

(I wrote this as a graduation speech to my fellow Lassiter graduates, but unfortunately I wasn't chosen to give it)

Lassiter seniors, I've known you all forever,
And my relationships with you all, I don't want to sever.
You guys have been so great;
I'd be willing to take a lot of you on a date.
I'll never forget the awesome cafeteria fries,
Or the awful biology fruit flies;
The crazy work load,
Or Mrs. Linner always enforcing the dress code;
All the guys who always wore the merica pants,
Makin our class always the best at the pep rally dance;
The wonderful people I became friends with,
Or the stupid pool on top of the science building myth;
The crazy dress up days we had,
Stripes, do not go with plaid;
Never knowing whether my next class would be hot or cold,
And always reppin Lassiter under that maroon and gold;
The football games with the flour and the vuvuzela craziness,
And Mrs. Hottle's unbelievable happiness;
Our insanely awesome homecoming decorations in skylight,
And seeing everyone look super cute on prom night;
All the summer reading we never really read,
It was much better laying in the sun instead;
The colorful things we burned in chem,
And how Dr. Richie was the most bro principal of all of them;
The sick parades we threw,
And how teachers never really could keep our phones out of view;
How we all loved to bicker,
And Mrs. Nelson's epic reading stickers;
Having to run all the time in PE,
And how pretty much all the good food options were unhealthy;

We always had the most spirit, the other classes were always so lame,
Plus those awesome rounds of the Assassination game;
How we all heart,
Art;
Painting up for football or volleyball,
And how every year freshmen somehow got more small;
Weird drawings in the bathroom,
And how it was always uncertain if Slater was in the classroom;
Slowly learning how to get away with things,
And automatically standing up when the bell rings;
When going to LAS didn't make any sense and was a huge drag,
And, of course, how could anyone forget supa soosa swag swag;
The cheerleader's awesome spirit I could never understand,
And the crazy commitment and dedication of the marching band.

The Lassiter Class of two thousand fourteen
Is the best class anybody has ever seen.
So that's why I wrote you all this really bad poem,
And when I see you guys changing the world later on I'll say: 'Hey, I know em.'
You've made it a really great four years,
And it's unlikely I'll be able to leave you without shedding any tears,
I'm unhappy to see it all end today,
I hate to see you all sent away.
But there is happiness in the memories we've made,
Memories I don't want to fade.
Things will go uphill from here, so I won't cry.
The hardest thing is always saying goodbye.