

With endings come new beginnings



Cassidy Gillis
Editor-in-Chief

I remember reading the last columns of my past two editors. They were beautifully written goodbyes, and since then I've been thinking about what mine would be about. I thought I'd write some sappy, heartbreaking story about how sad I'll be when I walk out those doors for the last time and leave the people that have grown to mean so much to me over these four years. Or perhaps I would just stick to some cliché advice to freshmen that they've most positively heard before. But when the time finally came upon me to write this column I found myself rather displeased with my choices. Everything sounded so downcast as I wrote my final goodbye. Something I'm sure none of us want to read after the year we've all had.

But as I thought about it more, why did everything I wrote have to be so sad? Endings are sad, yes, but with those endings also come new beginnings, and those are happy. When I walk out the doors of SHS for the final

time I know that soon I will be walking into the doors of a new school, and I can't tell you how much that excites me. There's so much to look forward to as I gaze longingly into my future. Maybe my mind is clogged with fantastic ideals that I may never live up to, but the possibilities are exciting just the same. If there is anything I have learned up to this moment in my life, it's that nothing lasts forever, and I can accept that. It's useless to push back against the inevitable. I've known since the day I could comprehend the idea of college that I would one day leave. Sure it's scary when it ultimately arrives, but recently I've learned to welcome the idea with open arms.

The only thing that I can't twist into a happy ending are the feelings I will have when I will have to leave the people I love. To my mom: I'm not sure how I will get by without your being there to help me solve every little micro dilemma. To my dad: I will forever miss our rides to school each morning. To my brother: even though you're already far away I will feel the distance even more when I leave. To my Grammy: I will wait longingly for when I can come home again and read my poetry to you. And to my best friend in the entire world: you are one of the best things to have ever happened to me, and no words can express how much I am going to miss you.

Apart briefly or maybe forever



Gwen Ramsey
Co-editor

To Cassidy, Cassidilla, Cass, a mountain biking badass, a lover of poetry and the coolest editor-in-chief you'll ever see.

This year has been so hard for so many reasons. While many have grown apart I think our conversations stretched longer and our friendship grew stronger. When you enter a time where you're disconnected from everyone for months at a time, you really learn who you're close with and who really matters. Though I have a lot fewer friends after this year, our bond just grew, I think proving I was meant to stay friends with you.

Thinking about the day you leave Salida is hard, and I miss you already. It hadn't really sunk in what you going to an out of state school truly means. It means over 1,000 miles between us, a different time zone and a 17 hour drive between. It means you are experiencing the excitement of

a new life, and I'm back here sitting in the same classroom and riding the same trails on S. Walking past your house, wanting to stop by and say hi, but continuing on by.

I won't let go of our fantasy just yet. You get things figured out over there at Davis and I'll be right behind you anticipating a grand tour of campus. My side of the room is already decorated and waiting for me like we discussed. Our mini fridge will be stocked with Izzys and flacos with the good salsa too. I'll be expecting to meet all of your new friends who won't nearly be as cool as me. I'll be expecting you to have found all the cute boutiques downtown and the best place to get some avocado toast. I'll be expecting you to have scouted the best running route in town where we will jam out to the same song and often take breaks by a nice stream or under a big tree.

But coming back to reality: I won't forget all that we have done in the past short few years. How could that be? A couple years of friendship, and I feel like we've been laughing for a decade or maybe more. High school really has been a blast with you and likely the best few years of my life so far.

Sweet memories like the spontaneous plans to hike four fourteens, and pulling

it off the next morning. Like spending all day in my backyard journaling. Like baking endless batches of cookies, some good and some questionable too. Hanging out at school until ungodly hours of the night, wearily assembling the newspaper and listening to heavy metal just to annoy you! I won't forget karaoke in your car either as we drive through the night along a dark winding road to some impromptu adventure.

I could go on for years as the memories blur into a chaos of laughter and times so happy and full of exhilaration. Though the memories also include the times we have talked and talked and talked. About life and feelings and how we'll get through. That is something I'll especially miss doing with you.

But, it's not at all about me. I'm so excited for the fact that you are going to a school that you love and getting a degree that you're passionate about. I'm excited that you made a decision on a school and proud of how hard you worked to get to where you are now. We're going on with the rest of our lives apart for now. Maybe briefly or maybe forever. And although it's really hard for me to accept, I truly hope you enjoy your next endeavor.

Heard in the Halls
What are people saying at Salida High?

Student 1: "I've always wondered what it feels like to get hit by a car."
Student 2: "It would probably feel really embarrassing."

"I'm gonna miss you because you're the only teacher I can antagonize, and you don't get all fired up about it."
Senior

Student 1: "All I really want to be doing is lying in bed and crying."
Student 2: "At least you can cry."

"If cows ruled the world, would they drink human milk?"
Freshman

"If I had a taser, I'd tase you."
Teacher

"I don't actually have to pee; I'm just hiding from my problems."
Junior in the bathroom

Tenderfoot Times

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