

A farewell to our readers

Decisions have been made, the last editorials written, and the paper has finally been put to bed. Oh, the tears we have shed and the blood we have sweated.

—No Anne, it's sweat. Wait a minute...check the dictionary.

—Okay. Sweat or sweated. We're both right.

—What an appropriate way to end our last disagreement. Back to the farewell column.

Well, guys, it's been fun. But this is the last day of classes, we graduate in less than two weeks, and the slackness has set in.

We hope that we have been able to present things in the paper this year that surprised you and sparked informed discussions. We've had a mixture of controversy (every journalist's dream) and a lack of news this year, so we've done our best to present the truth to you, when available. After all we have accomplished, we can only hope not to have offended anyone and to have entertained as many as possible. While a newspaper is mostly informational, it is also supposed to be enjoyable, and we, as editors, have definitely enjoyed this year.

Of course, we must do the requisite "thank-yous" to all those people who made our lives more bearable (or less) than they otherwise would have been. Thank you to Dan Davenport, for leaving us a wonderful paper to build on; our adviser, Sandra, who came to the Stentorian second semester and fit right in immediately; David Stein and the Communications office for their generous sharing of resources and advice; Dr. Barber, who put up with more than her share of journalism tragedies this year and Jennifer Madriaga, who gave us unconditional, unlimited support and very good advice from day one.

And of course, thank you to our fabulous staff who put up with more than their share of Monica's verbal lashings, especially our senior crew who has stuck with the paper the last two years and has gone above and beyond the call of journalistic duty (it's the last thing we will write at NCSSM, we are allowed to use a cliché!).

We want to leave Becca Booi, Peter McKnight, Kevin deMiranda and the 1998 staff the best of luck next year. We hope that the long hours and work we have put in this year will prove useful to you.

To the Class of 1997, we love you dearly! Thank you for your support and friendship. Wherever you end up in the future, never forget two of the best years you will ever spend. We definitely will not forget you.

With Love,

Anne and Monica



Class of '97: The end to an era

ERICA JONES

There is a sign outside of 3rd Bryan which states it so perfectly. "The end to the era".

The end of the year has finally come, along with the end of all the traumas of the graduating class of 1997. As has been said since April 24, 1996, we've seen fire and we've seen rain — not to mention a hurricane which brought a power outage. So many things have happened and so many memories made.

The Science and Math experience has been one that I, nor any other person I'm sure, will ever forget. It was in this place that I made my first C and cried my first tear about failing my first Dusenbury test. It was here that I had to share the telephone with a hundred other girls, it seemed, for the first time. It was here that I had to learn how to live with someone even when I was mad and wanted to shut them out, for the first time. It was here that made me realize how important saving pennies were when I ran out of money and needed some popcorn or oodles of noodles for all those late nights of homework.

Because some of us were so young when we first arrived, it was here that we met our first special someone whom we thought would be the love of our life. However, it was also here that showed us that there were other people (in SouthSquare) who we wouldn't mind chillin' with on a regular basis.

I've made some of my best friends at Science and Math, not to mention some of my worst arguments.

If these walls could talk, they would tell such a story as has never been told. They would tell a tale of tears, of laughter, of joy unspeakable, and of horrors unheard of. I, along with the other 200 and something girls living in the Beall-Bryan-Reynolds complex

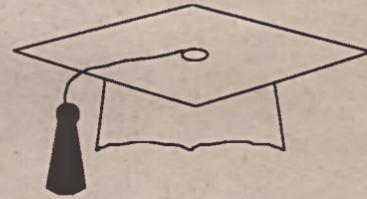
never thought that one night we would have to stand outside a lot longer than usual for yet another fire drill — except that this time, it wasn't just a drill. I'm sure the guys in Hill, who always do their homework anyway, never thought they would have to do all of it during the day or with a flashlight during those nights that Fran took the power from Science and Math.

Has it all been worth it? Were those tears over failed tests, heartaches, broken friendships, late night arguments, and God only knows what else really worth staying two years? Juniors may be still pondering this question. Those seniors who are going to the college of their dreams may say yes. And those of us who didn't get to make it thus far, for one reason or another, will never know.

But I say YES, it was all worth whatever I went through the past

two years. All those tears, breakups, and even C's were worth what I've learned personally while residing here. I have made friendships that I know will last a lifetime. There are people I've met here that I know I can count on no matter what and those same people know that they can count on me too. The decisions I've had to make while living here are ones that have changed the rest of my life and, at times, my whole outlook on life. And there are experiences I've been through here at S&M that I wouldn't trade for any others.

Class of 1997, we made it! And we will continue to do so throughout our lives just because of who each one of us has become. We are all leaders and we will be leading our world along the right path, making better decisions than our forefathers, and leaving this place a better one for those who will come after us. Class of 1998, much love to you and if you haven't been traumatized up to this point, stick it out because the best is yet to come.



Stentorian

SENIOR
ISSUE

North Carolina School of Science and Mathematics
1219 Broad Street Durham, NC 27705

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We're outta here!