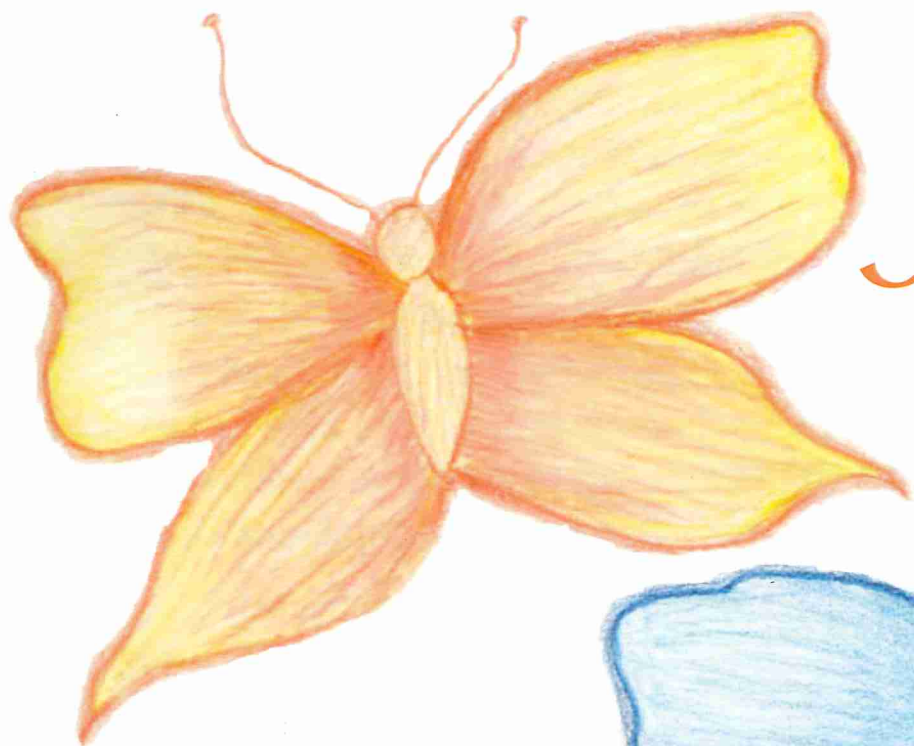


Take Flight



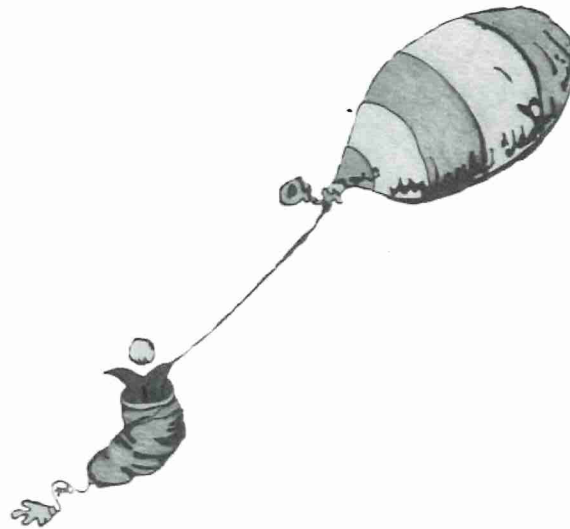
*The Plaid Skirt
Spring 2016*

INTRODUCTION NOTE

As children our parents read us *Oh, Baby, the Places You'll Go!* And with each passing year our awareness of the incredible possibilities life has in tow for us increases. Just as Dr. Seuss suggested in his world-renowned children's story, we each have the capability to *Take Flight!*

Through various mediums of self-expression whether it be photography, poetry, prose or more, we spread our wings and begin to let our imaginations fly. Life goes just as Seuss himself stated, "You have brains in your head. You have feet in your shoes. You can steer yourself ANY direction you choose." This year's *Plaid Skirt* takes your thoughts and gives them the ability to soar to new horizons.

Jonie Tays HS



"It is beautiful to discover our wings and learn how to fly; flight is a beautiful process. But then to rest on the wings of God as He flies: this is divine."

G. Joybell G., AUTHOR

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LIMERICKS

MY NEW DOG

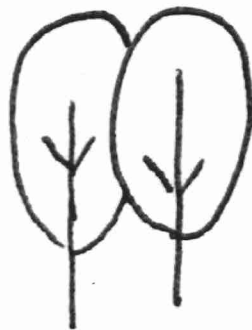
The dog I got today was a boy.
He wanted to play with me, his favorite toy.
I like playing with him.
He just needed a trim.
I thought about naming him McCoy.



Brianna Salinas HS

SUMMER IN THE FOREST

Green grass waving in the summer
breeze
Running though the green and gnarled
trees
Bugs hop from rock to rock
Birds chirping as they mock
Creatures scampering though scattered
leaves



Morgan Huth HS

IF YOU WERE ANY ANIMAL THAT
COULD FLY, WHAT WOULD YOU
BE AND WHY?

"If I could choose to be an animal that could fly, I would be an eagle. I would be an eagle because they are a symbol of strength and determination. When I see one, it reminds to work hard and never give up. I think they look strong and free when they take flight. That is something I want to feel."

Isabelle Stephens MS



Morgan Huth HS



DANCERS

Bright, hot lights catch
sequins and send sparks across the stage.
Music flows, ebbs, and swirls
Around tulle, satin, and brocade.
Bodies stretch and extend, float and pose
creating constantly changing
patterns and whimsical tableaux.

Debra Bryant Faculty

KITTENS, NASTY SCARY KITTENS

Oh my, oh my, oh my.... (pant pant)....What to do? What to do? They look so little, but my mama told me not to trust the fuzzy ones no matter how big or small. And I am surrounded, surrounded, I say (bark), by four of the fuzzy creatures, and they are ALL LOOKING AT ME.

Oh my, oh my (pant pant pant)...what to do what to do. They keep talking their fuzzy language to me, (meow meow), but I don't know what it means. Are they going to attack...oh my, (pant pant)....are they going to scratch out my eyes....(ahhhooooooooo).....Mom parent, come save me....(ahhhooooooooo)...

Golly, look how big he is, and how much he shakes.... (meow meow)....he's afraid of us, I am sure of it, (meow meow)...lets spit at him and see what he does...

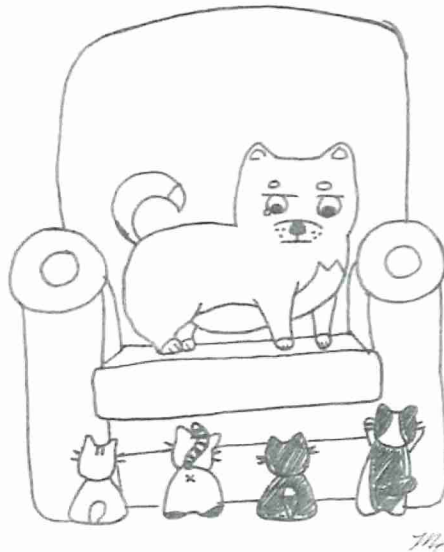
No no no no....we are in the same abode, inside the same box as the pant-pant. No, no scaring, we need to be friends... if we are friends with the pant-pant maybe he will play with us....play and play and play

Oh, I want to play (meow meow) I want to play. Let's get on the chair with him and maybe he will play.

Oh my oh my oh my...they are coming over to my chair... (ahhhooooooooo)... Mom parent save me.....where is my human.....(pant pant pant.....ahhhooooooooo)

Gee whiz, that pant-pant is tooooo noisy... (ffffttttttt)....I'll shut him up.... (ffffttttttt)...

Oh my oh my the fuzzy is leaking....if I could just jump down and not be touched by the fuzzies. Why won't they go away....



Sr. Margie Staff

BONHEUR PARTOUT

Le sable sous mes pieds
L'ensoleillement dans mes yeux
Le bonheur partout



Moi et ma famille
Nous nourissons les mouettes tout au tour de nous
Le bonheur partout



La mer est tranquille
Les vagues éclaboussent sur la plage
Le bonheur partout

Nous nous enterrons dans le sable
Nous nous souvenons des bons temps
Le soleil sur notre peau
Le bonheur partout

Je me baigne dans le soleil
L'ensoleillement dans mes yeux
Le soleil brille comme une nouvelle étoile
Le bonheur partout



Le soleil se couche au-dessus de la mer
Le son de l'eau contre les rochers
Je laisse mes empreintes dans le sable
Elles s'en vont, mais jamais mes memoirs



Clair Mayo FRENCH 2 PRE-AP HS

HAPPINESS EVERYWHERE

*Sand under my feet
Sunshine in my eyes
The sea shining like a diamond
Happiness everywhere*



*Me and my family
We ride the waves
We feed the seagulls all around us
Happiness everywhere*



*The sea is calm
The palms sigh in the wind
The waves splash on the beach
Happiness everywhere*

*We bury each other in the sand
We remember the good times
Sun on our skin
Happiness everywhere*

*I sunbathe
Sunshine in my eyes
The sun shining like a new star
Happiness everywhere*



*The sun sets above the sea
The sound of water against the rocks
I leave my prints in the sand
They go away, but never my
memories*



Claire Mayo FRENCH 2 PRE-AP HS

ÇA DURE TOUJOURS

Dans le canyon
Je fais une longue promenade
Au dessus les nuages traversent
Le ciel comme des chevaux en courant
Et le soleil en colère
Batte mon visage

Mais, je continue à
descendre l'énorme
canyon
Qui est grand comme la
mer
Ici, les arbres et les
plantes
Me saluent comme les
vieux amis.

Ici, la sueur roule
Sur mon dos
Et le vent est une voix rugissante
Dans mes oreilles
Qui me dit de ne jamais m'arrêter
Ici, je fais face au monde
Ici je sais que je suis forte

Sophia Christilles
FRENCH 4 HS

IT ENDURES FOREVER

*In the canyon
I take a long walk
Above, the clouds cross
The sky like running horses
And the angry sun
Beats my face*

*Here the sweat
Rolls down my back
And the wind is a raging
voice
In my ears
Telling me to never stop
Here I face the world
Here I know I am strong*

*But I continue
To hike the canyon
Immense as the sea
Here the trees and plantes
Salute my as old friends*



SCROLLS AND HEARTS

Lucia Johnson

TO MY GODDESS

To my goddess, I pray thee take
my offering of lowly mead,
Made of honey, and words, and
water of purest love.
The finest offerings I could ever
offer thee, For your celestial being
is far holier than the angels thereof.
I ask not for a tragic end like those
of stories told by Aeschylus,
For I only wish mere holy love, and tender
gifts of your embrace.

My goddess, my eyes thirst for your celestial wonders,
And your loving arms, I shall crave for
night and day.
Your gifts of love is like a
sea of plunders,
The very stardust that
turns me wonderfully gay.
To you alone the thoughts
of my heart converse,
For you alone are
my universe.

Janelle Martinez HS

IF YOU WERE ANY ANIMAL THAT COULD FLY, WHAT WOULD YOU BE AND WHY?

"I would be a blue jay. Now I know that sounds generic in every single way. But the story of it is something special to me. When I was five I saw one up in a tree. I put out my hands and it came down to me. Then it was my first pet for a month or three."

Autumn Casteneda MS

"If I was an animal that could fly, I would be a monkey. Maybe because monkeys don't fly, or that the fact of being a flying monkey sounds cool."

Laurny Sanchez MS

"If I were an animal that could fly, I would be a seagull because of the free food I would get from friendly people."

Marissa Escamilla MS



"I would like to be a Pegasus. If you were a Pegasus, you can always go over your obstacles, so you can become a nurse, doctor, dancer, scientist, or whatever you want to be. I say to not let any obstacles get in the way. Bring the inner Pegasus out of you."

Andrea Alanis MS

"If I could be any animal that could fly I would be an eagle. Not because of its size or strength but because of its courage and kindness. An eagle should be a thinker and a learner. I choose this because it reminds me of us Provets and how we do so many kind and smart things. That is why I am an eagle."

Amelia Darrin MS

"If I was an animal that could fly, I would be a fictional phoenix. I choose this animal because its legendary, and that's what I want to be, legendary."

Daniela Landa-Gonzalez MS

"If I could choose one flying animal to be, I would be a flying squirrel. Even though they mostly glide, they can go a long distance! They are excellent at climbing trees and they are extremely adorable."

Miranda Medina MS

IF YOU HAD WINGS AND COULD FLY, WHAT
WOULD YOU DO AND WHERE WOULD YOU GO?

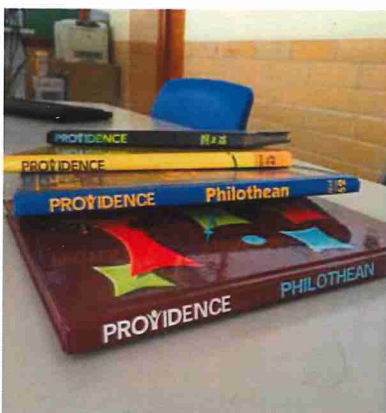
"Everywhere, desolate places ,
over the ocean. I'd definitely
eaves-drop on conversations on
'important' people, hang out out-
side people's houses, and watch
them travel around the world."

Sarah Coleman HS



"Everywhere."

Brenda Kerlin HS

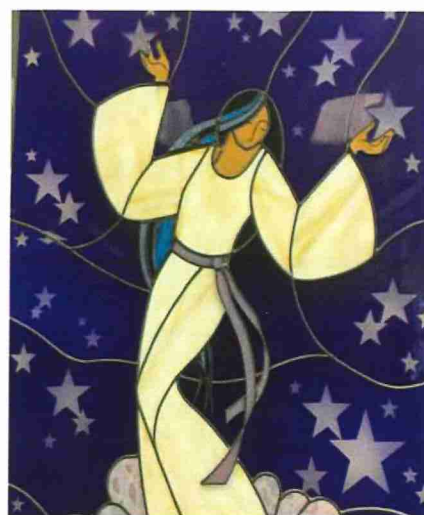


"If I had wings I'd fly
up to the ozone layer
and attempt to repair
the damage done by
the hairspray gener-
ation"

Hyunhym Kim HS

"I would fly away from
my home to explore the
sights hidden from me."

Sophia Christilles HS





Hayley Rodgers MS

LIFE CHOICES

I envision a beautiful life for me,
One full of happiness and love.
I have the opportunity to be anything and everything that
I want to be,
The power to be anything I think of.
To create a life where I can be carefree,
I can leave the nest like an adolescent dove.
For me I think college can be the key,
This could be my treasure trove.
However, I also have the option to stay and chose him,
We can start the life we have planned.
Some people say our chances for staying together are
slim,
But I believe and know we can do it and we'll take our
stand.

Samantha Watson HS

HAIKUS

Crazy loud laughter
Stands small but always speaks tall
Weird and friendly me

Mia Sanchez HS

Loud crashing waves
Big shining sun rays
Smooth, soft, silky sand

Mia Sanchez HS

WHAT MAKES YOU FEEL LIKE YOU ARE FLYING?

"Whenever I am with my friends and we are having fun I feel like I'm up in the clouds."

Isabele Reyes HS



"When I am rolling down the hill, my feet up on the frame, the wind blowing through my hair, on my bike."

Isabella Orby HS

"Airplanes, helicopters, hot air balloons, sugar gliders, flying squirrels, birds, butterflies, and most of all, MOTHS."

Julia Bruce HS



"Writing is definitely what makes me feel like I'm flying. When I write I can essentially do whatever I want. I am capable of creating people and entire worlds, or I can simply say what I want when I am too afraid to say it out loud. My ideas are caged in my mind, and when I write, they can soar through the sky."

Christianna Davies HS

"The yoga pose called Triangle makes me feel like I am flying. It looks like this!"



The pose asks the yogini (female yoga practitioner) to turn her head so as to gaze at the ceiling. With my head lifted and my gaze turned up, I feel like I fly! It is an invigorating pose!"

Ms. Alvarez Faculty

"What makes me feel like I am flying is that I'm going to my college of choice this fall."

Bianca Solano HS



FRIED EGGS

"What on Earth do you think you're doing?" Linda asked, clearly irritated from waking up so early.

Xandra turned to look at her. Her aunt stood with her arms akimbo, still clad in her nightgown, curlers, and slippers. Xandra, however, was already dressed for the day; a gray hoodie with a mustard stain on the right breast, jeans that hadn't been washed in a month, and shoes that were at least three years old.

"Making fried eggs for Sam," she replied curtly, setting the plate down on the table. "They're his favorite."

"What's wrong with scrambled?"

"He hates scrambled. He only eats it to be polite."

"Well, maybe you should learn from him," Linda crossed her arms. "And anyway, you should be asleep right now. You shouldn't be up and about at this hour on a Saturday. I know I shouldn't."

Xandra snarled, "Why does everything have to be done your way?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"I tell you how to take care of him. I tell you what he likes, what he doesn't like. There isn't a single thing I haven't told you. But you never listen. It always has to be done your way. It's always about you, Linda."

"Excuse me!" Linda snapped. "You will address me as Aunt Linda!"

"Not if you keep acting like Sam and I don't have feelings that are different than yours."

Linda opened her mouth to counter, but Paul wheeled Sam into the room at that moment.

"Good morning," Sam said, smiling as usual.

"What's all the commotion?" Paul asked.

"I woke up early to make Sam breakfast," Xandra replied bluntly. "I'd figured he's sick of scrambled by now."

Sam's eyes lit up with excitement. "Oh, wow! Thanks, Xandra!"

"Oh, no," Linda said, clearly getting angrier. "No, no, no. Nobody here is eating those eggs. You are not getting away with this, Alexandra!"

"Dear, they're just eggs," Paul said meekly.

"This isn't about eggs!" Linda shrieked. She pointed at Xandra. "It's about how this ingrate thinks she can just take charge and ignore everything I say!"

"Have you forgotten why these two are with us to begin with?"

Linda said nothing. Instead, she grabbed the plate and a fork. She went over to the trashcan and scraped the eggs into it. The rest of the family stared in shocked silence.

Sam and Paul were agape, disbelief in their eyes. But Xandra remained stoic, not showing any form of reaction. She knew Linda only wanted to see a reaction from her, and she wasn't going let her so-called "aunt" get her way.

"It's okay, Xandra," Sam said with a small, encouraging smile. "I don't mind having scrambled again."

Xandra's eyes narrowed. Sam was too respectful for his own good. If only he had been a little more assertive in the earlier years, perhaps this situation could have been avoided entirely. But Xandra wouldn't let herself blame Sam. Really, if Linda had listened to her from the beginning, perhaps they would have been maintain the relationship they had before the accident and none of this would have ever happened.

Xandra and Linda's relationship would never be the same again. Linda wanted "Alex" back. Xandra wanted to be who she wants to be. Those desires could not be fulfilled at the same time.

Linda seemed to think that if she took advantage of Sam, deliberately not letting him have what he wants, she could get Xandra to submit and be who she wants her to be. Xandra figured that out years ago.

"Well," Linda said, "do you have anything to say for yourself?"

"I'm not Alex," Xandra said simply.

"Excuse me?"

"You just want me to be Alex again. But guess what? Alex is dead and she's never coming back. You obviously have a problem with that, and I'm not exactly keen about you using my brother as a weapon. The two of us would actually be happy if you just stayed out of our lives."

"This is my house!" Linda screeched, throwing the plate down, shattering it. The woman closed in on her niece, glaring at her with hatred. "I'm in charge here! And if you refuse to accept that, you can just leave!"

"I'm not leaving. Not unless I can take Sam with me."

Linda scoffed. "You know I won't let that happen."

"Then I guess we're stuck here."

"I suppose so."

"Well," Linda said, "do you have anything to say for yourself?"

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"Then I guess we're stuck here."

"I suppose so."

Xandra walked out of the kitchen and headed to her bedroom. She didn't dare to look at Sam's face. All she wanted was for him to be happy; to fail at that was her worst fear, and it seemed that Linda's goal was for her to fail.

She grabbed her phone off of her desk and put on her headphones. She lay in bed and selected a random song. She turned the volume up as high as possible, blocking out the rest of the world.

Music was Xandra's drug of choice. It numbed her from this pain of having to deal with Linda, dealing with life.

She didn't cry. The feeling was there, but she locked away her tears a long time ago.

Christianna Davies HS

LES JARDINS DE VERSAILLES

Le soleil brillait

Il brillait comme des bijoux étincelants
Le jardin à la française s'étend vers l'horizon

Le soleil brillait

J'ai plissé les yeux pour voir le château
Moi, assise sur l'herbe en souriant au ciel

Le soleil brillait

Il y avait du vent

Un vent qui souffle sur le lac
La fontaine jette l'eau faisant la pluie bromeuse

Le soleil brillait

J'ai fermé les yeux et j'ai respiré les arômes

Il y a tant de fleurs

L'herbe aussi verte qu'un émeraude
Le printemps aussi sucré qu'une fraise
Les abeilles en bourdonnant dans l'air

J'ai soupiré dans le bonheur
dans le soleil qui brillait

Daniella Hermosillo

FRENCH 4 HS

THE GARDENS AT VERSAILLES

The sun was shining

It was shining like sparkling jewels

The French garden extended to the horizon

The sun brilliant

I squeezed my eyes to look at the palace

Me, seated on the grass smiling at the sky

The sun shining

There was a breeze

A wind that blew across the lake

The fountain threw water making mist

The sun shining

I closed my eyes and inhaled the fragrances

Of so many flowers

The grass as green as emeralds

The spring as sweet as strawberries

The bees humming in the air

I sighed in happiness

In the shining sun



Daniella Hermosillo,

FRENCH 4 HS

LE CANYON

Le canyon dure pour
 toujours
La terre, sculptée, s'est ou-
 verte
Comme si Dieu l'avait faite
 à la main

Le soleil se couche et le ciel
Est coloré avec les beaux roses
 mélangés
Avec le bleu sombre, les verts, les
oranges, et les rouges comme un
 grand tableau

Le jour devient la nuit
Dans le ciel Orion et Cygnus et Hercu-
 les
Prennent la place du soleil
La nature se repose dans l'obscurité

Victoria Gomez HS

THE CANYON

*The canyon endures forever
The sculpted land opens it-
 self
As if made by God's own
 hand*

*The sun sets and the sky is multi-
 colored
With beautiful roses mixed with
 dark blue,
Greens, oranges, and reds, like a
 giant painting.*

*Day becomes night
In the sky Orion and Cygnus and
 Hercules
Take the place of the sun
Nature rests in the darkness*

WHERE DO YOUR THOUGHTS CARRY YOU WHEN THEY TAKE FLIGHT?

"My thoughts take me to what I want my future to be like. I am an avid day dreamer and I'm very hopeful and excited for what the future holds. Just wait you'll see me reach the clouds and above"

Jazsmyne Williams HS

"Over the snowcapped mountains, embraced by cotton clouds. Through sparkling stars, infinite expanses of multicolored plasma, nebulae and swirling planets, the vast streams of time."

Lilah Dubrosi HS



"They take me to new worlds. My thoughts create a portal through which I get to travel. For that I am forever grateful for my own mind."

Jordan Elizondo HS



"My father says, 'If you have nothing to do, think.' I have learned, in those quiet days to sit and think about how life and what makes it work. In that mo-

"I see a happy activist in a dig, surrounded by artifacts in Africa."

Elia Sirby HS

"A picnic surrounded by all my favorite book characters."

Gabriella Ruiz HS

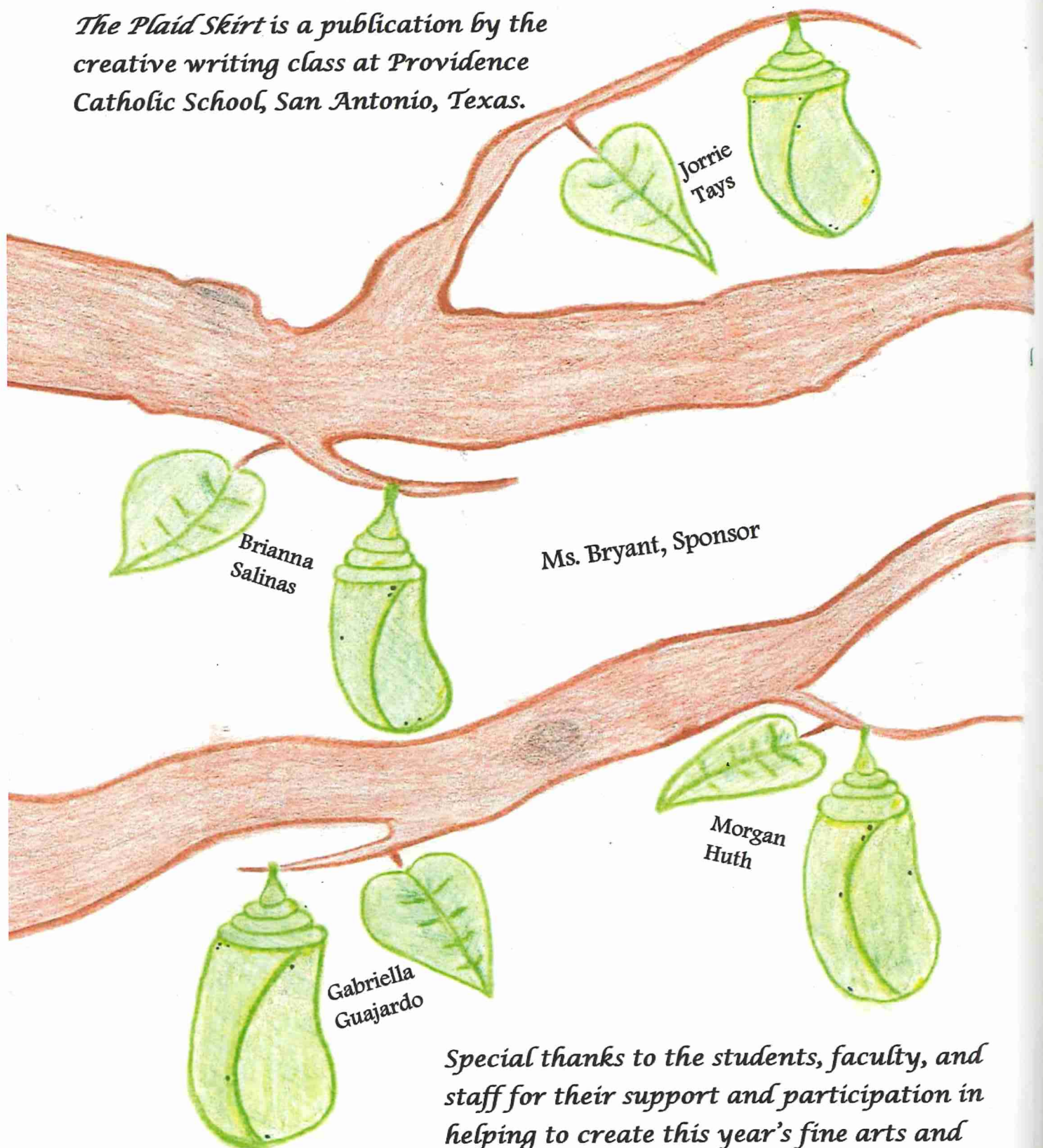


ment my thoughts take flight and don't land until I'm snapped back to reality."

Shaffa Shadrily HS

Spring 2016, Creative Writing

The Plaid Skirt is a publication by the
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staff for their support and participation in
helping to create this year's fine arts and
literary collection in *The Plaid Skirt*.