



Pieces of... Anguish

"The Passion"
Watercolor
Alexia Casanova '23



The Struggles of Humanity"
Digital Print
Kendall Cooper '25



"Turn Off"
Graphite
Alexia Casanova '23



Daisy the Snow Dog
Alyssa Hernandez '24

Pieces of ... Climate



Sunset
Giselle Gonzalez '24



Pieces of ... A Tree

Untitled
Pencil Drawing
Angelina Gonzalez '24



“Illicit Affairs” -Taylor Swift
Word Art
Alexandria Flores '24

The Bakery Meet

Savanna Medellin '24

Walking around the town of Holmes Chapel always felt so warm to me, especially this time of year. Even with the snow falling, I feel content and wholesome walking around the place I love most. The hot chocolate in my hand feels burning hot along with the sweet aroma coming from the cup, making everything seem cozy. It's the middle of December and Christmas break is near, meaning exam week is coming up. As the cold air continues to blow throughout the small town making my cheeks turn a harsh rose color, I see families and lovers walking around endorsing the same feeling that I have.

I decided to get away from home this Saturday afternoon to study somewhere other than my bedroom. Grades always come first for me, no matter how much I hate school work. My parents weren't your typical strict parents, but it's always a high expectation from them. I would've stayed at the café I originally got my hot chocolate from, but I wanted to go to my dearest place.

The walk to the place wasn't a very far one. I know the workers there will think I'm weird coming in today, but I don't mind. Once I get near the small building, I pull out my phone to send my mom a quick text saying I'll be late to dinner that night. As I arrive, I already see my grandmother, Mary, sending a surprised smile my way through the tinted glass door. My grandmother owns the Mandeville Bakery and I started working there six months ago.

I step in, hearing the bell above the door, already smelling the fresh baked bread, seeing all the pastries and loaves of different sweets on the display counter. I giggle as Grandma comes from behind the register and gives me a warm hug. She starts giving me small kisses all over my face that make me laugh even more.

"What are you doing here, Parker? You don't work until next weekend after your exams," she says, rubbing my arms to warm me up from being in the freezing weather outside.

I responded, "I know but I didn't want to study in my room today. I need to be somewhere else, you know? I really like being here, too."

Grandma smiles and gives me another warm hug, leading me to one of the two-person tables. I sat down pulling out my laptop, notebook, and colorful pens. As I'm getting my things ready to take notes, Grandma asks me questions about my family and friends. I sip on my hot chocolate and she tells me that a new employee is coming into the bakery today.

"If you don't mind, would you be able to show him around and how everything works? I think he's around your age. He'll be around here in about an hour."

"Yes, I'll help. But after, I really have to come back and get this done," I tell her, starting to feel anxious about not completing the work.

"I know, my love."

My grandma goes back to work as I start on my reviews. The minutes pass; I hear the bell ring and try not to focus on different orders. I wrote down notes for my chemistry class that filled the front and back of the notebook paper. Thirty minutes pass and I'm halfway through completing my second set of notes for a different subject. Reaching the last sentence of the notes, I can hear my grandma's voice greet someone. I turn off my computer and pick my head up to see my new coworker. He looked awfully familiar; I swear I've seen him before.

"Parker! Come and say 'Hi', dear," she calls to me. As I reach my hand out, I pull it back. I know who this is.

"It's Harry, right?"

He looks at me with his emerald eyes as his dimples start to appear.

"Yeah. You're Parker right? We go to school together," we smiled at each other.

Looking at us, Grandma says, "Well, it's good that you lot know each other. Parker is going to show you around, alright? Have fun."

Harry gives Grandmother a nod and turns back to me. His mop of nut brown curls swipes across his face, making him look effortlessly irresistible.

"So you work here, too?" he asked as we walked through the kitchen.

"Yup, it's been about six months I believe," I tell him while I try to spot the rack with new aprons.

He was walking with his hands in his pockets from his black skinny jeans. His top was a white jumper and the shoes were brown combat boots. He made it look good. All the other guys at our school look ridiculous wearing boots like that. But Harry made them...work?

"Kind of weird how we don't really talk to each other at school," he said, breaking silence. He's right. We don't talk. Why don't we talk? It's not like our school is big enough for us to not acknowledge each other.

"Yeah, it is weird. Well, at least we'll be talking to each other now," I tell him as we both spot the rack and grab an apron.

I show him the area where everything is baked and lead him to the place where we store the extra sweets. Then, we practice packaging orders for delivery orders. Now we're in the break room, eating a cupcake that we both stole from the back room.

Taking a bite into his cupcake, he said, "What do we tell them if they find out?"

"We'll just say that the rats ate them, I guess," I said as we both chuckled.



Digital Art
Savanna Medellin '24

The Bakery Meet, con't

We talked about school and how much we hated taking exams. He also mentioned something about wanting to learn how to play some type of instrument.

"Maybe you can come over one day to my house? I have a guitar you could try to learn on," I suggested.

"Yeah, that would be nice," he smiles.

Someone please explain why we haven't talked before. We threw away the cupcake wrappers and joined the other workers at the front. I make sure that he knows what he's doing before attending his first customer. Little hand touches and times that our skin briskly touch as I finish explaining everything to him. His small smirk and dimples as deep as my heartbeat appeared when those actions happened. He tells me I can go back and study while my grandma helps him with the rest.

I sat back down and finished my notes in the next hour and a half. It didn't take me as long as I thought it would. I was exiting out on all the tabs on my computer when the bell rang, letting people know that a customer just walked in. I wasn't paying attention because it didn't seem to matter to me.

I put my computer away in my scuffed up brown backpack. I brought the backpack up to place it on my lap making sure I had everything. I walked to say my goodbyes to Grandma and the other elders, sharing all my love, telling them I'll see them soon. Harry didn't notice I was about to leave since he was giving back change to the last customer of the line. Until he heard the bell ring.

He called out to me, "And you don't say 'Bye' to me?"

I stood at the door, my hand on the metal bar holding the door open just the slightest. I stare at him for a while, taking in the beautiful boy.

"Meet me after exams tomorrow in the parking lot."

"It's a date"

"No it's not."

Once I'm out the door, I look through the window and can see him laugh to himself. He looked really cute and I couldn't help but giggle a bit too. His small dimples turn larger as they grow in his cheeks. Even his smile glistened through the tinted window.

Harry and I have never talked, mainly because of our friend group. And it wasn't because we thought one was cooler than the other. I guess we were just in our own little world. And in that world was just a visual of what each other looked like and only hearing what people say about us.

It started to get dark and the sunset of Holmes Chapel was looking much rather gorgeous. I took some shortcuts that led me back to my house. As I got closer, I started to wonder if Harry lived nearby. I think he walked to the bakery today, which means he has to be close. I didn't live very far either. But my feet feel exhausted from today. Harry is my friend, we're not going to date. We're just going to go out on a platonic outing in public. What's so wrong with that? Besides, he's my co-worker. It would be unprofessional. Maybe.

The Secret

Alyssa Hernandez '24

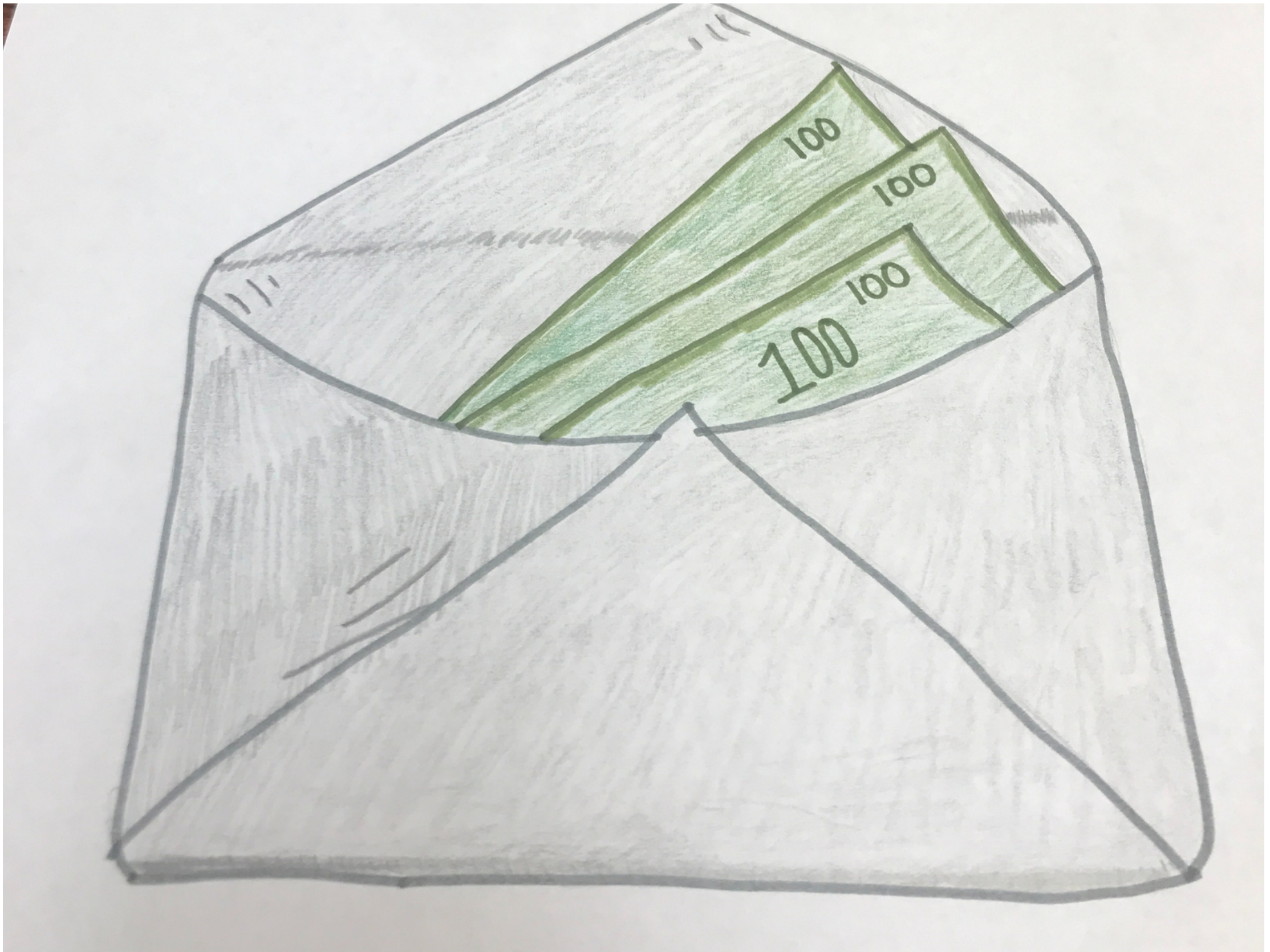
Walking towards the mailbox outside in her pajamas, on a moist Monday morning... Emily goes to open the mailbox, she gasps... dropping a letter, having it fall in a puddle of mud after such a rainy day.

As she goes to pick it up a black and white van drives slowly around the corner. Emily quickly picks up the envelope, and runs inside. Placing the envelope on a small wooden table leaving a mud stain trail.

She backed up towards the top of the staircase farthest away from the envelope. When trying to catch her breath, loud knocking like a thunderstruck. After waiting out for it to stop, she looks through the door hole.

Finding yet another letter. She read the front; "Keeping an eye out on your every move, stay away from Haley".

Hearing these words again, Emily is reminded of her ex-husband Micheal who paid her for silence after their divorce. She begins to cry, remembering the exact words he said, after dinner; "Stay away! You're psycho for thinking Joseph is still alive. Leave this house now!"



She wipes off the mud on the back and continues to open it. She finds \$5,000 placed inside with a note wrapped around; "Motherless aren't you now. Here is your payment for your silence to never mention Joseph to Haley."

She dropped the letter and broke down crying. As she cries, a certain picture frame from years ago catches her attention.

She yells, " I know you're still here Joseph, and I'll find you baby I promise!" Glaring at the photo of Haley and Joseph, her twins together, 13 years ago; mourning the death of Joseph. He would've been 14 years old this September.

A month goes by yet I have received no money. She wondered what had happened and waited a few days. After one week goes by. She decides to drop by Micheal's house, taking a pocket knife just in case.

Driving up the empty driveway, she saw nobody and knew it was her only chance. She opens the door with the old rusted key, when they once lived together. Walking in the doorway she begins to search for money.

While roaming the dark gloomy hall, she sees a wall that she's never seen before. Looking closely to the wall she finds a hidden button. This button caught her off guard. She wondered what Micheal was hiding. She pressed it..

Once the wall opened Emily was flabbergasted. She had found a hidden room. Not just any room, she knew it was Joseph's. She looked through everything, but it looks like nothing has been touched for a couple of weeks.

When putting things back in place, she hears someone get home. It was Micheal and Haley. She had no clue on what she was going to do. Thinking.. She knew that her questions needed to be answered, especially finding Joseph's room.

The Secret, con't

She walks out and both Haley and Micheal saw her. Looking at Haley she said, "Hi Haley, I'm your mother. You look very beautiful, you're all grown up".

After saying that she turned to Micheal saying, "Where is my son, I know he isn't dead, so where is he?"

Haley asked "Who is Joseph? I have a brother?"

Micheal replies, " Had a brother".

Emily yells, " What do you mean had?"

Micheal replied "I had no choice..He wanted to know where his mother was and never listened to me anymore".

Emily started crying saying, " SO YOU KILLED HIM, BECAUSE HE WANTED ME AND NEVER LISTENED!"

Haley looks at her dad and slowly backs up closer to Emily.

Micheal said, " I'm so sorry, both of y'all were never supposed to find out he was alive at one moment."

Haley turns to Emily crying. But Emily whispered in her ear, "Go find a phone and call 911". Haley looks at her dad, but couldn't keep eye contact; she says, "*sobbing* I'm going to the restroom."

As soon as Haley leaves, Emily goes up to Micheal looking like she's going in for a hug. But.. pulls out a pocket knife and stabs his stomach. He falls to the ground.

Emily says by his ear " Say hi and I love him to Joseph for me".

Getting up from Micheal, Haley comes back from calling 911. She looked at her dad and asked Emily what happened?!

Emily starts crying dramatically, "He tried to kill me, I couldn't leave you alone".

Haley hugs Emily saying, " I'm glad I have you in my life now..Mom".

Hugging for a long period of time

Police arrive

Haley and Emily both watched them take Micheal's body away.

"Now to find Joseph's body, right mom?" says Haley.

"Oh love, he isn't dead." Emily replied.

And she closed the door.

Describe a problem situation that makes the equation $X - 286 = 74$.

- Mia got 286 of her markers taken away. She had 74 left in her box. How many markers did Mia start with?

Bailey Bermea '29
- Gabby had a lot of claw clips. She lost 286 clips and only had 74 left. How many did she start off with?

Savannah Hurtado '29
- I had so many ornaments, but 286 broke. Now I have 74. How many ornaments did I start with?

Gabby Tovar '29
- I lost \$286 at the store. I have \$74 left. How much did I start with?

Ava Perryman '29
- Taylor Swift released X number of songs within a second but 286 of them got canceled and removed. She was left with 74 songs on Spotify. How much did she start with?

Sofia Liceaga '29

Answer: $X = 360$



Pencil for Math
Word Cloud
Graphic Art
Ms. Alvarado

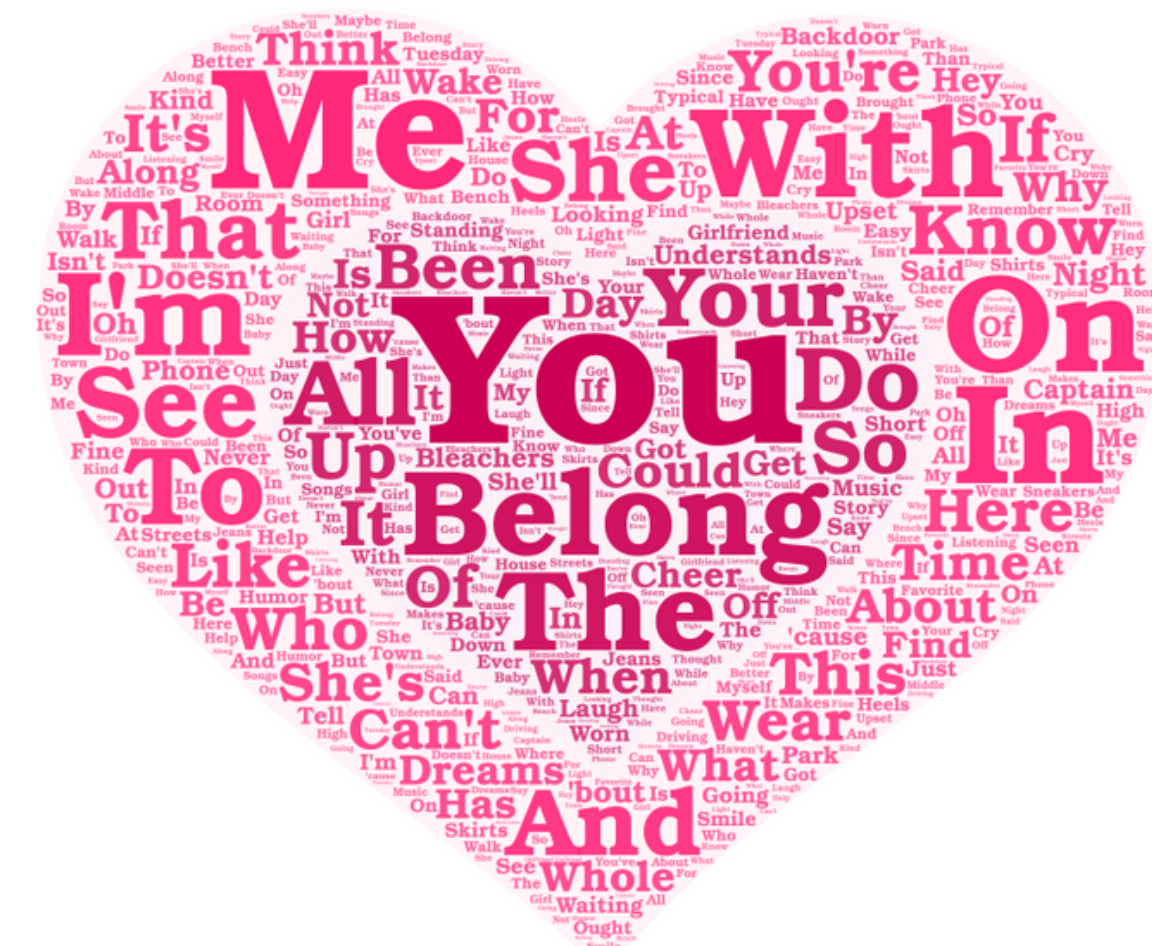
Pieces of ... The Heart



'only- lee high"
Word Cloud
Graphic Art
Marina Aguilar '25



"She's Everything"
Word Cloud
Graphic Art
Emma Garza '24



"You Belong with Me"
Word Cloud
Graphic Art
Alicia Calvo '23



'We're all in this Together"
Word Cloud
Graphic Art
Giselle Gonzales '24



Military Experience
Word Cloud
Graphic Art
Bryanna Fuentes '23

Pieces of .. Childhood



Happy Cow
Word Cloud
Graphic Art
Bryanna Fuentes '23

Creative From A Poem by Jane Keyon
Word Cloud
Graphic Art
Emma Garza '24



Being Together
Word Cloud
Graphic Art
Alyssa Hernandez '24



The Not-So-Ordinary Margo Gamble

by Lauren Gonzales '23

Margo Gamble had just finished her morning psychology class at Southern Connecticut State. She was awaiting the arrival of her bus number 75 which would take her to the local library which she would visit every Wednesday. She sat at the bus stop in the blistering cold weather. Her light complexion was flushed to a rosy pink, her hands left trembling from the strong winds, and little snow flurries rested on her dark brown hair.

The day was rather quiet and colored in white. The roads had a light layer of white icy snow. Icicles were scattered on the trees and on top of the bus stop. As Margo began adjusting her favorite red scarf the bus showed up in the distance ready for pickup. Margo swiped her bus card and greeted the bus driver. She took her regular seat in the back. The next twenty minutes Margo spent finishing her most recent book *Circe* by Madeline Miller. Reading always made the time flash before her eyes. What seemed like a long bus ride ended in about five minutes according to Margo. However, she reached her destination and gathered her things to get off the bus. The sign above her read Plainfield Library.

Margo went inside and began browsing through the books. The library had a calming atmosphere to it. It was a big library with high ceilings. The carpet was red and smooth. The lights hung out and gave off a yellow light that was not too bright. The bookshelves went all the way from the floor to the ceiling and were filled with thousands of books. Plainfield was her favorite library because of the variety of books it had.

Margo picked out a few books that she found exciting and sat in the seat that was next to a door. The door didn't match the design of the library and stuck out like a sore thumb. The door was black with a gold knob. The door never got used and most believed that it was just a decoration. Margo typically ignored it and just sat by it because it was near the comfiest chair. So she sat in her chair and began reading one of her new books *Coraline* by Neil Gaiman. The book was not technically new because Margo has read it about ten times. It's been her favorite since she was a child despite being told that it was scary. As she was reading Margo heard inaudible noise but could not tell where they were coming from. Part of her thought "What if it's from the door?" But she decided that she was just being silly. However, the curiosity never left Margo's mind. She quickly packed her stuff and made sure that no one was watching so that she wouldn't seem like a weirdo and promptly opened the door.

Margo woke up on the floor of the library. She knew she was just being silly. What could possibly be behind a sealed-up door? Margo lifted herself up and almost passed out from the view in front of her. She was no longer in the same library. Though it looked similar this library was black with green accent pieces all around. She tried to remain calm and got up to look around. She felt dizzy and fell to the ground once again.

"Wow, I had no idea that door still worked?" Margo heard someone say. It was a man dressed in a dark purple robe who looked about 60 or 70 years old. He was quite tall with white hair and a very long beard. He could see the fear in Margo's eyes and promised her that she was not in danger. He helped her up and sat her down.

Once she settled down Margo began to ask for information. "Where am I?" and "Who are you?" The old man reached for a chair and sat down. "My name is Felix and you're on the magical side of Plainfield library. Here we have lots of extraordinary things, the kind you have only heard in fairy tales."

Margo looked at him with a bewildered look on her face. He laughed it off and spoke again. "Haha, it gets me every time. I cannot believe that you humans think that fairytales and magic only exist in stories." Margo, still a bit frightful but intrigued, spoke again. "Can I still return to my home?" Felix answered her, "Why, yes, my child, you are welcome to return to your home; however, you may not speak of your visit here. And if you promise to keep our secret you may come and visit us any time you like."

Margo was intrigued and felt very welcomed. "What is there to do around here?" she asked "Ahh, there is plenty; if you'd like I could show you around later."

"Later, why not now?" asked Margo a bit too excited.

"Well just like you humans back at home I am currently working."

"Oh," said Margo, a bit disappointed.

"Don't worry, child, we can explore together and meet more friends in a little bit. Help yourself and look around the library there is a lot in store for you."

"Will do," said Margo.

The Not -So-Ordinary Margaret Gamble, con't

After about an hour of hanging out in the library, it was finally closing time. "Before we head out we need to go over a few things. Since you are one of the first humans in quite some time to visit our home you need to know a few basics," said Felix. He began to go over them and Margo listened. "Past humans have broken our trust and have used the knowledge we have provided them with to take over our land. So as a trusted newcomer we ask that you sign an agreement never to share this part of the world with anyone unless we allow you to. Agree?" said Felix.

"Agree! Anything else?" said Margo.

"When visiting us you must make sure that no one sees you enter through the black door. We are a friendly community however we stay on guard at first because we have been taken advantage of. So if you would like, you may visit and explore anytime you want as long as you remain honest and loyal."

"Understood, I promise to stay honest and loyal." Margo then signed an agreement and the two made their way outside.

"So what is the name of your home," she asked.

"We are known as The World of Dreams," said Felix. "Now let us begin our adventure and if you wish you can stay at a local hotel and return home tomorrow. You are in for lots of fun."

Margo was fascinated and trusted her gut and decided to spend some time in the World of Dreams. However, Margo wondered why Felix was able to trust her so quickly especially when they have experienced trouble with outsiders in the past. "Hey, Felix, why were you able to trust me as a newcomer?" she asked.

"Well, let's just say we have been expecting you."

"Expecting me!" said Margo with a crazy expression on her face.

"Yes, my dear. However, it is not my place to discuss this with you. We are on the way with someone who is waiting to see you."

"Who is it?" asked Margo.

"A relative of yours who is a very honorable person here in Dream World. Now no more questions; hold in all that excitement for when we reach our destination."





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Volume 9

PROV^YIDENCE

THE COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS GRADES 6-12

A commitment to Catholic education by the Sisters of Divine Providence since 1951