

Nicholas Snyder

Ms. Desrosiers

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My Senior Year

My senior year was about as eventful as most, Friday night football games, mostly easy classes, working a lot, etc. As many of the class of 2020 know, the latter half was a little too eventful for most. Early spring break quickly became the infamous “104 days of summer vacation” from the popular show Phineas and Ferb. Overnight many of us became high school graduates by simply clicking “turn in” on our last Google Classroom assignment. Many adults have said to me variations of, “your senior year was stolen from you”, or simply, “it’s not fair”. But so, what? Life is not fair, why should you expect high school to be any different?

Recounting my previous years at Concord High School is like a fever dream. I can remember the clear, sunny skies where for the most part, was not very difficult. There were many times where I put off doing homework to hangout with friends and the like.

I would say sports were for me, the highlight of my high school experience. I had done sports all through middle school but in high school is where I put the most in and got the most out. For one, before my last track season, I was named a team captain by my peers. I can remember each track practice from last December and January like it was yesterday. During my 7th and 8th free periods, I would go hangout in the trainer’s room with a few others and talk for a bit as we waited for school to end and practice to begin. We would mostly have outdoor practices in the cold, somewhat negating the title of “Indoor Track”. What I would give up to run hills up Spaulding St. and practice relay hand-offs in

the hallways again. Some might cringe at the idea of running for fun, but the bittersweet feeling I get reminiscing about my senior track season and the goals I had set for myself in the spring is what I miss the absolute most about school getting cancelled.

I think its quite ironic my last day of school fell on Friday the 13th. I also remember that day just felt weird to me in a way I could not yet describe. I was the most unsure of my future that I had ever been. And at this time, I had no idea it would be my last. Earlier in the day, the NHIAA cancelled both boys and girls state championships that were to take place over the weekend, both of which, concord high was playing in.

During the first few weeks of what people called “quarantine”, I tried my best to stay in ok shape. I would drive to Memorial Field and do a track workout I had seen in a YouTube video the day before. Once I heard the announcement that school would not return to in-person, I stopped going to the track and had switched focus to activities more at home. One of the first things I did was start riding my 8-year old mountain bike on the trails behind my house. I had never been mountain biking or been on those trails before, so it was actually quite enjoyable for me. Over these first few months, I sort of accepted that I may never run track or see much of my class ever again after graduation, especially for my friends that entered the Marine Corps. The movie theater where I had worked all winter had also been closed.

From about the beginning of May to the end of June, I had lost all motivation to do anything. I had not seen any of my friends for months and was coming to the end of my secondary education experience. I can relate this entire experience to a Tiktok video I remember seeing over break. In fact, I still have the video downloaded on my phone. The video was a situational irony of the joy of graduating mixed with the bleak reality of submitting your last assignment alone in your bed late at night. I would say this was the most sedentary and unhealthy time I can remember. Most days I would wake up after

noon and my first meal of the day would be dinner. I only managed to not gain any weight by eating two meals a day, I would call it my own version of intermittent fasting.

This sort of never-ending cycle ended when I was allowed to return to the job I had last summer. The job was setting up cones for the DMV's motorcycle training program on the weekends. I was not paid much but what I think helped turn my summer around was the job was 100% outside. I had been couped up in my house for the past two months and sitting in the sun outdoors was such a nice change for me. I can remember one Saturday I worked from 7am to 5pm.

During this time, I had also started a small project at home, remodeling my basement. It was primarily a project I would do with my grandfather who is turning 87 this December. We first started by tearing down the thin walls the previous owner had put up haphazardly. We then painted the walls a pale greyish-blue and laid some cheap vinyl flooring to cover up the ugly cement. As I type this, the room has yet to be completed in its remodeling. I had not had sufficient time to replace the dated fluorescent tube lights and dirty ceiling tiles. Over this time working on my basement, I had learned how to wire wall outlets and light switches. I think that might be the most useful thing I did over the summer. Mere days before leaving on the 26th of August, I was able to mount the TV to the wall, which happen to be the same model of TV as the ones in the Game Room in the MUB.

Over my extended summer, I was forced to learn more about myself than I had ever had to before. I find it ironic that I can remember a conversation my mom had with my grandmother in the summer of 2019. They were discussing one of my other cousin's decision to graduate high school early this year and take some classes at her local community college before she enrolled to St. Thomas University in New Brunswick, Canada. I remember they criticized that she would miss all memorable high school experiences like prom and such. Looking back at it, I think its quite funny how it turned out that nobody would have prom and such, making her decision virtually unfazed and unaffected by the

coronavirus lockdowns. Something I remember from about early April is the class president of the junior class at CHS posting on Snapchat, "You seniors took Senior Skip Day a little too seriously this year". If there's something I could say to myself on March 13th, it would be to take a good look at the people around you whom you may never see again and even though the situation is out of your control, you'll make it work one way or another.