

THE CENTRALITE

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CENTRAL ACADEMY NEWSPAPER

September 18, 2015

BACK TO SCHOOL



Senior Jack Nagla reads *Medea* in Ms. Brooks' AP Literature class

The 2015-2016 school year has officially begun! Everyone here is very excited to jump into new classes, teachers, and opportunities for all students.

There are a couple of changes to Central this year. First of all, we have some new teachers

in the building. Mr. Danielson and Mr. Voshell are both new to the social studies department.

There are a few things the administration here at Central would like to remind students in the upcoming school year. Students must present a school ID to the faculty members at the door. This is a way to improve security for everyone at Central, and that way the administration always knows who is in the building. Another new rule for Central students this year has to do with parking. Only upperclassmen are allowed to park in the Central parking lots.

As the beginning of the year marks just another school year for a many students, it is easy to forget that, for one group, this year is a big milestone: their freshman year. The newspaper staff looked back to when they were freshman students, and came up with some advice for any students struggling during the beginning of their first year of high school.

1. Get involved with anything you're interested in! Your freshman year—and overall high school experience—will be much more enjoyable if you do things you actually enjoy.

2. Know that you will change in a lot of ways...and it's okay! Don't be afraid of welcoming new traits and interests.

3. Don't be scared to make new friends!

4. Get ahead in your classes, and work hard to maintain grades. Don't let yourself fall behind—it might not seem like a big deal now, but (I promise) you will thank yourself later.

5. Remember that your health—physical *and* mental—comes first. It's important to do your work, but know your limits and know that everyone here cares more about your health than your homework.

Ellie Konfrst

SCHOOL EVENT President Barack Obama visited North High School on Monday, September 13. He, along with Arne Duncan, Secretary of Education, spoke about college affordability and accessibility. Student body president Russhaun Johnson introduced the President, who walked out to thunderous applause, shook a few hands, and gave Johnson a hug.

After a short, fifteen minute opening, Obama opened up the town hall event to questions, claiming, "I'll go boy-girl. To make sure it's fair," with a smile. While most questions addressed college affordability, the new FAFSA updates, and teachers, there were some others that begged attention.

One man asked about the President's opinion on the 2016 presidential candidates, to which he responded (after some laughter from the audience) with, "I try to give each question a straight-forward answer, but...I'm...I'm going to have to back off this question a little bit."

Another question, asked by Central's Nosa Ali, asked what college advice the President has given to his daughter, Malia. He had three main points—keep an open mind, do not stress about on particular college, and a name-brand, fancy school is not the only school that provides great education—but ended the answer with a comment that this advice is only helpful when "assuming Malia will listen to my advice. She's very much like her mother—she has her own mind."

What is The Centralite? Why a newspaper? Why Central?

A letter from the Editor

The *Centralite* is a brand-new, student run newspaper aimed at sharing the work of students and providing an opportunity for students to become more involved with the Central community. I found that I hardly ever interacted with students from other grades, and that Central didn't have a club or haven to do so. I also write often, and wanted a place to share my work—and most of my friends at work to share as well. So I decided to create a newspaper and a website to share all of this work. We're students, we work hard, and we deserve to show off a little! The newspaper staff is small but mighty, though we could be even mightier with the help and interest of more students.

Announcements

Beware of Homecoming!
Many schools have Homecoming this week, and students will be dressed in their respective spirit days' suggestions. Look out for togas, tie dye, and some throwbacks!

Announcements

Football, swim team, cross country, volleyball, and golf are all underway. The marching bands are working hard and debate teams are getting ready for battle. Don't forget to support your home school! Look at their website for upcoming events to support your peers and their activities!

Student Work



Original Stencil by Sylvia Visser

Dear Amelia,

I'm a freshman this year and I'm super nervous about high school in general. I've had many people tell me that high school is the best four years of their lives, but I'm really worried that these years aren't going to live up to expectations. I'm honestly just not sure how to approach high school and how to handle peer pressure and everyone's sayings that it's going to be the best.
Lost and Confused

Lost and Confused,
High school will not be the best years of your life, nor will it be the worst years. If you believe high school will be either of those, you have already set the bar too far into the extremes. No one's high school experience is the same, so it is impossible for someone else to determine the outcome of your experience. It is up to you. No event will define the entire experience as a whole, so know that turning down any peer pressure you feel is more than okay and will not be the subject of these next four years. These are not the best years nor the worst, but are simply reality--so don't worry about what other people say, just enjoy these next few years.

-Amelia

A Short Story

On Christmas morning in 2013 I awoke from the hard cushions on which I slept. My parents took my brother and me on vacation for Christmas. The excursion was the culmination of a year of backbreaking labor. On the first night we ate at my aunt's home—a meal of potato soup and bread—and walked through the market as snowflakes floated onto our noses. The night ended with a viewing of the movie *It's a Wonderful Life*. I did not watch the entire movie, but I sat down for the climactic bridge scene where George realizes how good his life actually is.

For three hundred and sixty four days out of the year my parents worked six jobs between them to put bread on our table: a table moaning with every plate placed upon it. The table mirrors the age my parents went through since the recession. Although they only aged four years, their eyes appear ten times older, but for one day a year we celebrated the struggle with a vacation at a beautiful hotel downtown. The hotel is not huge, but to me it shines like the gold on top of the capital building. On Christmas 2013, snow fell heavily upon the rooftops, and I crashed upon the luxurious futon of our hotel room.

When I awoke to total darkness I swore morning had arrived. I walked out of our hotel room and down to where breakfast would be served. In my half unconscious state I failed to realize the clock was about to strike three in the morning. I saw a light up ahead and assumed it was the kitchen. It was not. Instead, the light lit a single dusty couch that my parents sat on while talking.

I caught snippets of the conversation, and saw tears rolling down my mom's cheeks. My father's eyes remained hard: never softening, and to me, his eyes remained frozen in hatred for all things physical and spiritual other than his family. The words I grabbed as they trembled through the air were "money", "not enough", "house", "Job", and "dreams".

My mother's voice shook with fear. My father's fingers tapped the wooden table in front of them. I decided at that point to never allow my mom to cry out of sadness again. I'd never let her be in that much pain again, and I decided I would not allow my dreams to die. I would not sit on a couch crying about how many possessions I own or how much money I have. I decided money is intertwined with heartbreak, and the only way I will be happy is if I achieve my dreams, so that I would never be ensnared by the idea that an object's worth is based off of how much money I spent on it. I would only worry about making sure my loved ones knew I cared for them. Until that moment I didn't know that my mom wanted happiness for my brother and me, and I didn't realize that her idea of happiness was broken.

As the clock hit three and the bells chimed out, the world darkened and seemed crueler, but the lamp intensified on my parents. When the world becomes cruel, tears you apart, rips your soul out, and crushes the light in front of you, your family and the love they hold for you makes the cold, dark, harsh world bearable.

Albert Soyer

The Centralite is a student-run newspaper. We work with an advisor, Ms. Kellen, to create a newspaper that is simple and interesting for students. Our paper is published every other Monday. More articles, stories, and artwork can be found on the newspaper website:
<http://thecentralite.weebly.com>

We want your contribution! If you would like to be on *The Centralite* staff, please email centralacademynews@yahoo.com or come to our meetings! We meet every Friday during lunch in Ms. Kellen's room (2005). If you're interested in sharing your artwork, essays, short stories, poetry, photography, opinion (letter to the editor), or just need to ask Amelia for some advice, please feel free to email us as well.