

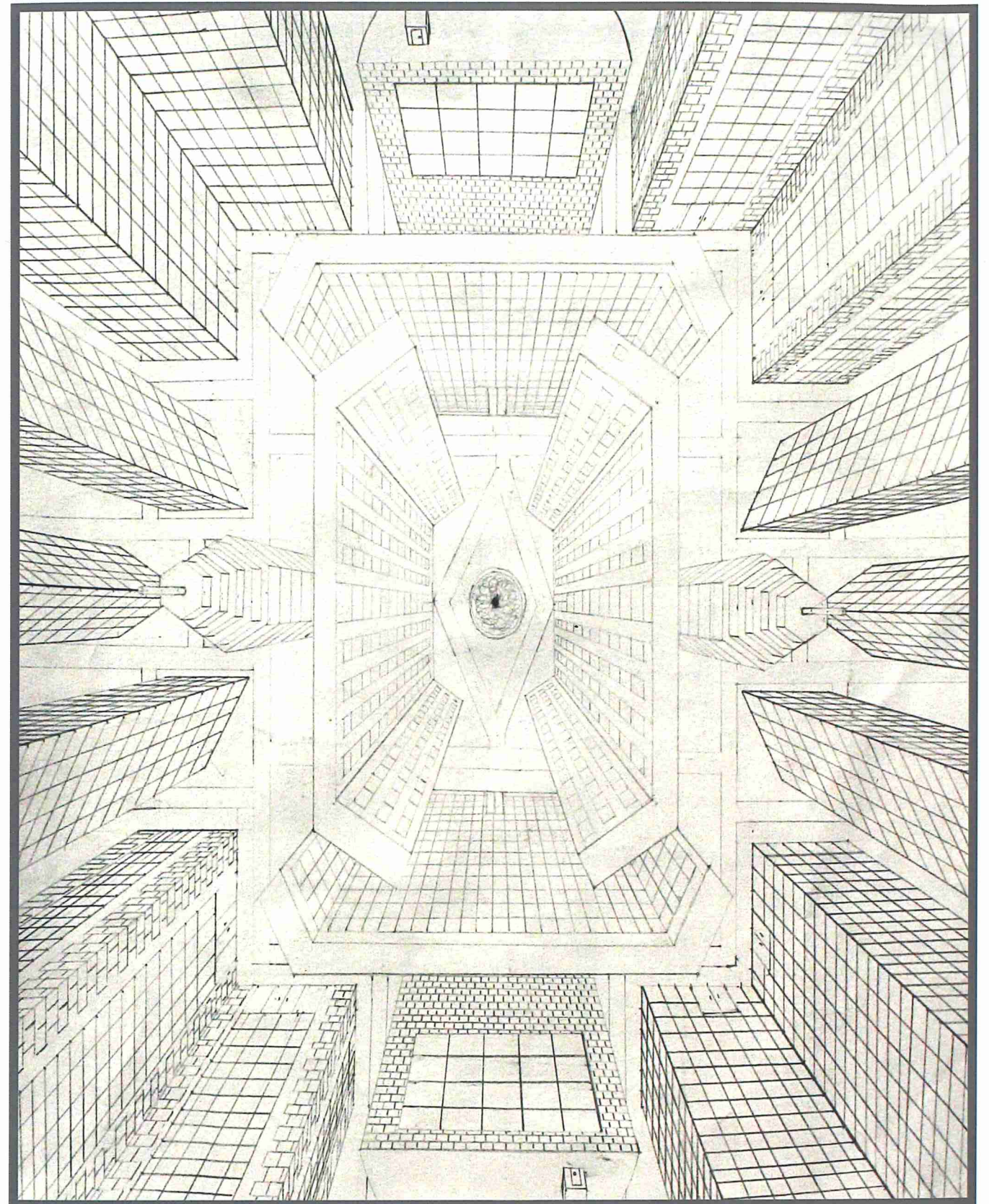
Technology : A Memorable Teacher, A Satire

A blurb in the local newspaper announced that a new high school opening in San Antonio would include “state of the art technology in all classrooms, including ceiling mounted projectors, wall mounted smart boards, and a personal laptop gifted to each student.” As a teacher still slogging away in the trenches of dry erase boards and photocopying, I celebrated the ease promised to teachers and students by the continuing merging of technology and education. Why, then, even have a teacher?

Yes, as I let my mind wander, picturing myself working as a faculty member at this cutting edge school, I imagine feeling ill and calling the school office to report that my *physical body* will not be on campus...but needing a sub? Perish the thought! I sit at my computer at home, log into school and connect with my students in each class, attaching lecture notes, homework assignments, chatting to answer questions they ask! Wonderful! The next day, with me back in class, we review, going through the discussion on the Smart Board, pointing here, clicking there, as the students keep their eyes glued to the screens of their personal computers. They appreciate the beauties of Shelley’s “Ode to the West Wind,” calling forth images of leaves and wind on Google, as the gentle breeze blows outside - ignored. They discuss the literary merits of Wordsworth’s “The World is Too Much with Us,” delving into the sonnet form and coming to grips with the poet’s meaning that we depend too much on the *things* of this world, missing the lovely natural creation that is the world. Then the bell rings! Students move on to their next class, plugging in and re-connecting to their precious computers, their Smart Boards, and their I-pods.

And imagine the ten or twenty year reunion! Students remembering the sheen on that Smart Board surface! The beautiful reds and oranges used to color power point presentations! Fonts that changed shapes and looks and sizes. Yes...! These are the memories they will carry with them. Why should they remember the teacher? “That’s so last century,” they say. Who cares what love she had for the subject? Who cares the conferences he attended to hone his skills in his subject? Who remembers the times she was there after school, able to listen to the one who just had her heart broken by her stupid boyfriend, or the frustrations of applying to and deciding upon a college? Why remember the familiar mannerisms, the voice, the passion of the teacher? They learned from the technology! They avoided difficult personal issues by plugging into the I-Pod until enough time lapsed that the problem simply faded. They learned from technology! The math problems that appeared on the screen and logically worked to a resolution! The essay that had good spelling but made no logical sense! Technology is the thing to treasure! Teachers? Who even knew they were there?

Funding for education is among the first areas cut in state budgets. Teachers fired, class sizes doubled, students lost in the shuffle. Continue to build schools equipped with state of the art technology, hiring only the people needed to keep it all running. No need for interpersonal relationships, the influence of older mentors, the warmth of a human voice. We need our computers... they hold all answers.

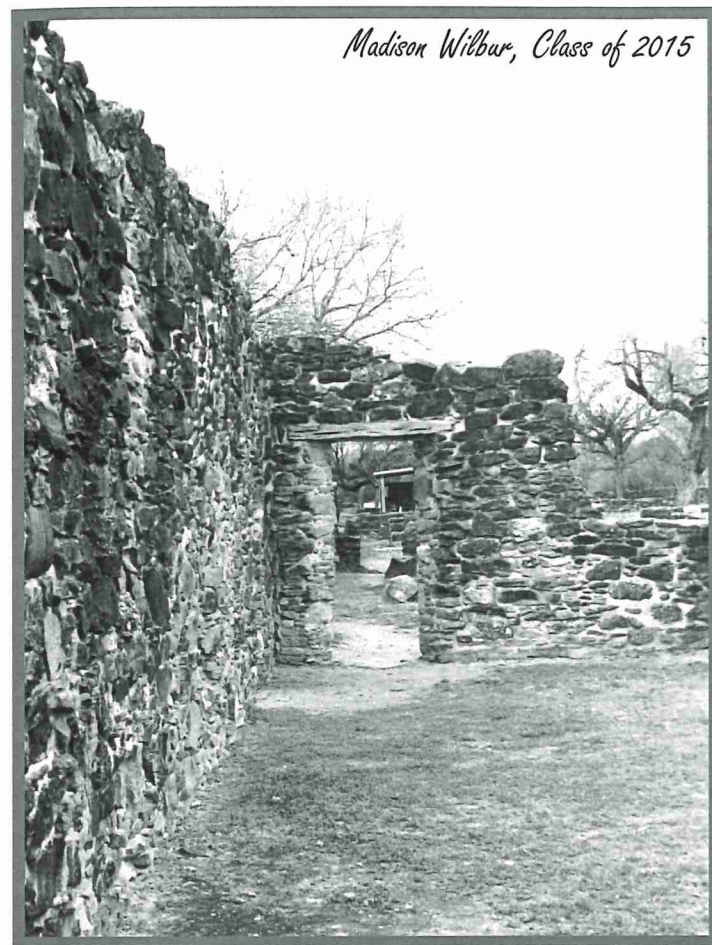
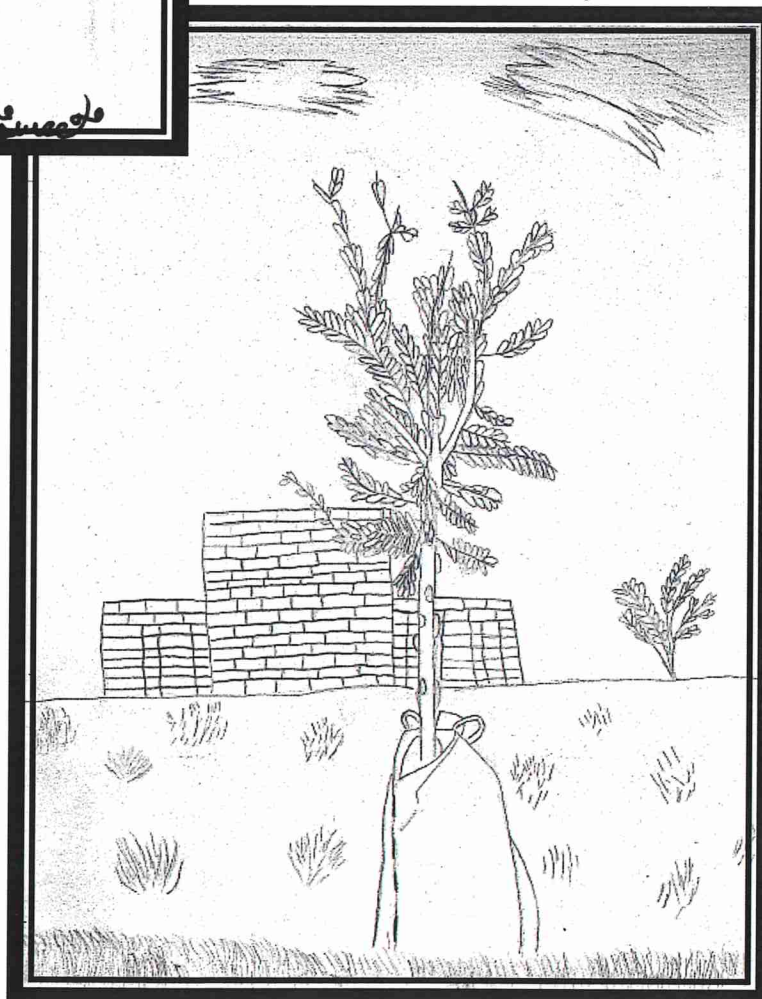


Gabriela Treviño, Class of 2017



Clarissa Fetter, Class of 2019

Iris Sweet, Class of 2020



A Child of the Earth

I lay in the tub watching as the water flows over my hips and between my breasts.

If I sway my body a certain way, the water comes higher to my neck.

It's like an ocean around me and my chest and head are the island. It makes me think of Mother Nature.

We start with her- we end with her.

Unfortunately, she is destroyed quicker than we can restore her. Eventually the polar icecaps will melt and everything we know will be covered in a salty blanket.

I feel like Mother Nature, as everything good melts and leaves me with the possibility of ruin.

As I think of this, I let myself sink

lower and watch as the water surrounds my neck leaving only my head above. I feel I am drowning in the ocean that is life. Everything is slowly melting around me piece by piece, slowly but surely. Soon everything I am is underwater. All that is left are the memories.

The beautiful forests that were once my family are gone, drowned by my studies. The dry desert that was once my love life will not be missed.

The exotic and exciting jungle that was once my friendships is gone with the water that holds my fears of the future.

I am drowning.

Pulled in too many directions.

I reach for my phone and look at the time. Thirty minutes I've sat in the water hoping my worries will wash away.

But they won't.

So I slowly sit up as the water cascades off as the flood comes to the end.

I wrap my towel around me and smile.

I will be ok, I can face the flood.

I am Mother Nature, I have forces everywhere pushing and pulling, and just like her I will flourish.

I will survive.

— Theresa Acosta, Class of 2015

Stress is a Poisonous Snake

All living creatures endure stress,
Stress comes naturally to all who know its pain.
Stress is the name of a snake that keeps coming back for a bite,
This snake is one of the most poisonous that exist,
All it takes is one fatal and toxic attack to kill peace.

One attack can assassinate all calming thoughts,
The poison from stress is poured down the throats of the stressed.
It flows thick like molasses,
But runs like a raging river,
And the venom takes affect before the stressed can even think.

The many venoms of stress come packaged with any task,
Some have never tasted the bitterness,
But the stressed will soon come to recognize the evil snake.
The packaged stress comes with an antidote,
Some take the antidote fast and swift.

Others take the antidote when the suffering is too much,
The stressed must learn how to deal with the effects of stress,
All people can learn how to avoid the poisonous snake.
Because stress is forced upon the stressed,
No living thing can avoid it completely – the snake.

— Queen Ramirez, Class of 2015



Ms. Claire Ramirez, Faculty

Mr. Peter, the Hedgehog

All alone was a little hedgehog skipping down a path. Leaping and squeaking, he looked for a special little nest because he had a very special task. As he continued to trot, he had many thoughts- his wife back home all alone and the little hedges at her feet begging her to let them eat. Mr. Peter began to pick up speed carrying their feast of millipedes. But all at once, Mr. Peter met with a great slap and fell flat on his back.

“Oh Mr. Peter, please forgive me,” said little Ms. Doe. “It’s quite alright Ms. Doe, I’m just as much at fault.” Mr. Peter brushed off the dirt and looked towards the figure of a lady deer. Her distraught face troubled Mr. Peter. “Ms. Doe, what seems to be wrong my dear,” Mr. Peter implied. “It’s my little fawn Milton, he has seemed to catch a bug from running in the dew. I want to be at home with him, but I have to go all the way to Joey’s to get some herbs for his stew.” Ms. Doe’s fur started to become wet from her fallen tears. “There, there dear.” Mr. Peter contemplated for a while and with a heavy sigh, “I will go to Mr. Joey’s and return with your favor.” Ms. Doe was overcome with joy. She eagerly thanked the kind Mr. Peter and trotted back to her home.

Turning around, Mr. Peter began to walk to Mr. Joey’s but he was filled with worry for his family. “If I don’t get home soon my little hedges will starve but if I don’t go to Joey’s for Ms. Doe’s poor Milton will sure to catch the hay fever.” The little hedgehog scurried to the shop and Mr. Joey smiled. “Oh Mr. Peter you came just before the rain,” smiled Mr. Joey. “How may I help you sir?” “I am her on the benefit of Ms. Doe. It seems little Milton has come down with a bug and needs some of your herbs for Ms. Doe’s Stew.” Mr. Peter looked up over the counter at the kangaroo. “Why of course Mr. Peter,” said the kangaroo as he shuffled jars among his shelf. “That would be twelve acorns and one polly weed.” “But Mr. Joey all I have here are these millipedes for my little hedges. Please sir there must be something you can do,” pleaded Mr. Peter. Mr. Joey, thought for a second his eyebrow going up near his long ears. “Ms. Doe you say, why that is right near Mr. Ronney! I’ll make you a deal. I’ll give you this bag of basil and Chamomile, if you take this package to Mr. Ronney.” As the kangaroo looked over the counter, Mr. Peter sighed he had no choice but to agree. As he took up his new packages, he trotted out of Mr. Joey’s store.

On his path to Mr. Ronney’s, Mr. Peter began to feel down. “At this rate I will never reach my beloved children and wife.” His little feet padded against the dirt and his whiskers sulked against his fur. He reached Ms. Doe’s little hut first. Knock, Knock. “Oh Ms. Doe, I have your goodies.” The door flew open and Ms. Doe thanked the kind little hedgehog with a bag of mushrooms and then he was on his way.

As he hauled his chattels to Mr. Ronney, a tear fell from the sky. One by one the drops made a sizzle as they hit the ground. “Oh no,” said Mr. Peter as he made his little legs run to Ronney’s tree. “Mr. Ronney, Mr. Ronney!” screamed Mr. Peter, “I have your package from Mr. Joey!” The raccoon came from his sturdy little hole to find the source of the shouting. “Oh Mr. Peter, Joey sent you, you say! Please come in, it’s pouring.” The little hedgehog was carried into the sanctuary of Mr. Ronney’s tree house and sat at a table with a nice thimble of tea. “My boy why were you out in this weather,

don't you know it's raining!" Mr. Peter nodded his little head with a grievous face. "Oh Mr. Ronney, I didn't mean to be out in the rain. I was just gone out to scavenge for my family since the misses has been home with the baby hedges. But then Ms. Doe needed my assistance and I couldn't help but help! Then with Mr. Joey everything just spun out of control!" Mr. Peter began to sob into his little paws. "At this rate, I will be lucky if I ever get home to the misses!" As Mr. Peter tried to control his weeping, Mr. Ronney smiled for he had a plan. "Mr. Peter, let me carry you home to your family. My fur is so thick that the rain will simply make me slick." "Oh, Mr. Ronney are you sure?" Mr. Ronney smiled as he scooped up his little friend onto his back.

They ran into the rain and Mr. Peter clung to Mr. Ronney for fear of slipping off. Drop after drop glided off Mr. Ronney hitting the ground with a ring. The sound rang through the air like an enchanted melody of good fortune. As Mr. Peter looked far ahead, he could see his little burrow in the distance with a great sigh of relief, the little hedgehog thanked Mr. Ronney for his assistance. As Mr. Peter hurried through the door, he thought that his wife would be up in a roar. "Oh my dear I'm so sorry for the delay," Mr. Peter rushed to say. But he was met with a loving smile and eight little paws tugging at his claws. Mr. Peter felt foolish to think the worst.

—Caradee Presses, Class of 2014



Melanie Ramirez, Class of 2014

The First Dimension - Pop Sensation Steals the Show

SAN ANTONIO—Strobe lights and lasers lit the AT&T Center last Friday night, while irritatingly catchy lyrics blared from speakers and mega-screens. The season's hottest concert was in full swing. Thunder from the crowd and waves of ecstatic screaming resounded miles away. The First Dimension had arrived.

We interviewed a few fans earlier as they excitedly entered the stadium. "All of them are so hot," bubbled one fourteen-year-old. "I mean, they're just gorgeous!"

Needless to say, The First Dimension attracts many fans with their image of youthful exuberance. "I've seen pictures of Brad, my future husband," another giddy teen informed us, "He has the body of a god."

"Matt's my favorite," replied another, referring to 17-year-old hottie Matt Howell. "His Twitter account makes him sound so dark, and mysterious, and attractive."

The five boys filed onstage to applause and the howls of twenty thousand banshees. The chaotic evening commenced with soulful ballad "Little Reasons Why," then progressed to upbeat rhythms and techno music that raised the hair of any sane person attending. Lively lyrics like "hey, babe," "love you so much it hurts," and "yeah, yeah, yeah," impassioned the masses to sing along. The group introduced their newest hit single, "Love You Mucho." The night ended with a bang as stage equipment toppled on top of heartthrob Brad Myles during "The Night Is Young."

We asked concert-goers about their favorite part. "When Matt sang and flipped his hair out of his eyes and looked straight at *me*!" one girl squealed.

"I got to touch them," whispered another reverently. "I got to breathe their air. I am never washing my hands ever again. Ever."

"Leaving," snorted the girl's mom.

After the show, vendors crammed into every niche while prospective customers flooded the cashiers for The First Dimension merchandise. Flimsy tables presented buttons, plastic jewelry, headbands, bows, cell phone covers, and other gaudy trinkets stamped with the band's logo. The members' faces stared from the fronts of various t-shirts and backpacks that drooped on displays. School supplies also provided the average fan with her fair share of 1D gear: binders (\$4), journals (\$7), pencils (\$2 each), pens (\$3 each), and even glue sticks (\$15 for two) were an impressive 50% off.

Backstage, we interviewed The First Dimension, starting with tonight's performance. Jay-Jay Griffith, 20, and the oldest of the lads, answered first. "Pretty well, don't you think boys?" The others nodded, though Brad found it difficult with the ice pack on his head.

How did they like touring?

"It's very tiring," replied Kyle Magee, at 16 known as the 'baby' of the five, "to travel each day, lip synch, crash at the hotel, and repeat."

"I just love checking out all the girls," Jay quipped in an unintelligible Cockney accent.

How do they feel about their music?

"Our writers are, like, geniuses," commented Brad. "Basically, I couldn't write, like, half of the stuff they do."

Chris Bloomfield, 19, threw one hand in the air and with the other clutched his designer scarf. "The art of music moves me. It liberates me from the bondage of this unenlightened world." He threw his arms around Brad and Jay. "When my brothers and I sing, we transport our followers to a different world beyond all human understanding."

"Chris has always been a bit off," smarts Jay. Even Matt laughs at the joke.

How is the First Dimension different from other boy bands?

"We're very different," Brad starts, "'cause we don't, like, dance in unison or anything like that. We just run around like chickens with our heads cut off."

"We're unique," added Chris.

What about the recent accusations that the group used weed and other illegal substances?

Jay smirked. "Well, we haven't got arrested yet, so I'll take that as a good sign." Matt shook his head, declaring the allegations "all wrong."

What is the future of The First Dimension? Where will they be in five years?

"Totes at, like, the height of my career, like, starring in action movies," shouts Brad.

"Reaching a new level of existence," sniffs Chris. "Using my wealth to help all those unenlightened peasants in the world."

"Don't know," said Matt.

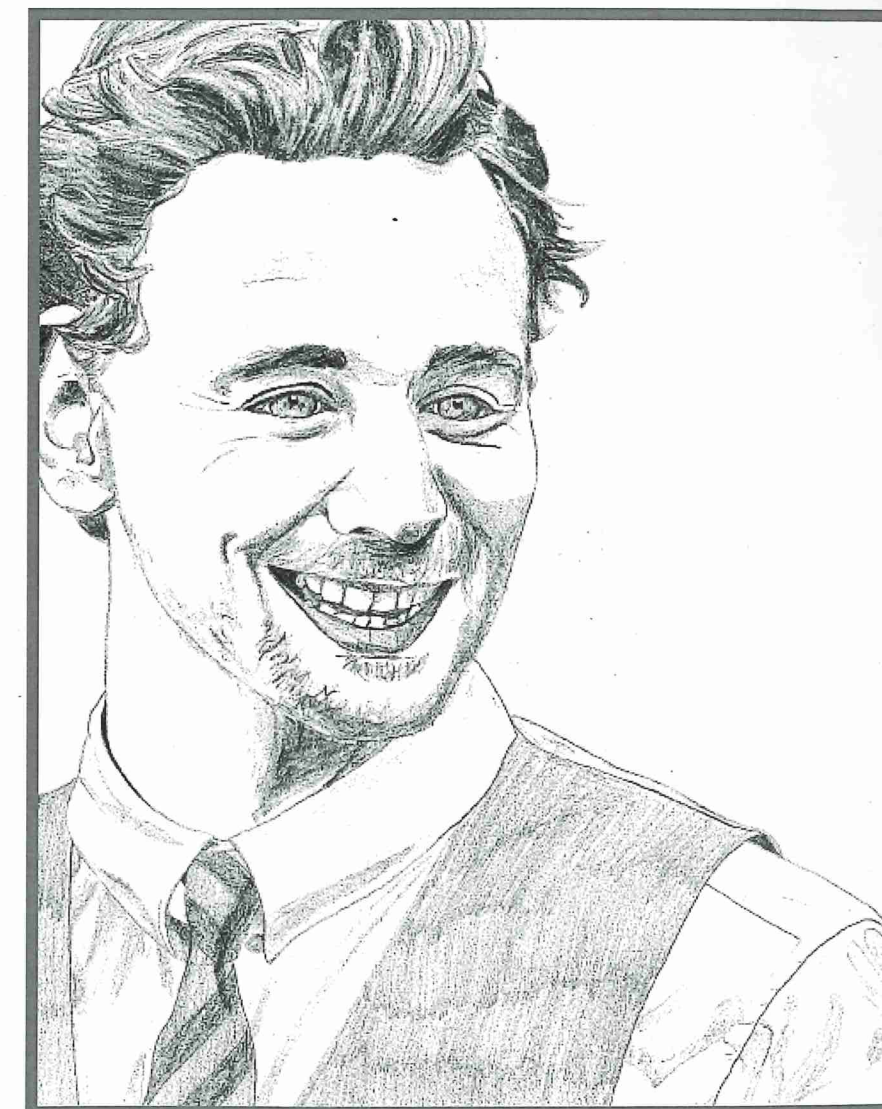
"Making music?" Kyle says dumbly.

The 1st Dimension will continue their tour in September in Dallas and Houston, where an even larger mob of infatuated teenage girls will feel the music and fall in stupidly in love with the group

— Anastasia Christilles, Class of 2014



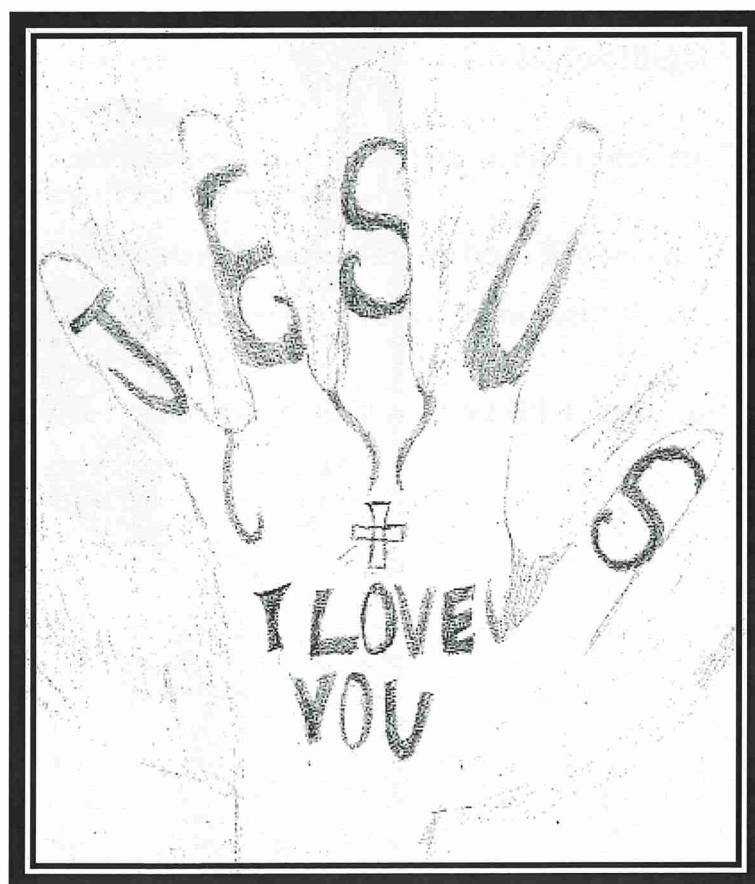
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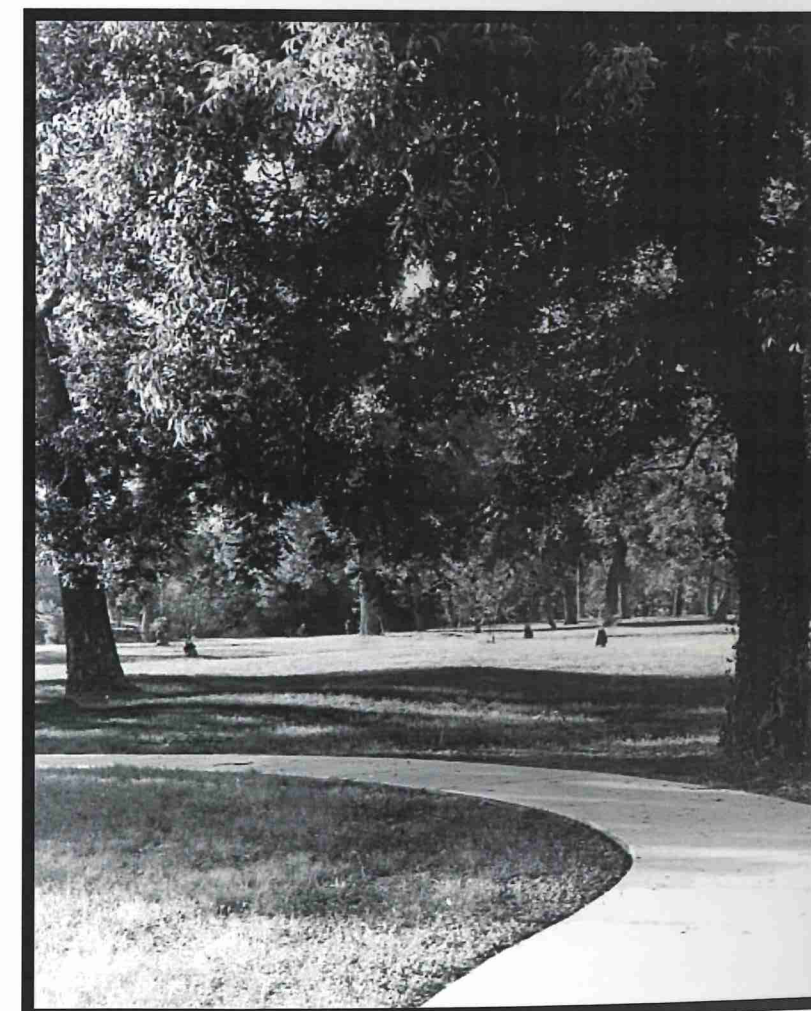
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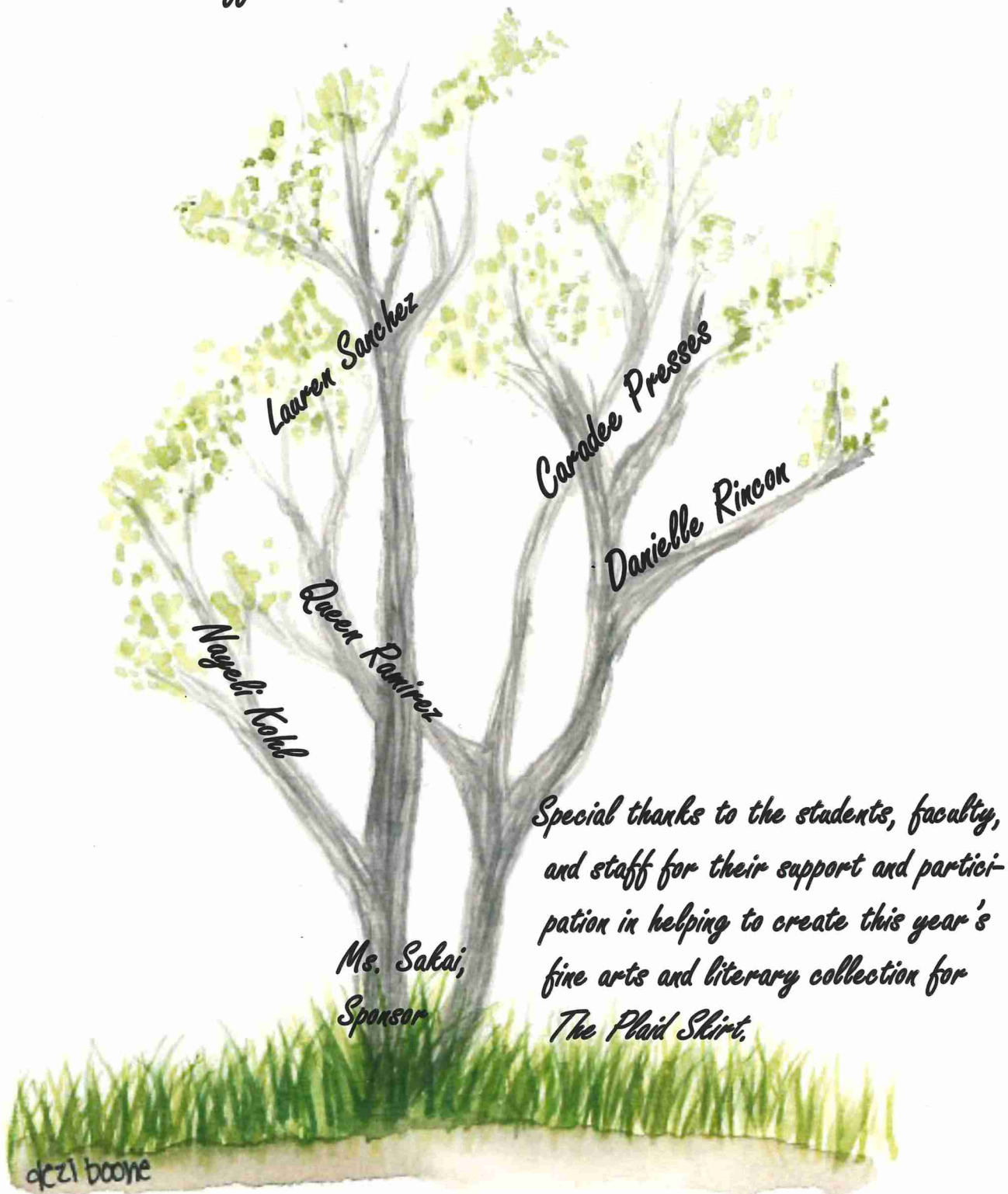


Amber Aguilar, Class of 2016



Madison Wilbur, Class of 2015

2013-2014 Staff



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