

An excerpt from Emily Robertson's personal diary,

## Prologue/Foreword:

Emily Robertson is a misunderstood genius. I mean seriously, she has an IQ of 163. That's higher than Einstein's for crying out loud! But no one appreciates her for it. Everyone makes fun of her simply because she's a genius. That's all she really wants. To be loved by her parents for who she is. That's right. Her parents wanted an average normal child who does average normal things. **Not** a genius. Unfortunately, due to pesky rules, they can't just let Emily skip directly to college. Her parents love her and want her to succeed just like any other parent, but they also want her to have a normal life. I mean come on, who wants to work as a Disney Imagineer for their their **seventh birthday**. She thinks that she could revolutionize the Disney parks. And with her IQ, I don't doubt her. But other than that, she's a normal 13-year-old girl, and her only hope in the world is to be accepted by society for who she is. Well, that and cure cancer. She sees it as the world's worst problem. After that, she says that she'll tackle global warming. Ambitious, am I right? Not to her. In her brilliant mind, she thinks that the only way to get her parents to appreciate her for the person she is is to impress them. Not with a spectacular feat of engineering, but by showing her parents that she can be normal. Well, as normal as she can be.

-Jonah Makenin, Engineering Professor

August 24, 2015; 8:36 A.M.

“Wow. This school is... awful. I mean, come on. Who engineered this, a five-year-old? I could do better.”

*Mental Note- make blueprints to improve the school's structural integrity in Engineering class.*

Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Emily Robertson. I am a student at The Einstein School for the Extremely Gifted. I want to cure cancer before I'm eighteen. That's the whole reason my whole family picked up and moved our whole lives to San Francisco, California. I love it here. But this school works with hospitals around the world to use samples of real diseases so students like me can make cures. I already have an idea, but I needed to be able to test it. So we came here. I have all of the resources I need to finally cure cancer. I think I will be an Imagineer when I grow up. I know it's random, but it's true, at least.

*Mental Note- Don't just randomly jump from subject to subject. Average-intelligence people think it's weird.*

Well, I need to go to class now. I will enter more later.

August 24, 2015; 6:25 P.M.