

North Carolina

The trees tower over you, but it isn't intimidating. The strong smell of pine trees fills the air, constantly dropping pinecones. The trees leave behind thin orange needles with the pointy pinecones slightly infusing the bright green grass with hints of brown and orange. A warm breeze softly blows and the bright sun is shining, completing a wonderful summer day.

I miss living there, and I miss all the moments I had with my family and old friends. I always remember being barefoot with the feeling of the grass tickling my feet. I remember feeling the warm street against my toes as my friends and I would chase after the ice cream man. Every day of that summer was spent outside, soaking up all the sunshine. I miss going on evening bike rides with my dad and sister, constantly, pedaling hard to try and keep up with them. Then, coming home and playing again with the neighbors. Every night we would stay outside past dark and sit in yard together.

Leaving was really hard, saying bye to my family and friends there. It was so hard getting on the airplane, because it was taking me away from my second home. Watching everything become smaller as we left in the air, until all I could see were white puffy clouds.

Cecily Venema '21



Amber Beserra '18

Blue Diamond

She wanders her halls like a phantom true,
her whole being cloaked by navy blue.
A shadow of the Diamond she is to be,
yearning to preserve a former's legacy.

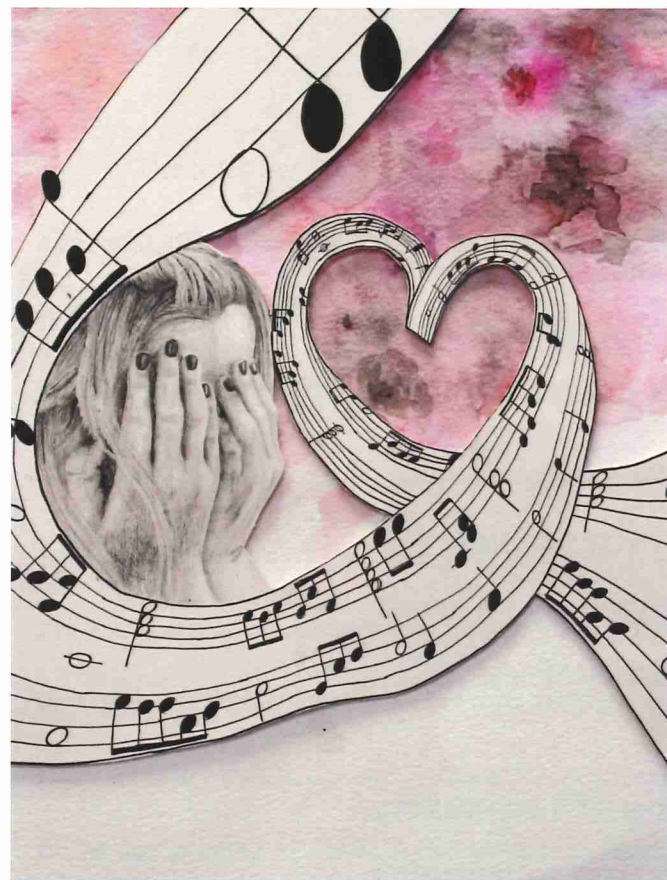
Murmured apologies can be heard well
as she kneels in respect where her *sister* fell.
A broken palanquin overgrown with moss,
serves as a painful reminder of said loss.

Overcome with guilt and grief's depression,
Blue strives to sustain *her* lasting impression.
Her equal denies this as senseless regret,
yet for Blue this remains her only outlet.

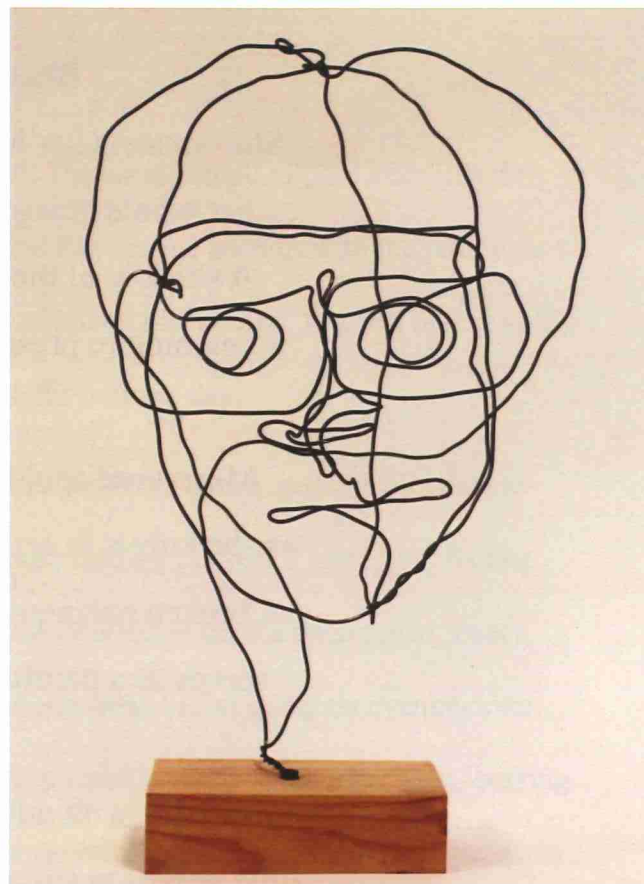
Now all alone in that rose-colored room,
the naturally made leader returns to gloom.
“What IS the use of feeling Blue,” she may think,
“when all that still surrounds me are shades of *Pink*?”

She wanders her halls like a phantom true,
her whole being cloaked by navy blue.
A shadow of the Diamond she is to be,
yearning to restore a former's legacy.

Sarah Hernandez '18



Victoria Knodell '18



Magee Cuevas '20



Amber Beserra '18



Amber Beserra '18



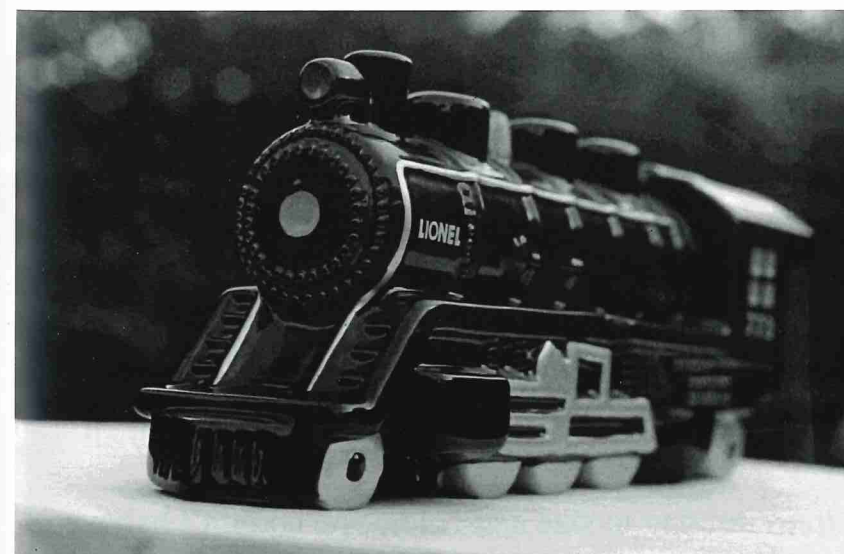
Lula Wallace '18



Lula Wallace '18



Pamela Callaghan '18



Celeste Smith '18



Abigail Driskill '20

The Paper

A twelve year old girl wakes up and looks at her pink room decorated with colorful unicorns. She smells breakfast being made in the kitchen, so she decides to go down the dark, wooden staircase. As she passes through the hallway, she sees the colorful paintings hung on the wall. She begins to notice the intricate backgrounds of the pictures and eventually looks at the floral wallpaper behind them. She's interrupted by her growling stomach, so she heads towards the kitchen. She walks in to see her teacher cooking breakfast, and stares at him with wide eyes until he turns to her and asks, "Where's your paper?" Completely confused by the situation, she immediately panics and dashes out of the house.

After a few minutes of running, she notices a stream in the distance. Out of breath, she jogs to get a drink of water from the stream. After drinking some water, she decides to sit down and rest in the shade. She sits by the brook, wondering where she should go. Trying to decide what to do, she closes her eyes and lay down. Her thoughts were interrupted by the sound of something drinking. She quickly sat up to see what it was. She looked up to see a horse as white as newly fallen snow, with a golden tail. She watched as the horse drank and ran off toward a path across the stream, and decided following the horse was her best option. She quickly gets up and runs across the stream to get to the path.

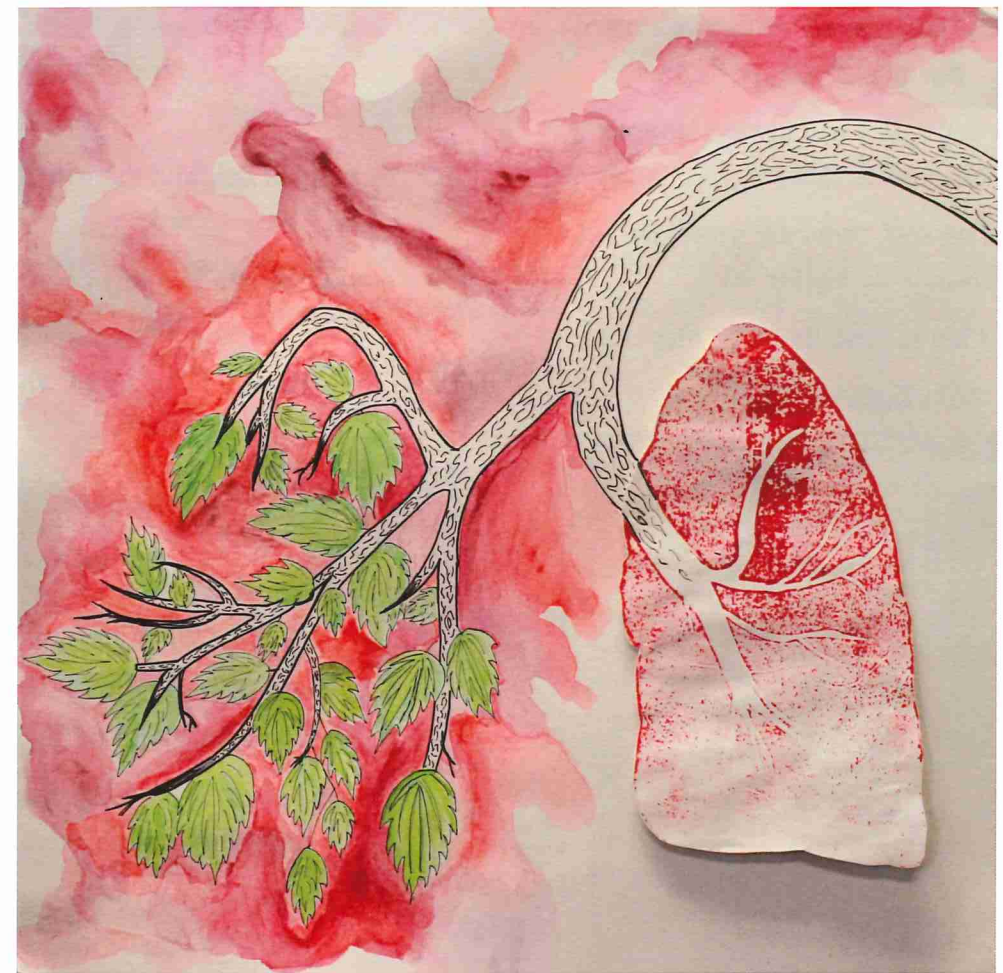
Going down the horse's path, she is met with overgrown grass that seems to be neglected because it is so long. It is tough for her to walk through it, but she pushed herself to continue following the horse. Eventually, she gets through the path and is met with a small forest. She was shocked to see so many trees ranging in size and color. She couldn't believe

that there was so much she hadn't seen before. She's so entranced by her surroundings that she fails to notice the shadowy figure coming up behind her. Suddenly, the unexpected stranger taps her on the shoulder. She turns around and is once again met with her teacher, asking her, "Where's your paper?"

She's jolted awake and looks around to find that she's in her English class and had fallen asleep. Her teacher continues to ask her, "Amanda, Amanda, where's your paper?"

Lauren Gray '21, Alyssa Tijerina '18, Alessandra Marotta '20

Creative Writing Class 2017-2018



Veronica Sustaita '18

Me

I am a girl who is dorky, nerdy, and has a good sense of humor.

I am made in one way, God's way and that's who I am

I may love sci-fi shows and science fair projects.
No one can stop this scientist for experimenting.
Joy, happiness, and light is what they say about me.

However I love myself and I can't help that I'm social.

I share confidence with feelings and joy with sadness

No matter what you say, I will always be able to do so much more.

I ask people and myself, "who are you?" Bright, joyful, funny; no matter what,

You are you and I am me and that's all that matter.

Ellie Vallor '24

I am loud, but wish to be quiet

I will defend people, but can't defend myself

I like to read, but I need to work on my social skills

I am silly, but wish to be calm.

But there is something I don't want to change

That fact that I'm

Me

Charlise DeSpain '24



Hayley Rodgers '20

I like my tangled hair and the way it sways side to side.

I like how I can talk to many people without any doubt.

I also love the way I can sprint without another pout.

I like the way I can say what I mean, however, I wish it didn't come out as mean.

I like how I always have something to do, even if it's just tying my shoe.

I love how I will always have pride! Some people tease me about it, but I'll let it slide.

I will always have tangled hair, my secret to sharing it I shall not share...

I will always be childish, crazy, or weird, and I think I've made it clear.

I think I'm extraordinary. At least I'm not boring!

Cassandra Ibarra '24

Me

Thankful for Me

I am thankful for me

And that's what matters to me

My name is Savanna

And no, I'm not from Georgia

But I'm happy with my crazy self

And my Mexican heritage

I am thankful for me

And that's what matters to me

Savanna Medellin '24

Who are you?

"So, who are you?"

"Well, that's kind of hard to explain.

I'm a girl created in God's image,

Who made amazing and thoughtful

Friends, I'm funny at times, but

I have my moments.

But other than that I am

Who I am.

So, who are you?"

Isabel Bryan '24

You? Oh, me.

I am who I am, and I am me. Me, I am a wonderful Creation. I laugh; I'm funny; I am me. I love to do a lot of things, draw, create, and sleep. That is me.

Lauren Sigala '24

Loving Each Other

Roses are red

Violets are blue

I love my family
& they love me too

Roses are red

Violets are blue

I love my friends
& all that they do

Isabella Gonzalez '24



Anais Nunez-Tovar '18

Creativity

“Making music is turning notes on a page into a beautiful song for others to enjoy.”

Jackie Picon '18

“Taking pictures is a creation of art with only the click of a button.”

Pamela Callahan '18

“Acting is the purest reflection of who you are and who you will never be.”

Franchesca Christilles '19

“A world without creativity is like a flower without petals. It lacks vibrancy and is incomplete.”

Samantha Callahan '18

“Writing is like a portal connecting the brain of a writer to that of a reader, allowing feeling and interpretation to flow and mix freely.”

Sofia Flores '18

The Library

I push through the stained-glass revolving door and cool air envelopes me. It chases away the humidity of outside. I am on the ground level of an enormous library, the second and third floors each ringing the interior of the building like wide, continuous balconies. Tall, darkly trimmed windows on all floors contrast beautifully with the light blue walls. It is raining lightly outside.

To my left, a cozy carpeted area in front of a white brick fireplace is set about with recliners, couches, and rocking chairs with cushions worn soft from use. A few are occupied, the people curled up with their books and blankets. Directly in front of me, tables are spaced out, each with a different number of chairs and a small lamp sitting on the edge. Some of these, too, are populated. Students surrounded by their backpacks and textbooks sit hunched over, scribbling. Others sit in groups and talk.

Turning back toward the tables, I notice wide staircases leading to the upper levels. Oddly, a blue plastic slide, like one found on a playground, accompanies each staircase. They are cased in contemporary-looking wood to fit in with the rest of the library. As I watch, a boy on the second floor slides down here to the first level with novels in hand, letting out a whoop as he lands neatly on the ground. Intrigued, I decide to head up to the third floor.

The second and third floors are alike. Each one is dominated by bookshelves along the walls, punctuated by windows. A rolling ladder rests in its tracks against each shelf. The occasional pair of chairs or table sits closer to the glass and wood railing, overlooking the lower floors. Resting on the windowsills are scented candles filling the air with a warm, spicy scent. They also ward off the chill coming from the rain outside, which has begun to strengthen. The shelves themselves are filled with all manners of books: old yellow books with dusty spines, new books with blindingly white leaves and hard covers, and loved books with faded pages and crinkled jackets.

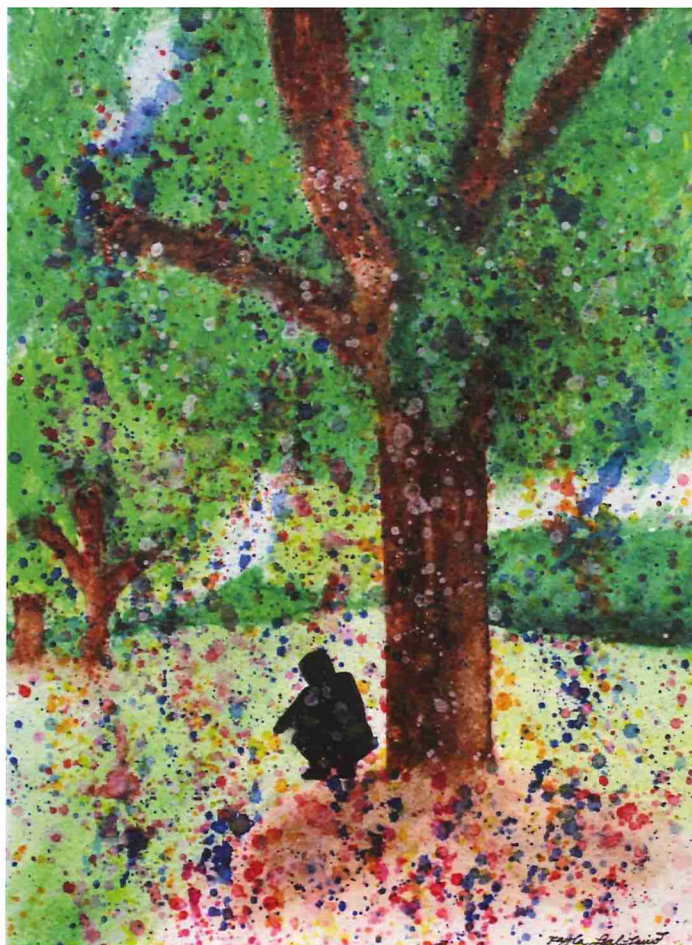
A pounding against the nearest window surprises me and I jump back. I hit my hip on the corner of a bookcase. The rain has turned into a raging storm. The sound of it beating the building drowns out the murmurs of the people below until it is all that can be heard. Escorted by thunder and lightning, it is the worst storm I've ever seen.

Hayley Rodgers '20

Trees

Oh trees, how you change
Will you ever be the same?
The change of seasons comes with you,
For I wish I was a tree too.
The messenger of fall, dear bleeding tree
Run with red and amber leaves.
How, when your branches recede bare,
Winter frost is in the air.
But when the signs of new spring show
Oh, how your budding leaves start to grow,
Finally back, the cycle went round
My bloomed flower speckled tree, rooted
in the ground.

Lauren Gray, '21



Kayla Leal-Lucio '19



Veronica Sustaita '18

Tulips

Once, long ago in a calm, mellow dream
My eyes fell upon the most serene scene
A scene of which my eyes seemed to be keen
A lovely violet tulip by a stream
This fair tulip, swaying peacefully soft
As if a gentle, caring, lulling breeze
Was whispered throughout by wise aging trees
To keep my delicate tulip aloft
How my eyes and breath were taken aback
For surely this tulip must be the best
I wish I had picked this flower but, lest
In a dream reality seems to lack
And once I had woken from my sound sleep
I only wished my fair tulip to keep

Lauren Gray, '21

The Ditch

I frequently go to the ditch next to my house. Yeah, I know how weird that sounds but let me explain. This ditch is actually a very mystifying place. How could something people make out to be so forgetful and undesirable be so mesmerizing and serene.

As soon as you enter this heaven you are greeted by the somehow enticing scent of old rain. The perfect way to describe the feeling here would be crisp, yet mucky. Deifying the laws of the biosphere I'm somehow certain that the ditch has its own personal biome. Fields with fresh green blades of grass cornering dusty cement paths. Matted bushes and brush sprinkled with dew drops.

The ditch constantly changes. With the change of seasons comes little differences. Winter brings the death of weeping willows while spring is christened with the birth of saplings and dandelions. Summer created the dust and dirt while autumn brought leaves of crimson to the table. Although the seasons change the feeling of serenity and warmth never left.

A smaller but noteworthy change in the ditch would be day and night. Day is alive with bright bees, black silken crows and more tiny dancing mice than you can imagine. Night, however, brings the low groan of toads and the soft somber light of a million fireflies, at least one for each star that lights the dark sky.

The most spectacular thing is when it rains. I know when people think rain they think wet, cold, falling dirty sky water, it's not. When you're in the ditch and it starts to rain I guarantee you it will be the most stunning experience you will ever have with rain. It's just a small patch of water here and there at first, then a trickle, then a stream. Then a river, your own personal river for only you to enjoy in this small window of time. A miniature river that although small, divides the ditch in half, cutting one world into two.

When the rain subdues and the sky returns to its cheerful light, all that's left to remember the rain that once was is small patches of rain, here and there, completing the cycle of this event.

This ditch truly is a unique and glorious place.

Lauren Gray '21

My Ideal Place

I can't think of a place that's real, so I'll create one from my own imaginative desires. As a wandering soul, always restless, always yearning, my ideal place would be anywhere where I would feel free. A vast open field, perhaps somewhere in the countryside. The sea of its grasses would be green, both literally and figuratively with envy- at the sight of the vast, colorful colonies of wildflowers that are spread throughout. They come in various hues of the rainbow, too numerous to count, too many to name. The flowers give the emerald field explosions of vibrancy and variety. And with those "May flowers" come "June bugs"- or more specifically, butterflies. These winged pilgrims arrive in swarms as they approach their promised land, a few even encircle me as they rejoin the masses to take part in the feast of nectar before them. In the distance, a little beyond my eyes' ability to see, stands what appears to be... A tree? Carefully I tread towards the curious sight, in a sundress as blue as the sky above. My bare feet can feel the soft tresses of grass beneath, the soil between my toes. As I grow closer, I realize it *is* a tree- a grand tall oak, bigger than anything I've ever seen. It must be more than centuries old- who knows what events in history it has played witness to? Then to my surprise, someone steps out from behind and wraps their arms around my middle. I immediately recognize the young man behind the embrace- for only in his arms I feel so safe- an old friend. I tear up from happiness and relief, for he has finally come back. "Why do you cry so, my dear? Today is a special day." He murmurs, trying to comfort me. "I've missed you so much... it hurts." I manage to utter. We would then sit together, as we were before, as we were meant be from the start, under the shade of the old oak tree, watching the butterflies pass us by, the wildflowers' combined fragrances lingering in the beautiful summer air!

It is only after I wipe actual tears from my eyes that I realize I was in another daydream again, and find myself in my current school surroundings; sitting in a chair at the library's computer lab. Nothing but cold empty seats at either of my sides. I realize how much of a fool I am, thinking how such a fantasy could ever become reality.

Sarah Hernandez, '18

The Plaid Skirt, Spring 2018

TIME AND SPACE



Jordan Hernandez '18

Special thanks to the English Department, all of the contributors, Mrs. Martinez, and to our sponsor Ms. Bryant. Without you, our journey through space and time would not have been possible!

Staff and Editors: The Creative Writing Class of '17-'18

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