EARL E. BIRD

MARCH 21, 2016
SETH G.
My name is Earl E. Bird. My parents named me that because I was born two weeks before I was expected to be delivered. I went without a name for three months because my parents kept arguing about what my name should be. They finally decided on Earl E. Bird because my dad had always wanted my name to be Earl and my mom had wanted it to be Robin. So they compromised with Earl E. Bird. Both of my parents were stand up comedians so I grew up with everything being turned into a joke or a funny story and lots of laughs.

When I was just three years old my parents and I went to a chemistry shop looking for some props for their newest skit. I was amazed at all the poisons and chemicals in the shop. From that point on I made it my duty to practice chemistry everyday. My parents thought it was funny that I wanted to be a chemist, joking I should never read a book on helium because I might never be able to put it down. Mostly in my early years of chemistry I just created gooey green globs that would get stuck in everyone’s hair including our Persian cat, Foofu, which I named myself. The first time goo got stuck in Foofu’s hair she did not appear again until three months later. By the time Foofu reemerged I was on to making exploding ravioli.

When I started Knickerbocker Elementary School, I only paid real attention to the science classes and ignored all the other assignments my teachers gave me. I got Fs in everything except a B- in Science. That was second grade. In third grade I started dance. As you can probably guess I got a D+ in that. I started to do more of my homework and raised my grades up a little. I have saved one of my rotten report cards from third grade for you.

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Parent signature: __________________________________________

I switched schools in 4th grade to the coolest school in the universe. I knew it as soon as I saw the name on the side of the building, “The Cool Elementary School.” In science, instead of boring labs with worms and frogs, we made exploding volcanoes with only two ingredients, elephant’s toothpaste, and disappearing ink. After two years of that, I had made the final decision, nobody could change my mind, and I would become a chemist. No knowing whether I would be a great one.

I continued my exciting exploration of chemistry at Bowsover High School, learning how to use different chemicals to get different results, the names of all the elements, and how to create new concoctions. Outside of chemistry, my favorite courses turned out to be math and Latin. By this time I knew the importance of good grades, and got A’s in all of my classes. I visited my parents whenever possible, and always told them I still hadn’t picked up a book on helium, even when we were told
to do a project on that element. Out of all my years of education, I treasure my years at Bowsover the most.

Following high school I obtained degrees in chemistry and mathematics from Dottingham University. Then it was off to Gullville University for my master’s and doctorate in chemistry. The subject for my doctoral thesis was “The Use of Chemical Formulas in Creating Particular Species Poisons.” I chose this area of research because I had always been troubled since I was a kid by how the poisons we put out to take care of rat and mouse infestations could accidentally kill dogs or cats. So I wanted to create a poison that could be specifically for rats and wouldn’t harm my cute little Foofu. Following successful completion and publication of my thesis, I began my job search. Two weeks later as I harvested rutabaga from my vegetable garden I heard the fanfare of my phone from inside the house. When I went to answer it, an unfamiliar number popped up on the screen. (101)263-1157. It turned out to be an amazing offer from a Dr. Storbeck, who was willing to privately fly me out to his laboratory for a tour and job interview. If I had known that the offer would lead to my death would I still have accepted it? I don’t know.