



ABC CLARION

High school students are welcome to send articles or comics to clarionabc@gmail.com

What I learned from High School by Angelina Li

High school is the time where you supposedly start discovering yourself and begin to take your studies seriously. Of course, most of us have always taken our studies seriously. We all had high expectations for ourselves and our parents gave us no choice on that matter.

Throughout my two and almost three quarters years of high school, I learned many important life skills. High school changes you, for the better and for the worse. This has been a great learning experience, and I've learned so much about myself and what I am capable of.

One important skill I learned in high school is how to be efficient. That means getting out of bed and to the bus stop in less than ten minutes. In order to wake myself up, I set five alarms (I don't trust the snooze button). 7 o'clock is my cutoff where I must get out of bed in order to catch the bus. By 7:10, I'll be at the bus stop, teeth brushed, dressed, with food in my backpack. If only I could be this fast and efficient with everything I do.

Another important skill I learned is to be independent. During fall and spring, I normally bike to school -not because I can't wake up early enough to catch the bus, but because that way I can bike home from track or cross country instead of walking home. Since my parents both work far away and leave the house before I wake up and come home late, I've had to rely on myself for transportation to and from school.

Unfortunately, I also learned a hard lesson on not locking my bike up. Often times, I would try and sneak in some extra sleep or just sit at the breakfast table staring into space and end up running late. When it was a close call to whether I would be on time to class, I would leave my bike in the bike rack among the other bikes unlocked. Then during

lunch time, I would lock my bike up before heading out to buy food. I grew at ease with not locking my bike up when I was tight on time since it was never stolen.

Until a month ago, I was running late and didn't lock it up, and when I came back looking to lock it up, it was gone. Stolen. Weeks later, it was returned, but the back rim was bent, the brakes were torn, and the bike was trashed. Well, after I get my bike fixed, it will always be locked up.

Another important change was the definition of procrastination. Not only did the workload increase as the result of the classes I took, but so did the urge to not do all the work. I used to finish

homework in advance so that I wouldn't have to worry about it. Now, what I can put off, I will most definitely put off.

I thought I had senioritis freshman year, but I realize that that is nothing compared to the senioritis I have now, and I'm not even a senior. I think I'll feel the full effects next year. But as a result of my procrastination, I've learned to be productive, which seems a bit faulty logically since by procrastinating I am not being productive.

Regardless, I've learned to complete huge assignments in a burst of time and late night adrenaline. I would be able to finish work that would normally

Letter from the Editor

Hello Readers:

In last week's issue, the article "The Revenant Movie Review" was accidentally accredited to the wrong person; it was in fact written by Siyu Hou.

In addition, if you are a student in grades 9-12 and would like to join the ABC Clarion team, please email us a 300-800 word article to clarionabc@gmail.com, along with your name, grade, school and phone number. Thank you.

Siyu Cao, Managing Editor

take me a while to complete in lesser time. I would actually take on loads of work and finish it all in a mad rush. If only I were always productive. Imagine all the stress I would never have to experience! ?

These important life skills and lessons I learned are invaluable. I realized that I could be produc-

tive and efficient if I set my mind to it. I learned how to be independent and to rely on myself. Unfortunately, I had to learn the hard way to lock my bike up. But I'm glad for these lessons and experiences, and I cannot wait to see all the stress and misery senior year will bring to me.

An Unforgettable Friend

by Olivia Nguyen

When somebody asks me, "What is the one thing that you regret doing?" Just like any other people out there, I think of millions of little things that are worth taking back. A word popped up in my mind: "friend." A "friend" is someone who sends you all the homework on the day that you missed school. A "friend" is someone who listens to every word you say even though it's already midnight.

I have that kind of friend. The name "Emily" came into mind. We met each other in the middle of ninth grade during English class. On that day, Mr. Adams gave us a pop quiz on a novel that we just read. As clumsy as I was, I forgot to bring my pencil case that I left at home the day before. Reading my anxious and worried look, Emily decided to take out one of her pencils and handed it to me. She struck a genuine smile. I smiled back. That was when I knew that our friendship was going to flourish.

Since that day on, we started to spend more time together. Wherever she was, you would always find me present there right next to her. We stuck to each other

like paper and glue. When she felt down about a Chemistry test, I let her cry on my shoulders without any hesitation. When we had time on our hands, Emily and I would stroll along the hallways, chatting away as time went by. We would laugh and wander into every room, looking for things to do.

Four months ago, that was the last time that I got to see her every day at school. I was munching on my ham sandwich and singing along with my friends during lunch. Out of the blue, Emily took me aside from everyone else and told me something that I would never forget. Her eyes were trembling with tears, glistening like stars in the night sky. "I'm dropping out (of our high school)." she whispered. The words slid out of her little mouth and struck right through my heart. Then, silence penetrated into the atmosphere.

I asked her if everything was okay. She responded "yes" with a soft sigh. The conversation went back and forth, with moments of tranquility in between. We both walked down the hallways like we did in the old times,

but somehow, this time was a bit different. There was a gloomy atmosphere sitting on top of our heads. Part of me wanted to wail and ask her to not leave. I was downright angry.

What she was about to say- it could never fade away from my memory. This was the first time that Emily ever opened her true feelings about her personal life. The more she let the words slip out of her lips, the more I found out about her. And the more I appreciate that I get to meet such an amazing person. She finally opened the door into her heart to a person and I was that lucky one.

Even being so close to Emily emotionally, I did not really pay much attention to the details in her complex life. I never knew about her little insecurities, her struggles, and her secrets that she kept to herself all these years.

"This is not my place. I don't belong here." She said calmly. Then, her body turned towards me and paused. "I love you, Olivia. You have been such a great friend to me. You catch me when I fall. I love you... Thank you for everything."

he said she was going to miss

me. She said how much she appreciated me being around. She said she would come back and visit me. I... I said nothing. NOTHING. I broke out an unconvincing smile and walked away. I ran to bathroom, collapsed on the floor, and cried my heart out. From the bathroom stall, I could hear people yelling "I'm going to miss you!" as Emily walked towards the main door of the school.

One of our friends called for my name. A cloud of confusion rose above the ground. I was reluctant to pick up my feet off of the filthy restroom floor. A helpless and vulnerable girl who was afraid of losing one of her greatest companions. At the end of the day, that girl still stayed in a little shell with a heavy burden in her body. Not another word came out of her mouth

That moment left some scars that could never be healed. However, it also gave me a valuable life lesson to take from: Say something before it's too late. You will never know when it's the last chance you will get...

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