

I'm not interested in saying farewell to high school

By Nathaniel Lash
Senior Staff Writer

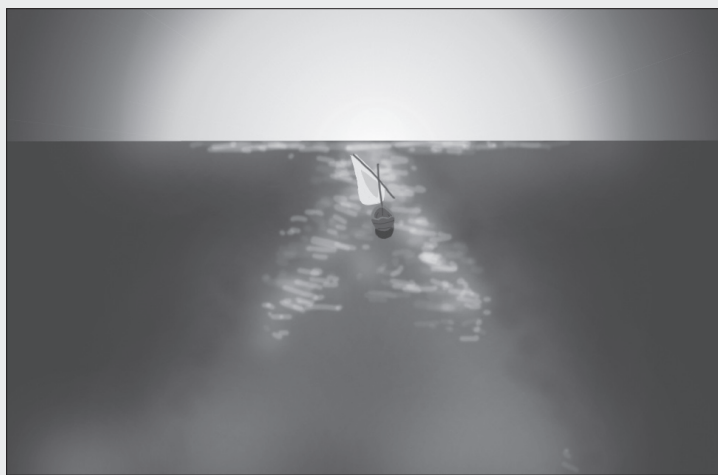
So, instead, I bid thee farewell, Senior Year. For so long, you were the beacon of hope, a beam of glorious light that led us all safely through the treacherous Shoals of Admissions to finally make it to Graduation Dock.

The light was faint when I entered freshman year. There stood the legends of seniority. There were heroes the likes of David Cho, Drum Major extraordinaire, or Andy Coyne, like Yoda but without a light saber. The light that blessed them, I was sure, could never be mine. Then came '08, and their wizardry had faded. Though I continued to lurk in the shadows, the light was closer, but at the same time, less blinding.

There were no illustrious powers standing loftily above the rest, and their whole journey seemed so much less intense. '09 was next, and suddenly there stood the people in the light that mere

moments ago were standing beside me in the dark.

And then it became my turn. I expected that when I woke the morning of September 1st, there would be a blast of



Daniel Willardson

radiance, and its power would at last be mine. I awoke, blinked, and made note of absolutely no changes. This continued for the whole day. It actually continued for a few months, until all college admissions were in. Then things got a little darker.

This wasn't senior year. Senior year

was about being surrounded by a blinding light and reveling in its perpetual goodness. But things started to change. I confirmed my acceptance to Illinois, and with it, confirmed my leaving this place and never returning. It was then that I was able to peek over a wall and see the light, but it was bright. Too bright.

The source of the light is freedom: Freedom from your obligations to your future, the obligations to your friends, your family, or your teachers. Seniors typically are able to walk in the splendor of this liberty by their nature of not having to care about anything. But the power to not care, however, is a power that any student can wield, though at his own peril.

Far better, then, to be able to see it, to let it drive you forward and keep you going, but to never be able to touch it. I spent a while thinking that by saying goodbye to senior year, it was goodbye to this light, but far from it: I am

Roads... of all sorts

By Yakota Espinoza
Ads Manager

During my first week of AP Economics, Mr. Stahl gave the class a copy of Robert Frost's poem "The Road Not Taken." For those of you unfamiliar with the poem, the last stanza reads:

*"Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference."*

The poem was supposed to relate to the economic concept of opportunity cost (my understanding of Economics basically ends there). In the poem, Frost had to choose between two roads to travel, foregoing the opportunities associated with the one he neglected to take. As an assignment, Mr. Stahl asked us to write a paper in which we shared a time in our lives that we took the road less traveled, and how it benefited us in the end.

When beginning to write the paper, I was a little stumped. Having just failed my drivers test for the fourth time I found it a little ironic to be writing about roads (for those of you who have shared in this struggle, keep persevering; sixth time's a charm), but I was unable to come up with anything else. At my ripe-old age of seventeen I couldn't think of a situation I had ever been in when I was faced with such a decision, let alone one important enough to have a significant impact on my life. Needless to say the assignment left me feeling a tad unaccomplished.

I asked Aydin what he was putting down for his "road less traveled," to which he responded, "Talking to you." Although I'm fairly certain (at least would like to I think) that he was just kidding, while pretending to be offended at his insinuation of my unpopularity, I never found out his real answer. Looking back, I wish I had. I now realize that taking the road less traveled is almost an underestimation of Aydin's life. Aydin didn't take the road less traveled, he paved his own. He could hardly be considered unaccomplished. Aydin didn't care about what the typical thing to do was, or the social norm. He had a vision of what he wanted to achieve, and he did so by whatever means necessary, frequently tossing aside the fairly standard apathetic teenage attitude in order to achieve his goals.

I can only hope that next year, when we're all on our own with decisions facing us left and right, we keep the Robert Frost mentality in mind. Not only should we take the road less traveled whenever we can, we should think of Aydin and attempt to pave our own roads; do the unthinkable, the risky, and the unexpected. If Aydin were still here he would assure us that it would make all the difference.

A thank you note of sorts

By Taylor Block
Photographer

In my opinion, high school is exactly what you put into it. We take risks both big and small with the hope of a successful outcome. Giving a campaign speech in front of 2400 people, applying for Tiger newspaper, and tackling some juniors were among a few I made. On these occasions I had favorable outcomes. I was elected to the position I ran for, I was accepted onto Tiger and the seniors defeated the juniors in Powderpuff.

However, my success can't be credited to myself alone. I had the help, advice, and guidance of many. Though I don't have room to thank everyone, I feel the need to acknowledge a few.

First and foremost to my parents: though you didn't have much of a choice you stuck with me through the terrible two's and even worse through my teenage years. I'm truly amazed by the compassion and patience you've showed me over the past 17 and a half years. I know I didn't make your job easy. Parenting is an interesting thing to me. You work so hard and invest so much, with so little

in return. As I leave young adulthood and become an adult I want to stop and thank you for your unyielding love and award winning parenting. I am forever grateful.

Secondly, to my neighbor and best friend: you've been a constant in my life for a generation and I don't know what I'd do without you. I'll have you to thank for the fine lines and wrinkles I'm sure to develop when I'm older. You've

*...you have helped shape me into the person I am today...
I leave South Pasadena not with sorrow or remorse, but a sense of ease.*

made me laugh and smile far more than is healthy. I only hope to continue laughing with you for generations to come.

To my South Pas girls: I can almost solely thank the five of you for the happiness I've experienced at SPHS. Though college takes each of us our separate ways, and me the farthest away, my memories with you are forever ingrained in my head. I'm grateful for all of you for so many different reasons.

You truly are a fabulous group of girls. To the six-pack!

To my brother: our relationship has hardly been traditional or easy but I'm thankful for you for more reasons than you know. Through these 4 unforgiving years you have been my shoulder to cry on and my voice of reason. I love you C.

To my grandparents: easily the most generous and loving people I've ever met. Like my parents, I think I've made the mistake of not truly conveying what our relationship means to me. You are my genies in a bottle, granting my every wish. You truly have spoiled me. Just know your kindness and generosity hasn't gone unnoticed.

Lastly, to the high school and all the teachers, faculty, and students who reside here. You are the ones I truly have to thank. Though I didn't have the privilege of knowing all of you, many of you have helped shaped me into the person I am today.

To Mr. Hogan who guided me to my true passion for photography. You helped me hone in on a gift I never knew I possessed. I leave South Pasadena not with sorrow or remorse but a sense of ease, knowing the community and the people in it have prepared me for what lies ahead.

Hasta la vista, high school - I may miss you

By Elaine Ejigu
Staff Writer

The media loves to create stories about high school and it's inhabitants. For decades, American cinema, T.V. shows, and novels (usually the young adult variety) have focused on teenagers in that awkward, character-forming, pubescent stage of life in which they make the leap from children to adults. All too often in recent history, pop culture has glorified high school and made it look way better than it most often is. Case in point: High School Musical. This movie franchise has created a world in which everyone is ecstatic, singing, in perfectly harmonious choreography, and somehow the jock falls for the nerd. This couldn't be further from reality (but I guess that's the point right? It must be some kind of guilty pleasure). Some say that

high school is the best four years of one's life. But for me, high school wasn't all smiles and good times.

I guess that's why I love television shows like Glee and My Life As Liz. High school was a series of pressure-inducing dances that I never got asked to (still went with my friends though), elections that were basically just popularity contests, and classes in which I was constantly working to get A's in the hopes of getting into college. But most of all for me, high

school was an obstacle that challenged me to the very core. I began with virtually no friends (after a break-off from my previous group

freshman year in which I hung out with different cliques I was acquainted with, trying to find the one where I fit in and was most

comfortable with. The funny thing is that I never found a clique that was just right. Instead, I found a couple of close friends that I met along the way whom I roam the campus and visit different cliques with. First I met Ashley; then I became good friends with Chiedu. I don't remember when, but at some point I became buds with Ritika (maybe we just met on the way to school one day: she's my

neighbor), and last but definitely not least I met Amber; my lovely junior friend who will still be here next year (good luck, girl!). To all of these amazing women I just want to say thank you for standing by me. Thank you for being a part of my life, and letting me be a part of yours. Thanks for making the trials and tribulations of high school that much easier to bear (and for making all of it's sweet triumphs that much better). I can't wait to go to Santa Cruz with you next year, Ritika (roomies for life).

To the freshmen: hang in there, sophomores: brace yourselves for the climax of high school, junior year, and to the juniors: you're almost there! And to my seniors: we made it!!! To everyone: good luck in finding whatever you want from life. To SPHS: Goodbye. Maybe not now, but someday, I'll miss you.



Sam Shin

of friends in the eighth grade). I went on a subsequent journey my

way to school one day: she's my