

Our Last Year Together

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Honorable Mention

Senior year is finally here. It's hard to believe that it has been six years since I took my first steps into Cameron High School as a student. It seems like yesterday. And looking back now not much has changed since 7th grade, besides the fact that our little clique of friends has grown from a group of 7 to a circle of 11 girls. We've grown together, fallen apart, and grown back together again. We all sit around and talk about how we can't wait to go to college, but I have a feeling that we are going to truly miss each other in no time.

We say now that we're never going to miss high school, and that we can't wait to meet new people. We think we are tired of each other. But the truth of the matter is that we're going to miss each other before summer is even over. We always do. We've always been there for each other. Our small group knows almost everything there is to know about one another. Perhaps that's why we've grown so bored with each other. But when we get out in the real world we're going to miss that feeling of close friendship.

We are so comfortable around each other. We know when it's okay to joke around. We know when somebody is hurting. We practically share each others' heartaches. We're like a little family. We have holiday traditions, and we have arguments like sisters. Sometimes we just sit around and reminisce about the "good old times."

I don't think anyone will ever forget the night we spent in Calli's bathroom. The night of her 8th birthday, we all got scared out of our minds because we thought somebody was outside. We couldn't get her mom to wake up. So we went to safest room that we could think of a tiny little bathroom, with barely any room to stand in. Somehow six eight-year-old girls found a way

to spend the entire night on the bathroom floor. Ginger and Calli were asleep in the closet. My head was right beside the toilet with Nicole practically on top on me. It didn't matter that it was completely uncomfortable. We were safe in our tiny little cubical. The next morning we woke up in the living room. During the night Calli's dad and mom had walked in and found us asleep in their bathroom. They carried us back to where we were supposed to be sleeping. We all got a good laugh, and we still do when we look back on that night.

We never really grew out of having sleepovers. Almost every year in the beginning years of high school we had an annual camp out. It usually took place on the last day of school. We would go to my grandma's back yard, and my pap would set up a tent. We found entertaining ways to occupy ourselves, because we knew it would be the last time all of us would be together at one time until we had to go back to school in the fall.

We would get on my cousins little tyke cars and ride them over the hill. We only got to do that for a couple of years, because during one of our trips over the hill I hit a rock and flipped it. It ended up breaking the toy. Grandma wasn't too impressed, but we all got a good laugh. We would last most of the night in the tent, but that was just to prove to my pap that we could make it in the "wild". By the early morning we would be tired of lying in the cold damp tent, and we would find our way to the living room floor.

Then there were the Christmas parties. In our younger years we would all save money through the year and then go to the mall and buy every single friend something. By about 9th grade we were all getting tired of being broke during the holiday season. We decided to start drawing names from a hat and only buying for that person. This worked out well, because then we decided to have a Christmas party over break. We always needed at least one day over our break where we could get together and catch up.

It's sad to think that all of these events and traditions are now just simply memories. There is no going back now. We are all about to part and go our separate ways. We say that we'll keep in touch and still get together, but realistically, we know the truth. We're gradually going to drift apart. And all those memories will simply be...memories. I ask myself one question. How can a group of girls that can't even make it through Christmas break without each other, make it through the rest of their lives without each other?