

it's

EXIT 184



Photo by: Ahissa Wilde

this is the place we know

The place we call home. We've driven these roads our whole lives, conquered them the day we turned 16. We know the back routes to beat the ever-growing traffic. We know the best places to go for a picnic or a quick game of basketball. We know the ins and outs of this town, and nobody can tell us otherwise. We have spent countless hours climbing up and down The Rock even though our parents tell us it's dangerous. We spend days and years on end trying to

make our mark here. We know the restaurants with the best ranch, the places to avoid because too many people work there. We love our crazy bass and our weird sunglasses. We love the spraying-soda-out-our-noses moments with our friends. And as much as we try to deny it, we love this town because we love the memories.

This is the place we call home, and no matter how hard we try to lose it, it will stick with us forever.



Photo by: Austin Chapman

FROM ABOVE: As the sun sets, the view from the top of The Rock features the headlights of cars on I-25 and Pikes Peak in the distance. **OVER UNDER:** On the night of student government's ice skating get-together, Abigail Stockmoe '20 and Sydney Sneed '20 skate together. The Rink at the Rock was a common place for students to hang out. "Going

ice skating as a group was really enjoyable. I think having everyone together outside of planning dances and school events helped us all connect." Stockmoe said. Copy by Taylore Todd; Design by Alexandria Fisher