

Never again

by *Jake Carlson*

And the classes resume. That is the dreaded sentence which is feared by upper and lower classmen alike. After each home leave, there is always one or two days where everybody feels like they should still be on break. After Christmas, this is exacerbated. After two weeks of freedom, the body and spirit of every student begins to achieve the mindset of summer—the feeling that break will never end and eternal bliss shall commence. Then, suddenly, it's Sunday and Christmas break has slipped away again.

Senior Brandon Rich commented, "I was finally unwinding from a semester of stress when Sunday came and I had to go back." This view is shared by many of the student body with varying degrees of conviction. In fact, some seniors view the passing of Christmas break as slightly sentimental. It marks their last Christmas of high school. Never again will they return to UCA arrayed in a white new year. Never again will they perform in the Fox Theatre. To many seniors, it feels like just a few days ago they were freshmen or sophomores. Time seems to have warped, leaving them years ahead. But at the same time, there is also a sense of excitement. The last Christmas until graduation and freedom has come and gone. Welcome to 2015.

Politeness lives on at UCA

by *Tajhicia West*

Of all the schools I have attended, which, let me say, have been many, I have not seen males be more polite than they are here. It is almost as though they were going to win something by being nice. Sometimes I wonder if they have contests to see who is going to be more polite because there are literally guys holding doors open for lines of people.

I heard someone say that at Walla Walla University the girls look forward to dating past UCA students. I find that pretty admirable. Props to all the polite guys. This society lacks them.



A choice

by *Katie Folkenberg*

"I don't think I've ever been more ready for a break," said many a UCA student in the days leading up to the long-awaited Christmas break. It seemed all that was needed was a time away, and that would wipe away the stresses and concerns of school. The break would make the next month bearable and energy would be rekindled. But within two days of returning, the adrenaline had run out already. How can we do it? Having the energy and positivity to get through is a choice.

You will often hear people repeating the memorized phrase of having a positive attitude. We may hate the thought, but it is true. As maturing human beings, we are continually making decisions. Some are bad and many are wise, and both will present growing opportunities. An ever-present decision that needs to be made is to have the optimism to push through. It doesn't matter how bad a day you are having, a choice can be made to accept, push up a smile, and continue on.

Finding the energy is often the hardest part of this everyday scenario. High school students seem to suffer from the disease of sleep deprivation. Constantly. There is no cure . . . until summer. What can be done? There is someone who has never and will never sleep. That's right, the Big Man upstairs. He's here to listen and to rekindle—to give us "heavenly caffeine" to push us through life's obstacles.

We returned from another overdue break but there is no break from life. What can we do? Choose. Choose to plug through with a smile on your face. When the zygomaticus muscles seem to have failed to function, send up a prayer. God is a reason to smile. We can be vibrant and alive if we but ask and choose. So remember, that attitude you have, it's a choice.

Ice skating

by *Jennifer Pontius*

“Look out!” is a phrase desperately shouted by someone who doesn’t ice skate. “Move out of the way! I don’t know how to turn!” are other phrases you might constantly hear while ice skating next to someone who doesn’t know what they are doing. I was that person on banquet night.

You try to find someone who is as equally skilled as you are and hang on to them so you don’t look completely stupid. There is such a variety of skill: you see people that don’t dare take their hands off the wall, people that almost have the hang of it but feel more comfortable holding someone’s hand, and then the people who just race off doing their own thing. No matter what, there is always more than one person who is in the same boat as you.

I was so scared to go ice skating. The last time I went was when I was nine years old—almost eight year ago! I started to have an anxiety attack and didn’t want to go; I thought it was going to be the most embarrassing experience and a terrible way to end the banquet. As it turned out, it was the best part! I had such a fantastic time, and even though I was hesitant, I am so happy that I went for it!

So don’t be scared. Get out of your comfort zone. You might have the best time of your life.

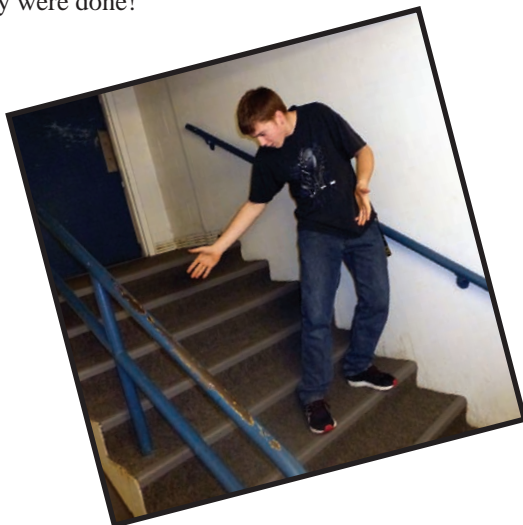
The mystery of the missing carpet

by *Gerald Warusavithane*

Will we ever get carpets on the dorm stairs? That has been the question that has gone around for a while. Many times we have been told that we would get it. The first time was the beginning of the school year. It didn’t happen, so the students just went on their merry way hoping to see it one day. Dustin Stolp says, “We were supposed to get it over Christmas break, but I think it will be laid out and finished over spring break.” Dustin is still hopeful we will be getting the carpet.

On the other end of the spectrum, people such as Justin Bevans say, “I don’t think we will ever get it.” After questioning a few people, the conclusion I come to is that many are not sure we will ever get the carpets. I have done some sleuthing around and discovered we had almost got it done but were stopped by one of the water pipes freezing and flooding the bottom of the stairs.

So it is safe to say that the deans were working on it and kept trying to finish the carpets. In fact, one week after we returned from Christmas vacation, they were done!



The breakdown

by *Darla Morgan*

On the way back from Christmas break, the Portland UCA home-leave bus was making its rounds. Portland, Bend, Yakima, and Toppenish are a few of its usual stops. But on the night of January 4, 2015, the bus stopped at a new location. However, this was not a planned stop.

Most of the student passengers were asleep when the driver pulled off the freeway and on to the Ritzville off ramp. Suddenly, inquisitive chatter filled the bus. The students all had one question in mind: why are we here? The bus driver turned off the engine and announced that the bus was having mechanical issues. He exclaimed that the passengers would need to wait inside the rest stop for a couple of hours until another bus could be sent.

The students remained calm but were less than thrilled that they were now to arrive at UCA close to midnight with school in the morning. The students piled off the bus and cautiously tip-toed across the icy parking lot and went into the rest stop joined with a Carl’s Jr. The rest stop was not a typical gas station because it had interesting things to eat and look at. One student found a pickle being sold in a cup. Another student exclaimed, “Well at least we didn’t break down in the middle of nowhere! This is a pretty cool place to be!”

During the wait, students explored the store, completed last minute homework, and sent S.O.S. text messages to their friends back at school. One student even bought her roommate a late Christmas present at the store. No matter the location, UCA students can always find something to do.

After the two-hour wait, the replacement bus finally arrived and students worked together to transfer the plethora of luggage to the new bus and then boarded to begin the last hour of their trip.

Students and staff had a prayer that the second bus would not have any issues so that they could finally end their long trip back to UCA. The bright side of the story is that the journey became an adventure because everyone made the best of the unfortunate situation. It also reminds us that adventure can be just around the corner, or, in this case, just off the freeway.

The Fox concert

by Asher Siapco

Anyone who has performed in the Fox Concert would agree in describing it as both amazing and a little scary. It's really cool that we are able to perform in such a nice venue and for such a large audience, but at the same time it's that audience that is slightly intimidating. Thankfully, we couldn't really see them all too well, so it was possible to focus more on our music.

Quite a few people I've talked to agree that the concert went surprisingly well. Obviously, we made sure we knew our music, but somehow some of our songs sounded a bit better than we had ever practiced them before.

I think the best part of the night was the look on Mr. Anderson's face when the Choraliers surprised him by singing "Happy Birthday" at the start of one of our pieces.

I'm really happy with how the concert went in the end and I hope all those who participated agree. I thank Mr. Anderson, Mr. Kravig, and all the music teachers for leading us in the preparation for this amazing opportunity, and I look forward to next year's Fox Concert.





Wasting less

by *Mason Parks*

Recently, the windows of the UCA café were decorated with many statistics. These numbers represented how much food we waste and were part of a fundraiser to help local people in need. The café planned to donate the money saved from not wasting food.

Some students expressed their doubts about the fundraiser. Some felt it condoned over eating. "I feel it encourages obesity," said Coleman Dietrich. While this is a legitimate concern, the solution to the problem would be not stacking plates so high with food. Other students wondered how much money the fundraiser would actually make for the hungry.

During the fundraiser, students lowered the per meal average waste from 11.76 pounds to 8.5 pounds--about 50 ounces. At the rate of 28 cents per ounce, an average of \$14 was raised at each meal. The goal is to have zero waste.

The fact of matter is this: without student cooperation all school projects do not go very far. Students must be willing to participate. For this project it was easy to make a difference simply by eating everything on our plates. But we still wasted over 8 pounds of food per meal.

What did Della wear?

by *Morgan Stanyer*

New Jersey. Most people would say it is a state in the Northeastern and Middle Atlantic regions of the United States. To a UCA basketball player, however, New Jersey means something completely different. The time finally came when the varsity basketball teams received new uniforms. No longer would they play with duplicate numbers, mismatched sizes, and numbers completely falling off. This was great news for the athletes who wear the jerseys. Not only did they look nice, but they also brought good luck. The new team gear gave both teams a win immediately.

Junior varsity also received new jerseys in the form of hand-me-downs. There was more demand for this update than for the varsity update because the JV teams barely even had uniforms for the last few years. But now they sport the old varsity uniforms.

I hope you got to see these new uniforms in action in the gym or during the Friendship Tournament, not only for the enjoyment of the game, but for the opportunity to experience new varsity gear.

The inside of a cat

by *Kristen Wagner*

The bell rings. The time has finally come. Have you prepared yourself enough? Are you ready? The answer at this point must be yes. As you slowly walk into the classroom, a horrible wall of smell hits you across the face. Surprised, you try to ignore the smell until you're unable to take it anymore. Slipping back into the hall, you take a final breath of "fresh" air while there is still a chance. Cat dissection is about to begin.

The Human Anatomy and Physiology students have the opportunity to dissect a cat each year. Each cat is different. From large to small, striped fur to black fur, you get to choose "your" cat out of box. Although it may sound a bit weird, many of the students end up naming their cat at some point.

Goggles on, apron on, gloves on. Now you are ready to start the adventure that lies ahead. Cutting open the bag, the horrible smell comes pouring out even stronger than before. Now for the first step: removing the skin of the cat. At this point, you are taking a look around the room to see what other students are doing. The incision has been made and now the process of removing the skin is underway.

For a few weeks each year, cat dissection takes place in Mrs. Haeger's classroom. Some students are very comfortable with the cat, while others are more hesitant. Being able to see the different muscles, bones, and other body parts is very interesting. As Asher Siapco says, "I enjoyed cat dissection. My least favorite part was cutting open the stomach, but taking the heart out was very interesting."

As students learn the different names of muscles, bones, and organs, they realize that some of the names are similar to human body part names, while other parts of a cat are much different from those of humans. Whether the students really enjoy the project or are more leery of dissection, the hands-on experience of cat dissection is very educational. It is an experience none will ever forget.



UPPER COLUMBIA ACADEMY **ECHOES**

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White Christmas, red February

by *Nathaniel Srikureja*

Many of us departed for Christmas Vacation with these lyrics in mind: “I’m Dreaming of a White Christmas.” However, for many of us – myself included – the tantalizing prospect of a white Christmas was never realized. Snow came only post-Christmastide, and even then it was minimal, shallow, and fast melting at best.

Now, though, Christmas is over, and it’s time to move on. The next biggest holiday is Valentine’s Day – one I’m reminded of when I see rubricated homework assignments. This holiday is a Catholic celebration and feast day that first was, according to legend, celebrated to commemorate the martyrdom of a certain Saint Valentine who was buried on February 14. As one story goes, Saint Valentine, a Christian during the reign of Claudius Gothicus II – 42nd Emperor of the Roman Empire – faced much persecution. At one time, he was ordered to the very home of Claudius II to face interrogation by the Emperor himself. While there, Saint Valentine attempted to convert Claudius to Christianity and was executed. Before his execution, however, he restored sight to the blind daughter of the local jailer. They even exchanged several letters during his last days, which he faithfully signed “Your Valentine.” After his execution and burial, the jailer’s daughter planted a pink-blossomed almond tree beside his grave – the almond tree later becoming a symbol of love. The books “*Passio Marii et Marthae*” and “*Bede’s Martyrology*” of the mid-1st millennium contain the full story of his execution.

Despite this interesting story, it is important to remember that the cheer and love of this enamored holiday comes from within your heart – and not from the presence of a date. Don’t forget that Jesus was the first and best valentine. Keep this verse in mind as we head into the month of love: “For God so loved the world that as an out-of-season valentines gift, He sent Jesus to us because He wants us not just now, but for the rest of eternity.” (John 3:16)

The 5 steps of awakening

by *Polly Nicole Officer*

Step one: Denial. Dependable vexing screeches of an alarm clock drag you from the tranquil meadows of dreamland. You roll over to see the flashing “5:45 a.m.” and something doesn’t add up. It was just 10:30 p.m. five minutes ago. There’s no way it’s morning already. There has to be a mistake somewhere—there just has to be.

Step two: Anger. The loyal timekeeper is hurled across the room for its betrayal. Your eyes are red: not only from the lack of sleep, but also from the fire of hatred burning inside your soul. Mornings are officially the bane of your existence.

Step three: Bargaining. You don’t *really* have to wake up now, do you? You don’t *really* need that shower you were planning on—why not trade it for an extra 15 minutes of bliss? And Breakfast? People survive without breakfast all the time. That’s another 20 minutes. See? You don’t *really* have to wake up at this exact moment. Not *really*.

Step four: Depression. The heavy raincloud of reality pours over you like a spring storm. Sadness fills your soul at the thought of leaving your only true friend—the bed. After all, it’s been there for you no matter what. To leave now brings a sorrow that can only be compared to the time you buried your favorite pet.

Step five: Acceptance. Finally, the cerebral battle in your head comes to an end. You kick back the covers, driving your body into the bitter morning cold. Quickly, before you change your mind, you stand up, retrieve the clock, and place it back on the nightstand. Your teddy bear’s eyes beg you to come back, but it’s too late now. A new day begins.

Safe in a Subaru

by *Nathan Mathison*

On January 4, 2015, at 16:00, the long, treacherous, journey back to Upper Columbia Academy begins with one passenger in the back and another right beside me. Cars everywhere are out of control, but not I. My Subaru stays true to the road the whole time.

I set the cruise to 45 in a 70 mph zone and weave between the left and right lane, avoiding tow trucks, police cars, stuck cars, and icy patches in the road. I sip on a 72 oz. Big Gulp iced tea from AM/PM to try and calm my nerves, I have to stop. (Iced tea will do that.)

Back on the road again, we have to stop for a multiple car pile-up. Thirty minutes later we’re moving again and pass the UCA bus. Go us! We can make it! Roads are getting worse, and visibility is low. I reduce speed to 35. Oh, there’s another UCA bus heading in the other direction. Roads very bad between Cheney and Spangle. I’m going a steady 20 mph. Will I ever get back?

The three-hour journey had stretched into almost 6. But we make it back, safe and sound.

I'm accepted!

by Sabrina Beckner

Excited seniors snap chatted, texted, and called their friends over Christmas break to share the joy that the mailman had brought. Many seniors that had applied to Union College in Lincoln, Nebraska, had received their acceptance. But their acceptance letter wasn't ordinary at all: they received a decorated Christmas box with their name printed neatly on top. The box was bursting at the seams with kazooes, balloons, confetti, candy, and much more. Everyone was thrilled to receive the box even if they are not choosing to attend. "The box is way more exciting and friendly than your average acceptance letter," remarked Aleece Cazan. The parents who attended Union looked with envious eyes and remarked that they were not treated so extravagantly "back in their day."

Overall, Christmas break for the Union seniors was made just a little bit brighter because of the genius of a Union recruiter.



Once there was Spirit Week

Kittens run amuck on campus

by Madilyn Malott

It was a drizzly, bleak, foggy morning, and no one wanted to get out of bed. The first morning after Christmas break seems to be the most depressing morning of the whole school year, and this was no exception. I grumbled as I dragged my large duffel bag through the ice and snow to the girls' dorm. It was 6:45 AM and it was much too early to be awake. I was barely inside of the doors when I began to hear small "meows" coming from outside. I whipped around and saw not one, not two, but THREE—three tiny black kittens with little pink noses. They had their paws up on the glass and they were just staring at me with wide, frightened eyes.

I knew I simply couldn't let these little loves be alone out in the cold, so I went out to say hello. I patted their heads and spoke to them in a kind voice. I may be allergic to cats, but my compassion overwhelmed me as I cuddled each one. I realized that nobody loved or cared for these tiny kittens and it broke my heart. I was determined to do something about this. I complained to most everyone I saw that morning about the poor helpless little kittens alone in the snow. Finally, Mrs. Turner sent one of her workers out to look for them so that they could be rescued and kept somewhere warm. Unfortunately, her worker was unable to locate the kittens so the rescue plan went down the drain.

I had given up all hope when I got back to the dorm. As I walked through the lobby, though, something caught my eye: three tiny black kittens were snuggled up in the entry way. Someone had brought them in out of the cold. The girls' dorm assistant head dean, Stephanie Gladding, ended up finding homes for each one of the kittens. It took a few days for the kittens' new families to come and pick them up, and until then, the kittens were kept in the first floor laundry room and received overwhelming love and attention from every girl in the dorm.

I cannot brain today

by Kristen Cottrell

I want you to imagine with me that it is the day after Christmas break and you are sitting in class, tapping your pencil and staring at the clock. "Ugghhh!" you think. "There are still 45 minutes left of class and I will explode if I have to sit still one minute longer." Your foot begins to tap and you stare at the teacher. Suddenly, it dawns on you that you haven't heard a word the teacher has said and you hope you haven't missed anything too important. You try harder to focus, but today, focusing seems to be a lost cause. Suddenly, the bell rings. You are elated! You leap from your desk and rush out into the hall towards freedom. But then you remember that you still have three more classes left. Rushing no more, you drag yourself through those next three classes. At the end of the day, you express your joy by running and leaping to the dorm. "Finally!" you say to yourself. "Freedom!"

But no, there is homework, so you sit down at your desk and pull out your books. An hour later, you realize you haven't gotten any of that homework done. In fact, you have spent that time doodling, reading a book, surfing on Facebook, snap-chatting friends, talking with your roommate, eating unhealthy snacks, rolling around on your floor, staring at your ceiling, or any other number of things except doing homework. Throwing your hands up in frustration, you decide to write a story about this phenomena—the phenomena which you have experienced as a student the first day back from Christmas break—and use it as an extra credit story in English. You hope that by sharing this experience you will not only be sympathizing with the plight of every other student, but also getting some much needed extra credit.

Melancholia

by *Niolas Ruud*

Leftovers from Thanksgiving are long gone, Christmas carols linger no more in the hearts of Christmas faithful. 2015 has come, and it will be gone just like the last before we even know it. And so we sit, yes, sit wondering why the best part of winter comes at its beginning, giving us nothing to look forward to save spring.

Now spring will come in due course, but I've asked a few veteran Upper Columbia Academy winter survivors what they have done in the past to keep this melancholy time of year at bay. Katelyn Folkenberg had a few opinions regarding the topic, "Oh, hold on, wait. I look forward to Friendship Tournament! Oh! Oh! And graduation!" Another expert senior, Giovanna Giroto, commented, "I can't wait till Senior Rec!" Boy oh boy, these events are always a bundle fun, but another senior, Josh Enjati, seems to take a simpler, more physical approach: "During winter I shut my window, so it stays warm in my room."

And so while you sit, wondering why the best part of winter comes at its beginning, look forward to spring and stand up. Find something productive to do, make a difference, change up your window's position, bring in (or keep out) some fresh air.

Winter life isn't as bad as what might be advertised. Life is good. Winter can be also.

Confessions

by *Megan Rasmussen*

Can't it wait until tomorrow? It isn't due for two days. I really want to lie on my bed and play mindless games on my phone. Ok. I will have my relaxation time for 30 minutes and then I'll start on my homework. Oh, would you look at the time! It's 9:30 already? Maybe I'll do the math assignment. Oh man, this is hard. I'm too tired for this. I'll take a shower instead. Maybe that will wake me up. It's past 10:00 already? Maybe if I go to bed early, I will be able to think more clearly tomorrow.

Is it really 7:00? I'm so tired. I'll snooze for just 10 minutes. What? That was not ten minutes. Oh no! It's almost 8:00. I have to get going. I guess I'll have to skip breakfast too. My stomach is not going to like me for that.

I finally have a free period. I know what I should do. I should probably work on that PowerPoint for 20th. I could start the Physics assignment. Or I could even correct my math test. I have an idea! I think I'll go play the piano in the music building. That would be fun. I can do my homework later.

Have you ever had any of those thoughts? Have you ever decided to just put off the homework because it isn't due tomorrow? Hear this from someone who has had a lot of experience with procrastination: It isn't worth it. It's better to just get it done so you don't have to worry about it. You'll thank yourself in the long run.

Standing idle

by *Katelind Miller*

As you try to navigate your way through the hallway you find roadblocks—lovesick couples blocking your way, hugging, laughing, and touching each other. You can't even make it from the classroom to the bathroom in a reasonable time. These couples make you slightly nauseous. You don't know if you should pull them apart or try to be polite. You start with being polite: "Excuse me, please." But soon you realize you need more oomph to your words and advance to "Move!" Not only does that not work, but you're still stuck in a crowded hallway in a rush.

You find that being polite, and slightly less polite, won't get these challenged couples out of their love bubbles, so soon your animal instinct takes over and you start to push and shove just to get to the bathroom. In the bathroom you are safe from the couples, but when you return to the hallway hoping that the roadblock couples will have moved along to their classes, you find they are still there, holding on to one another with love in their eyes. Again you try to get through and, somehow, finally arrive safely at your next class—safe from the couples for a few minutes.

Woodstock assumption

by *Zach Jolliffe*

There is a very intriguing issue that has come to my attention here at UCA. It plagues the halls, entertains some faculty, and, most of all, excites and arouses the curiosity of misled and naïve students. It is the absurd notion that Mr. Lacey attended Woodstock, a counterculture "art festival" that started on August 15 and ended on August 18 of 1969. According to Mrs. Lacey, the Woodstock rumor started during the 1990's at UCA, and, according to Mrs. Wickward, "We have to look at the facts. How old was Mr. Lacey when Woodstock happened, and where was he in August of 1969?"

When he is asked, Mr. Lacey always denies being at Woodstock, but students are not so sure. According to Caleb Behm, "Mr. Lacey was definitely at Woodstock. I know this for a fact." But other students, like Sabrina Beckner, admit that it probably didn't happen.

So who's right? I guess we will never know for sure, but for now I think we should trust the integrity of Mr. and Mrs. Lacey and say, unfortunately, that Mr. Lacey did not attend and is a proper Englishman.

Heaven

by *Geoffrey Urbin*

I'm sure all of you have at least once in your lives wondered what it would be like in Heaven, or what you would do once you finally arrive there. So what would you like to do in Heaven? What's on your list of activities to accomplish? Here are some of the fun things I imagine happening.

The first thing everyone wants to do is talk with Jesus. I'd imagine a bunch of followers standing and waiting in the "Go talk to Jesus" line. I'm pretty sure the line would be far worse than any line ever seen on Black Friday.

Another thing I can't wait to do is to see and explore the mansions God has prepared for us. The design, the architecture, the space, and the colors of the houses would be put together in a way that our minds can't even imagine. Every detail of the mansions would be perfect.

What about the food? I can't even imagine what the food will taste like. Just picture yourself biting into perfect, delicious fruit and savoring the sweet juice on your tongue.

One activity I can't wait to do is swim. Imagine diving into the clear glass sea, noticing the temperature of the water is just right. Since there will be no more pain or death in Heaven, I'd imagine swimming underwater for as long as I wanted without scuba gear. The dolphins swim next to me and glide through the water. I get to see all the beautiful coral at the bottom of the sea and swim with tropical fish. What a great experience to have.

Those are some of the things I would like to do once in Heaven. What about you? Would you like swing from the top of a tree Tarzan style, or slide off the necks of giraffes? How do you imagine Heaven will be like?

Nostalgia

by *Aleece Cazan*

Go to class, study, take a test, cross fingers, check INOW, repeat. This was a common sequence for the students of UCA as first semester came to a close. Students and teachers alike tried to give one last push before the January 16 halfway mark. Patience, motivation, and the excitement of the new school year had long worn off.

Seniors specifically begin to stress about their plans for fall of 2015 as they realize they have only a few months until their next milestone, graduation. They will soon enough be separated from the friends and memories that they've made in the last 4 years of their lives. One last push and adulthood will hit them. They will have to make choices that will affect their future in ways that they haven't before. More than ever, they will shape who they want to be, what they want to do, and who they want to be with. They will be responsible for themselves and the consequences of their actions. When they remember that, all of a sudden, their "childhood" has seemed too short. Halfway through their last year of high school, nostalgia sets in.

Senioritis

by *Mike Evans*

Senioritis strikes with a vengeance after coming back from Christmas break. Nobody wants to do anything but leave or sleep. As the year progresses, the seniors live weekend to weekend, even finding themselves gazing longingly at the barren wasteland that surrounds us, jumping at any chance to escape this place called UCA. Some seniors find themselves drawn to certain things that are better left alone and another long semester here seems just too much for some. Tempers rise and tensions build as we desperately try to hang on for the final leg of high school, hoping to buckle down and do better.

I admonish all my fellow seniors to resolve with me that no matter what happens, no matter what tests we have, we will finish strong. Look at what we have done, We have passed Mrs. Haeger's Biology class, Mr. Hartman's Algebra 1 one class, Mr. Lacey's American Literature, and Mrs. Wickward's 20th Century. We have even survived the dreaded 7:15 class period. Look at what we have accomplished. We will finish the next semester, and we will finish strong.

The wonders of the hall

by *Robert Holm*

Nobody seems to know why the hallway is so attractive to the students during class time, but all I ever seem to hear during classes is "can we go early?" This makes absolutely no sense. The hallway seems to be a wonderful, magical place where students can go to so they don't have to be in the classroom (even though they aren't doing anything useful anyway). Why not just stay in the classroom? There is nothing you can do in the hall that you can't do in the classroom.

I observe this phenomenon every day when I see students leave classrooms a little early to go in to the hall and wait for their next class. It still baffles me even though I participate in this every day. No one can seem to explain why we students do this. It seems that we just have a longing not to be in a classroom for at least an extra couple of minutes a day.

So, we continue to try to leave early just to stand outside the door a few feet away.