

Come on over, don't be a *Stranger!* This is us. Us, the students of APLang. He represents the hard work and time spent on developing our voice as writers. We rode all the pretty horses to the finish line, and we killed the exam in cold blood. During our pilgrimage at tinker creek we broke down fences and we did a good *Job*. Be prepared to say *Farewell to your Arms* as you write, as we searched for light but found only *Darkness at Noon*. Buckle your seatbelt, because there's *A Green Light*. We've sped so fast that we've almost conquered death as a family.