

## Senior Year Horror

If a horror movie wants to *really* be classic it needs four elements. First- A blonde girl tripping over everything in her path while hysterically running away from a monster. Second- a shower or bathtub scene in which a character either gets attacked, dies, or just stares dramatically at their shampoo bottle with water streaming down them as they contemplate the meanings of their existence. Third- there must be some sort of love interest who either saves the day, dies, or runs away. And finally, if the movie is really classic, it'll have some world changing event or twist. Going through high school, a lot of my friends found it strange that I liked these types of movies but it's good I do since my senior year fit all of the criteria.

I found myself playing the role of the frantic blonde lady as I tripped up the stairs at least once a week with shorter passing periods and stricter attendance policies rushing me. I saw my preparation for the role in show choir when Miss Smith had us run in place while singing thriller so that we would know how to sing during our show-stopping choreography. I also felt the weight of the role in show choir when we performed for the faculty Christmas party and in our entrance I watched as Josh Beckham struggled to keep piles of cups and plates from falling off the counter, while some bases tripped over the piano chord, unplugging it, and then seeing Carson Bailey frantically struggle to plug the piano back in. It didn't help when Emma Hailstone's phone started going off at full volume in my pocket during silent night at the end.

-The year had plenty of clumsiness.

I also recall having plenty of contemplative shower scenes, staring at shampoo bottles and face wash wondering things like 'is math really simple?' and wondering what I would do

with myself if we really did have to do online schooling to flatten the curve. Turns out, I had to focus on flattening more than one curve with gyms closing and availability of snacks increasing.

As the love interest in classic horror movies goes, I had plenty of awkward ‘things’ over my time at Maeser. It’s pretty funny when you get to the end of senior year and almost everyone has tried dating most of their friends. At Maeser there’s a small dating pool and plenty of winterims in place to mix things up which allows one to have awkward pasts with almost every friend whether they dated your crush or if you used to ‘date’ them if occasional hand holding and walking each other to classes constitutes enough as ‘dating.’ Anyways, none of my love interests seemed to save the day like in the movies but some of them did sort of die socially for me since the awkwardness could never be moved on from and I wouldn’t be surprised if people wanted to run away from my past self.

There were also plenty of twists this school year. Awkward ‘things’ broke up and I wasn’t alone in not landing the role I wanted in the school play but we couldn’t have four belles and five Mrs. Potts now could we? In reality, of course the ultimate ‘world changing event’ was Covid 19 and the changes it made. It was strange to talk to a friend about how it probably wouldn’t even touch Utah to find ourselves two weeks later with school and everything else shutting down or cancelled. I still feel bad for ironically telling Emma Hailstone that she would be able to come back to school soon enough and she shouldn’t come to school with cold symptoms. It was good to not have her attend since we didn’t want to worry fellow students but I shouldn’t have been so confident in her coming back to school since she actually never did and never will return as a current student taking classes in the building.

It's alright though. We'll survive not going back to school. We just need to learn how to survive quarantine. I still found myself as the blonde damsel in distress running at full speed away from her problems when Covid 19 hit. I got hit in the face pretty hard with all my problems I was running from when I had to sit at home all day and acknowledge them. Something you'll notice about those classic horror movies though, is that it never really gets resolved until the helpless blonde becomes less helpless and figures out how to face the monster. She has to find the weakness and attack it and that's the only way that the terror will end. I needed to face my problems too, for them to go away.

So instead of dragging around my feelings for a boy who decided to let go, I've decided to let go too. It took me a while to figure out that letting go of that would actually make me happier instead of more sad but I eventually got it and things have been looking up ever since. I also never faced the fact that skipping a few meals a day and using school as a distraction from the hunger wasn't a healthy diet plan until I had way too much access to snacks at home. I've finally learned how to eat healthy in an actually healthy way and am feeling much more comfortable and confident how I am.

I still have a couple of more problems to face, like figuring out math a little more so it can be 'simple' enough for me to get a good score on the modified BC Calculus AP test that's coming up, but I've found that since Covid 19 hit my mental and physical health has only gotten better. There were issues I was hiding from before by using my busy schedule as a distraction, but now that I've had to face my monsters, I've started defeating them.

There's a reason why I like horror movies so much. It's because people have to be brave in them and it makes me feel like I can be brave too. In the end, the monsters are usually defeated, and that's how senior year will turn out too.