



THE CENTENNIAL SENTINEL

A Case of Nostalgia

By Franley Casado

Interviews by Jude Baret

Life as a student is certainly a stressful life. Having to juggle multiple aspects of your life as well as dealing with your growth both mentally and physically is overwhelming. As such, most look at their high school experience with a negative connotation, usually describing it as “unnecessarily tedious” and “probably some of the worst years of my life”. This way of thinking will quickly change as the days pass by however, and most of the students who leave Centennial eager to finally escape will be struck with nostalgia in just a few short years.

Almost all students at Centennial have had a certain experience that they can only reminisce about with deep regrets or negative emotion. Most try to learn from their mistakes and move on, trying to forget the memory altogether. Someday however, they’ll be much further in life and take time to simply think about the good old days, where life wasn’t as stressful or when they would see their friends daily. These previously gloomy or embarrassing memories will be met with nostalgia and will most likely make the owner of those memories sit back and laugh at how naïve they were in their younger years. A student within my ranks recently interviewed Ms. Alcira, who describes her most embarrassing experience to be the time she conjugated a verb incorrectly in Spanish class on the board. It turned out to look like a vulgarity for all to see. She laughs when she thinks about the experience and theorizes that she was set up by the teacher, but she most likely did not find it comedic at the time it happened. Such an embarrassing event could likely be remembered by most students after they graduate.

High school is a place where students can learn about themselves and determine their talents and joys. Some find comfort in certain instruments or a sport or simply a class that they thoroughly enjoy. These environments create the perfect set up for a memorable moment of some kind, where the talent of a student can truly shine. During one of our interviews, Ms. Radtke mentioned that her most memorable moment was during her Freshman year, when she won the state 200 Meter Dash for her school. Looking back on these past events can cause many to feel pride or joy, and the passage of time only strengthens these emotions.

The passage of time has a clear effect on almost everything in the universe, and the human mind is no exception. Whether it’s a harrowing time in Freshman year or a stellar performance in some event, nostalgia takes hold of all these times and adjusts them depending on where we are in the future. One thing’s for sure though, we’re certain to look back at all these times and share these experiences with family and friends alike, laughing all the while.

The Art of Music- A Review

By Laravanessa Cano

Joji – SLOW DANCING IN THE DARK

After a teaser was shown in May, the release of the new Joji song was well worth the wait. The song is a part of the new album, BALLADS 1 which includes the previously released song “YEAH RIGHT.”

The dark, slow and powerful ballad meshes well with the previous title songs while simultaneously giving its own feel of a new era of Joji music, different from “In Tongues”. This time the tone of the music has taken on the token sadness, lo-fi and hip hop/R&B of much of Joji’s music, but now mixing in with a beautiful ballad. The overall song and its lyrics are a metaphor for a failing relationship that has lost its passion and is awaiting its inevitable end.

The music video itself links to the theme of laying in blood, like in “Will He”, this time Joji is taking the form of an injured faun. Joji is seen with a gaping wound with an arrow in it (representing all the lies, and hurt in the toxic relationship), and he struggles to flee, afraid of being hurt again. Ultimately, he gives up on trying, and let’s go of both the relationship and his life.

Point: Senior Fees and Why They're Not as Unreasonable as You Think

By Liam Martin

Let me start this off by saying that I don't like senior fees. I don't think any sane student does to be honest, who wants to pay \$55 just to be able to graduate on top of all the other expenses that come with senior year? No thank you, that doesn't sound very fun at all.

However, once you manage to get past the surface reaction of annoyance and disgust with how the school seems to be trying to wring every last cent it can from you and actually think about it, the \$55 fee doesn't really seem too bad. Yeah sure it's annoying to have to fork over extra money to graduate but if you think about it there's a pretty good reason it's in place.

First of all, take a long, hard look at Centennial. Take it all in, from the state of the hallways, to the dingy cafeteria, to the state the bathrooms are in. Does it look like our school gets enough funding to you? I thought not. The government has historically been notoriously stingy with funds for public schools and it looks like centennial is barely managing to keep afloat. Combine that with the fact that organizing an event as big as a graduation ceremony is going to take quite a bit of cash to pull off with any level of competence and all the money they spend on seniors over the course of the year in general and is it really surprising that they'd want to try to recuperate what they've spent? Especially when they're stretched pretty thin as it is? It seems pretty natural to me. Besides, I'm the grand scheme of things \$55 isn't that much money at all, most seniors should be able to scrape up that kind of money without too much trouble if they try.

Which brings me to my next topic: the rest of the expenses that come with being a senior. Namely the fact that the VAST majority of them are optional. I'll be the first one to say that the AMOUNT of things they try to charge you for in senior year is downright ridiculous from the yearbook to grad bash to senior breakfast and the many smaller events and yes the cost does start to add up VERY quickly. What most people forget however is that while yeah it may suck to not get some of these things you don't HAVE to. It's not like the school is holding you at gunpoint to try to get you to pay the \$110 for grad bash, that's purely your choice. If you wish, you can only pay the base \$55 and maybe a bit more for the cap and gown and no one is going to stop you from graduating. And yes I know that this doesn't take into consideration the application fees for applying to colleges, but let's be honest here. Not every student is going to college. In addition, Centennial isn't

really at fault for those and the few can usually be waived away fairly easily in my experience.

Really, considering everything that goes into planning a graduation ceremony \$55 seems like a bit of a steal. Especially considering the insufficient amount of funding schools generally tend to get. Everything you pay for aside from those \$55 is purely optional too. So maybe think about that for a bit next time you're about to complain about the unfairness of senior fees.

Counterpoint: Senior Fees

by Ty Savoia

I will admit it as much as I don't like it, but Senior Fees are necessary. Putting bias opinions aside, the one thing I'd like to add is that they are way overpriced. The base price is usually okay, and you can't much complain, but everything is astronomically high for a pricing. Some people cannot pay for that, and we don't want to leave anyone out, do we?

The base senior fee will be 55 dollars, that include diploma covers, tickets, venues, senior pinning, and the t-shirt. If we were to take the average price of all of these (prices taken from amazon and customink.com) it comes to about 40 dollars. Which isn't much of a difference, but that's 15 dollars extra. With the 15 dollars, if we were to keep it, we'd be able to pay for some of the non-prepaid events. For example, the senior breakfast, or the senior movie.

So, everyone in high school plans a big night with their friends, and grad bash offers just that. One problem, you're a senior in high school with little to no money and barely a job. Being one of the seniors, I can say that I do not have the funds for the night. The price listed currently is one hundred and ten dollars. Now that's a problem. With all the prices lists so far, there is no way that a normal high schooler would be able to pay for that.

If you add it all up, that is a total of 165 dollars. A lot of parents do not want to pay for all that while taking care of a kid. Aside from jobs, which are hard for people under the age of 18 to obtain, the students do not have a way to pay for the senior activities, leaving out the kids who cannot pay. With these few examples, we say that it is too much.

The senior prices are too much, the plans are good, but there are too many. Either make some of the plans a little cheaper, or change them so that way we can go hang out at a roller-skate ring or have a beach day or something. Get creative.

EXPECTATION VS. REALITY



EXPECTATION vs. REALITY

By Sandra Oyola and Priscilla Forton

- we are soldiers
- we will protect the liberty that was gifted by god
- we will fight tooth and nail for the nation we love
- we will lay down our lives
- to protect the freedom we hold close to our hearts
- and if you dare get in our way
- we will rain our wrath of justice upon you
- so enemies beware, we will not go down without a fight
- we will hold strong and let no enemy through
- no matter how hard the fight
- and if you pull us down into the trenches of your evil
- we will gather all the piss and vinegar in our veins
- and claw our way out
- so no one will go in vain
- you better think twice before you come to meet us
- because there will be no mercy for harming a nation that needs us

By Cassidy Dalton

STAFF

Feature: Franley Casado and Jude Baret

Point: Liam Martin

Counterpoint: Ty Savoia

Comics: Sandra Oyola and Priscilla Fortson

Poetry: Cassidy Dalton

Reviews: Laravanessa Cano

Serial: Alex Giraldez

Slender Man- a Review

By Laravanessa Cano

One star out of four

There has not been a good Slender Man movie besides the YouTube web series “Marble Hornets,” which helped fuel the fire for creepypasta stories. Even years after the hype had died down for the endless remakes of Slender Man, that very point is still valid today.

At a base standpoint, the movie was incredibly boring, but without intention, it was also extremely laughable. It stuck with the factor of older directors being not at all in-touch with their target demographic’s way of acting and speaking. The main characters were barely introduced, and the audience was left hoping they’d say one another’s names, to try and understand what was going on. Most of the movie was watching the friend group that had no chemistry, barely try to figure out why their friend went missing. After having a poorly executed falling-out with the other characters, the third “act” was of the cliché “final girl” being brought out to confront Slender Man.

Slender Man, that was once considered terrifying due to the intense lore and fear that hung around the creepypasta community, had become a cesspool of jump scare fake outs and a mix of The Ring’s cursed footage as well as Unfriended and Truth or Dare’s attempt at making the antagonist spread like a virus.



Disperse- a short story in serial form

By Alex Giraldez

The clock struck twelve, and a clang rang out across the empty city, another day complete as the sun slips from view. The city did not stir from its slumber, though, and instead remained dead. The city hadn't been living in generations. Nobody living knows what happened to it. All anyone knows is that the city is dead, and every attempt to bring it back has failed miserably, and faded away just like all dead things.

Except that clock. That clock stayed, persevered, and every day would clang just as the sun slipped from view. The building it lay on- decrepit, broken, dark, and silent. Not a living thing stirred in the Upper City. The skyscrapers, built to the maximum height physics would allow, sat, unattended, and they would stay that way.

The Lower City was also dead, yet was filled with life. People came and went, civilization thrived, crimes were had; it was business as usual. Nobody cared about the Upper City. The only ones who went up there were never seen from again, but for the bodies that would occasionally slap against the pavement, splattering blood and guts across the otherwise white surface.

The Lower City was a strange place to foreigners. It was beautiful in the morning, streets a bright white marble, all the walls untouched and wiped clean as if the buildings were first placed there. As the day went on, trash and stains accumulated throughout the streets, bodies were left to rot. Occasionally a piece of the Upper City would fall, crashing and shattering upon the marble streets. Nobody ever cleaned up the mess. The day would end, everyone would enter their homes, and the clock rang out. In the morning, everything would be impeccable again. Nobody questioned it. Anyone who tried staying up to see what would happen would never make it more than a few hours. Anyone who tried filming the night would find their equipment gone the next morning.

Nobody went out after the clock bell rang. Those who did were never seen again. Eventually those living in the Lower City accepted it and moved on, not going out late was a fine price to pay for a beautiful city in the morning. It was only when you looked up that the illusion was broken. Thirteen stories up, the Lower City ended and the Upper City began, and so did the abandonment. Nobody lived higher than the thirteenth story, and those who went up never came down. Nobody knew why, and nobody cared. They accepted it

and moved on with life.

Those who lived in the higher stories of the Lower City were the worse off. Sometimes people in the thirteenth story disappeared. Nobody questioned it. Rumors circulated that it was the Upper Gods, who took sacrifices every now and then in return for a beautiful city each morning. Some say that there is an alien race living above the threshold, killing any and all who reach above the thirteenth story and any who overhear their whispers on the fourteenth. The rich and powerful lived on the ground floor, away from the troubles of the Upper City. Celebrities, government officials, and representatives from other cities lived on the ground floor.

The only troubles these living on the ground floor ever had were when a building's outer walls were damaged. If so much as one brick became chipped, one window broken, the entire building would be ruined. Everyone would have to evacuate and move into another building before nightfall. With nightfall, comes the clock's ring. And with the clock's ring, comes the mark of the dead. The Upper City corrupted any damaged buildings, killing anyone inside. The Lower City used to be a massive surplus of buildings, every building in the City occupied. Now, the Lower City is only thriving in the heart of the City, the center of the massive conglomeration of dead buildings. Every year another building is eradicated, and soon the center itself will be lost.

The Lower City will not die off with the final building of the center, however. Those whose building died began building new buildings, using materials found from the outside. They are not exempt from the clock's ring, and the obligations that come with it. Nobody is for miles out. If you can hear the clock's ring, you are stuck with the obligations. Those who can't, are free and able to move around under nightfall, without the benefits of the Lower City. Anyone from outside the Lower City who enters under nightfall are killed. Nobody enters the Lower City at night, unless they are ready to die.

Death from the Upper City is interesting, and there are those who try to study the cadavers from the Upper City. They usually fail to find anything of value. The bodies land on the marble, and usually are reduced to mush. Then there were the conspirators, who said the Upper City was paradise, and that those who were thrown off were done so due to their crimes against the Upper City. A form of execution, if you will. None of that explained anything of the Lower City. Most didn't care though.

To be continued...