

My name is Daniel Notice, I am eighteen years old, and I live in Missouri. I love to play any sport, and I enjoy fencing, hiking, and making friends. I am going to join a roller hockey group called “The Golden Roller-Canes” when I attend the University of Tulsa. To me, this means I will be playing alongside two other incoming freshmen who I got to know at a recent “Meet-and-Greet” college event. It also means I will get to share my love for inline skating with an entire team of people for the first time. I should be selected as a Flyin Ryan Adventure Scholarship recipient, because my high financial need, character reflecting Ryan Hawks’ principles of living, and my intense passion and ability to pursue my adventure of choice makes me a superb candidate, qualified for this scholarship.

To describe my financial need, would be the word, *Optimistic*. I don’t have enough money to pay my tuition upfront or fully in scholarships, but I do have enough time to apply for scholarship money, during my holiday breaks. I am supported by my mother’s single salary, who teaches 7th grade math in Saint Louis Public Schools. My tuition is \$25,000 per semester, plus summer tuition and book prices. With scholarships, the due is down to the point that I only need \$11,750 in loans to cover the rest of the tuition. I ask for a renewable scholarship of \$1,000 to \$10,000 a semester in order to help pay off the loans being used.

I see myself when reading Ryan’s Core Principles, especially “Be self-sufficient” To me, the Core Principle, “Look out for others” is one of the reasons why I share one of the qualities that represent Ryan’s Spirit, which is “PURSUE ADVENTURE for the RIGHT REASONS”. Although I respect the boldness of a mountain biker riding along the ledge of a mountain cliff, I don’t pursue adventure for the reasons of risking my life. I always have an objective to complete. Just like Roald Amundsen, a famous Norwegian explorer of Polar Regions dubbed “The Last Viking”, who shared Ryan Hawk’s love and passion for skiing. He died in 1928 trying to save the very man who rivaled him, and it shows his incredible character. Regardless of never meeting Amundsen, I always thought of him as a mentor in adventuring. Reading about his life has taught me to explore as long as I impact the world by doing it. For example, if I were to be in a survival situation with a group of people, and nearby was an abandoned facility, I would volunteer to go inside and search for medical supplies.

I am very passionate about adventuring, it warms my heart to see endeavors such as this scholarship promote and encourage the lifestyles of young adventurers. My current adventure is Inline Skating, but the adventure I'm preparing for is Urban Exploration or, "Urbex" for short. I enjoy "fossicking", which is an Australian treasure-hunting term that means "scavenging abandoned areas for items of interest". This is why I want to one day venture throughout abandoned buildings like jails, hospitals, and cathedrals. An abandoned building could house anything from a decorative sword to even paintball equipment. To me, that means I cannot be afraid to descend into the flooded, unlighted basement of an abandoned factory. It also means that when exploring, I have to be on the watch for animals, criminals, and even other adventurers who may be unfriendly or even hostile.

When I inline skated, I liked to go into the rock pits of parking lots to take home rocks large enough to flint-nap into decorative swords. I also skated to small rivers to see if I could gather up a bucket of clay to take home and work with. My parents were often worried about my passion for adventuring far from the house. They feared I will injure myself or incapacitate myself when running from a wild animal. They didn't fully understand why I was compelled to explore, but in a similar sense, neither did I.

The steps I used to take to prepare myself for my adventures usually included a staff or stick for self-defense, skates for transportation, food for when I rest, and sometimes a bag for collecting objects. But after developing a passion for Urban Exploration, I made a suit of bodily protection for when I begin to explore buildings. The suit was called the "Field Armor". It is a dirt bike jacket, clothed with a short house robe, wearing a cotton-padded denim vest. It was completed with hockey gloves, baseball shin guards, knee pads, hockey pants, and a visor bike helmet that I would wear over my face as a protective mask. Ironically, at my age, I didn't expect to be allowed to go on explorations that would require bodily protection. But, it came in handy when I rescued a wild sparrow with a trapped foot, and I needed to avoid getting scratched.

My favorite adventure was also my greatest accomplishment, because it was my first adventure, which was a dream come true for me. The weather that day had near freezing winds, and it was the driest winter day I had ever experienced. My dad drove me out to a nearby park go on an "adventure", which bummed me out because I figured an adventure to him was just

walking on the park trail. I brought along food rations in a messenger bag, and was dressed in a winter snow jacket. He had a stiff knee, so I figured whatever he planned couldn't be that exciting, in terms of an adventure. But I was so wrong, because when we parked, I noticed he had completely ignored the walking trail and faced the side of a forest hill.

The hill was colossal and filled to the brim with dead trees of all sizes. Ahead was a clear path of mud that turned into a thirteen foot slope, steeper than forty-five degrees, and covered head-to-toe in sharp, slippery boulders. I asked what are we going to do, and he said we're going to climb it. I immediately was ecstatic with hyperactive excitement; all I said was, "This is awesome! This is the adventure I have been preparing for!" over and over again. I leaped from boulders to tree branches all the way up the steep slide of mud. Grasping onto the roots of an oak tree on the edge of a small cliff, I pulled myself up onto a flat boulder next to a beautiful two foot waterfall. There I waited for Dad, who surprised me with how well he was able to pull himself up to where I was, despite his bad knee.

When we got to the top, we found an enormous fallen tree that stuck five feet out of the ground. We climbed on top of the fallen tree and sat down to enjoy the food I brought. After getting ready to venture further, one of the lenses of Dad's glasses popped out of its frame due to how cold it was. He actually managed to find the tiny frame screw on the ground, and as he attempted to screw it in after pushing his lens back into the frame, his other lens popped out. We took it as a bad omen and headed to car, using a simpler path down the hill.