

# Senioritis online free

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Senioritis is a proven disease and all seniors do in-fact fall victim to this plague which spreads throughout all senior classrooms worldwide. This plague is generally contracted towards the end of the third grading period of the school year. This year it seems it has come much earlier. I am ready to get out of this infernal place we call " high school." I'm ready to move on to college, to the next chapter of my life.

But, of course, I can not do so without reflecting upon what my high school experience has entailed and all that I will miss. I will miss the coexistence which occurs when students collectively complain about the wrongdoings of a teacher. I will miss the early release days where we get out early and the day seems to just fly on by. I will miss the teachers who are genuinely concerned for my well-being and whether or not i succeed. I will miss the relationships I have crafted throughout the four years.

I will miss people yelling out to me " Hey Mr. Seabreeze" just to extend a warm hello. I will miss the friday night football games, standing at attention, playing stands tunes, and screaming until you no longer have a voice when your team is about to make a touchdown. I will miss the hysterical moments when someone is caught sleeping in class. I will miss sitting in the darkness of the stage wings waiting for the next scene change. I will miss the rush of the huge stage set ups, the big spot-light cues, the jokes had on the headsets, and the many shows I will no longer be able to run.

I will miss coming to school everyday knowing I'll be able to play music and living my dream. I will miss standing upon that podium, my perch, and conducting my band everyday. I will miss the rapid heart beat thudding in

my chest as we march out onto the freshly cut green grass as we wait to begin our show. I will miss all the moments leading up to that very moment. All the hours of preparation, the sweat, the weariness, the long hours, the gallons of water chugged, and the laughs had during a water break.

But most of all I will miss that last brief breath that I savor each and every time I begin to play. High school is that tiny brief breath before the melody of life and all I want to do is hold it in.