

# TAFFKARR OUT

By: Jacob Shaffer @JacobShaffer\_18

Goodbye knuckleheads. Usually goodbyes like these are filled with hollow euphemisms like “I’ll miss you guys so much,” and “I’ll never forget all that I learned throughout my high school career.” Garbage one liners ripped straight from a bargain bin Hallmark movie for the upteenth time. Seriously, it ain’t “High School Musical”, no need to pretend like I loved each and every one of you or that every day here was magical. In a few years once my golden years have passed, I’ll probably look back on my time at MHS with an air of nostalgia, but for right now I’m so happy to get out of here and start the next chapter of my life.

It hardly even feels like my senior year anymore, every senior has already moved on. It’s fourth quarter, and most are ready to get started on real life. Sitting here in school for a couple hours feels more mandatory and forced than ever. Most seniors are busy with jobs, scholarships, homework or college. Everyone in my grade has grown up so much it feels like I don’t even know them. I guess I never really did. The people I would say goodbye to have already left. Most everyone is in a far off place right now, thinking about the future, worrying if they’ll get scholarships or how much debt



they’ll be in after college. No one cares about high school right now, and I feel like even less are worried about saying goodbye. It’s a weird relationship small town schools like ours have. I’ve known some of my classmates for as long as I can remember, all the way back to when we were in Mrs. Porter’s kindergarten class. But I never truly got to know most of them. It’s like saying goodbye to a coworker you saw at work everyday but never talked to.

Perhaps my own detachedness is because of my introvertedness. It’s true, I never got to know most of you guys, especially non-seniors, and that’s how I preferred it. It’s still a weird feeling saying goodbye to the senior class fully expecting I’ll never see most of you again. Once May 27th rolls around, no one is obligated to stick around anymore. Most people will leave and never look back, and I can’t help but feel sad because of that fact. Like I said before, I’ve known a lot of you for more than a decade, yet I only know most of you by the traits that show themselves in the classroom. For instance, I know most people reading this in the senior class don’t see me as anything more than “the funny one,” and I suppose that’s all well and good. Best to get our awkward goodbyes out of the way now while we’re all still confined without our diplomas.

# It’s time to say goodbye

By: Jenna Sackett @Jenna\_Sackett13

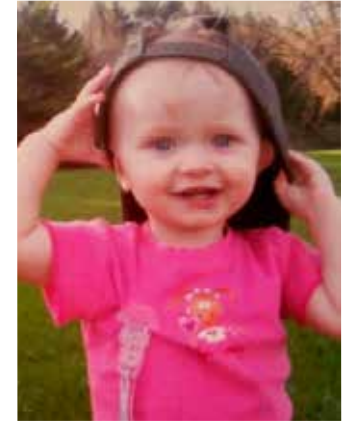
I’ve written tons of stories for this newspaper since my freshman year. Informational, entertaining, emotional. None of them compare to the emotion I feel writing this. I’ve known for the past four years that I would be writing a senior goodbye for the newspaper, but it never seemed real. Even now I can’t imagine leaving this place. I’ve watched the journalism team grow and change as I myself did the same. This class was never just a class to me. It was a sanctuary. Throughout the chaos of yearbook due dates, Indesign disasters, and just the entirety of the 2020 year, this room has remained my safe place. This room full of broken office chairs and sketchy light covers has housed the group of people that I consider my family.

I was a different person when I started journalism. I don’t know when it started, but before I knew it, journalism was my personality. It’s how people know me. It’s what makes me, me. The bond I have created with my fellow journo family members will never be replicated again. This room and its inhabitants have a piece of my heart, and will long after the autographed ceiling crumbles. I don’t know how I can leave it behind. I don’t know how I can leave my family behind.

I know this newspaper will be in good hands, along with the rest of this class. I’m so proud of each and every one of the staff writers and editors. I wouldn’t be who I am without them. Not long from now they will also be

gone. Writing their own senior goodbyes. However, the person who made journalism feel

most like home will remain. She is the main reason I’m so sad to go.



Mrs. Mundorf taught me more in her last two years as the journalism teacher than I have learned in my entire educational career. She is more than my teacher, she is my friend. I literally cried while writing about her because no amount of words could describe the impact she’s had on my life. I wouldn’t have gotten through high school without her. She is one of the first people I talk to when something big or small happens in my life, and I can’t imagine what it’s going to be like not being able to stop by her room everyday before or after school to talk to her next year.

There are a lot of things I can’t imagine. I can’t imagine not walking through the halls, the yellow stripe right at my eye level. I can’t imagine not playing soccer with my team, green wristband molded to our arms while we celebrate a win. I can’t imagine not taking pictures for the yearbook. I’ll miss it, even the awkward wrestling ones. I’ve had all this time to prepare for the end but here I am, still procrastinating and rewriting my last article for The Vox, over and over, as if not finishing it will let me stay.

But it’s time to go. I will never be able to express how much this family and class means to me, and I will never be able to thank Mundorf enough for everything she has done for me. It is time to go. To leave this Christmas light lit room and pass down one of the few non-broken office chairs I claimed as my own back in my sophomore year. It’s time for the next part of my life. It’s time to say goodbye.

