

Down the Hall

Do you think high school publications should be censored?



"I don't think so because isn't America founded on free speech, and all that stuff?"

--Brad Spears,
Senior

"They shouldn't be censored because they should be able to address the issues that affect their teen audiences."

--Jennifer Carmack,
Junior



"No, because through these publications we, as high school students, receive the correct information, instead of false information from our friends."

--John Bray,
Sophomore

"[High school publications] should have all the same rights as real newspapers."

--Christina Amyx,
Freshman



"Yes, I do believe they have that right...We are ultimately responsible for what goes on in the school."

--Mrs. Janet Wells,
Librarian

This year's Rock in review

by The Anonymous Student

I am taking a step back and absorbing all that has happened to us in the 1999-2000 school year, and it has been a wild one. I am utterly stunned when I realize all that a group of students can experience in a nine month period.

R.C.H.S. opened its doors amid controversy and heated tempers over new regulations and restrictions in the dress code (no more sleeveless shirts, and you must be able to tuck them in too). Security cameras met us at every turn in the hallway, and we still didn't have a principal. Rumors flew in every direction about the institution of worse policies and about just *who* would lead us into the new millennium.

Finally came the announcement that we would keep our interim principal. We were apprehensive about the official leadership of Mrs. Ruth Allen, our new principal. (She's still doing great!)

When students returned after our first weekend of the new year, we were shocked and heartbroken to learn that two terrible automobile accidents had occurred over our short leave. Scott King was

killed. Though he no longer attended Rockcastle County High School, he had, in his short stay with us, been a band member, a class clown, and a great friend to almost everyone he met. Scott would have been a member of the Class of 2001.

Another student, John York, was also involved in a car crash, but he didn't leave us. In fact, we pass him in the halls every day.

In spite of these tragedies, we continued on.

The usual excitement came with approaching Christmas break, but that too was different this year. This school year held the turn of the century: the dawning of the new Millennium. More than a few people were worried about what would happen when the clock struck midnight on New Year's Eve.

When we all returned unscathed from Y2K (makes you chuckle now, doesn't it?), school fell into its usual rhythm. Classes changed, underclassmen got lost all over again, and the seniors were that much closer to graduation time. Preparation for testing

began and during that week the students and faculty participated in varied sports activities, including a basketball game in which we were introduced to a new female member of the Bussell family, who mysteriously disappeared after the game.

Speaking of sports, all of our teams did well this season. We even got national recognition for our JROTC, and proudly stood behind state champion track members. We got to see Mr. Noble kiss a pig at a pep rally, and for the first time, we had to dodge flying candy in the gym.

We're down to just a few days now, and everyone is excited about graduation, driving privileges, first jobs, and best of all, SUMMER SCHOOL! (Joking!) We eagerly anticipate receiving our yearbooks and getting as many signatures as we can, and most of us look forward to next year. That's right, next year. Except for you graduating seniors, the rest of you will have to put up with me again next year, because all I can tell you is that I am not a senior! See you then!!!

Long hours, empty pockets

by Tara Cox

Students everywhere get after school and summer jobs to help pay for that dream car they absolutely had to have, or constant repairs on the hand-me-down their parents gave them so that they could buy a brand new convertible that "...you kids won't tear up!"

Teenagers must possess crucial items in order for survival. Among these are the latest CD's, a constantly updated wardrobe, and an unbeatable sound system for their car or truck. In an attempt to obtain all of these things, students are hired into jobs that they know nothing, or little, about.

On any typical day for an employed student, they are expected to go to school for eight hours (if you include driving time and getting out of the parking lot), work for three to five hours, do assigned homework for an hour or more, and then they have time to talk on the phone for a few measly minutes until passing out from exhaustion.

When they arise from slumber, they are forced to repeat the en-

tire process all over again.

If you count those hours up, it could be anywhere from 12-14+ hours a day, excluding at least 8 hours sleep. That leaves two or four hours of free time a day, usually taken up working late or driving to and from work. Teenagers are supposed to have fun, but how can they do that if they're constantly busy?

After surviving this schedule for several days at a time, they finally have a day off. During this time their bedroom door is locked, the phone is off the hook, and there is absolutely no noise escaping from the vicinity of their room, except the occasional snore.

After all of the hard work, staying up at night, and late homework, the most anticipated day of the past two weeks is here.

You breeze into your boss' office, kindly wait while they finish their phone call, politely request your paycheck, and then do an about-face so you can hurry up and get out of there and see the amount on the check.

This is the disappointing part.

Whatever the amount, it is never enough. Car payments and insurance must always be paid, taxes will always be taken out, and you will always be left with empty pockets.

Yes, you heard me right; empty. Completely and totally void of anything useful except additions to your pocket lint collection. Forget about the thrill of your paycheck and the shopping spree thereafter; it's gone before you even get it! And there's nothing you can do about it.

Why do teenagers work if they don't get to enjoy the spending money? Why do parents work if they know all of it's going to their children? Both are rhetorical questions, but think about the correlation.

Maybe getting a job in high school prepares you for the adult world. Stress and financial strife are everyday things, and we must learn to deal with them.

Remember, it could be worse. You could be one of the freshmen roaming the parking lot trying to bum a ride.