

Dear Seniors

Already, there are roughly only 145 days left of this school year. That's 145 days this senior class is guaranteed to be together, to see each other. When put into perspective, we don't have much time at all.

To put it bluntly, time is not on our side. This year alone will decide the course of the rest of our lives. So we're forced to choose between preparing for the future, or preserving the present. Our social life is no longer top priority and it's starting to show. Friday night games are a little less crowded this season because of those who must work in order to save money for the future. Saturdays no longer include sleeping in and hanging out at the movies. There's work and more school with the ACT prep classes and college preview days. Sundays hold church and unfinished homework.

When can we see our friends? Where can we find the time to catch up on the latest news, have sleepovers and movie marathons? Opportunities pass us by everyday while we're attending yet another practice or running another errand. This year is different. Senior year separates your "just friends" from your life long friends. And it's tough to let some go. But changes have to be made. It's inevitable. It's called growing up.

How do you let go of relationships you've had since sixth grade? Maybe since kindergarten. Remember back when we were Devils, Tigers, or Eagles? I bet now many of your very best friends today are from a different elementary school. The one incredible thing about the middle school is the fact that it brought all of us together as one united class. The very thought of not growing up with each member of this senior class is just unimaginable. This senior class has so many memories. From the horror of writing portfolios in seventh grade, to beating Corbin in the championship basketball game in eighth grade, to losing our precious Suzanne to cystic fibrosis. Each trial we have overcome and shown the true spirit of the Rock. Our class has gotten smaller over the past few years for various reasons, yet all of us who remain are proud to say we're a part of the thirtieth graduating class of Rockcastle Co. High School.

August and September have passed, but begin October with the determination to get the most out of this senior. Each opportunity you let slip by, is lost forever. By this time next year, one chapter of our lives will be closed, and we'll be beginning another one. If there's someone you love, tell them. If you see someone who needs a hug, you better be hugging there neck. Try to get along with the folks at home, because they really do want what's best for you. Most of all just live each day as if it were your last!



The Rocket

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Letters to the editor should be submitted to Ms. Susan Norton in Room 116 or Room 115. They must be signed and limited to 250 words or less. The staff and adviser reserve the right to edit any letter, or refuse to print it.

The Rocket is published six times a year by the journalism class at Rockcastle County High School. All stories and ads are prepared using the Macintosh and LaserJet 2100M and printed by E&C Web Printing, London, KY.

It Rocks...

- ~ The Homecoming Frog Prince
- ~ Seniors finally get college visits
- ~ Being the first one out to the parking lot
- ~ Finally having an active Homecoming week
- ~ Our new principal

It Reeks...

- ~ The frog that doesn't turn into a prince
- ~ Seniors are counted absent when they take the opportunity to visit
- ~ Waiting fifteen minutes to get out after using all the energy to get there first
- ~ People who don't participate in Homecoming activities
- ~ Saying goodbye to Mrs. Hamilton