch X11.
- 3) Open up a terminal and type: **ssh -Y yourusername@x.dialup.mit.edu**
(If you have problems with that command try: **ssh -X yourusername@x.dialup.mit.edu**)

LINUX USERS: All you need to know: **ssh -X athena.dialup.mit.edu**

NOTE FOR ALL: In case you can't get any ssh-client to work and have java on your web browser, you can always connect via <http://athena.dialup.mit.edu>.

EMAIL: If you don't have a non-MIT email account you're encouraged to make one :)!

TO FORWARD YOUR MIT MAIL TO ANOTHER E-MAIL ACCOUNT:

Type: **athena% chpobox -s <your new address>**

For example, Ben Rahn would type: **athena% chpobox -s brahn@post.harvard.edu**

But if Ben Rahn also wanted to have a copy of his forwarded mail saved in his MIT account then he would type: **athena% chpobox -S brahn@post.harvard.edu**

INTEL/SIEMENS/ETC. ALUMREADER PROGRAM: Since by now you've all signed up for an account at <http://www.rsiaa.org>, you can expect to receive information regarding these programs and other ways in which alums can help you out. Please make the most of the resources the alumni network has to offer! The devotion of the alums doesn't end after you turn in your final drafts. And after all, (Vito Corleone voice) someday, we may ask you for a favor :-).

CONTINUING WORK ON YOUR PAPERS: and getting other files from your athena account can easily be done by connecting to Athena and emailing the files to yourself (Use **athena% pine** if you're emailing from an SSH session). Or use any ftp client and connect to **ftp.mit.edu** to easily access and obtain your files. Good free ftp clients include Fetch (<http://fetchsoftworks.com/>) for Mac and SecureFX which you can obtain for free from <http://web.mit.edu/software/win.html> (see last section for more details).

SOFTWARE: You can download free useful software from <http://web.mit.edu/software/index.html> as long as you have an MIT certificate. To get MIT certificates for your home computer go to <https://ca2.mit.edu/cgi-bin/ca>. You'll need your Kerberos name (user name), password, and MIT ID number. If you don't know your MIT ID number log in to Athena and type the following to find it: **athena% stanley yourusername**.

Oh, and remember to catch up on your SLEEP! ;)