



The Plaid Skirt

Mosaic

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Cover Design: Savanna Medellin ‘24

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BACK COVER

Pieces of ... Life



God's Light
Photo
Alyssa Hernandez '24



Unchanging
Acrylic paint
Alexia Casanova '23



Little Cup
Drawing
Evelynn Plummer '24



Night In New York
Photograph
Savanna Medellin '24

Trip from Wonderland

by Marina Aguilar '25

Alice always knew she was a teeny bit crazy. Ok, that's a lie. She was mad. Bonkers. She was ultimately off with her head. At times when she would ask if her parents saw the white rabbit in a waistcoat, they would dismiss it as her imagination. She always had what she thought were strange dreams as a kid and would sometimes see figments of those dreams, but she brushed them off as her eyes played tricks on her. But what she didn't know was that those 'dreams' were very much real.

Through the years that passed, these 'dreams' started to slowly go away. It was as if Wonderland knew that she was slowly forgetting, so they made it their mission to go and take her back to Wonderland. One night at some ungodly hour, Alice was abruptly awoken from her very much-needed sleep by glass shattering. Now Alice has the common sense to call the police but did she have the patience to wait for them? No. she just wanted to sleep but didn't feel like leaving a mess for the morning. So, as she made her way downstairs she somehow found a bat. She started in the living room when she made it downstairs to see what had happened. She made her way through the house but when she got to the kitchen she was shocked, speechless even.

What she was was something she thought was a hallucination, or at least she thought it was. What she saw was a white rabbit in a waistcoat, a man with extremely fair skin and fiery untamed red hair with a top hat in weird clothing, and a march hare that looked like it was sleep-deprived running off of coffee not so quietly arguing with each other. When she scanned the room she saw her favorite mug shattered to pieces on the ground and the three intruders staring at her as if they just saw a ghost. Alice stood there confused out of her mind then asked, "What are you doing here?".

The Mad Hatter, White Rabbit, and the March Hare all looked at each other having a silent argument on who would answer till the mad matter decided he would.

"Umm, we came here to rely on very important information.", said the Mad Hatter.

"What could be so important you three weirdos broke into my house?!" exclaimed Alice.

"Wonderland.", was all Hatter said.

"Wonderland? What in the world are you talking about?", said Alice

"Oh dear, this is bad.", said the White Rabbit.

"What is?", questions Alice

Alice was utterly confused about what was happening but all she wanted to know was why there was a clown-looking man and two talking animals in her kitchen. Something that bothered Alice was why they come to her. As far as she knew she doesn't even know what Wonderland is.

"Why does this concern me?" pondered Alice.

"Well you see dear, you...created us and Wonderland.", said the White Rabbit

"Huh?!", was all that came from Alice.

"Yeah, you made us in your imagination as a child", exclaimed the March Hare.

Alice stood there was a blank look on her face, contemplating whether to call the police, go back to bed, or entertain these lunatics. She liked the sound of going back to bed, but the looks on their faces said they wouldn't let this go.

"And why are you telling me this?", asked Alice.

"You're forgetting Alice.", said Mad Hatter.

"Pardon?"

"Wonderland, you're forgetting Wonderland!", exclaimed March Hare

Alice knew then and there she was completely and utterly off with her head. She didn't know what to believe at this point. As she stood there, bits and pieces of her childhood memories came back. What she thought were dreams as a child turned out to be real, and she didn't even know! And it was then that she remembered her trips to Wonderland. There was no way they could come true, right?

"What about wonderland?"

"It's disappearing because you're forgetting.", said Hatter.

Trip from Wonderland, con't

“What do you want me to do about it?!”, yelled Alice, she was slowly growing frustrated with this whole situation and just wanted sleep.

“Come to Wonderland with us, you must help us.”, cheered Hatter.

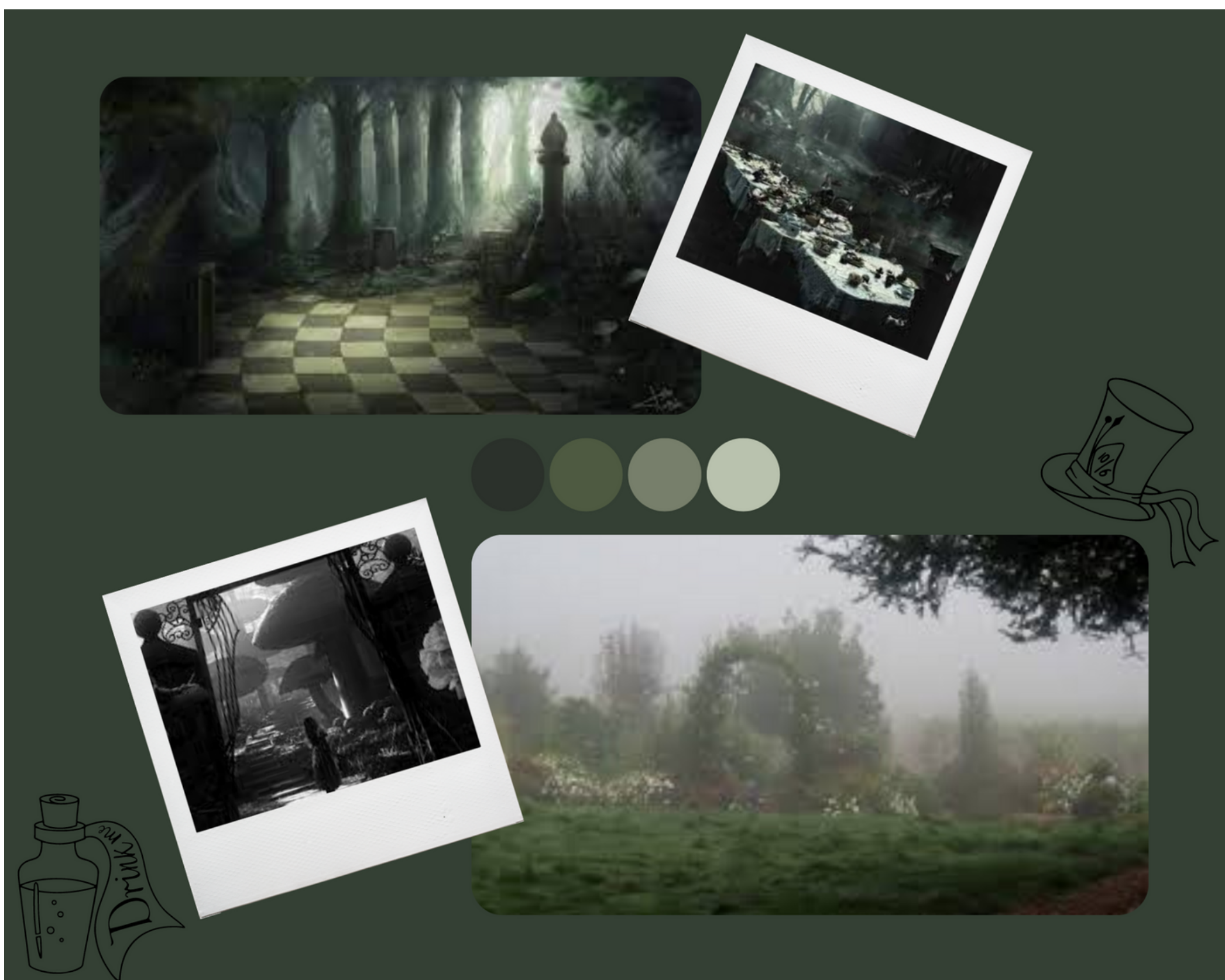
“Now why in the world would I go to this Wonderland with you?”, the girl questioned.

“We already said why, TO SAVE WONDERLAND!”, yelled the March Hare.

Now anyone with common sense wouldn't go but Alice couldn't help but feel like they were telling the truth because she remembered seeing the White Rabbit in a colorful waistcoat as a kid, or having tea parties with Hatter and the Hare. so, she decided why not I'd been there before apparently.

“Fine.”, was all she said before the three lunatics as she called them, led her to the rabbit hole in the garden behind her house. As they neared the hole Alice started to grow anxious. She questioned why on watch she followed them but yolo I guess. She watched as each of them jumped into the hole and cautiously followed. Just before she neared the ground she heard her alarm clock blaring.

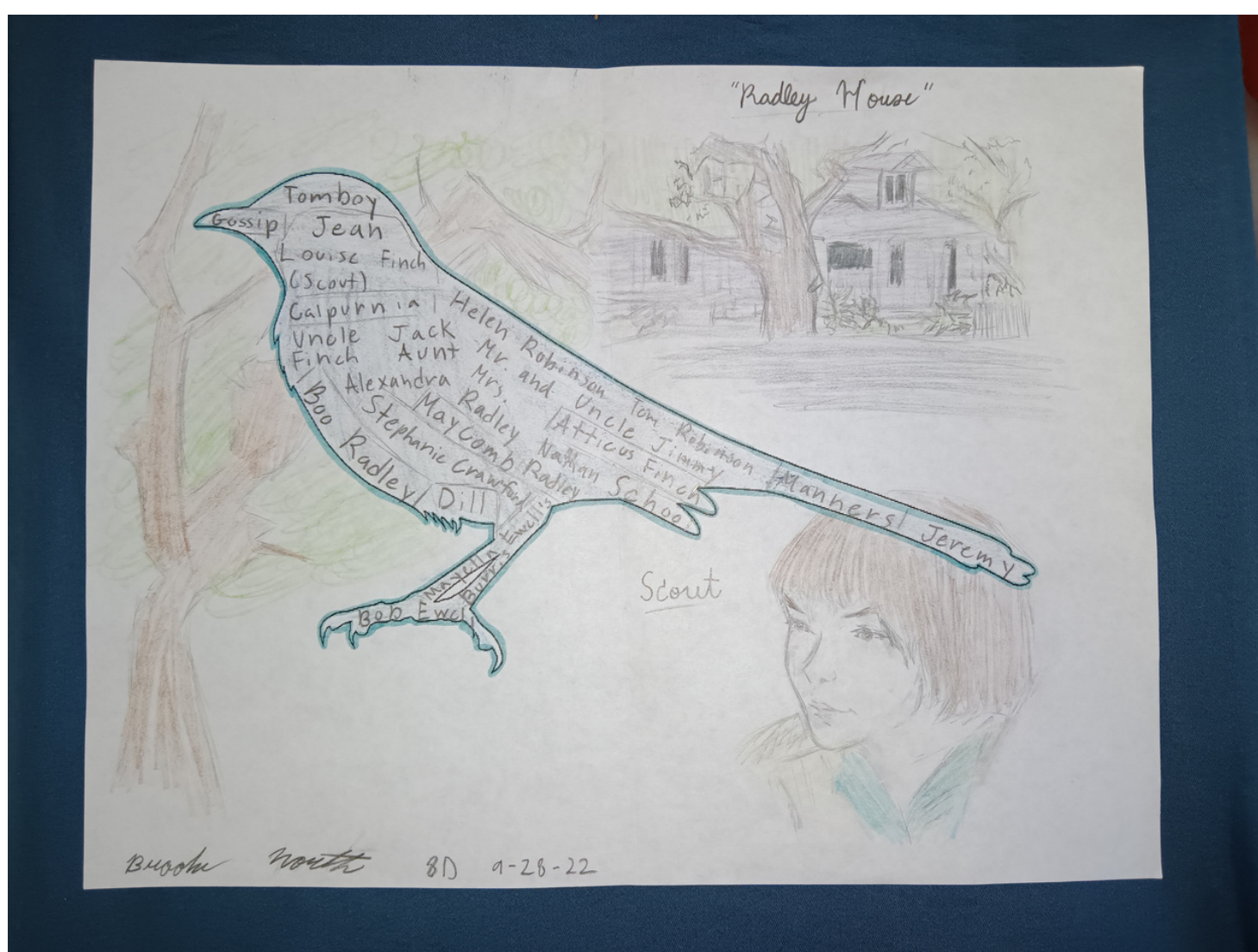
Alice jolted upright in her desk chair, school papers scattered all over her desk. She fell asleep doing homework. She was relieved, but that relief soon died when she saw that she was 10 minutes late to school. As she ran around her room getting ready, she didn't notice a white rabbit watching from the garden that her window happened to be facing. So, Alice was off to school with her strange dream only on her mind.



Digital Art
Marina Aguilar '25

Pieces of ... Blue

Sneaky Stitch
Pastel Art
Priscilla Holm '24



Radley House
Pencil Drawing
Brooke North '27

A Star Show in a galaxy far far away...
Photograph
Alexandria Flores'24



Texas Tribe

Mrs. Wanda Leyva 7th grade class was learning about the Native American tribes along with vocabulary for the unit. Mrs. Leyva task the class with creating a story as if they were one of the Native American at that time. They can to use 5 of their vocabulary words, while they wrote it. The Comanche and Apache were enemies at the time. The two students that wrote a story told it from one of the tribes point of views.

Comanche

Lilian Bailey '28

When I was born, my mother sang me a song that she had learned when she was little. It calmed her during stressed times. She named me, "Songbird," so that I would always remind her of that soothing song she had grown to know and love. After a couple of years, I learned the song, too, and I would sing some parts of it with her before falling asleep. My father would sometimes join us, too; he and my mother grew up together so they both know the song by heart. But he's always so busy and by the end of the day just worn out with all the responsibilities an Apache chief has.

My mother became ill when I was four years old. Nothing seemed to help. The whole tribe would visit our wickiup and try to help. Even the best healers couldn't do anything. Everyday, she was worse and it was clear she wasn't going to get better. I stayed with her as much as I could, since father couldn't be with us all the time. There were still issues that needed to be addressed. And our enemies, the Comanche, were getting stronger by the day. I remember I was making my mother her meal and I heard a faint humming, I turned around and I saw my mother with the most peaceful look on her face - her eyes closed and she had a small smile. She finished the song, and after that, silence. She had used her last few breaths to calm herself through death.

After she died, my father taught me his ways of living. I didn't have a woman figure in my life to guide me. Now, it was only my father and me. I learned how to hunt, how to survive in the wilderness, and how to come back to our camp if I ever were to go too far into the woods. A lot of the tribe didn't approve of how I was being raised, but I didn't care - the rush of adrenaline was too good to lose. I'm not going to let people get in the way of that.

I'm now 16 years old. I want to keep hunting and become an official warrior. My father doesn't allow me to go out anymore though; he says it's becoming too dangerous for a woman. The Comanche are becoming something almost inhuman. If they ever were to attack, we would be doomed. But I just don't understand: he taught me these skills for a reason, so why let them go to waste? My whole life I spent my days in the woods hunting - what was the point of all that? I could've tried to be a normal woman; I could've put in the effort, but I didn't. But I know I can help - if the Comanche were ever to come into this territory, I will stand tall and fight for this land.

During the night, I explore the wilderness. I practice my skills with my atlatl. Sometimes I also try to practice attacking with my horse. Matter of fact, I've grown very fond of it. I personally believe I'm pretty good at it too. I also like to look at the stars for a while, I pretend that one of them is my mom, so I talk to her and tell her about everything she's missing. I miss her so much - although, yes, I do love hunting, I wish I could've learned a few things from her before she passed. After that I spent the night trying to find anything edible. It's not very hard so I give myself a certain amount to pick up. Right now, my goal is 200. I've already collected berries and some rabbits.

As I walked further and further in the woods, lost in my thoughts, I came to notice that I didn't recognize the surroundings. I walked a bit more and discovered a huge blockage of bushes. I crouched just to be safe. I got near the bushes, separating them just a tad to see what was in front of me. All I saw was a field of maize, and I knew it was the Comanche. They always tried to be close to us in case they ever decided to attack us one day. So I ran - I ran as fast as I could, the wind in my hair, branches and leaves hitting my face and arms, but I didn't care, as long as I got away. My heart was pounding, my eyes were filling with tears as I hoped that no one heard or saw me.

When I finally reached camp, I dropped whatever food I had gotten, and went back to my wickiup. I was too scared to care about anything else. I just needed sleep, so that's what I did. I woke up to someone shaking me awake. I was still tired like crazy, the world was spinning, and I didn't understand anything. But the person kept shaking, so I opened my eyes and saw my father's good friend, Tenbears, in front of me. He had a strict look on his face, and soon he said, "Chief Bozak needs to speak to you."

That's all he spoke before walking out. What could it be about? I get up, my head is pounding, eyes fighting to stay open. I walk outside and see my father already waiting for me. He has an expression on his face that I've never seen before. He guides me into another wickiup, one they use to discuss important actions and decisions. I've never been allowed in here. We sit down and I still have no idea what's going.

"We have come to the conclusion that there is an imposter in this tribe, who is giving information to the Comanche about how we're spending our days so they know when to attack. We are gathering as many hunters as we can to go out and find their camp so we know how far they are from us. I want you to join us. We are going to use the horses so just be prepared. And that's an order."

He said with such calmness, I felt goosebumps throughout my spine. My eyes were wide, I didn't know how to respond. I felt so happy that my father was finally going to allow me to hunt openly with the other men . But I also felt worried, scared even. If this information is true, this could mean destruction to the Apache tribe. I get up, wanting to start; I don't want to disappoint my father.

I get to my horse and put the bridle on him. I don't want to risk anything. Soon everyone gathers around and gets ready to go into the woods. Sure, I got some weird looks from the other men but I didn't care. This is to protect the tribe, not to talk to people about whether or not I should be here.

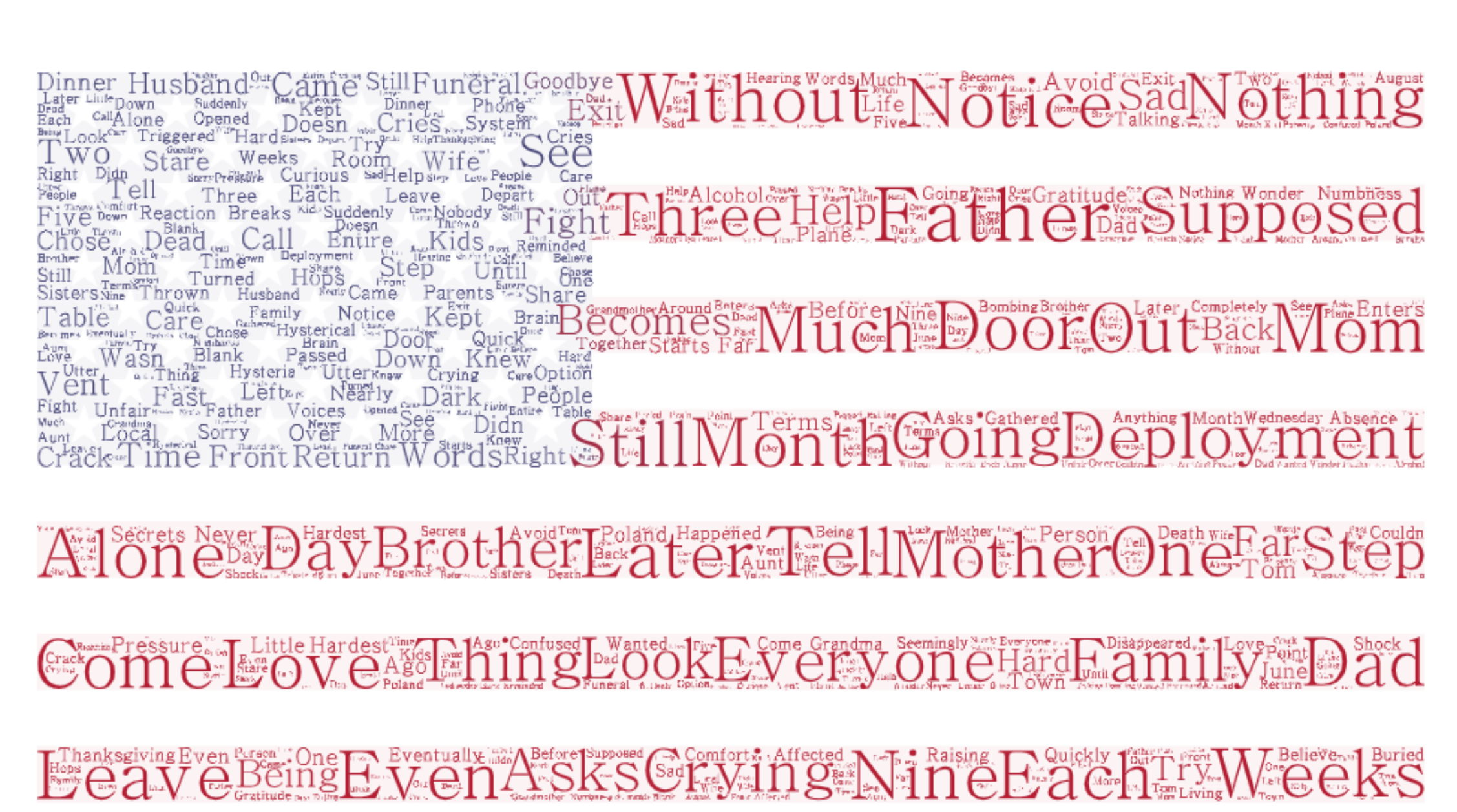
After a few minutes of my father's giving commands, we were off. We decided to stay together, just in case anything were to happen to us. We were in the forest for a long time. I was honestly starting to believe we would never find it, but then I saw those same bushes and knew we had reached our destination. Tenbears ordered us to get off the horses and crouch behind the bushes. This time, when I separated the bushes, I not only saw the maize field, but I also saw a lot of Comanche people.

I was in shock. I felt numb. I couldn't move, couldn't breathe. What's happening to me? Next thing I heard was a scream of pain. I looked next to me and see one of the hunters bleeding out in the grass. My father yelled at us to move out. They spotted us. We rushed back to camp to warn the other tribe members but the Comanche followed behind us. Pelting our men, killing them off one by one. We rode our horses as fast as we could, coming back yelling commands to the people, telling them to hide their children.

But it was too late. The Comanche tribe was already here, attacking everyone we knew, and killing all of our close friends. The remaining hunters grabbed as many weapons as they could. Father screamed commands to stay strong and not to back down. But it was too much. There was no chance we were going to win, but I still fought. I meant it when I said I would fight for this land.

I did well for someone whose first mission went to a disaster. That was until I heard my father scream in pain! I turned and saw Tenbears with a bloody knife, my dad on the ground barely breathing. I ran to him, trying so hard to stop the bleeding. It didn't work. I had now watched both my mother and my father die. I looked at Tenbears in such anger, I lashed out. I turned his knife on him and cut his face. I was on top of him, his knife in my hand, pushing it against his heart. I was so close to killing him, but I couldn't do it.

Before I could put the knife down, I felt a sharp pain in my chest. I fell off of Tenbears and saw another man help him off, and they walked off, leaving me there to die by the blade of a Comanche. I looked up at the sky. It was midday. I could feel the sun shining directly on me. I started singing my mother's song, the one that always made the troubles go away. I finished the song, and felt death closing in on me. Just like my mother. We had this one thing in common.



Honor
Word Cloud
Graphic Art Alexandria Flores '24
Ms. Alvarado

Apache Daniella Pando '26

Hi! I’m Detsanayuka Penateka! I am 15 years old and live in the Great Plains. I am a part of the Comanche tribe. We are the most powerful and feared tribe in Texas. My dad died when I was a baby and my mom is very ill. Since my mom is sick, I have to take care of my ten-year-old sister, Kotsais. I usually go hunting on the top of plateaus. Usually when people go hunting in certain places they get no animals because hunter-gatherers go there, but when I go to the top of my plateau there are plenty of animals cause I’m the only one that goes to it. In the summer it gets really hot, so I take showers in the Canadian River since I live right next to it. In the winter I have to make my sister and I jackets and blankets out of buffalo skin to stay warm because of how cold it gets during this time. My family’s wigwam is located along the edge of the Canadian River. I often make the weapons we use for hunting and battles. When I hunt I find buffalos, longhorns, antelope, and black bears using my handmade atlatl. I make my mom buffalo stew to help her get better with my ladle.

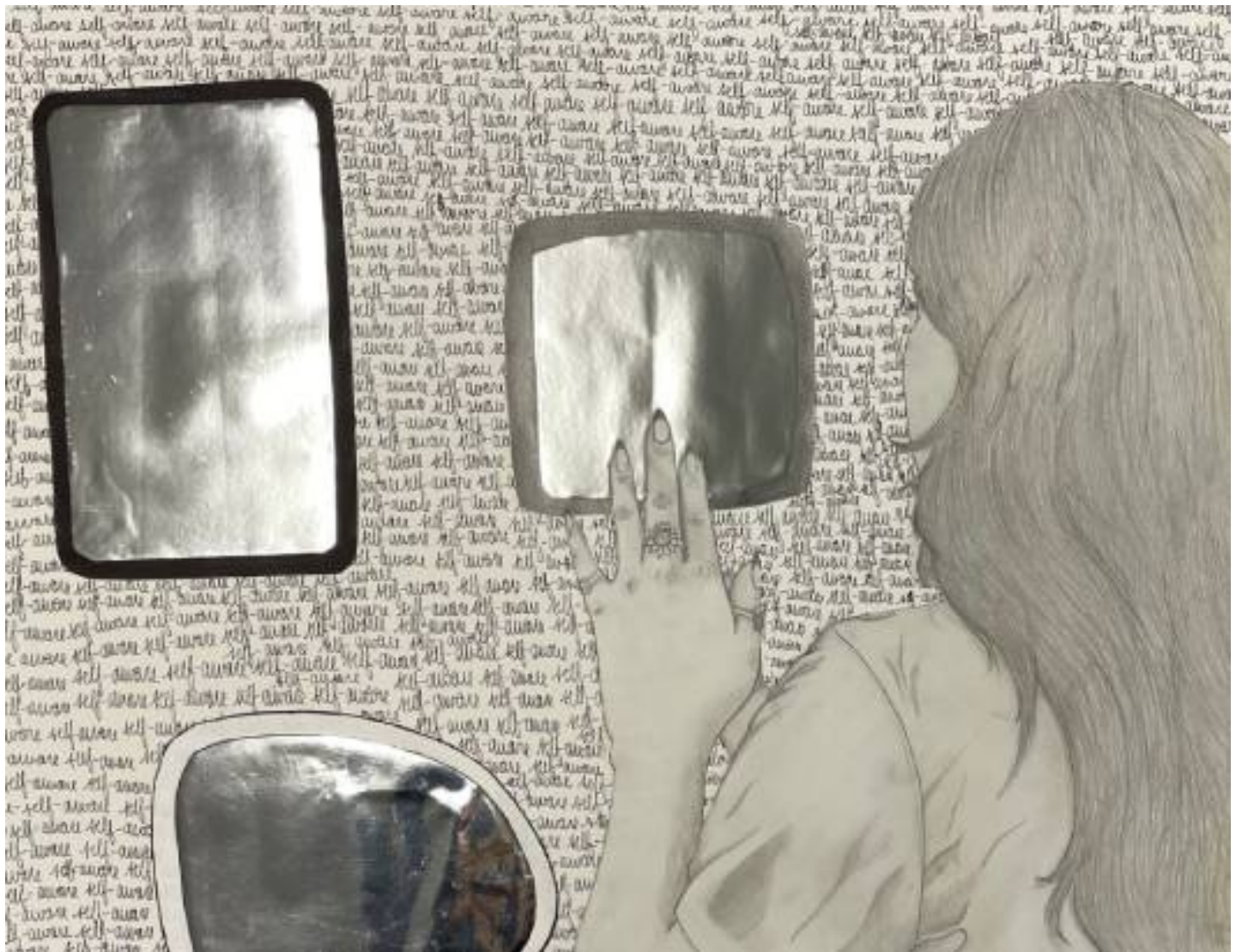
One day, I woke up to a cold breeze. I covered my sleeping mother and sister with a buffalo skin blanket. Then sharpened my bear tooth spear and headed off to hunt on my special plateau in my old buckskin skirt and shirt. That day I had hunted one longhorn and one black bear. When I got back my friend, Penateka, ran up to me out of breath, she mumbled,“Detsanayuka, your mom-“. Before she could even finish what she was saying I ran to the hospiwam (the wigwam for sick people). I saw my pale mom laying on the sleeping mat and I burst into tears because I knew my mom was no longer alive. As I felt my warm, salty tear dripping down my cheek I felt Penateka’s warm hand on my back trying to comfort me, but it didn’t help because I still felt horrible. Then I remembered that Kotsais was still at our wigwam. So I ran back home and told her the bad news. The second I told her she was in tears and so was I. That night at dinner while we were eating our buffalo with grapes and maize that I grinded with my metate and manos, we were silent. The next morning, when I went to hunt on my domesticated horse, I saw a lady that looked like she was in her late 30’s. It was odd because I was usually the only one who hunted in this spot and I had never seen her before. I could tell she was apart of the Comanche tribe because of her yellow and black feathers on her scalp locks. As we were hunting she spoke,“So you new around here?“ I responded,“No, I come here everyday.“ I had noticed that she had a really nice spear, so I asked,“Where did you get the spear?“ She said,“ I actually handmade it!“ I was surprised I had never seen a weapon that well put together before. I then replied,“Wow, that’s awesome!“ She said,“I have more at my place. I could give you one if you want.“ I quickly responded,“Yes please!“ On the way over there I quickly learned that her name was Widyu and she was 38 years old. She asked why someone so young like me was out hunting alone. I responded by explaining how my mom died and I had to take care of my sister. We talked the rest of the way and we were able to make easy conversation. When we got to her home, she gave me the hunting tool and I left back home. We continued to hunt and talk for the next few months and she eventually became good friends with my sister and I. One night, when she came over for dinner she offered for me and my sister to move in with her. We both quickly agreed. We eventually moved in and got the mother figure we had lost.



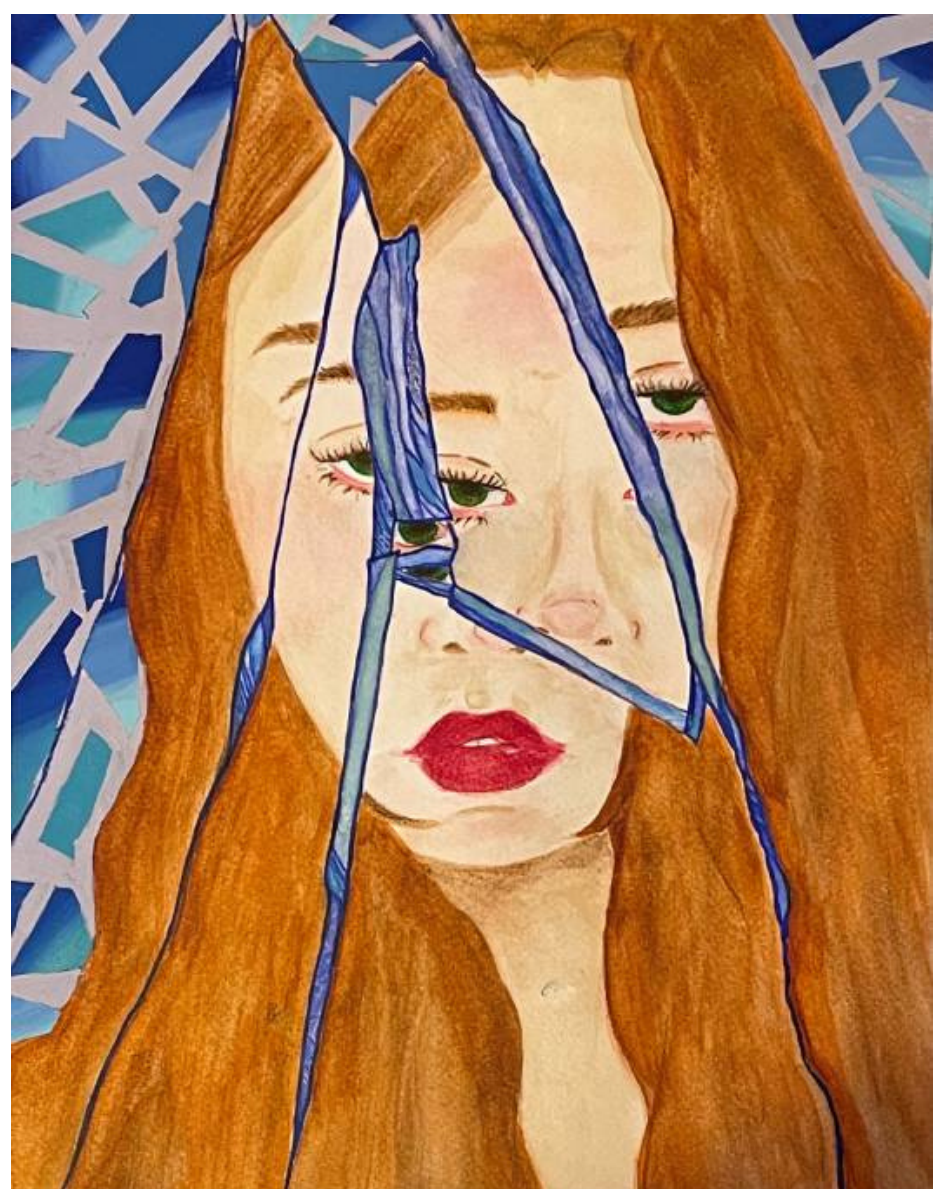
Untitled
Photo
Drew Ovalles '28

Pieces of ... Reflection

Self Aware
Ink
Alexia Casanova '23



A Journey Back Then
Digital
Soleil Contreras '29



Reflection
Watercolor/Acrylic paint
Alexia Casanova '23

Pieces of ... Hope

"All Eyes on Me"
Acrylic Paint
Alexia Cassanova'23

Angel

Zavanna Montague '23

The wind blows,
it gives breath to the world.

I breathe in the cold air only to breathe out the
memories of you.

I remember them like it was yesterday.
For it was only yesterday when I was thinking of you.

You always smiled,

even though the breath of the world was being taken
out of you.

My heart cries out to able to just see you one more
time.

To able to hear your voice again would be a miracle.
I see tears and sadness all in the room,

but the only thing I don't see is a smile and kind look
from you.

I search for that smile and look,

but in my heart I know I'm not going to find what I
seek.

Oh how you will be missed,
your life cherished among all.
I will never forget the days spent with you,
just like I will never forget the love had,
the love you shared.
Now you are in heaven,

I hope you are happy and with the one you lost many
years ago.

For he once missed you,
but now I miss you.
I will see you one day.
Please look down on me in heaven.
Once you were my grandmother,

and now,
you are my angel in heaven.

In memory of my Nana (Peggy Powell) you will truly be
missed-5/10/21



Three of a Kind

Natalie Ramon '27

Snow was falling in the town Luner Spring.
The young poet Saturn was wandering around
trying to find ideas for his poem. No matter
how much he tried, nothing came to mind. He
wasn't happy with his poems. He went to the
only place where he could concentrate: the
Atlas cave. Saturn jumped out of his window and
dashed to the cave. Only three people knew
about the cave - he himself and his two best
friends

Saturn makes it to the cave. CRACK! An
arrow hits the wall right next to Saturn's head.

"Saturn, what are you doing here?" Leo
asked, throwing the bow and arrow in the other
direction trying to hide the evidence.

"Wow! Jeez, nice to see you too, Leo."

Saturn walks towards the stairs to the
telescope. Taking in the beauty of the cave.
Many people thought this was a volcano
because there is a huge opening at the top. It
always looked beautiful at night. The peace and
quiet were soon interrupted by his friend's
voice. Rolling his eyes he looks down the stairs
to see his friend rambling about something.

Leo is a soldier serving under the king to
protect his daughter, Crescent, next in line to
the throne, actually. Who would have thought
that a soldier, poet, and princess would be best
friends? People hate the fact the three are
friends because to them it is not proper. But
the three don't care. "Come on! Let's go
outside. You two are annoying," Saturn says
grabbing his purple cloak and throwing the girls
theirs.

The trio is having a blast; it's always like
that for them. Every time they are together
something fun always happens.

After a while, an idea came to Saturn. He
was going to write a story about him and his
friends.

Pieces of ... Obscurity



"Took my love, I took it down"
Photograph
Analiyah Olivarez '24



"Flaming Candle"
Colored pencil and Graphite
Juliana Hernandez '24

House of Horrors

Juliana Hernandez '24

John Whittleheim, III, is a 48-year-old, beer-bellied man with glasses. He lives in Milwaukee, in the one area where people rarely walk outside their houses or even see the sun. John owns what he called the “House of Horrors,” a narrow two-story shack in the middle of nowhere, but in reality, it was like those abandoned buildings that have lost their human touch ages ago. The shop was more than worn down; it was knackered. When anyone first walks inside the shack, the floorboards scream in agony and pain. The restrooms are on the second floor; every time someone flushes the toilet, the loud pipes groan in desperate need of repair.

Even though the shop had some flaws, the presentation of the horror objects inside was significantly organized and upheld to a certain beauty. Each object had a special stand and spotlight shining directly onto it, showing its importance, unique design, and individuality. John wanted to own the greatest horror shop there was, owning only the items that were used on the set of all the greatest films like Nightmare on Elm Street, The Exorcist, and The Conjuring.

John’s next goal was to get the chainsaw that was used in the Texas Chainsaw Massacre. John usually got his collector items from eBay. Every time John was online, so was TwinkleToes09. Twinkle Toes would always place a higher bet and be in competition with John. They had an unspoken rivalry.

John received a notification saying that the bid for the original Texas chainsaw was on. Immediately on the chat, he and TwinkleToes09 were at it. Twinkle Toes set the highest bid and won. John was furious and went on a different chat; this time he was bidding on the Scream mask. John knew Twinkle Toes would not be on this chat since he only wins once a night. John won the Scream mask and was glad that he did but still felt angry over the chainsaw. John thought if he ate and went to sleep that he would get over it.

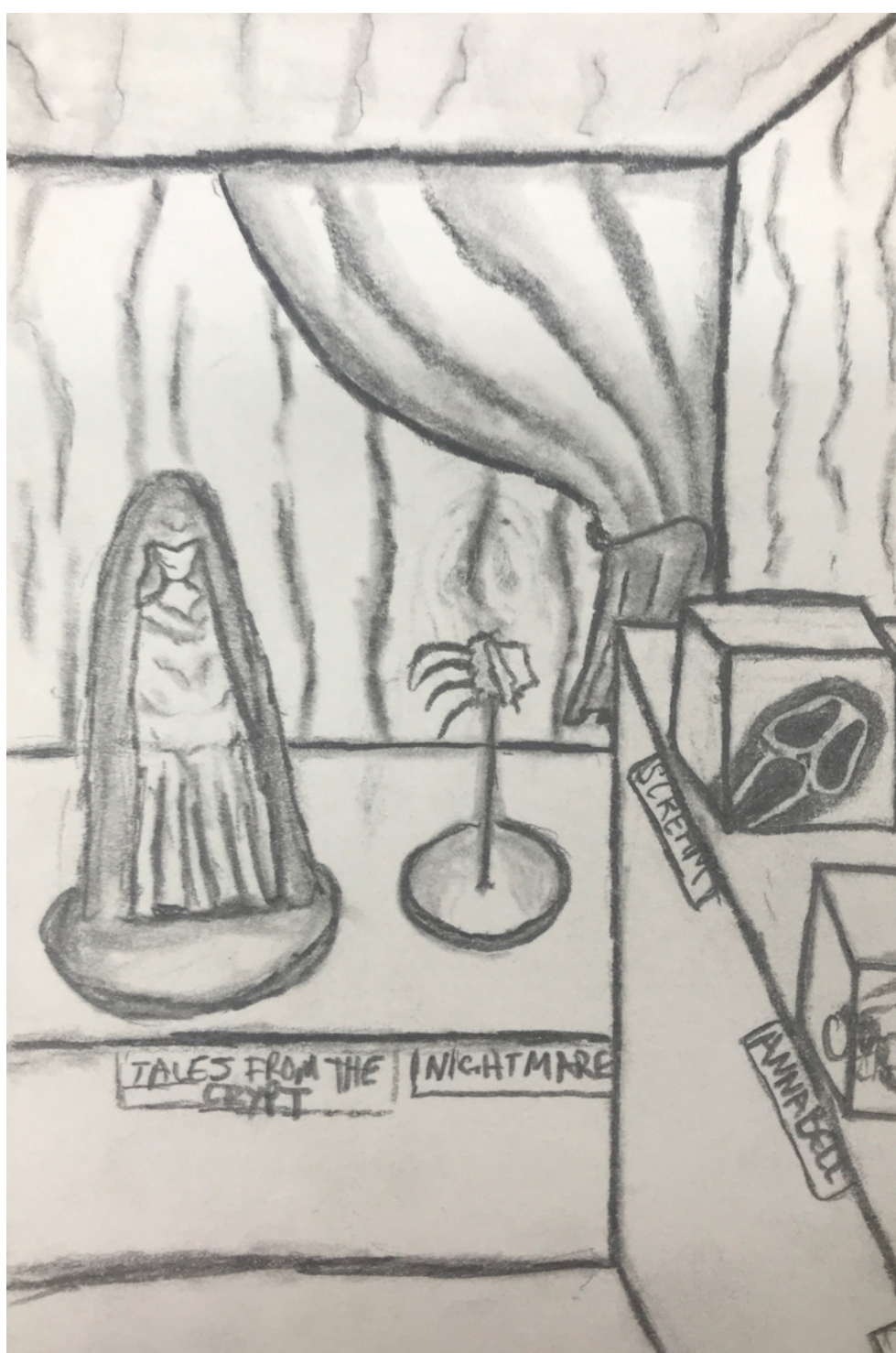
The Stranger Things grandfather clock chimed ten “Time for bed.” John said to himself. He was startled by an extremely loud knock on the door. “Who could that be?” At the door he saw a tall man with a slicked back white bun. John didn’t open the door but yelled “We’re closed, come back tomorrow!” The man didn’t reply but pointed at the door knob, suggesting he open it. John opened the door. The man walked in dramatically and turned to talk to John “ You don’t recognize me?” He said sarcastically.

The man walked around as if he was inspecting each item. John gasped in realization: “Twinkle Toes.” He said in a serious voice. Twinkle Toes walked around whispering under his breath so that John wouldn’t hear. John was in shock. “Why would he be here in this shop?” John thought to himself. John rapidly asked questions “What do you want? Why are you here?”

“ I want your collection.” Twinkle Toes replied. John was confused and wondered why Twinkle Toes, the highest bidder, would want his small collection.

Twinkle Toes explained to John “Your collection is not just made up of props. They were the items that brought life into the movie, they were the items that caught peoples eye.”

“I don’t understand. Stop rambling and tell me, why are you here?” said John.



Twinkle Toes continued to talk and slowly started to whisper again. John paid no attention and tried to walk the man towards the door. Slowly, out of the corner of his eye, he saw his horror mannequins rise and Twinkle Toes revealing his malicious grin. John pulled away and felt fear rise from within. John didn’t know what was happening but knew the plan was to get out.

The monsters chased John and captured him. Twinkle Toes walked up with a tub of wax , lifting it over John’s head and said “You’re one of them now, a part of my very own collection of monsters in my House of Horrors.” He laughed malevolently.

“Horror Shop”
Graphite
Juliana Hernandez '24