



Jimbo Bobby Tree Digest

Newsletter 42

Starring Hugh Jackman and Emma Stone



by [Kelly Leiby](#) on June 10, 2025

I wanted to do a gag of Movie 42, but then when making the cover photo I realized it is in fact Movie 43 I was trying to parody. Not 42. But uh, I will forget about this plan by the time I write Newsletter 43, so I'm doing it now with Newsletter 42. If you've never seen Movie 43, I can't say I'd recommend it. Sure it's got some funny parts, and I suppose some storytelling merit, but overall very strange. My thought process is always: "Well it has an all-star cast so it must have something good going on, right?" Well, uh, yeah, I guess. That doesn't mean it isn't a really weird movie though. I learned about it from seeing clips on YouTube shorts (embarrassing, ik) that were funny, so I decided to watch the whole thing. And somehow Hugh Jackman with a chin full of balls within the first few minutes wasn't off-putting enough to stop me from watching the whole thing. My goal for this Newsletter is that it is less off-putting than the movie :) Let's hope I can accomplish my goal!

THIS WEEK'S
TOP STORIES



OMG Another Crisis?

This is unironically the most journaling I do these days...

This year, I did something different. I did NOT write this newsletter during my final exam study break. I would have, if it were not for the fact that I had something else to distract me and waste my time doing. I was instead planning a two-week vacation in the Alps. A vacation that was only two weeks away at the time. Hehe. Cheers to last-minute planning! So, since this isn't being written during my most emotionally tumultuous time of the year, I'll try to keep it a little less existential. JK! I just realized I'm gonna be a senior! PSYCH! YOU THOUGHT I WAS GONNA MAKE IT THROUGH A COLLEGE NEWSLETTER WITHOUT A MAJOR FREAK OUT! (I actually don't think you thought that. I feel like the expectation (though nonexistent) would be very low.)

Lemme walk you through this: for three years now I have been making this glorious plan! The plan of all plans! I made it to Cornell (yay!) (catch me reminding you every five seconds that I go to Cornell! Andy Bernard anyone?). That was step one. Step two: I meticulously craft my class schedule to a) complete all 10 distribution requirements with 8 classes, b) complete all of my major requirements except for Applications of Quantum Mechanics, and c) complete all of the CS M.Eng. pre-requisite courses ALL by the end of my junior year. Sounds easy right? Well, not when the universe is working against me and I can't enroll in the courses I need, nor when the department heads revoke the classes I finally DO enroll in as counting as alternatives to the requirements! *SIGH*

BUT THEN, after several emails, careful schedule fuckery, and lots of complaints and prayers, it all works out and I can proceed with the plan. Step three: apply to the Cornell CS M.Eng program as an early admit student. Done. Check. One winter break of personal statements and personal missions and extraneous essays later. Step four: Pre-enroll in half M.Eng courses (in case I get into the program) and half fun courses (in case I get to enjoy my last semester as a senior). Status: Incomplete. Lol. I'm still only enrolled in 8 credits. Fuck the registrar (but DON'T fuck the registrar). But I could do step five anyways: apply to graduate early, get approved, fill out parts I and II of the application to graduate. By golly,

I'm officially graduating December 2025. I no longer have to tell people "I'm planning on graduating early". It's there in the ink!

Step six: wait for a gosh darn acceptance or rejection from the M.Eng program.

Step six status: I'M IN!!!!

A three year plan, perfectly executed! With several inconvenient hiccups and bullshittery along the way. But It's official now. Physics B.A. Fall '25, CS M.Eng. Spring '26! Dual degree baby!!! MILKING THIS INSTITUTION OF ITS KNOWLEDGE!!!!

Anyways, enough rambling. My point is, I tried my best to speed run this process, and now here I sit about to enter my last year of my undergrad--ney, the last semester of my undergrad, and I am faced with the harsh reality. It says it in my Distributed Undergraduate Student Tracking report. I am four credits--one class--away from graduating. I am a senior. And writing that literally gave me goosebumps.

I know I make some comment about the passage of time in every newsletter now, but that's all life really is. A passage. And re-reading my comments after high-school graduation feels familiar again. Watching the timer tick down. As I write this, these are the current stats:



What I didn't realize is that those numbers would be wrong. For some of us '22ers, college graduation has already passed. That number should be zero. I didn't know I'd be graduating early. But at least I'll be there the full last year for the master's degree, so really not much is changing for me. Except it feels like it is.

It was hard to say goodbye to the class above me this past semester. And I can't imagine what the goodbyes will be like 349 days from now. It's so strange. This whole cycle. Like I know it's the circle of life or whatever, you go from being the top dog in 8th grade, back to runts as high school freshmen. Then eventually back to the top of the food chain as a high school senior, only to pack up everything and enter a completely new world as a very small fish in what can be a very scary pond. So when I get scared, thinking about what's next, it's not far from what we've already done. The cycle continues. But it feels so different this time.

It's crazy that after only three years, I can't picture my life without the college friends I've made. I feel as attached to these people as I felt with the friends I had from elementary

school up to 2022 graduation. That has to say something about the human bonding experience. I'm not sure what exactly... and there's a class here I could take on that... but regardless. It says something. Maybe it's all just trauma bonding, who knows.

I've cried with these people. I've had mental breakdowns in cardboard boxes with these people. I've had rooftop conversations with these people till so early in the morning that my hausmates unknowingly locked me out. I've confided in these people. I've lost all my hope in front of these people. I've given up in front of these people. I've attended funerals with these people. I've loved these people.

But I've laughed with them. I sang with them. I screamed and hooted and hollered with them. I've hugged them, I've kissed them, I've been so incredibly cared for by them. I've danced with them, sledded down slopes with them, made snowmen with them, played games with them, baked really fucking good food with them, watched movies with them, had picnics with them, ran across highways with them, gone on hikes with them, roadtrips and vacations with them, shared music with them, PLAYED music with them, gone swimming with them, adventuring with them, and I've been so incredibly absolutely terrifically loved by them.

I guess college is weird like that. I was forced into character development. Still the same me though ;) but still *different* somehow. I guess I've grown. I've had to have, because I feel much more stable now. I processed some serious things that needed processing, re-evaluated some past relationships and situations that really required better perspectives, and I've learned about myself, my needs, and my standards. I think I've matured in that sense. Now capable of having healthy relationships with boundaries! **ooh, aahh**

But no amount of personal development stops the shit from piling up anyways. Each semester is a different battle. First it was the adjustment, then it was re-adjusting to the adjustment and falling for unhealthy relationships, then navigating harder classes with additional personal conflict, then struggling to respect my needs and recognize my worth while the classes get worse and the unresolved emotional turmoil began, then absolute academic hell while emotional turmoil completely bubbled over until I was forced to come to terms with the past and finally process the shit I never processed. Then, it was the head slamming against a wall, and I couldn't settle in, I couldn't get a win, I was going and going and going, and not getting anywhere, and I needed to be reminded of what it was all for.

So yeah, each semester is a different battle. And no matter how much "personal growth" I make, it won't make it easier. Because the days when it sucks, it will still really fucking suck. But right now, I'm good. It did in fact all work out. But it's always really fucking hard to be banging your head against a wall and truly believe that IT WILL WORK OUT! I know, because I was there a lot this semester. I knew it would work out. I did, and I still do. I just didn't want to have to wait around for it to finally do so. I'm an impatient person. And there

comes a point where I don't just want to believe it will get better, but I need it to ACTUALLY get better. But I'm there now, currently, in this very moment.

I'm writing this newsletter from my student apartment in Leipzig, Germany as I watch the clock thinking it's time for me to go to bed so I can wake up tomorrow morning to do research at the University on the fundamental physics of 2D superconductors using NMR spectroscopy. This was the dream. And I'm here. Writing that also just gave me goosebumps. I got my win. I did. But soon enough, I will be back to running at walls, throwing spaghetti and seeing if it sticks, or whatever the saying is.

Because now is THE summer. THE summer to figure it all out. Can I spend another 4+/- years doing a PhD? Can I live abroad for YEARS rather than months? I don't see my family that much anymore, and that's starting to become harder. Only 3 days across a 9 month span isn't much time at all. I've already gotten to the point where it's just holidays more or less. And even some of those I skip out on. Do I want to make money? Or do I want to be in the environment that I love so much, with people who are just so terrific, doing research that is just so fucking cool!!! But would that mean that I don't get to see my loved ones, and have to fight time zones just to talk to them?

Yeah yeah, growing up is hard and all. Decisions are hard to make, especially when you don't know what decisions are the right ones. Even more so when you don't even know your own reasons behind the decisions or if you're doing any of it for the right reasons.

Anyways. I'm taking this opportunity now to share two of my favorite quotes which are located on the respective sticky note apps across my phone and laptop:

...this is the generalized "present." You can't get there, and you didn't come from there. In fact, there's no way you can influence any event in the present (the message would have to travel faster than light); it's a vast expanse of spacetime that is absolutely inaccessible to you.

~ David J. Griffith (Chapter 12. Electrodynamics And Relativity)

We would commiserate with each other about how high school felt like a farce, like a four-year-long audition, and then we would go on to attend Ivies and top state universities and small liberal arts colleges and we would eventually switch our majors to something safe, like economics or computer science. And we would rebel, sure; we would dance on tabletops and kiss the wrong person and backpack through Europe, but inevitably, the intoxicating allure of the corporate world and all of its comforts would yank us back to the paths drawn for us before we were born. And by age thirty, we would make six-figures annually; we would have a mortgage, two-point-one kids, and a nice house in a nice neighborhood, and we would have grown into the boring-ass adults we swore we'd never be.

~ Rona W. in MIT blog "sellout's conundrum"

The first one, oddly enough, is from the textbook of the infamous E&M class from last year. Despite it being an ass class, even the physics literature can still remain beautiful. The second quote is from an MIT blog post I read back when I was obsessed during college admission season. That one, I still hold onto. Idk. Something about it. Not to be like an angsty teen or whatever.

I'm beginning to run out of steam now. I'm sad I can't share any profound philosophical discoveries or self-actualization realizations. But I can't always be expected to have those. This wasn't even much of a crisis after all I suppose. Perhaps all that's necessary is a bit of a talk-it-out. Sure, the future is scary, but what isn't these days? Pfft, the "days till we die from climate change" counter still steadily ticks on.

Maybe I should focus more on that.

CORNY-HELL

I make vlogs now. That's kinda it :)

BVlogs



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