

## The Eulogy of Ivy O'Conner

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As senior class president, it's my duty honor to say some words on the life of Ivy O'Conner.

Ivy attended our high school since freshman sophomore year, and although I never spoke to her we weren't the closest friends, I remember everyone making fun of her. How can anyone forget Creepy Ivy? I'll always think of her with guilt fondness.

Students were always teasing complimenting her about her acne eyes. She had a funny mothball smell a way about her, too. Everyone talked about noticed her. She had such a creative personality. I remember her doodling stupid little shapes on her notebooks she was a great artist. She loved the flute the clarinet music.

Not everyone was nice to her. Not everyone understood

her. Creepy Ivy was so strange different unique. Whenever she was called on in class, you could count on her to say the weirdest most thought-provoking words. Even the teachers laughed looked forward to hearing her thoughts. She was a freak an advocate for protecting the environment. She wasted devoted a lot of time to that crap stuff.

Creepy Ivy wasn't your average nut job girl walking the halls of our high school. The girl had no style. In my mind, I still see her in that heinous lovely green sweater. She was so unaware when people did mean things to her tolerant of others.

We might not have known what we had in her, but we will never forget her. We don't know what could have prompted her to take her life, but I wish . . .

I wish I could have stopped her. . . .