



Neaghean Homfair, Student Body President

My Fellow Whirlies,

As I excitedly "x" off the days left before graduation, I fall victim to the nostalgia of the years gone by—more specifically, the truly defining four years the senior class has experienced. I remember when I first came

to Grimsley in 2003; I was excited and anxious about the prospect of attending a school where I knew no one (I went to Mendenhall...and the thought of where I could have ended up still gives me nightmares <cough, Page, cough>!). Briskly walking through the doors of the main

building, I recall realizing how small I was in comparison to my surroundings.

Looking back, we may remember these past four years as some of the most defining ones in our international history. Ranging from issues concerning globalization and terrorism to the international response to natural disasters and the destruction of civilizations, 2002-2006 has proven to be a tumultuous period in our history. We have been forced to open our eyes to world events and become proactive in our positions as high school students. I have been inspired by the initiative and response our school has reflected in light of major events around the world. The year 2002 was a year of new beginnings for many of us: the class of 2006 experienced its first "go home, freshmen" at the pep rally; Mr. Gasparello instituted his strict flower bed policy; and new air conditioning systems designed to create sub-zero temperatures were installed. Then came 2003 with the infamous declaration of the "Axis of Evil," the invasion of Iraq, and finally the capture of Saddam Hussein and his countless Mars Bars. In 2004, Afghanistan's president, Hamid Karzai, signed his country's new constitution, two NASA Rovers explored Mars in one of their most successful missions,

Martha Stuart enlightened fellow prison mates on proper cell furnishings and décor, and the 9/11 hearings began investigating the September 11 terrorist attacks. As Page students embarrassingly rushed out of Jamieson stadium after an exhilarating football game, we wisely advised them to become familiar with the taste of defeat. The 2004 Presidential Elections, one of the closest elections in US history, attested to the political activism and involvement of Grimsley students in national politics. Whether it was attending the Republican/Democratic Debate in the school library or registering to vote, Whirlies proved their awareness and appreciation for political rights.

Then 2005 came crashing down on us with the devastating reports of the Southeast Asian Tsunami. Inspired to do something about the path of destruction that scarred so many lives, Grimsley successfully rallied the community together to raise over \$12,000 for the countless victims. Shortly thereafter, white smoke coming from the chimney of the Vatican indicated the selection of a new pope, Benedict XVI, after the death of Pope John Paul II. It was shocking to Americans, Britons, and the rest of the world including myself, on a more personal level when terrorists detonated four bombs

in the heart of London. While spending the summer in Oxford, England, July 7, 2005 became my reality just as September 11th was the reality for much of America, which I remembered but was idealistic in thinking would not happen again. I recognized it was no coincidence that leaders of the eight most powerful nations were attending the G8 Summit at the same time in Gleneagles, Scotland. Moreover, I learned that the bombers—blind to ethnicity, to color, and to the unnerved Oxford students—wanted to make a point, one clearly representative of their conflict with the Western world. That point came across as a brutal attack—one experienced painfully by Londoners and observed globally by billions. Closer to home, Hurricane Katrina struck with horrifying force, and we were moved even more to help victims, as images and stories revealed the glaring disparities and inequalities in the Delta. Once again, Grimsley campaigned and surpassed all expectations by raising nearly \$26,000. We proved once again that dedicated students and communities could achieve above and beyond set goals through collaborative efforts and interests. Excitement brewed as we rushed the field at the Grimsley-Page football game and the numbers "41-14" easily

rolled off the tips of our tongues anytime we pityingly looked at/laughed at/talked to a Pirate. Even as the year came to a close, and "senioritis" set in for those of us graduating, we did not lose sight of the valuable contributions of people in Grimsley's history. In response, Dr. Josephine Boyd Bradley was recognized for her unwavering strength and courage as she became the first African-American to graduate from Greensboro Senior High.

For many of us graduating this year, our next year at our respective college campuses may remind us of our first day at Grimsley; a day leading into a promising, memorable, and exciting future. Whether we may recognize it or not, Grimsley has taught us some important life lessons. To those who will be leaving at the end of this year, I encourage you to reflect upon your experiences and take with you the wisdom gained through high school, while remembering that wisdom must still be nurtured in your future. I wish you the best for what may lie ahead. For those of you who have yet to graduate, live it up because as Ron Burgundy so eloquently states in Anchor Man, you are all "kind of like a big deal."

Always,
Neaghean Homfair
Student Body President

We, the senior class, are such a diverse and quirky bunch of individuals, and I love you all. When Ms. Roz asked me to write a letter to the Class of 2006, she suggested I address the future. Well, all I know about the future is it is spotless and pure for every man and every woman, no matter how complicated or complex the past was or the beginnings will be. In Hell Boy, a man or woman is defined by the way he or she ends things, yet there is nothing like a great start (i.e. four years at one of the best high schools in the county, state, and nation). I will truly miss being at Grimsley, but I trust that our futures will always be bigger and brighter than our pasts. We will act more mature, as if we really know better, and we will do what we should do, even if it is not always what we want to do. We must pledge to remember each and every day that all we really have are the todays; we do not

want to waste such valuable time sleeping or remaining idle. We must rise to the occasion and take on the world with enthusiasm, confidence, honor, and gusto!

Many of us still are not certain which colleges we will attend next fall, but such indecision is not the end of the world. Whatever we decide to do, we must do it in the right spirit and never waste our youth postponing dreams, arguing, complaining, or behaving in any other nonsensical manner. We must choose paths that will lead us to fulfilling lives, loving what we do, pursuing our deepest desires, the good and pure ones. We must be sure to dance and sing whether we can move our feet gracefully or carry a tune without shattering glass. We must always strive to love and laugh and to find the humor and benefits in all our endeavors. We must especially take the time to enjoy meeting other people, treating them with respect.

This universe can be quite dangerous and full of surprises; Karma is real. We must remember not to compare ourselves with others; instead, we must be open to them and tolerant of their beliefs by learning to listen, thinking through conflicting matters carefully, and then standing firmly for what we believe. We must never doubt ourselves or our capabilities because "nothing is impossible for those who believe," and in most cases, "we can because we think we can." We are all spectacular individuals with strong opinions and awesome abilities, and we must never forget such truths.

As the future arises, we must set priorities, smile even when it seems difficult, and speak positively because the art of expression is often difficult to master. As Craig Wiseman wrote about the power of words, "The spoken word never dies; it is like ripples in a pond from a tossed

stone. It reverberates on and on, back and forth." Unfortunately, too much evil exists in the world today; however, I believe we as a generation can alter this condition by changing our communities and revising our environments.

We must ask lots of questions, never feeling ashamed to ask for help, and we must tend to our responsibilities without procrastinating. We must encourage each other as well as ourselves to make our dreams come true.

Remember: "Once a whirly, always a whirly." I expect to see all of you at the reunion when our achievements are numerous, our success stories are fabulous, and our lives are transforming into everything we hoped they could be. I love you and wish you all Peace and Happiness. Thank you all for being a part of my life.

~Paris

Paris Marion, Senior Class President



Bus Stop

Weather is on her face,
a scorched portrait of dirt,
baked: brown beaten ground.

Not: night sky sound - silenced, diluted - and lucid,
or the space cave of an ear.

We wait at the bus stop
for the same gas to take us home.
Seven whizzing colors
drive on the road: back - forth.
She cannot see the differing shades anymore
like a mathematical
equation stared too long to reach solution;
only the abortive endeavors cycle her
mind. Eventually, green
blurs into red, everything is cars,
cars riding from there to here
and there. Eventually, they lose
destination, drive just to advertise,

pass her and us. She clutches a
dollar bill, thinking borderline yearning,
one might stop.

But, she mistrusts parking lots, envisions
pausing to wipe wind and hair from her face, then
collision: tires arabesque over her body and a single screech
burning briefly in the smoke from
her throat; the passenger says,
that was a speed bump, don't stop.

Funeral

The wind whips the sea,
back arching and collapsing like a rusty machine;
it foams, sizzling, and the day is humid
enough to make the sea sweat.
He is a one man funeral held on rocks and flings
handfuls of my ash with fingers
loose and foreign with business.

They spread, a collection of ants
crawling into cracks and corners
and the bottoms of shoes,
determined to explode into a clap of dust.



Annie Chang, Poet Laureate

The Museum

She has been preserved, but in covert,
flakes around the edges like slithers of
hairs. Gray eyes, the children observe,
and they stifle sneezes, seize only their
own. Sounds hollow themselves, eating
their vowels to keep them. Beside her,
the children think, without guards with
mirror black shoes and stone wrinkles,
they might lean close enough to inhale
lootings, squeals of quill pens, stale air
that have bottled her body for instant
after instant until they congeal into her
echo. You wonder about her last word.

Time has begun to etch on your
forehead. You sit in the museum
with the children observing you.
You starve to print yourself, not
by ink, but flesh. You visit her,
nearly branching from the bench
across her. Your wife packs you
a cotton jacket that she washes
with her hands, bound by clay
and tall orders. They search your
frigid fists each night. At home,
you stand in your freezer, skin
and eyes blending in with each
other. Your wife touches you,
feeling more bone than skin.

In winter, snow
sits on the town
up to 3rd story
windows. You
see your breath
powdering out.
Locked in. The
guards are gone,
and noises closed.
A wrung wash
cloth, you are
squeezed to your
heart, lungs
barely flapping;
notice tongues
are intrusive,
a flat worm.
Before the sun
goes, you reach.
At first, you think
the ceiling caved,
but you sneeze,
and there is
nothing except
dust.