

Freshman drivers learn lessons the hard way



Photo by Kelcie Matousek

Driving is inevitable. Driving is vital to get from place to place. Freshman year is when most students start driving on their own. Throughout history this has been known as a disastrous, horrifying event. From the stories that have been told throughout the Holton High School Freshman Class it has rightfully earned its reputation.

"We're in the grocery store, car and all," freshman Shannon Side's dad said after a fateful driving attempt.

That, well, that isn't exactly something you hear everyday. Shannon Sides has one of those driving stories that only one in a million people seem to have. In the Freshman Class, though, that number is at least two out of ninety-two.

"I was driving my step-mom's car to the Whiting grocery store and my dad was driving with me. I was driving for the first time. He wasn't being very attentive and the radio was blasting. I was pulling into the parking lot, when he told me to stop; but he didn't really tell me what the gas and brake were for. I accidentally hit the gas instead of the break and crashed into the grocery store wall. Then the cops came and asked me questions," Shannon Sides said. "Oops. I think they stopped making 'drive in' grocery stores, for obvious reasons."

The second freshman out of ninety-two in the class to have a crazy "run-in" with a wall was Emily Degenhardt. To understand her situation, use your imagination for a moment.



Photo by Kelcie Matousek

→ ON THE LOOKOUT

While standing in the parking lot, Cole Lehwald, one of the many freshmen who drive to school, watches as a fellow freshman struggles to park. He grabbed his book bag out of the passenger side of his truck before he gathered with his friends. Lehwald is one of the many students that drive to school daily.

→ GOT MILK?

Mason Baum and Jordan Booth build strong bones by drinking milk before a long day at school. Many students often stop at gas stations to pick up snacks and drinks, before and after school.

Imagine this, you're home alone. Your mom asks you to pick up some dog food. So you jump in her car and drive down your driveway to your parents' vet clinic. It's raining outside and when you get to the corner you realize you have no idea how to turn on the windshield wipers. Stopping the car, you try to figure out how to turn them on; however, you don't realize how close you really are to the clinic. Putting your foot back on the gas, you lurch forward and lightly tap the building. You reverse quickly, but when you get farther back you realize that the front wall is falling down. You drive back to your house really fast before anyone can figure out what happened.

"I sat there for an hour staring at the wall, wondering what to do. My brother came home and said someone hit the clinic. He asked 'You didn't hit it did you?' and I replied 'No,' and then he said "Okay, just checking."

Everyone came up and asked if she knew about someone hitting the clinic and just driving away. But little did they know, Emily had hit it. People even called the police, before she summoned the courage to explain.

Not always are the accidents the new drivers' faults. Occasionally, it's just that they were in the wrong place at the wrong time. Mason Baum is a perfect example of that.

He was driving through the square in Holton one day and all of a sudden a lady backed into him, really fast.

"She hit me and I had to replace the bumper, fender, and grill. Plus, both passenger doors had dents and scratches. It messed up the headlight, and knocked it out of place," Baum said. He had to take it to Whiting to get everything fixed.

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