

ONE MORE THING . . .



GOOD BYE MVHS

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I'LL PROBABLY EVEN HAVE A LONG MOMENT OF INTROSPECTION WHILE I USE A SCHOOL BATHROOM FOR THE LAST TIME.

Everyone knows you can't do that though. You can't be like Adam Sandler in the movie "Click" and rewind your life. You also can't be like Adam Sandler in the movie "Billy Madison" and stay in school forever. In fact, just don't be like Adam Sandler. Ever. (Of all the little lessons I've taught throughout the years, this one is by far the most important.)

Perhaps that's what makes high school so special: you get your four years and that's it. You can't pull a Zayn Malik and call it quits early and you can't pull a Brett Favre and come back whenever you want.

It has been a year of lasts for me. I had a long moment of introspection after homecoming. I had a long moment of introspection after the last basketball game. I'll probably even have a long moment of introspection while I use a school bathroom for the final time.

For years I've wanted to break out, but at some point along the way I came to love it here. (Sounds a bit like Stockholm Syndrome, huh?) And you — the readers — have been there ever since I was a lowly sophomore writing about Snooki and Neil Armstrong.

I'd like to believe that I've come a long way since then.

Hopefully I'm about to go even further.

HEY FRIENDS, IT'S BEEN A WHILE.

I've missed you. We haven't seen each other in so long. How has your year been?

I've heard from many of you that page 11 hasn't quite been the same this year and — though I had the power to do anything I wanted with this magazine — that's the one thing I couldn't do. (Oh. And the "Tall and Short" sequel. Couldn't do that either.)

So even though my brain tells me I don't owe you all an apology, my heart says that I do. But then again, what does my heart know? Its job is to pump blood, not be my Mr. Miyagi. That's Balmeo's job.

And it has been for four years. To her, they have been four long years of removing tape from her mouse, reading my "barely journalistic" work and being purposefully referred to as "Mom." (I would like to remind her though that she has known me longer than she has known her own daughter, so I really don't think that last thing is too far-fetched.)

But to me, these four years were far too

short.

Now I'm not sure if we accidentally skipped a Leap Day or something but my high school career has gone by faster than Paul Blart's Segway. I still remember walking into A111 on my first day at MVHS, completely unaware that the glorified Lost and Found bin known as the journalism room would become my home for the next four years.

Unfortunately, it's time to move out. (This is what happens when you're 48 months behind on your rent.) Of course, I knew this day would come. Heck, I've had the date of graduation marked on my calendar since freshman year.

I've spent the last four years eagerly awaiting the big day. When you're in the maze, you want nothing more than to get out of it. But now that I can see the exit, I don't feel like running toward it; instead I want to turn around and start over again. (This is assuming that an axe-wielding Jack Nicholson isn't in the maze searching for me.)