

Wasn't It Yesterday...

when we were small?

I dunno... feeling nostalgic but I took out my senior year yearbook (Log of E) the other day just to see how much I remembered. Best facial expressions, moi? There was also a baby picture section. I honestly do remember the picture... not the actual posing, but... Actually having a head full of hair!

Then the not so proud moments of my class. Those who did not graduate and actually had "Did Not Graduate" printed right underneath their photo. Not the most flattering thing to have under your picture I would say. I do not remember seeing the senior photo of the aforementioned inmate who made a few appearances on America's Most Wanted. I don't know whose bright idea it was to post the DNG, but why defame our class with that?

Our senior trip to Florida was memorable for many reasons. Ours was the first class to have the opportunity since the class of 1988. Ironically, my second brother was in this class and my mother was the class advisor. And the stories I heard about that! Even more ironic, the class of 1992 was the "good" class. Well... the class of 1993 was the last class to go on a trip because of some of the goings on of our trip. I almost felt left out because I was one of the few who was not called to the principal's room days after our return.

The trip was fantastic! On my first trip to the Walt Disney World Resort, I was pulled from 2 different audiences to participate in some of the shows at the (previously known as) Disney/MGM Studio. For some reason, the Superstar Television attraction was discontinued. However, I was put into a scene as a butler in a Three Stooges short in which I got thrown into a pie tossing battle. I hit Curly right in the face and actually got one in return.

I had actually forgotten that a female classmate was called down along with me for the Indiana Jones Stunt Spectacular in which some of the action sequences from the first three films were recreated by a stuntman. I was asked to demonstrate an evil belly laugh as part of my "audition." The show was full of pyrotechnics and other eye-catching trickery. I'm actually amazed that I remember most of this as if it were yesterday.

Another forgotten flashback courtesy of the yearbook was a harmless, yet not so flattering photo snapped of me in the hotel room. Which I must admit was more flattering than someone losing their swimsuit while going down a slide at Wet 'n' Wild. One of the stories that I heard about the class of '88's trip.