



"LIFE AFTER EIGHTEEN SUCKS"...DENNIS LEARY ONCE SAID THAT AND I'D AMEND THAT SLIGHTLY TO ALSO INCLUDE LIFE BEFORE EIGHTEEN AS WELL. BEING SEVENTEEN, I THINK I CAN SPEAK FOR THE MAJORITY OF US (ESPECIALLY MY OVER-SIZED BEST FRIEND AND MUSICAL COHORT DAN ROBERTS) BY ECHOING THAT STATEMENT. AS I SIT HERE, THE NIGHT BEFORE THE FIRST DAY OF MY SENIOR YEAR AT EAST SLADE HIGH, THE QUESTIONS OF WOULD I FIT IN SOMEWHERE AT SCHOOL, WOULD I FINALLY ASK OUT MY DREAM GIRL (JAEITHE) AND WHAT DID I WANT TO DO WITH MY LIFE...

...AT THIS POINT I COULDN'T ANSWER ANY OF THEM. ALL I WANTED TO DO NOW WAS PLAY BABA O'RILEY AND RUBY SOHO ON MY GUITAR AND FORGET ABOUT MY FEELINGS OF ISOLATION, CONFORMITY TO THE UNSPOKEN RULES OF HIGH SCHOOL AND FIGURE OUT WHAT I WAS GOING TO DO WITH THE REST OF MY LIFE.





