

Editor bids her final goodbye



By Stephanie Mills
Editor-in-chief

They say that there is no one older than a high school senior, and no one younger than a college freshman. Being someone who is caught in between these two life monuments, I have realized that right now we are suspended in time. Now is when we should enjoy ourselves, be with friends, look toward the future, and reflect on the past.

I remember one time, around nine at night, when I was working on the Line O' Type. It had been a long day, and Jane, Michelle, and I were all in the sort of daze that only looking at a computer for too long can cause. Michelle got tired, so I was giving her a piggyback down third floor B-Wing. We came across a janitor cart that was playing the radio, which was blasting the Eagle's *Dirty Laundry*. Michelle, Jane and I danced and sang while running down the stairs, probably making a huge scene and embarrassing ourselves. I can only imagine what the janitors must have thought!

Memories like this one have composed my high school career, making my life more complex, and wonderful.

Adjusting to high school was difficult at first, but we banded together as a class with a common goal -- sur-

viving. Junior year was spent looking forward to senior year, and sophomore year was spent, well, blending into lockers.

I have made friendships while in high school that I know I will never forget. I have made friends with some of the most incredible people while in high school. Some play tennis or soccer, some are in the orchestra, while still others are on the newspaper or yearbook staffs. Moline has taught me that everyone has different passions and convictions, and that we must appreciate and embrace our differences.

High school was not all friends and fun and games, there were actually tests, finals, essays, and jobs to contend with. I have learned amazing work ethic from high school, while balancing student congress, band, a job, newspaper, and several difficult classes. Between all of these commitments come our sweet memories that we have formed, some together as a class, and some on our own.

We have placed tacks on teachers' chairs (6th grade) and thrown paper balls at people in government (haha... sorry Ryser).

We have grown up. Some have grown stronger than Mr. Gorgal, some taller than Mrs. Blackall. We have dressed up like elves during Share Joys, walked circles in gym, made a bonfire at the Fall Sports Rally, passed out beads at the Homecoming Parade, and superfanned at basketball games. We have laughed together, cried together, and have wondered what the future will bring.

Since I am headed 9 hours south to Nashville next year, I know there will be separation from my friends and family. Although I am nervous for this gigantic step in my life, and my first move toward independence, I am confident in the quality of education that I have received while attending Moline. The next step will not be easy, but I feel that I am (somewhat) prepared.

Moline was the first chapter of the book, and Vanderbilt will be the next. How the book will end, I don't know, but I do know that it is my friends, experiences, and knowledge that has brought me there.

Some lyrics from *Chapters* by Commuter put this thought into words: "But that was once upon a time/ and happily ever after/ it's time to start a new chapter/ and I can't stand to turn the page/ You taught me how to love/ and now I've got nothing to show for it/ the time we had was so short/ I can't stand to turn the page."

While writing the "Roses and Thorns" for my last-ever issue, Alex Ryser and I debated about whether graduation belonged under "Roses" or "Thorns". We decided that it belonged under both categories. Of course we are sad to move on, but we look toward the future and anticipate many life-enriching experiences.

In ten years, the LO'T will be celebrating its

graduation day -the beach boys

There's a time a for joy
A time for tears
A time we'll treasure through the years
We'll remember always
Graduation day

At the senior prom
We danced 'til three
And there you gave your heart to me
We'll remember always
Graduation day

Take it away
Take five

Though we leave in sorrow
All the joys we've known
We can face tomorrow
Knowing we'll never walk alone

When the ivy walks
Are far behind
No matter where our paths may wind
We'll remember always
Graduation day

We'll remember always
Graduation day

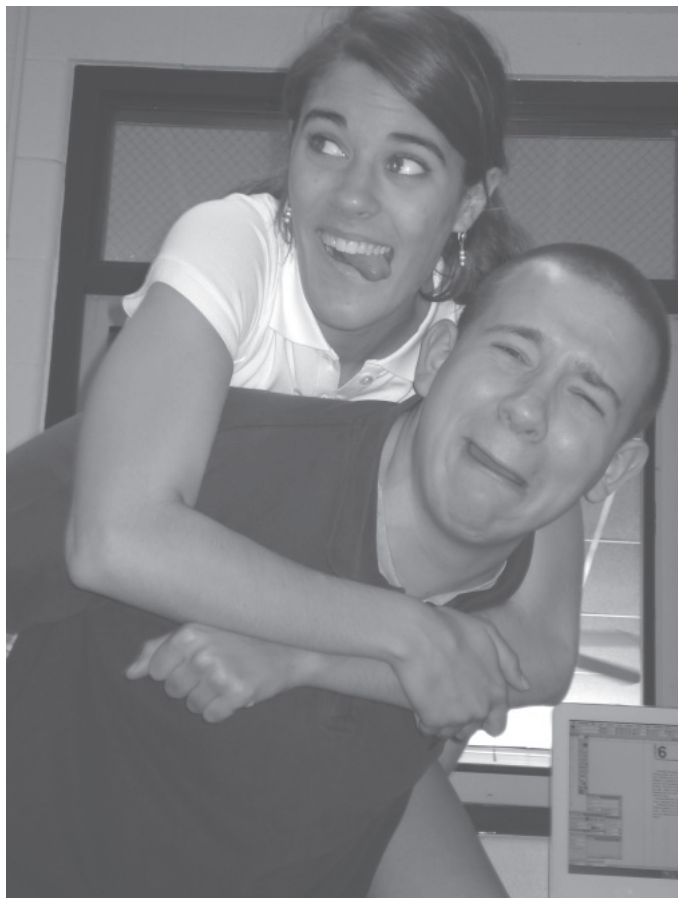
100 year anniversary. That is pretty scary to think about. I don't know where I'll be in ten years, but there will be a new editor sitting on my favorite computer in the Pub. There will be a brunette flute player in the band, and there will be someone new lining up the cars for the Homecoming parade. Someone new will be on the Homecoming Court, selling puppy chow by the pound, and giving speeches at National Honor Society inductions. Someone will have filled my roles at Moline, and I will be fulfilling my dreams somewhere else.

I am so grateful for everyone at Moline - all of my friends, the newspaper staff and advisors, teachers, and administrators. I couldn't have gotten this far without any of you, and you have helped me grow so much as a person.

I am not the person that I was when I entered Moline. Each and every experience, positive and negative, has shaped me as a person and I believe that it truly has changed me for the better. I have become well rounded academically, socially, and personally.

Now I pass the torch to next year's stars.

My wish for each of you is that you will live successful lives not as others define it, but as you define success for yourself. Good luck with whatever you choose to do with your lives, and I wish you eternal happiness.



Our last worknights... ever. Alex Ryser and I goof off in the Pub, reliving what countless nights have been like over the past four years (Photo by Goebel).