



# Features

## Clichés

By: Brianna Maloney  
Features Co-Editor

*Senior year.  
These two words strike joy and fear in my heart.  
It's my last year here.  
Last year in these halls.  
Last year with these people.  
Last year in this town.  
Last year as a kid.*

"Senior year is bittersweet."  
I heard that from pretty much everyone when starting off the school year, and I didn't understand it. How could this year be bitter?

I'll be gone in a few months, making a name for myself in New York, leaving all this stupid drama behind, and finally beginning my life. How could that be bitter?

Now, here I am, spring break is over, prom is over, and graduation is approaching. I now know how senior year is seen as bitter. Everything I thought would happen this year, didn't happen. I didn't get into my dream school. I'm not going to New York in the fall. I'll be stuck in Michigan for a few more years attending Central Michigan University. That plan is not ideal, but it is safe. I don't want safe. I want my dream.

"It's the year of lasts." Yet another cliché I frequently heard over the sum-

mer. That one, I understood.  
Last Friday night football game.  
Last school dance in the hot and smelly gym.

Last time playing with your team.  
Last time being in a room with your entire grade.

The "year of lasts" becomes easier because you realize that everyone in your grade is going through the same thing you are. They are all experiencing their lasts of everything as well.

Although we may not seem like a close-knit grade, if any one of the seniors walked up to me crying, I would gladly talk with them and try to help them out to the best of my ability. Now, maybe that's just me, but I feel like mostly everyone in my grade would do the same.

We all grew up together. Richmond is a small school, so, therefore, Richmond is a close school. If something happens before first hour, the whole school will know about it by second hour. This close, family-like feeling has bonded us all. Senior year becomes easier when you know that everyone you went to first grade with is right by your side.

"Senioritis." This cliché is very much true. From the second I got my first college acceptance letter in the mail, all my will power to finish this year flooded out of me.

Why try when I am already accept-

## Take the Chance

By: Alyssa Gall  
News Co-Editor

I can't explain it.

The feeling that I get when I look back at freshman year English projects and sparkly shoes that I wore to my first homecoming, or the blue and white beads that shimmer and tangle as they sit on my dresser waiting for Friday nights.

How could I forget anxious toe taps and weary nights stressing over a three minute presentation that had little to no impact on my grade or shaky, but steady hands as I sat in front of the judges for We The People.

What about studying and studying and studying for a test that I knew I would pass, but I refused to stop in fear of missing some information or the gut-wrenching sensation I get waiting for a final exam grade?

The feeling I experience as my eyes grow tired as I glance over page 16 of 300 the night before the book is due or the satisfaction of finishing a twenty page paper.

The sensation of crowds cheering as the buzzer sounds and the stadium lights illuminate my win or daily practices filled with endless laughter.

I can't explain this because words don't do it justice.

But that's the thing -- you can't explain it. You have to live it. You have to live every moment and seize every opportunity because you're only as young as you are now. You can't let time pass you by because you're afraid to put yourself out there; because you're afraid to participate in spirit week; because you're afraid to join various clubs or play a

sport.

You can't sit on the sidelines -- and I know this now.

From freshman year to now, I've learned that the sidelines are not for me.

And they shouldn't be for anyone.

In high school, you're presented with umpteenth million opportunities to branch out and make the most of your time there. And to not participate in one of these opportunities is not only a waste, but a disservice to yourself.

Because while you shy away from the opportunities, you might just miss out on something great or an opportunity that could open doors for you in the future. But you'll never know if you never try.

I was never one to seize these opportunities freshman year.

I seemed to hide in the shadows of the towering seniors and lockers.

But why?

What did I have to lose or hide from? The fear of doing something out of my comfort zone?

As soon as I came to grasp with this, I left that old me somewhere in the shadows of the locker bay and the new me never looked back.

As the years went on, I started joining more clubs and being more involved in the community and sports. I worked harder in school and I took classes more seriously.

I started becoming a different me -- and that's a good thing.

And it might seem like it's all not worth it. The dedication, the homework, the stress or the thought of putting yourself outside your comfort zone may seem overbearing and tiring

ed to college? Many of my fellow

seniors had the same idea. While it backfired on some of them, it somehow helped me. The only homework I did outside of school was my AP English 12 essays and reading... and my grades have never been better. How this all worked out in my favor? I have no idea, but I'm not complaining.

While some parents and teachers think that senioritis is an excuse to slack off, the seniors truly do believe in the word. I know I do. I mean, the end is near. College is in our grasp. Most of us have been in this school district since first grade, we are ready to leave.

Richmond is a small town, which is good for some things, but it also means that we all have not experienced much throughout the years. There is so much out there in the world, so much yet to be discovered. The seniors are moments away from taking on the world.

We are ready... or so we think. This small town and slacking has not prepared us for college in any way. Let alone the real world.

To my fellow seniors, just remember, the early bird catches the worm, don't cry over spilt milk, the rest is history, dress to kill, and don't judge a book by its cover.

and too much.

But when you look back from under your blue cap on graduation day, you'll realize you can't explain it, but you're glad you lived it.

You're glad you put forth the effort. You're glad you went the extra mile. You're glad you moved out of the shadows.

Because when college comes around, you won't be able to hide in the shadows anymore. You'll have to start taking ownership and responsibility. And if you try to hide, you're only hurting yourself -- and losing money too. Just like life, college is all about what you put into it. You can't receive an award or achieve your goal if you don't put any effort forward to learn and live.

You can't hide from your problems. You can't pay someone to take care of them for you because there are some battles you have to fight on your own.

And yes that's terrifying and seems daunting, but that's life.

Going into college is no different than being a freshman in high school all over again. You are going to be presented with numerous opportunities in college just like high school.

And you need to seize these chances.

Because chances like these only come once in a life time. And to let them slip through your hands or pass you by is a disservice.

You owe it to yourself to take every opportunity you get because time doesn't stop for anyone, especially those who lurk in the shadows of the locker bay.

Do yourself a favor --- take the chance.

Because I know I'm done standing in the shadows.



## Moving Forward: The Home Stretch

By: Jaret Gil  
*Opinions Co-Editor*

So here we are. The final chapter of our Richmond High School careers. Ready to move on and chase the world.

But, for some reason, I still feel like that eighth grade kid I thought I'd left behind in Middle School—I mean, getting the kids menu when you're almost eighteen doesn't really help, but it's more than that.

It's like, I'm in the home stretch. But when I look up, there's still miles ahead of me. Miles and miles left, and yet I'm cramping up.

How do you continue to chase a goal when you feel as though you can't go on?

I just feel so stuck, and I suppose it will be that way until I leave. Which is probably why I feel so small.

In three short months, I'll be across the country, living it up in San Francisco, California.

And while, in theory, it's always been a dream of mine to study in California, I never imagined that it would happen. And, I never imagined what it would mean to leave my family, my friends, and my whole lifestyle behind.

As the date approaches, I'm constantly reminded of this, and I am

truly terrified.

Terrified of failure. Terrified of success. And terrified for what lies ahead.

But then I remember why I'm doing it. Not only am I fulfilling one dream, but three.

Because Academy of Art University isn't just a prestigious art college, it is also home to D2 athletics. So next year, as I am pursuing a diverse education in video game development, I will also be competing in the PAC-West—thus accomplishing my dream of going to an art school, as well as play college soccer.

So while I stand on this pivotal moment in my life, I feel myself reflect on all of the miles I've already traveled. I mean, we will always fear the unknown (as it is our nature), but reminding ourselves of our success gives us confidence to move forward.

Like the fact that I'm a National Scholastic Medalist. Or that I've won two consecutive District and League championships with some of my best friends in high school.

It's exciting to revel in our successes, and even more so to try and chase the next one. Because we remember what that's like, to feel as though you're running so hard toward a goal, and achieving it.

It's just about taking that next step now. Off the precipice and into the

unknown, despite eighth grade me protesting like I'm going to die. To charge down every dream I've ever had, and dare to try and catch one.

This is about a legacy now. What I want to leave behind.

What do you want your legacy to be?

The question that feels so impossible to answer. I mean, I'm just a kid, how could I even know what a legacy is to being with?

Earlier, I asked how to chase a goal when you get stuck. You're entire body screams at you to stop, but in reality, it's just you're brain trying to stop the pain.

In soccer, and in life, my father has always told me that mental toughness is the best kind of tough. If you can endure pain and push on to your goal in spite of it, that makes you truly tough.

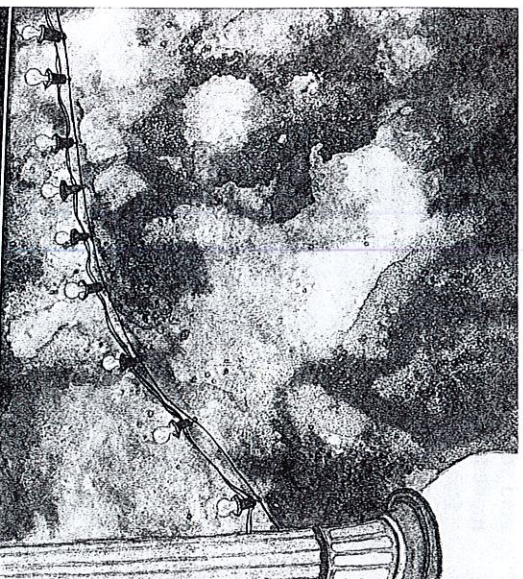
That's what I want to leave as my legacy. I hope that I am remembered as someone who never let things stop them from achieving their goals. Who powered through and always ran to their goal.

And when I think about all of this, I am reminded of one thing.

Eighth grade me wasn't capable of that kind of toughness.

I am.  
Home stretch? More like rounding first.

# Show us your stuff!



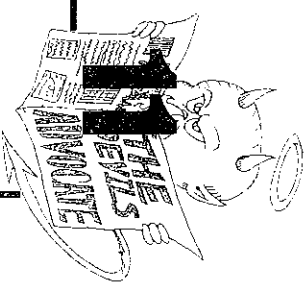
Alyssa Gall  
AP Art

Raechel McKiernan  
AP Art

Juliana Cieglo  
Drawing 2



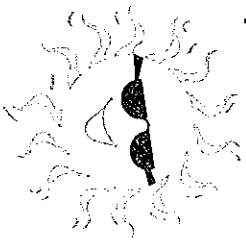
# Fun and Games



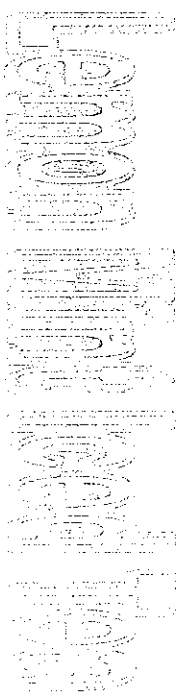
## WORD SEARCH

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BASEBALL	VACATION	HEAT
ICE CREAM	SUNBOWER	BOATING
SWIMMING	WATERPARK	POOL

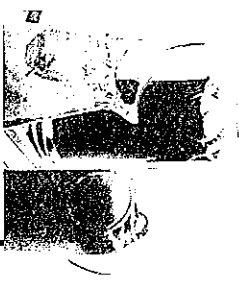


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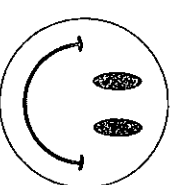
### Ingredients:

- 1 quart of water
- 3/4 cup white sugar
- 6 regular sized tea bags
- 1 peppermint tea bag
- 1/4 cup frozen lemonade



### Directions:

Bring the water to a boil in a large saucepan over high heat; remove from heat, then stir in sugar until dissolved. Add the tea and peppermint tea bags, and allow to steep for 30 minutes. Remove tea bag and stir in the lemonade. Serve tea over ice.



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School**

## Angelina Ingman



Star Student  
of the Month

1. Favorite Class: World History Honors
2. Biggest Role Model: Brother Stephen
3. Favorite After School Activity: Reading
4. Summer Plans: Emmett KOA

## Bryce Germain



Star Student  
of the Month

1. Favorite Class: Science
2. Biggest Role Model: Mom
3. Favorite After Activity: Robotics
4. Summer Plans: Relaxing at home

## Features

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