

MAY 18TH, 2026**CREATIVE WRITING**

Calico follows me around everywhere. She follows me to the library, my school, and of course my home. I don't particularly mind. Calico is cute. She's also very kind and she brings me all types of treasures. From coins to jewelry to buttons to bottle tabs. Her fur is a mixture of all colors.

By the way Calico is a cat.

On the way to my house, Calico was following close behind me. She walked almost robotically straight. Stopping immediately as I stopped, and continuing to go as soon as I started up again. I eyed her, but she kept looking forward at my heels.

Then I noticed something.

Her fur was orange, black, brown, and white. But her mouth was red. My first thought was lipstick, but it was a deep red and was thick and liquid.

What if it was blood?

I started walking faster, when we came to a fork in the road. I ran one way, and thankfully Calico went the other way. I sighed in relief and hurried home.

I then locked my door, and collapsed on the couch. I hoped I had imagined it all. Then I heard a banging on the door. I opened it, and it was Calico, and she had brought be something once again.

A human bone.

CENTRAL SHOW-OFF**Just a poem to end the year...**

Eighth grade feels strange in the end,
Like, somehow the moments we rushed through
became the moments we never wanted to leave
behind

The loud classrooms, the laughter at lunch, the
friends, who slowly became family,
That all turned into memories before we even
realized it

Now, high school stands ahead of us
It's exciting and terrifying at the same time.
We're leaving behind familiar hallways, teachers
who believed in us,

And the small everyday moments that meant
more than we knew

But even as we move forward, we carry this place
with us,

The lessons we learned, the memories we made,
and the laughter that filled the halls and
classrooms, that will follow us in the future

A part of us will always remain here, in these
classrooms, the friendships, and the people we
became together.

By Evelin C. V.

FAREWELL TO 8TH GRADERS!

Dear 8th graders,

The end of the school year is here, with this the last newspaper for this school year. This section is for all you 8th graders, the future freshmen. Honestly, be proud of yourself, even if it seems cheesy, you worked for this. You have all come so far, and you're gonna do just fine in high school. Time does what time does: it goes by too fast. I hope you cherish every memory here, that High School treats you all well, and you don't get lost on your first day. I'm sure you have all left an impact on one or more of your teachers, maybe just brightening their day, but those little things count. I hope you carry that on with you, that you're proud, that everything goes well, and finally, I wish you all an amazing summer.

Bye future freshman!

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RECENT EVENTS

IN-N-OUT TRUCK CAME ON MONDAY

THE RIBBON CUTTING FOR THE DEN WAS
LAST
WEDNESDAY

TESTING IS OVER!

THE 8TH GRADE DANCE WAS LAST FRIDAY

THE NEW GARDEN JUST OPENED



Central's Garden!

Photograph by Theo Eckelhofer

