I sit in my room, staring at the computer screen. The word document I'm working on is blank. I can't think of anything to write. An essay on what robotics means to you? So much to say, yet so hard to express in words.

I start daydreaming. I remember building a robot you thought capable of everything, until you see a video showing a robot that could do more. Seeing how other teams are ahead of you, and then doing whatever you can to top their machines. Watching from up in the stands as your team plays, praying that your synopsis of your alliance and opponents is accurate. Always trying to do more.

I start thinking beyond competitions. Every Monday to Friday, congregating to tinker and ponder and innovate and fool around. Gathering during holidays to prepare for competitions. Playing soccer after a hard day's work, and seeing the senior who's never touched a soccer ball scoring a shot completely by accident. Gathering around the robot and giving suggestions for improvement, despite not being in the same team. Watching your innovations work, and then using that innovation against other teams in competitions.

What does robotics mean to me? So many things. I value the experiences, the friendships, the laughter, the challenge. Yet it is obviously so much more than just such.

Robotics is an identity.

Snapping out of my reverie, I begin to write.