

Dear Seniors:

BY CHEYENNE CARMACK

When I was little, skinned knees, bee stings, and being the odd man out all sent me inside to my mom on more than one occasion.

Whether in tears of physical pain or wounded feelings, my mom was nearly always able to patch me up and send me back out to play.

I would romp and run for hours with the neighborhood gang, coming into the house at dusk, smelling of wild onions and play dough.

Often, mud would be spattered upon my grimy clothes, from the gourmet pies I had diligently constructed. My streaked blonde hair would be damp with sweat, while my mouth was Kool-Aid stained.

Many mothers would fret and worry over the mess that I often appeared to be.

But not my mom.

No, my mom would dip me in a tub of warm water, with Rub-a-Dub Doggie, and let me scrub.

Looking back, I wonder where the days of chasing lightning bugs went.

I can't even imagine how quickly it must have passed for my parents.

We seldom stop to question what our parents are thinking. Most of the time, we just don't care.

It's natural, I guess. We rely on our parents until a certain point, and then as we mature and learn more things on our own, our dependence lessens.

How many times have you mastered pedalling and steering, only to return to your dad to ask how to ride the bike?

More than likely, zero.

We spread our wings, learn our

own lessons and grow into our own person. That's how it was meant to be.

Yet, is there ever a defining moment that we won't depend on the people who gave us life, in at least some fashion?

Right now, we are at a point in our lives when we think we don't need our parents at all. Teenagers are notorious for that.

The irony is that now is when their support and guidance is so vital.

Whether you love, hate, or barely communicate with your parents at all, appreciate them for what they have been, what they are and what they will be in your life.

It won't matter if you like it or not -- many of the things they tell you will be eerily right.

They've been there and done that. If we let them be, they're our greatest teachers.

Either we see things we respect and admire in them, and want that for ourselves, or we take their mistakes and make ourselves better.

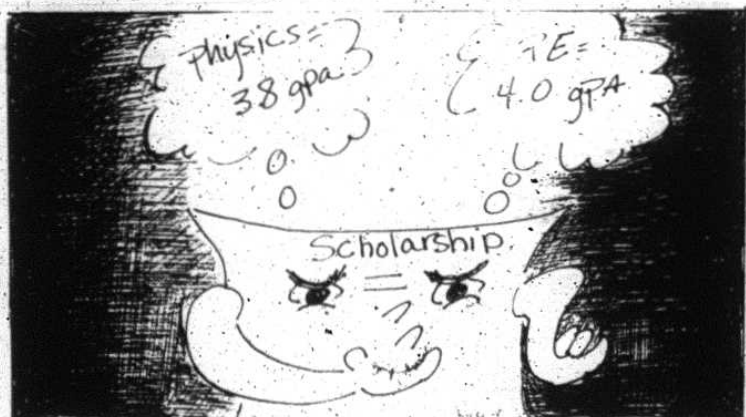
Sure, they get huffy when we miss curfew, tell us "no" when we can't find any good reason for us not to go, and ruin important phone conversations without remorse.

Deal with it (and them).

I know what a big step college will be for me next fall. Mom won't be just inside the screen door, ready to dust me off and wipe my tears.

And Dad won't be there to take care of the boy responsible for the tears in the first place.

I'll miss that, and deep down, I think you will, too.



How much does it count?

BY TARA BURTON

As a senior at Rockcastle County High School, planning to attend college next year, my grade point average is very important to me. This factor helps determine whether or not I get accepted into a specific college or not.

As a student I wanted to take some of the harder class in high school to gain experience rather than wait and be overwhelmed in college. Some chose to take easy classes like P.E. I, II, and III. They didn't even think about taking Physics and Chemistry, or a foreign language.

Here is where I get really frustrated with the whole situation. Those students who take those easy classes end up with a higher grade point average than many others and me because they do not challenge themselves, yet they get the scholarships and the recognition because of a number they maintain. I know that a 4.0 compared to a 3.89

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doesn't really look that much different but 11 hundredths of a point is crucial when it comes to this situation.

Some schools across Kentucky have different grading scales. Advanced placement and honors courses are weighted higher than general courses, so someone who has taken harder classes and has made decent grades end up with a higher G.P.A. than 4.0. Those types of courses are not compared equally to gym classes and home economics classes because they aren't equal. They are of higher standard. That is why Rockcastle

should have this type of grading system. Those students who take hard classes and maybe don't get straight A's don't receive the recognition because someone who has taken every gym class imaginable has gotten straight A's all four years of high school and in the senior year beat you out of a scholarship that depends on your G.P.A.

If Rockcastle would take this information and try to work something out, the education system would be an even more important part in this county. The county would receive its own recognition and praise.

Even though I won't be here next year, I have a lot of friends who will still be here who feel the same way. If I was a freshman and had to do it all over again, I would do my best to get this problem out in the open to the school board and site-based council.

The Rocket

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It Rocks...

- The spring sports teams smokin' their competitors!
- Fire drills = safe students, safe school, a safe way to take a break from class!
- Knowing that spring is in the air!
- Getting an unexpected phone call or e-mail from someone you really like!
- Being mentioned in *The Rocket*!
- School dances...if you get out there, boogie, and get down with your bad self!

It Reeks...

- Smokin' in the boys room...or any room, because smoking just stinks!
- The light turning green while you're in the middle of a Chinese Fire Drill!
- The stench of stink bombs in the hallway!
- Getting routine phone calls from credit card and long distance phone companies!
- Being published as a traffic violator when your parents aren't aware that you got a speeding ticket!
- School dances...if you don't know how to laugh at yourself and have a good time!