

Prom 2008

Cherished Memories that I will soon forget.

Hey, guess what? Prom is for losers. Don't believe me? Just read on....



Meet Kristen, my fellow forensic-nerd and prom date.



And here's our group. Red dresses obviously are not in short supply. Also, notice the trick of perspective that makes Zack and Vanessa on the right seem like they're our parents. (We're so tiny in the background.)

We played Mario Brawl a bit before our departure. I, having never played before, graciously accepted my almost immediate defeat.

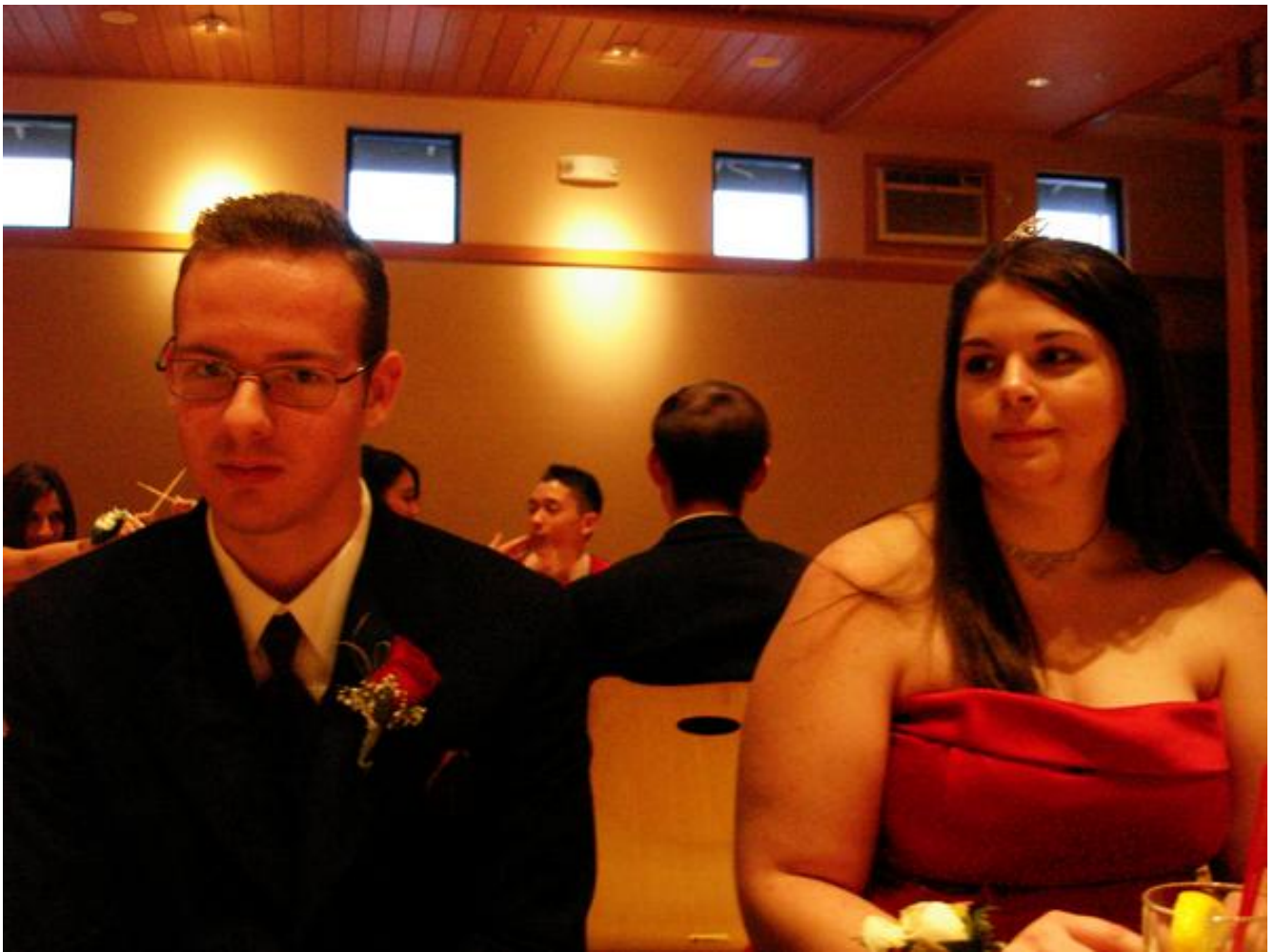


See? So grandiloquent. Note Kristen's expression.



For dinner we went to Hamada of Japan. "Hamada," I believe, is Kanji for "White Castle."

Still, we enjoyed ourselves.



Man of a thousand faces, one of which is “deer in headlights,” apparently.





So demure.



Yes, this is what we do. We take pictures of each other taking pictures of each other.



And this is what I do. The equivalent of drinking kool-aid out of the pitcher.
Oh, and I forgot to mention: the theater kids had to join us at the tail end of dinner because of rehearsal... on prom night.



Them's good eats.
And now for a montage of our bus trip to the dance:

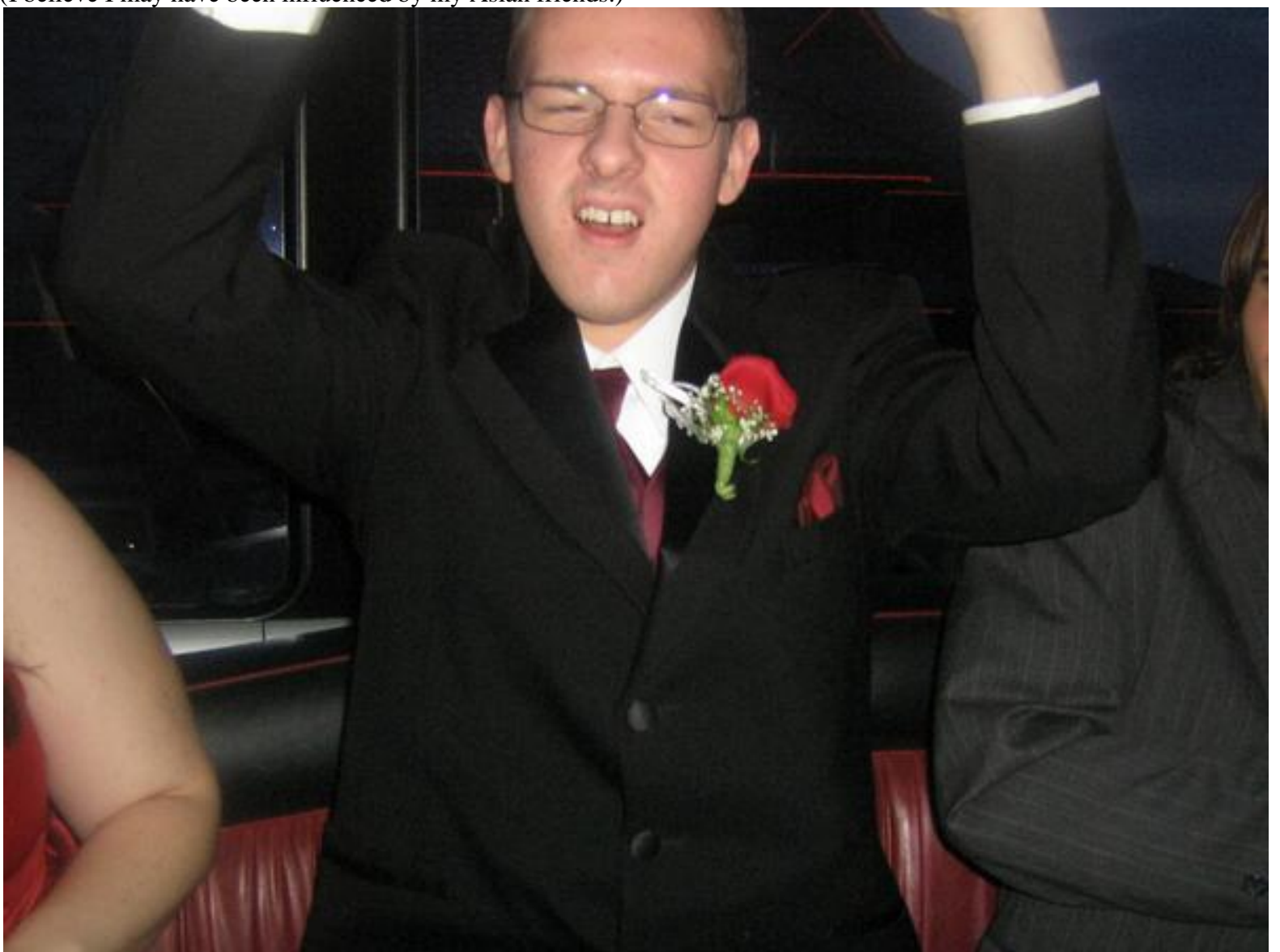




Beautiful.



(I believe I may have been influenced by my Asian friends.)



This is not the look I intended to have on my face. Please disregard this photo. (Or better yet, save it as Justin's desktop when he isn't looking.)

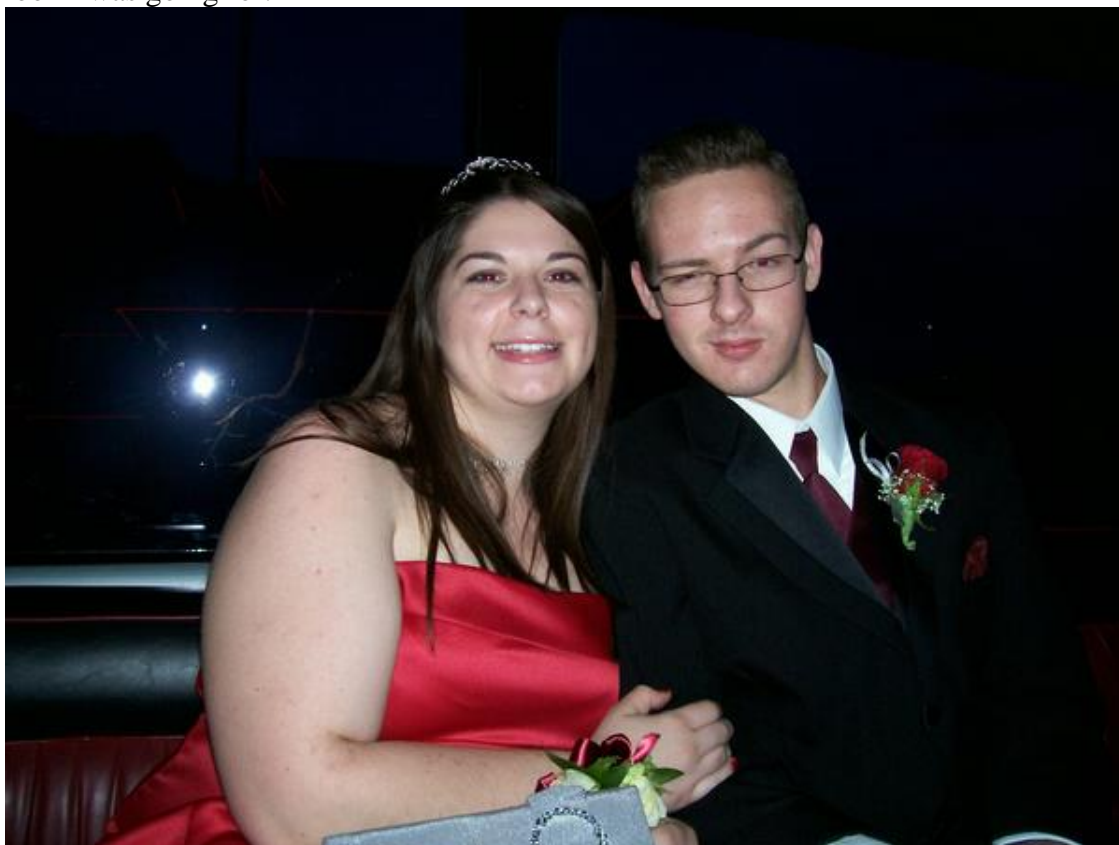


Sean likes to get warmed up.





Once again, not the look I was going for.



Now for an exceptionally photogenic pose, and off to the dance.

Prom was held this year at Wellington Place, next to a Liberty Mutual and a storage place. Did I mention that the theme this year was "Passport to Romance?"



And of course, with a theme that good, you can expect an equally breathtaking setup; the DJs must have missed the memo about what the theme would be. Why else would they play the famed “romance” songs of Jay-Z and Timbaland? “Hey, John, let’s slow dance to the smooth sounds of Eminem delicately threatening to kill anyone who touches his girl.” Now that’s prom music!



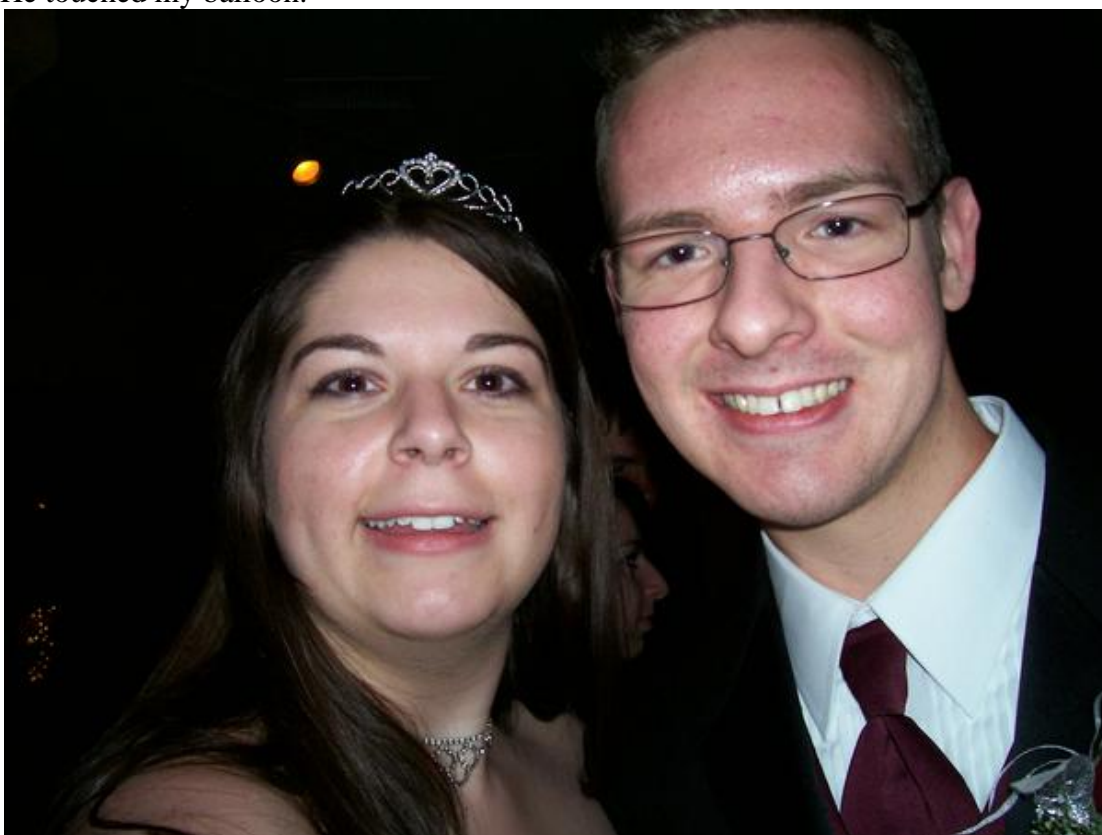
You see? Time of my life.



My balloon.



He touched my balloon.



Consider this our unofficial prom picture until the real ones come in.



And back on the bus. So, as you can see, the dance was not the highlight of prom. Is it just me, or is that sort of ironic?



Zexy!



Also sexy.
You know how a picture is worth a thousand words? Well...



I cannot express in words my thoughts right now. Dan is strangling Decker with a wire... they're smiling... not your average fun family activity....

And this one:



What human form of communication can express how screwed up this is? Though, I suppose I could ask that about the following two pictures as well:



From nonchalant...



... to creepy. This picture found a happy home as Mr. Fisher's desktop one morning. I found that it has 10 times the waking power of coffee. Anyway, back to the narrative. After the dance we went to the Stratosphere. I found one very disappointing fact: All the restaurants are closed up there at midnight (including Starbucks). I know! I needed sugar and I didn't get it. This was the result:



We went back to Cris' house and spent the night. You know what I did? I babysat my intoxicated peers! I must say it's quite a new experience to walk Dan to the bathroom and stand outside the door listening to him cuss out the toilet while he pees. It's also something quite different to watch a drunk person (still Dan) try to walk to the front door with the idea of going to IHOP. This was new especially since my only prior experience with an intoxicated person was, well, you.

So, for concern of about ten peoples' safety, I played nanny and stayed up until my latest yet: 5:30 a.m. The following is a collection of photos circa 8:00 a.m.



Remember which chair I'm in.



Now the chair is vacant (with my pillow on it)...



And now which chair am I in (with my pillow)? That's right, the one on the other side of Jacob. I fell asleep in the chair to his left, and woke up in the chair on his right. I have no idea how. And *I'm the sober one!* And do you know how I woke up? At

8:30 I woke up to find that Kyle was trying to wrap a nylon tie around my wrists. When I looked down at my legs, they had two nylon ties around them. And everybody had a laugh at Mr. Last-to-wake-up.



Pure comedy. I played Rock Band for the next two hours-- most of the time I had to sing because I was too tired to play drums and too bleary-eyed to read the guitar notes.



I went home around 11:00, got two more hours of sleep (bringing my grand total to five), and then had the pleasure of playing in the Suzuki Studio spring concert and spring recital! And just as a cherry on top, I got eight hours of sleep Sunday night and then took the Gov't AP exam Monday morning. This is probably the part where you tell me "On the bright side, I just saved 15% on my car insurance by switching to Geico."

So, I believe I have proven my thesis that Prom is, indeed, for the losériest of losers. Believe me, anything sponsored by StuCo must be doomed from the start.

On the next episode of "I Never Call You so Read this Instead," I'll show you my journey to Six Flags, CA. That'll be pretty sweet. (5-24 through 5-26)