

Well. Here we are. The final blog post.

The last Mining Report article.

The end of a journey that has lasted an entire school year, countless deadlines, several questionable ideas that somehow became published articles, and enough dramatic storytelling to fuel a soap opera for at least three seasons. I never thought this day would come. Honestly, I assumed I'd somehow keep writing these forever. Years from now, archaeologists would uncover old Mining Reports and discover that every single article was somehow written by me. Future students would ask, "Who was Ember Dutcher?" and teachers would simply point toward the blog archives and whisper,

"A legend."

But alas. The final bell has rung. The Chromebooks are being shut. The backpacks are being emptied. And somewhere, Mrs. Wilson is probably celebrating the fact that she won't have to read another article accusing her of personal betrayal. Looking back, this blog has been quite a journey. We've covered heartbreak. We've covered injustice. We've covered the devastating realization that your hairdresser might choose her own daughter's softball game over your prom hair. We've investigated the fierce battle between plastic, aluminum, and glass soda containers. We've explored the questionable life choices that lead someone to eat Chips Ahoy and Pepsi for breakfast. And, of course, we've documented the ongoing struggle of being a hardworking blogger whose genius was occasionally overlooked in favor of yearbook pages.

The people deserved the truth, and I was there to deliver it. Through all of it, we've laughed. We've exaggerated minor inconveniences into life-altering tragedies. We've turned ordinary moments into dramatic tales worthy of literature.

And honestly? I'd do it all again.

Writing for the Mining Report has been one of my favorite parts of this year. Every ridiculous idea, every last-minute inspiration, every article that began with "This would be funny..." became something that made me smile. To the people who actually read these posts: **thank you**. Whether you laughed, rolled your eyes, shook your head, or wondered if I was okay, I appreciate you. To my classmates: thank you for providing endless material. To my teachers: thank you for putting up with me.

And to Mrs. Wilson: thank you for giving me a place to write and for being such an excellent source of blog content. As summer begins, we'll all head off in different directions. Some people are graduating. Some are coming back next year. Some will spend the next three months sleeping until noon and claiming they're "being productive." But before we go, I want to say this:

School isn't just assignments and grades. It's the weird moments. The inside jokes. The people you see every day. The stories that seem small now but somehow become the memories you look back on years later. And if these blog posts have taught me anything, it's that even the smallest moments can become great stories if you're dramatic enough. Okay, that's enough sincerity before everyone gets uncomfortable.

In conclusion: Thank you for reading. Thank you for laughing. Thank you for making this year memorable.

This is Ember Dutcher, signing off for what may be the final time.

May your summers be long, your grades be high, your soda containers be your preferred material, your prom hair appointments remain secure, and your cookies always be warm.

Farewell, Mining Report. You've been real.

Cue the emotional movie soundtrack as I walk dramatically into the sunset, only to immediately return because I forgot literally everything in my locker.

— Ember Dutcher 🎤 ✨ ❤️ 📄 ☀️