

My fellow class, we entered these doors four years ago, and now shortly it will be time to leave. Some of us have already mentally left it seems. How did it all go so fast? It seems like only yesterday that I was 5 foot 1 and fighting with the lock on my locker still not quite sure how to use it. trying to figure out where my next class was, and looking generally clueless to all the upperclassmen. Now we are the upperclassmen, the seniors who sit here ready to dive into the unknown and drop in the world. Yet at this seminal moment, we can't help looking back. How do we measure the time we've spent in high school? In the beginning, we measured it in class periods, counting down the day to eventual freedom or summer break. As the days and weeks passed, we measured it in semesters, and later in years as we moved from being those terrified freshmen to becoming sophisticated sophomores who thought they knew it all. By the time we reached our junior year, we were confident, we wanted the school as our own we couldn't wait to hoist our flag atop the boat" And now here we stand. Our rule is over, and it's up to the next class to step into our shoes and take over. As I look back, my units to measure time have changed. I will measure it in all the friendships and the hardships, the struggles, and triumphs I've endured these last four years. Many problems now seem minute. But I will remember each moment something cringing and others laughing. And when many of our high school memories begin to fade, that's how I ultimately measure the time we spent here, not in periods or semesters or years, but in the idea of how Aspen High School changed me.