

Imagine
Create
BELIEVE



Creative Writing Class and Staff of *The Plaid Skirt*,

2018-2019

Lauren Gray, Liliana Hernandez, Mary Carmen Sanchez,
Alejandra Esparza, and Isabella Harrington.

Sponsor: Ms. Debra Bryant

Cover art by Alejandra Esparza



Pierrot

A face of stark white that now matches mine
Oh, my dear Columbine with lips of red
Even in slumber you still look divine
Here on golden clouds may you rest your head
No longer shall the Harlequin keep us
My gloved hand is outreached for you to hold
Though where they have landed has turn to rust
And your heart and mind have now become cold
My arms hold you — as still as a statue
Your eyes, though glazed, are still so beautiful
Your fingertips are now a brutish blue
Your neck, as fragile as a crucible
No longer shall your earthly delights bind
At last, eternally, you are now mine

Alejandra Esparza '21



Hayley Rodgers '21

Pie

Your crisp flakey crust, sweet sticky filling
Perfect to eat from late spring to late fall
If you're baked right there will be no spilling
You're sweet and savory, perfect for all
The best dessert, no buttercream needed,
Maybe a dollop of whipped cream on top
If I bake you right I feel conceited
Most of the time I bake you it's a flop
People like pecan, pumpkin, that's normal
I hate those so I only make cherry
People like rhubarb, gosh that's immoral
Sometimes I change it and make blueberry
Perfect to eat, baking you makes me cry
No better dessert than warm gooey pie

Lauren Gray '21



Andrea Merino '24



Creativity

senior class

I express myself through my actions, and the way I treat others with kindness and respect.

Sra. Torres-Perry is my inspiration because she is so friendly, real, and optimistic despite disrespectful students and the daily news.

I feel the most creative when I am alone outside, with nature. Nature brings out the best of my creativity.

I would like to enhance my singing and dancing abilities; I'm not perfect, but I thoroughly enjoy them. Because they add color and variety to my life.

Hollow Creek

Small taps could be heard on the car window. Startled, I woke up. "Daniel?" I asked cautiously. It was just the rain. 'How stupid of me' I thought to myself, 'It's the rain, nothing more'. I turned to look at the children in the back seat but to my astonishment I saw no one. The seats were wet with rain, the side doors were flung open. They had jumped from the road. "Peter! Lucy!" I screamed, I wailed, I hollered. I ran out from the passenger seat. Frantic and desperate, I ran into the wooded area. I ran and ran, screaming their names all the while until I happened upon flooded creek. I saw a woman. That woman... That woman had my children! She was grasping their hands, forcing them along with her! I hurled myself towards her and, in return, she sprinted towards the water. She was going to drown my babies! Lucy, barely conscious, was trying to break out of her grasp but was held onto tightly as was Peter. She walked into the creek, the water parted and opened up beneath her. The woman walked into the creek as if venturing down into a basement. I ran but I couldn't catch up to her. And with a small scream from my son the waters closed. I fell to my knees on the bank of the creek. Splashing at the water in an attempt to bring my children back. I tore at the water until finally I could no longer. My arms grew weary and tired. I don't know how but I knew they were not coming back. I would never see them again. I wept there. My heart felt like as if someone had grabbed it out of my chest with no regard to whether I lived. My chest, completely scooped empty. Hollowed out.

Alejandra Esparza '21

La Llorona

Where did they come
from, her pitiful tears?

Onto which twisted
Estranged tongue
Will they fall,

While the child's
Cry is silenced-

And the kiss of
Life left behind.

Abigail Calpito '19

Anxiety

Anxiety is a neon wallpaper with a distasteful pattern
Its smell leaving a rotten chemical filling up a room
And there is no way out
It leaves the taste of spoilt milk sprinkled with mold
It sounds sharp and distorted
And makes your ears bleed
It feels like your heart is racing to keep up with your brain
As it smashes itself with a brick again and again

Liliana L. Hernandez '21



Amelia Parvin '22

PLAIN and SIMPLE

Simple as can be
Is me
Topics easy to digest
And no less
Is my quest
Yet I digress
I rise and fall
That's all
For a little nothing like me
It's easier to just be

Liliana L. Hernandez '21

Alarm

The agonizing screech
The sound makes me bitter
Waking up is what it's supposed to preach
It's the feeling of a splinter
Something evil has conjured it
It has no charm
I don't like it one bit
It's the sound of my alarm

Marycarmen Sanchez '21



Miranda Hernandez '20

The Inspiration behind The Plaid Skirt: A Tribute to Cynthia Hawkins

by Barbara U. Alvarez

While her credentials said, "Dr. Cynthia Hawkins," I came to know her as Cynthia, my colleague at Providence Catholic School, who taught AP and British literature classes, and Creative Writing, from 2006 to 2008.

In 2006, turnover of faculty in the English department ended with my being chair of a department consisting of four teachers, one of whom was Cynthia. Dr. Cynthia Hawkins, with a Ph.D. in creative writing and English Literature, was hired mid-year to pick up the British literature and creative writing classes left open. Despite being a college professor, Cynthia could relate to senior girls apathetic to studying British literature. She added a spark to the department – vibrant and lively, with a keen sense of humor – Cynthia quickly became *my* teacher, as she knew details and "fun facts" about Brit lit unfamiliar to me. She was brilliant! And we soon became friends.

Cynthia's real love was creative writing – her dissertation was a novel called *Traveling Light*. So, Cynthia scoped out the possibilities of publishing a literary magazine containing the writings and artwork of Providence students. She organized a contest to include all students in the naming of the magazine – Providence was phasing in the plaid skirts currently worn by students, and the magazine got its name: *The Plaid Skirt*.

Rounding up professional writing friends, Cynthia submitted student writings to them to determine a first, second, and third place winner, the prize being not only publication in the first edition of *The Plaid Skirt* but also a professional writer's critique of the piece.

In the course of our friendship, I met her husband, Joe, and her daughter Hannah. Cynthia left Providence because she became pregnant with her second daughter, Chloe. Ironically, before she learned of Chloe's coming, she had said to me something like, "I would just like to take a year to write that second book I have ideas for." After her announcement, I said, "So a new baby and the time to write that book."

In 2013, Cynthia was diagnosed with breast cancer. On the last day I visited with her two months before her death in 2017, we had Jimmy John sandwiches and warm, loving conversation. She told me she was in the process of cleaning out a back room of her house to set it up as her writing room. The thing is that she had never stopped writing, even narrating her cancer journey in a blog called *Box of Monsters*. I go back to that blog and read through those writings to hear her voice again and chuckle at the anecdotes. Even in her pain, her voice conveyed joy.

Her legacy at Providence continues to be *The Plaid Skirt*. Each time we publish this wonderful collection of student and faculty voices, alongside the artistic visions from the PCS community, we do her honor. This year, the time seemed right for me to tell her story and the story of *The Plaid Skirt*, and to remember her contribution to Providence, adding her name to the canon of people who graced the halls of Providence Catholic School.



Photo Courtesy of Joe Hawkins

Bees

We want their efforts,
Then its sweetness, never its sting,
Until they vanish.
Although it's craved,
The honey sticks and stays,
It could fall away.
And though their sting hurts,
And leaves marks on the target,
It harms no more.

Anna Surovic '19



Sarah Brightman '22



Lula Wallace '18

Hate

Hate is a deep blood red
It tastes like a rotten banana that has been sitting in the
sun for too long
It smells like a can of tuna
It sounds like nails scratching on a chalkboard
It feels rough like sandpaper against my skin
Lastly, it is as putrid as a wad of gum left underneath a
desk

Marycarmen Sanchez '21

Dreams

on nights I dream I dream sweet dreams of puffy clouds and stars

I dream of trees and calm cool breeze on dry hot summer days

on odd days out I dream of ice and snowflakes making haze

peaceful sleep brings honeysuckles and fireflies in jars

there are however nights I spend watching my ceiling fan

I toss and turn and try to sleep and fail and fail again

i drink warm tea and count white sheep from one to five to ten

I wish to sleep to dream more dreams I don't know if I can

why would I want to be awake and deal with hectic life

when I could sleep and dream such things as pink flowers and squirrels

Why would I want to be awake and deal with messy curls

When I could sleep and live in dreams without protest and strife

I love to dream to dream sweet dreams just like I've said before

with peaceful rains and sunny shores would ever want more

Lauren Gray'21

Beach

I love sitting on the beach

The cool breeze blowing my hair as calm waves greet my toes

Soft sand crumples under me and in my hands

Perfect

How then, am I allowed to see this?

Surely each wave, sound and speck of sand was handpicked from the gods

And yet they saw me sitting here and graced this upon me

So that I might enjoy such a sight

-Lauren Gray'21

Andrea Merino'24





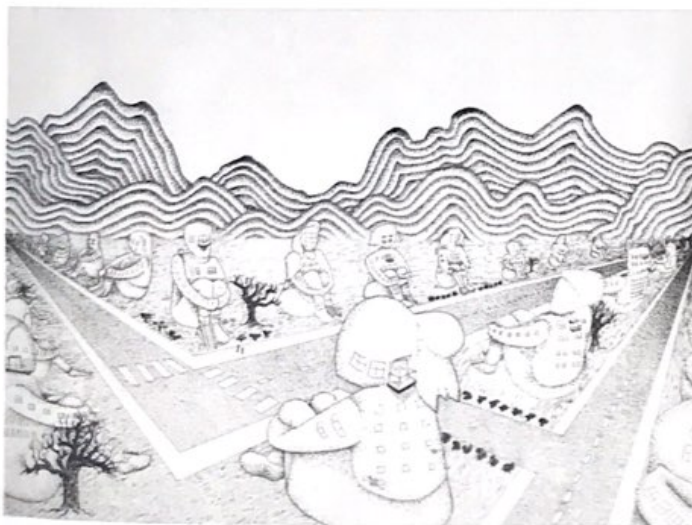
Izabella Lopez '20



Genevieve Schulz '20



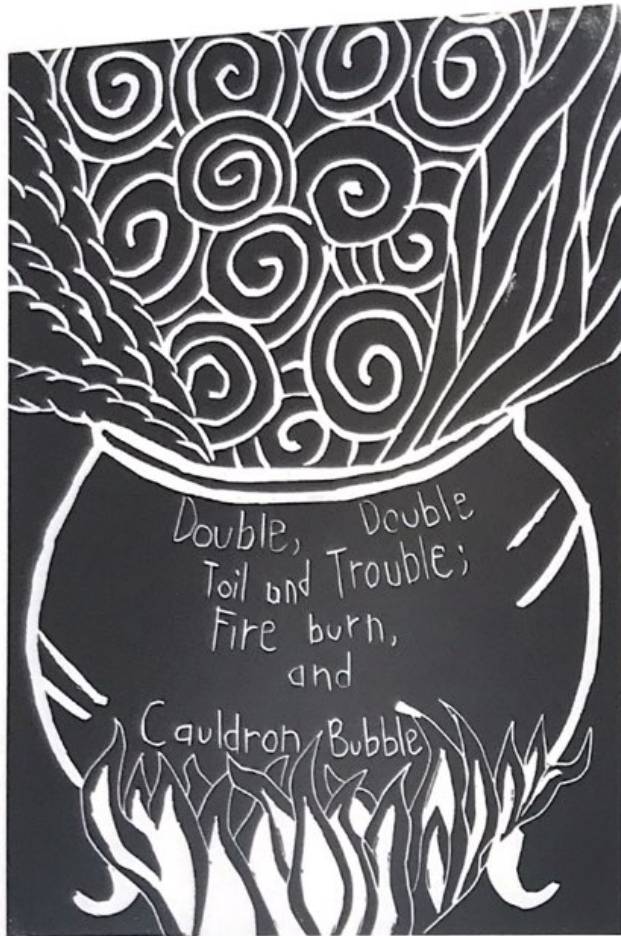
Hayley Rodgers '20



Hayley Rodgers '20



Nadia Trevino '24



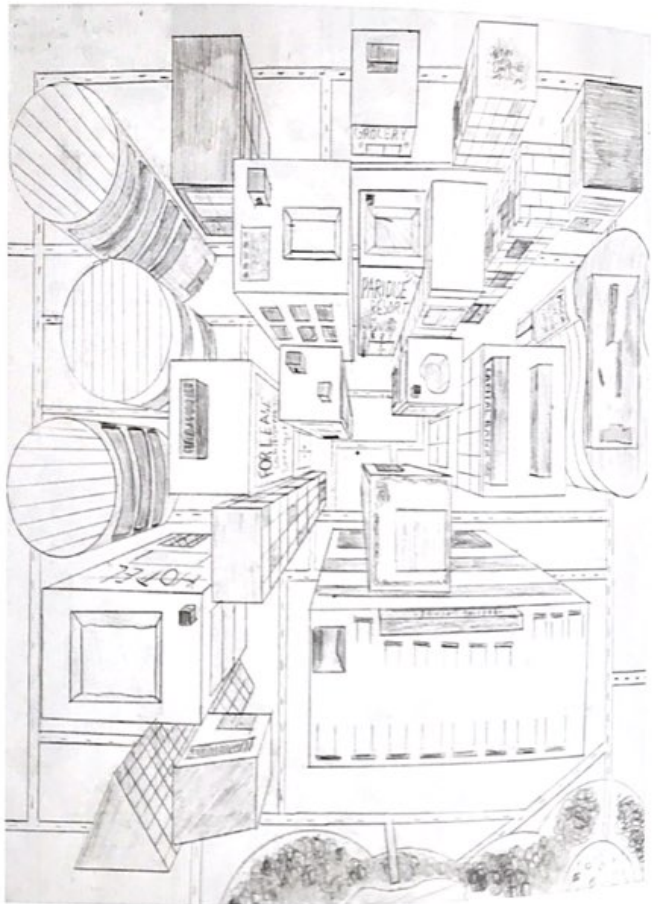
Izabella Lopez '20



Magee Cuevas '20



Hayley Rodgers '20



Jenna Díaz '20



Creativity

I express myself through theatre. I see my parents as artistic role models because they are creative and out of the box smart thinkers!

Clara Stallcup '21

My favorite way of expressing myself is through comedy .

Vanessa Benavides '21

I feel the most creative when I am under pressure or under a time limit

Andrea Alanís '21

Acting! Theatre is a way to express myself and acting makes me feel free.

Cecily Venema

To a Beautiful Soul

Though its was hard to see how someone like you could ever love me
It was all too easy to fall for you
You make it hard to not love you
Three , six and nine months I gave my brain to give it up
But it did not
It was stubborn and couldn't let go
Of the idea of kissing someone with such a beautiful soul

Liliana L. Hernández '21



Genevieve Schulz '19

My Bed

I appreciate my bed
It is very warm and soft
I stay in it asleep or awake
It is where I am, aloft
There is a dent where I lay
As I play with some clay
Surrounded by blankets
I live in my little haven

Harrington '21

Fairy

I thought I had seen a fairy
Honestly, it was pretty hairy
I tripped on a rock
The fairy ran amok
And I spilled my bucket of cherries

Harrington '21



Lauren Gutierrez

Construction Paper Cut Out

A Lenten Resolution

I have a suspicion the Friday fish
You wish away is less than preferred
But to be chauffeured to contrition
Is a small price to pay.
Tis the season for a resolution
A reason to find a solution
I thought you understood
But your guess is as good as mine
Confess before the deadline
Part with the bovine
A hotline to the divine
That might be fine
But the Friday fish is just a dish
And you must know,
Water does not flow
In a desert
Reassert the intention
And question the prayer
Pater noster, who art so rare
You swear a will is night
But fie to the abstract acts
Akin to unwise sin
Nonetheless I digress
And I as I sit in unrest
Your humanity is a strain
I refrain from inanity
Oh Christianity, what is the answer?

You look for it, a dancer in sprint to leap,
We might be sheep, you must
Keep that in mind, inside.
Inside, that's the catch
My eyes will go square
If you detach from the thought
You ought to pursue.
I read Aristotle said,
"We are what we do."
So, I need not conclude then
The answer is ad hominin
-directed inwardly.
I suppose you can now see
A resolution lies
Within thee.

Rebecca Carrillo '19



Samí Jo De Anda '24

The Hotel

Upon arriving at St. Anthony's hotel Sarah was pleasantly surprised. For such a low price the quality of the hotel was unexpected. However, at her first glance towards the exterior of the hotel her expectations were surpassed. The inside of the hotel was even more splendid. With upscale chairs placed next to crystal clear glass tables, the chandeliers which hung from the ceiling were reflected. Sarah could not wait to see her room.

After checking in with the concierge, Sarah made her way to her room. When she opened the door she was greeted by the comforting sight of a soft, warm bed adorned with many thick blankets and fluffy pillows. Until now she did not realize how much of a toll being in the rain had taken on her. She set her things aside, and without hesitating plopped onto the bed, wrapped herself in blankets, and fell into a warm, deep sleep.

The next day Sarah woke up around eight and recalled that the concierge mentioned a breakfast buffet. Sarah got out of bed and looked through her luggage in search of clean clothes and toiletries so that she could take a shower before getting breakfast. She found her clothes and shower necessities before heading into the restroom to wash up.

Sarah turned on the shower and got in, the hot water causing steam to collect on the bathroom mirror. Not long after she got in she heard footsteps. At first she thought it was someone walking in the hallway, but as the footsteps got closer she was sure that was not the case. Ignoring the sounds she heard, Sarah quickly finished and got out. Opening the shower curtain she screamed. In the cloudy mirror she could see the reflection of a woman, skin pale and hair black, dark, hollow holes where her eyes should have been. She turned around and there was no one there, although she heard squeaks as if someone was standing right behind her.

Petrified, she ran out of the bathroom and into her bed room. There she heard shrill whispers and steps, the dragging of feet across the floor. She sunk more onto her bed terrified to put her feet on the ground for fear that something would grab her. "This is all a bad dream, this can't be real" she thought. The footsteps moved closer and became louder. The lights flickered and went out, Glass crackled and shattered, blood ran from the walls. The whispers got louder, "I'm here" a woman's voice whispered. From her bed Sarah could see the mirror, now cracked and broken, had the reflection of the woman. As before her eyes were hollow and her skin was pale, but this time she was closer, looking at the mirror the woman was right next to her.

The voice whispered, "Help me, in the walls" she whispered. Sarah could feel the woman's cold, dead breath on her cheek. Sarah wanted this, this nightmare to be over. "Where, where in the walls!" Sarah screamed. Suddenly the whispers, creaks were silenced and the blood stopped. The room was quiet except for the steady pulse of a knock coming from the wall behind her bed. Sarah got off the bed and moved towards the wall. The knocking got louder. Sarah grabbed a lamp and started to bash at the wall with it, cracking and breaking the surface of the wall. She repeated this until the lamp made a dull dense sound as if hit against something that was not a wall. From where she had hit the wall a fist sized hole had been made. She dropped the lamp and started to tear at the wall with her bare hands, making her fingers scrape and bleed. She broke off pieces of dry wall and tore chunks of wallpaper out. Sarah clawed and scratched at the wall until she had made a hole almost large enough to fit herself, the only thing remaining a thin layer of pink wall insulation with a bit of a gray cloth like fabric sticking out.

Cautiously, Sarah looked for an object around her room to pick at the wall with and eventually spotted a broom. Carefully picking up the broom she lifted the edge of the pink insulation and with one sudden jerk tore she tore the layer away and gasped.

What lay behind the wall was a corpse of the woman she had seen and heard dressed in a nightgown stained with blood near the chest. The woman's pale skin decaying, her dark black hair brittle with streaks of gray eyes sunken in. Sarah dropped her broom and got closer, she moved her hand towards the wall as if almost to touch it but decided against it, she would alert the hotel at once. Sarah turned her back to the wall about to head towards the door when she felt something cold on her shoulder. She turned and screamed.

Lauren Gray '21

Creativity

I admire Betsy Johnson, because she doesn't care about her age or what other people think. She can change a whole place by putting a pattern, color, or whatever.

Angel Díaz '22

I look up to people who are happy with themselves.

Nicole Lugo '22

My favorite way of expressing myself is by doodling nonsense. This is my favorite thing because I just let my mind do the work and relax.

Nichole Dolontina '22

My favorite way of expressing myself is when I displace force upon objects.

Aidan Andrews '21

Cinnamon Apple

My Cinnamon Apple
So angry and feisty, the opposite of a chapel
He knocks things down
Always with a frown
I'm sure he even thinks that he should wear a crown
He loves to eat toast
His eyes always wide as if he's seen a ghost
He's a fat cat
And he likes to listen to Ben Platt

Marycarmen Sanchez '21



Magee Cuevas '20

PROVIDENCE

THE COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS GRADES 6-12