



Heather Simon



Matthew Sly



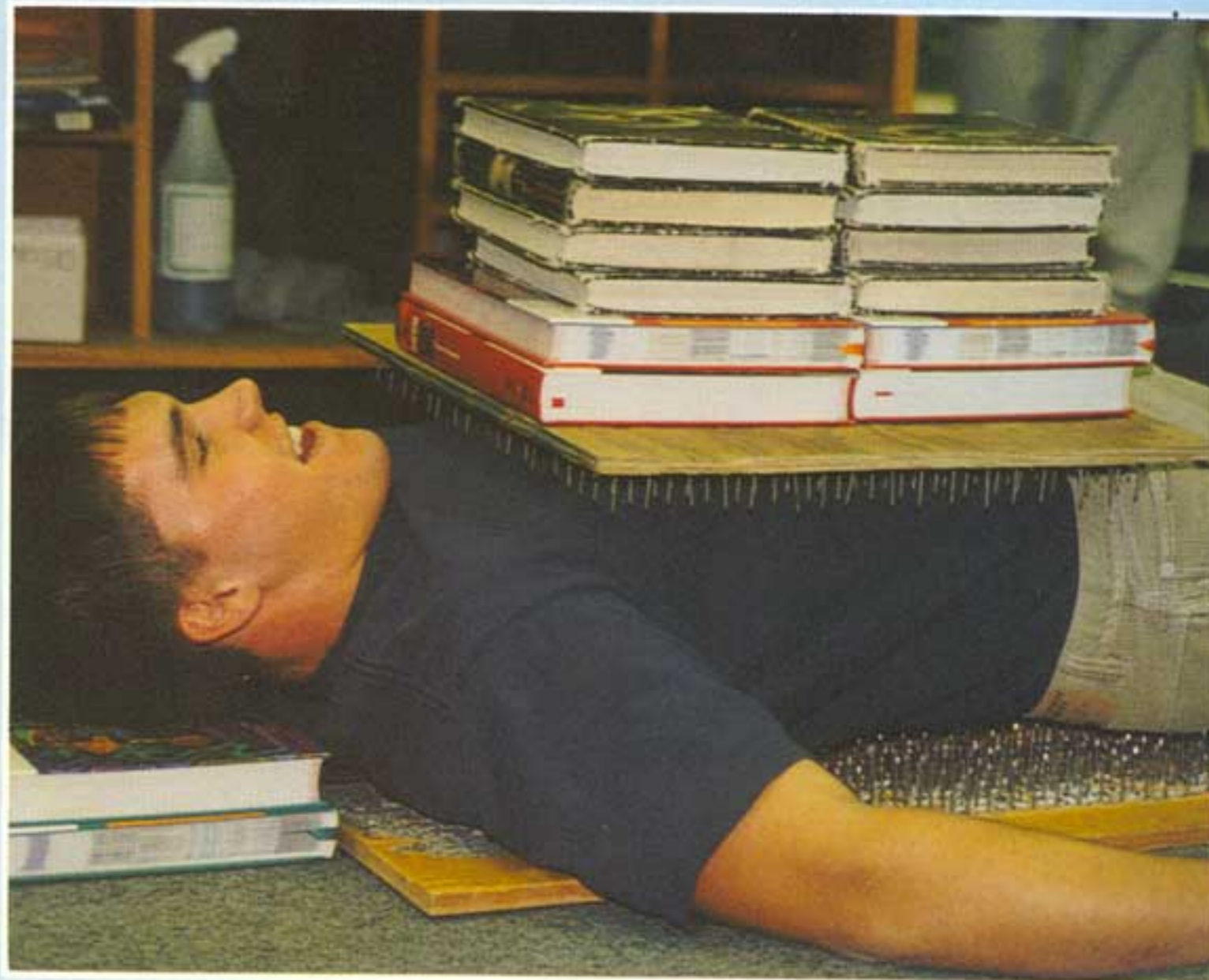
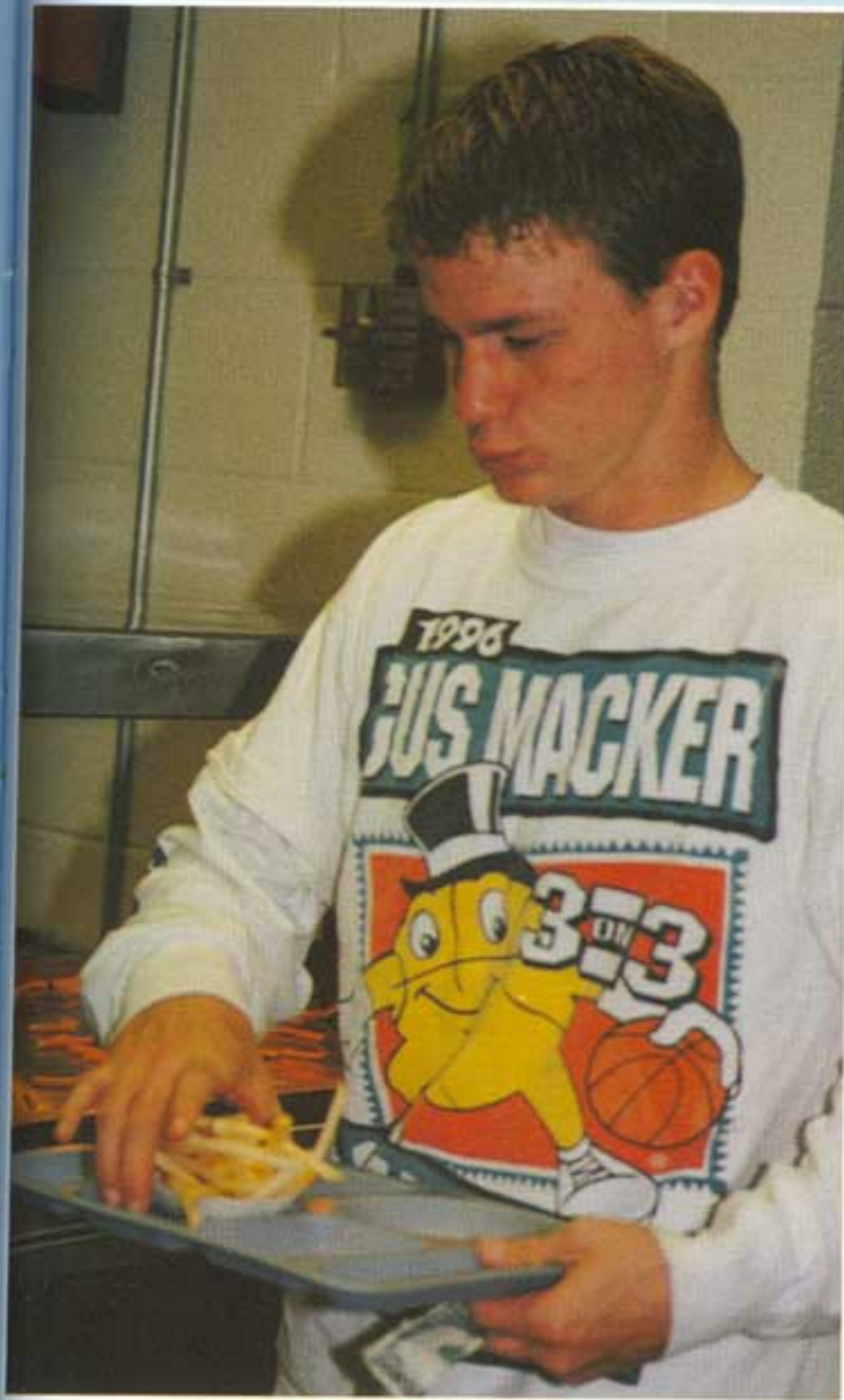
Lindsay Smania



Nicholas Smith



Nichole Souza



Pins and needles sensation— In physics class, Brad Zielaskowski demonstrates the theory that if you distribute your weight evenly on a bed of nails, it won't hurt a bit. It seems unbelievable, but even if you add another board of nails and a few books (or even Paula Kirchen), it still won't hurt! Or maybe it's just that Brad is the strongest man alive.

Whoo-eee, look at those fries— There are always those people who sneak the stray fries, and Mike Zallman is feeling like a wild man. Mike, it's a little tougher to sneak pizza, so be careful.

Saying Goodbye

Who would have thought you'd become so close? Yet there you are, face-to-face, mustering up the courage to finally say good-bye. You've been avoiding it for awhile, but it is an inevitable part of growing up and moving on... You must finally say good-bye to your locker.

You stroke the gray metal, trace your finger along its sides, recite the black number staring back to you over and over...95, 95, 95. You open it for the last time, savoring every twist of the combination lock, unconsciously turning its numbered dial... 9-37-24. You'll never forget those secret digits, the key to your private treasures for four years. A tear trickles from your left eye, and as you firmly grip the locker handle and pull up (Click! Locker's open!), you break down, heaving a sigh, sobbing.

Luckily, inside the not-yet-empty safe is a box of tissues. Drying your eyes, you examine the contents while emptying them from your locker ("Oh, look! An old locker sign! A penny, that pen I thought I lost in January! A piece of tinsel from our Christmas party in English, a tattered copy of marching band music, my old calculus folder! Half of a drumstick!") The memories flood back to you, and you look for one last time at the grand chamber of beautiful high school existence; the broken coat-hook, the permanent love letter from the locker's previous owner, Jason, on your door. The janitors have asked you to leave your lockers open, so they can scrub and disinfect any remaining trace of your presence in the school. Suddenly you are filled with the urge to SHUT your locker. And you do, slamming it HARD. Suddenly, you would like to slam ALL of the lockers shut, you are free... gloriously free... and you, your arms wide, laughing, crying, run down the hall...

•Sarah Schnable