

6 MORE WEEKS.

I have a job to be
at by 3:30 p.m.

I have a tournament
coming up.

I'm missing 2 days
of school and the ACT
is quickly approaching.
Prom is in 23 days.

**Time is flying
away from me.**

Drowning in my
to-do list—
goodbye social life,
goodbye sleeping in,
goodbye to the tranquility
of Wednesday evening
tea and TV.

**ALREADY
REMINISCING**

about spring break,
and about Warrior Week
successes for The Joshua School,
and about an **unforgettable celebration**—
student surging into the rowdy gymnasium,
drum beats pulsating from wall to wall,
the Arapaho tribe's
colorful garments splashing the air.

I thrive off of
the strength of this community,
and I thrive off of
making that perfect swing—
that's why I play golf in the first place.

I'm here for the **rush**, the **thrill** of it, really.

Passion floods my body.

I am the product of determination
but also procrastination.

Always busy.

Always rushed.

Always on my toes.

6 more weeks.

SPRING

by Faith Fyles & Jordan Petteys

