



## It's Our Time

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I'm going to start off by debunking a common myth: High school will not be the best four years of your life.

It won't be the best, but it will be the fastest four years of your life.

High school is going to be a small portion of your life where you're going to realize a lot about yourself and about the people around you.

Freshman year, you're going to walk into the halls with a group of friends that will promise to be there "forever." That will slowly change when everyone, including yourself, goes their separate ways in order to find who they're going to be. You'll feel alone, but honestly, you won't be the only one in this position.

That's when the amount of friends you have decreases. Soon, you'll be friends with new people and you'll realize these are the people you'll spend the next four years making memories with. Before you know it, it's sophomore year and you are shocked by how much everything has changed. Independence takes hold of everyone as they take off in their new cars.

Sophomore year flies by and junior year comes quicker than you could ever imagine.

Junior year. The year you take a test that determines your future and when your grades really start to matter. Junior year is really stressful and you'll be relieved when all of the testing is over.

At the end of the year, when the seniors you've grown up with since elementary school start to leave, it will set in to you that at that time next year, it will be you.

And like that, it's the start of senior year.

The year of last. Final memories with everyone you've matured with. This is the year of final realizations.

At this time next fall, you'll be in a completely different place with people you don't know. Surprisingly, you'll be okay with it. You'll realize it's time to move on from the small town you've been stuck in for the last 12 years of your life.

As the number of days until it's all over gets smaller, the more it sets in: you're almost done.

Then, you'll be where I am right now, two and a half weeks away from my final day in Richmond High School.

The feeling of change is setting into my head and I am so nervous, yet excited for what my future holds. In 24 days, I'll be walking across the stage for a piece of paper that I've worked so hard for since I was 14.

I've dreamed of this moment since I was a kid, watching High School Musical. I thought high school was something to fear because of the big bad seniors. Now, I'm one of those big bad seniors and it's nothing like I ever imagined.

Growing up can be very scary. It's scary being able to drive and be independent. It's scary thinking about leaving the nest and not depending on your parents anymore. It's scary having to do everything on your own.

I'm petrified to move on from high school and the small town I've grown to know and love. I'm afraid of where I'll end up, but I know that eventually I'll be exactly where I was meant to be.

I am usually shy, but somehow when others are watching, I am brave. I think I could do a show one day.

It's the end of the year. I feel proud. I made a lot of new friends, many of them upperclassmen. I feel brave. I'm currently in a show at the Aud. I got the lead; I couldn't be happier. I have no doubt the summer will be great.

### Sophomore year

Dear friend,

The summer went by in a breeze, and now I am back, tanned and ready for another year. I spent my summer taking singing lessons so I could audition for the High School show Legally Blonde. I am very excited because this will be my first High School show and I will finally be considered one of them. By one of them I mean a theatre kid.

It is the night before our first performance. What a hectic few months it has been. I never realized theatre could be so time consuming. Sometimes we rehearsed till 8 PM. It certainly occupies all my time. The most fun part is getting to watch the progression, the dwindling process of memorizing lines, constructing the set, and learning the songs and dances. I began to realize that this wasn't just a club. It was a family. I founded all of these people, these people who had a desire to be seen, a desire to be heard, and strung them together in this strange event called a musical. I am just getting the hang of it, but I definitely plan to continue with this.

The show is over and I can take a deep breath. What a rush of adrenaline I get thinking about those last three days. Two sold out shows, a laughing, cheering, supportive crowd, and a cast who has become my closest friends. I am already preparing for the next show.

It is the end of the year, and I am halfway done. I see the faces of so many new friends. I recount the memories of us laughing in gym class as we fumble over our jump ropes, joking around behind the curtains at Yellow

So many people are going to tell you the common phrase, "High school is going to be the best four years of your life."

It's not.

After high school – which I am about to discover – there is so much more to life. I know I said you're going to find yourself in school, but there will always be more to discover about yourself.

You'll meet new people, try new things, and discover new interests. High school is just a small portion of your life. Never get upset if things don't work out exactly how you want them to in high school.

There will ALWAYS be something new in your future.

The best advice I can give is to not lose yourself despite everything people tell you. Stay true to yourself and never give up on the things that really matter.

I want to end this article with thanks.

Thank you to all of my friends who have spent countless hours with me, making memories.

Thank you to my teachers for respecting me and making sure I pass.

I want to thank a specific teacher, Mr. Murphy, for being always being my favorite teacher and being such an influence on my high school experience. I will always remember being a part of the newspaper class and you always making it enjoyable. I have learned some lessons in this class that I will remember for the rest of my life.

Lastly, thank you Richmond High School for being such a big part of my life. You've help me find who I am and find what really matters.

Goodbye to the last 12 years of my life. As one door closes, another one opens.

## The perks of being a High School Student

**By: Cecily McPherson**  
Coordinating Editor

### Freshman Year

Dear friend,

I am writing this to you because they said that High School sucks even more than Middle School. I sure hope not; I had a terrible time in middle school.

It is the beginning of the year and already everything seems different. A lot of people in my grade seem bigger than I remember, but still they fail in comparison to the size of the seniors. They are scary, their bodies are tall and developed. Some of them have facial hair and look like adults. I hope they don't think I'm weird.

I noticed the teachers don't treat us more maturely. They talk to us like we are actual people! I am happy about this. It makes me feel like I am actually important, that I actually could go somewhere after this place.

So far the highlight of high school is my theatre class. It is taught by a man named Mr. Applegate. He is confident and happy. He says funny things that makes the class laugh. In the class, we have to work with all sorts of people. Most of them are older than me. Many of them already know Mr. Applegate from the plays. I went to audition for one of them but I chickened out. What if I didn't get a part?

The class teaches us things like projection and pantomiming. It increases our confidence and improves our memorization. My classmates say I am really good on stage. I like being on stage. I

Boat rehearsal, and crying when it was time to say goodbye to the seniors. I get this weird feeling in my stomach of closure, of change. I'm scared for next year because they say it's the hardest, and I begin worrying about college. Where will I go? How will I afford it? What will happen when all of my friends head in different direction? I may be jumping the gun a little but everyone always tells me I worry too much.

### Junior year

Dear friend,

Something really terrible happened as August was seemingly turning into September. Mr. Applegate announced to the theatre program that he would not be returning. It suddenly seemed like our glass half full had been shattered, spilling all that promising water all over the counter tops. I cried a lot as I came back to school and discovered we would not be doing a fall show. I cried a lot knowing my ACT was coming up and I should be studying. I cried because I felt I lost my family; that all my friends were suddenly disappearing.

I try to do as much as I can. In order to make up for the disappointment in theatre, I go to a lot of the football games. I cheer in the stands and paint my face with my friends. I go to bonfires and laugh. I distract myself by constantly staying busy. I even join a show at the community theatre to try to nestle the hole in my chest.

It's halfway through the year and we are informed about a show that will be happening. It's a mystery. I grow excited again and my hope resurfaces.

This show is not as fun as the others. The seniors argue with and yell at our new director. Their voices are harsh and hopeless. Some of the others assure them that they are being irrational. They think they are invincible. They don't listen to us.

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