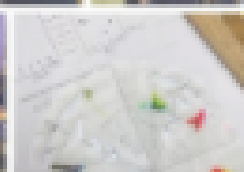
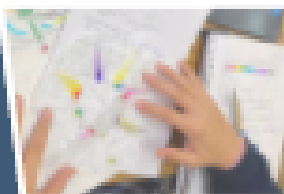
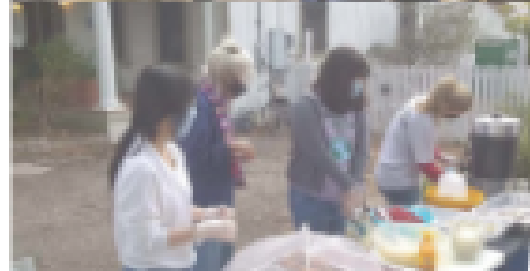
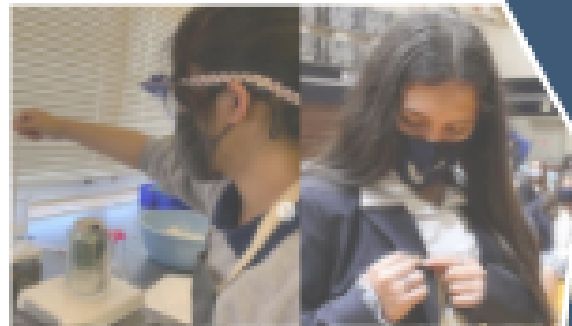
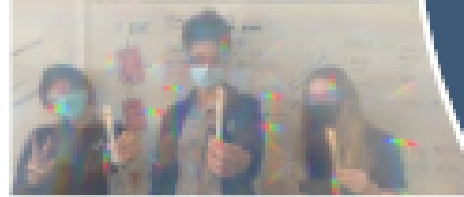
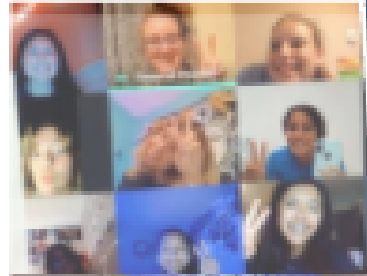
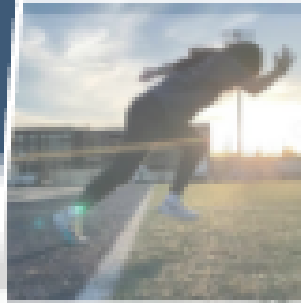


# The Plaid Skirt

Spring edition 2021



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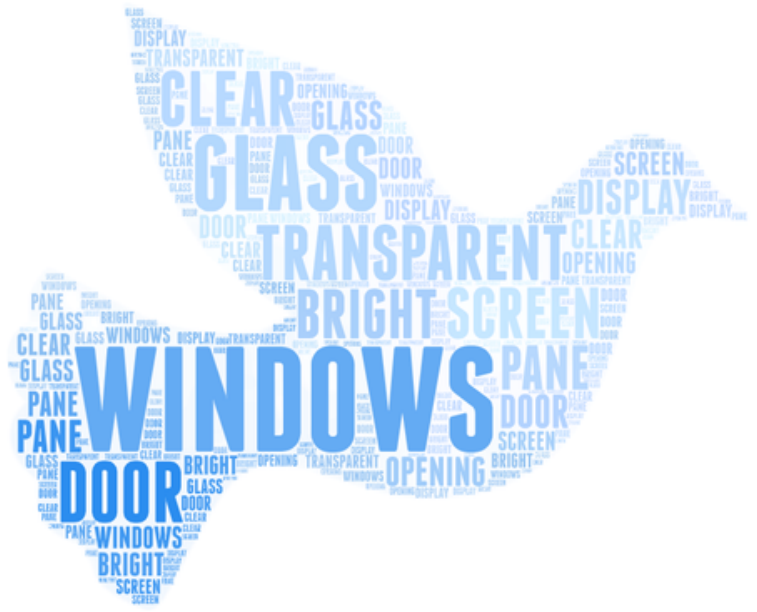
**Barbara U Alvarez**

# WINDOWS TO PASSION

## Our last summer

Faith Hernandez '22

The thrill of getting away  
Even though we couldn't stay  
The waves we tamed  
Night and day with laughter  
The sun beaming, leaving a glow  
And low how we felt that day  
As we parted with the sun



Tatyana Ramon '22



"Things take time to grow"

Miranda Perez '22

## Dream Boy

Tatyana Ramon '22

Josie stared at her ceiling watching the fan spin over and over again as her eyes adjusted to the darkness that surrounded her room. She closed her eyes for a while contemplating on what she should do. "Why does this keep happening to me?" She thought to herself out loud. Before overthinking everything else about her situation for too long, she grabbed her phone and called the one person she told everything to.

"It happened again." Josie said in a hushed tone as soon as she heard the call pickup.

Her best friends sighed through the phone already knowing what she was going to say.

"What happened."

"I had another one." She was quiet for a second as she composed her thoughts.

"I had another dream about the boy again."

Now her friend stayed quiet.

"This is the third time this month you've had a dream about him, Jo."

"I know."

"Do you want to talk about it?"

Josie stayed quiet again not wanting to burden her friend with her problems especially so late at night.

"It's just... felt so real, Blair."

"Well, it must mean something right? I mean at this point you've had so many dreams with the same person it has to be a sign."

Time passed and Josie stopped thinking about her dreams with a reoccurring boy. She went to Blair's house hoping to take her mind off of things as they ate pizza and watched whatever new sappy love movie Netflix just added.

"This movie is kind of lame." Josie said as she walked into the kitchen.

"I mean how many more romcoms is Netflix gonna keep making with Noah Centineo."

"Josie come look at this video!" Blair yelled, ignoring her friend's comment from before.

"What? What is it?" Josie said running back to the living room with more pizza in her hand.

"Look." Blair shifted her phone a little so Josie could see as she got comfortable on her couch.

"This girl I follow posted a video with her hot brother, the one I keep telling you about." Her friend said excitedly.

"He's literally your type is he not?" Blair exclaimed, smiling down at her phone feeling accomplished that she found the perfect boy for her friend.

Josie kept watching the video with her eyes getting wider each time. Blair's smile faded as she looked at her best friend confused.

"What? What's wrong, Jo? Why do you look like that." Her friend said worried.

"That's him," she said, still looking at the video playing from her friend's phone.

"I don't under-" Blair was cut off before she could finish her sentence

"That's him B, that's the boy from my dreams." Josie said looking back up at her best friend.

"I-I'm so confused. What's happening, B?" Josie laughed a little still not understanding what was going on.

"Obviously it's a sign from the universe! It's trying to tell you something, Jo. He's literally your dream boy."

"Well," Josie looked back down at Blair's phone staring at the brown haired boy from her dreams.

"I found my dream boy."

Don't Judge a Book by its Cover  
Naya Harb '21

Here begins the new girl's tale:  
Her hair was as shiny as the Sun  
Her smile could send you a thousand miles away  
When listening to her voice,  
Without even looking at her,  
You would fall in love  
With her little french accent  
And all she ever said was  
"Thank you", and "I am sorry".  
All of the other girls  
Would look at her and whisper:  
"What a weird and shy girl"  
No one would come to talk to her,  
Start a conversation,  
Get to know her.  
She was always alone, in her corner  
Studying, eating, or reading.  
Little did we know  
What was wrong with this girl.

There is a story behind this girl,  
Don't you underestimate her  
She seems like a mystery to me  
But also to herself.  
Her eyes are hiding a thousand wars  
Her hands show the millions of fights she  
overcame,  
Her cheeks hide thousands of tears that fell down  
her eyes,  
Her lips reveal her screaming for help,  
But no one knows.

When looking at her,  
Goosebumps take over your body.  
Her story created a mysterious, shy, and  
reserved young girl.  
Deep down, you see a girl that has climbed  
a thousand mountains,  
A girl that has always provided the best for  
everyone around her,  
A girl who always prioritizes everyone but  
herself.  
That girl has survived a lot.  
I can feel the amount of blood she saw,  
People hurting all around her,



Charlise De Spain '24  
9th Grade  
Wood Burning

She feels a responsibility for all of this.  
She wants to help others,  
She wants to make others' lives beautiful.

However, she lost herself.  
She doesn't know where she wants to go  
What she wants to do  
She lost interest in everything  
She lost her confidence  
She lost her purpose in life.  
Today, she is fighting for herself  
Trying to find her lost soul  
Wanting to know her desires and her goals.  
Some people might think she is weak  
Actually, she is the strongest, most sensitive  
person I've met.  
I want you to understand  
There always seems to be more  
Then just an innocent face.

## **Abandoned House**

By Faith Rogers '22

The winter wind blew briskly on the tattered curtain's of the abandoned house which sat all but forgotten at the end of a once lively street. Winter had ravaged it, leaving it broken and falling to bits, the floorboards poking out at awkward angles and the windows shattered. It had been many years since anyone lived in it, and the house assumed it would never be chosen to be lived in in it's worn down state. This saddened the house, which wanted nothing more than to shelter a family and bring warmth and safety into their lives. Alas, the building was abandoned and it was broken, the whistling wind the only thing to be heard throughout.

"Will anyone ever pick me again?" The house thought to itself. Maybe it was just some old wood standing atop an even older foundation, but it had much to offer. If someone could just find it within themselves to give it a chance, it could turn from a house to a home.

Its siblings down the street always got picked, adorned with decorative flags and pristinely trimmed lawns. White picket fences protected the surrounding houses and their families, standing as a barrier between them and the harsh nature of the outside world. The fence of the abandoned house, however, had fallen down several moons ago, now nothing more than a few remnants of fractured, rotting wood.

The house believed it would never be picked, despite having so much to offer. So much love and so much protection, but the house assumed that its looks and need for restoration scared everyone away. It, of course, had no understanding of the money or time it would cost people to give it a second chance at liveliness. It thought only that people skipped over it because it was not as pretty as its fellow structures. It spent its days dreaming of looking rejuvenated once more, painted in an eggshell color with new shingles laid atop its head, with a sparkly chandelier twinkling over its dining room that sat a loving family.

The thought caused the house to weep, its structure becoming increasingly frail as the wind shook it slightly. The already dying grass out front withered ever so slightly, the house's sadness contributing to its decomposure.

The house's weeping subsided when it heard a pair of small footsteps on its cracked driveway. No, two pairs of footsteps. Its windows twinkled with a glimmer of curiosity as they grew closer and closer. It must be another person there to throw rocks at its windows or spray paint on its sidewalk, damaging it more.

Why this one, Mommy?" A small girl's voice asked, staring at its rugged exterior with eyes of confusion. The child's auburn curls blew in the winter wind as the air nipped at her cheeks, her eyes trained up on her mother, who seemed in a state of reminiscence. Seeing the house had invoked emotions in the mother that the child was not old enough to recognize - emotions of wistfulness.

The house could not see the duo, but it could feel their emotions. The yearning the mother felt was all too familiar to it, in fact, seeing as it had spent multitudes of time



desiring a family. And the confusion of the daughter... that was familiar too. Every time someone had hurt the house or called it ugly, it had grown confused as to what it had done to deserve such things. It had been doing its best to stand straight up and look as pretty as its peers, but the house could not control the consequences of weather and time. The battered house simply had no control over anything that happened to it. The older woman looked down at her daughter, her eyes glistening with bittersweet tears that threatened to fall, as she said, "This house belonged to Grandma and Grandpa a long, long time ago, when they were much younger. Before that, it belonged to their parents and then their parents' parents. This house is a part of our family and even though there hasn't been anyone to care for it for far too many years, it has always belonged to us. And now that Grandpa is gone, it's just ours now." The house's creaking had gone still, the words echoing throughout the property and throughout its thoughts. It had once had... a family? Several families? It had been so long that it seemed too distant to remember, the decay of the building decaying its memories too. Though, as the house thought harder, maybe it didn't seem impossible. Maybe its dreams of housing a family were more than just that. Maybe the dreams were memories.

"This house is not as pretty as the one we live in right now though." The daughter said, her thick eyebrows creasing as she looked from her mother to the house. It was true. Their current house was lavish, decorated with elaborate flower beds on the outside and soft, cushioned furniture on the inside. But it held no character. That house was just a house that popped up in a new and popular area, looking exactly the same as all its neighbors.

"It was once, and it will be again... once we fix it up and move in." The calming voice of the woman spoke, making the abandoned house grow stronger in its foundation and more spirited at its core. Would its dreams finally come true? Or rather, would it relive the memories it had since forgotten? It seemed too good to be true, but it wasn't.

After many months of repairing and rebuilding, the house had grown taller and more illuminating than its neighbors. The color had returned to its exterior and the hollowness it had once felt was now filled by a single

mother and her young daughter who loved the house more than they ever could've imagined - more than the house imagined it ever could have been loved.

Suddenly, the house became an attraction - the talk of the neighborhood. Not a day passed where one of the nearby families didn't note how beautiful it had grown to be, but the house didn't pay much attention however beautiful it might've appeared. In its core, it knew that what really made it beautiful was the humans that had chosen to love it once more.





Cassiana Mefrige '21  
12th grade  
Linocut Print

# Windows to Mystery



## A Favor

Miranda Perez '22

Pearl Blart looked at her cell phone that had just pinged. "Help!" This was the only word her brother texted.

As she proceeded to wake herself up at 5:00 a.m., she finally opened the text and replied, "What is it Paul?" Paul texted, "This is an emergency! I repeat, an emergency! I really need for you to fill in for me today at work as a mall cop!"

Pearl texted back, "Why do I have to?" to which Paul answered, "Because I need to go undercover at Star Mall and I trust you because you are a Blart! You have what it takes to fill in my position for 1 day... so what do you say?"

Pearl replied, "I guess I have nothing better to do.

"Ok, good! I need you to be at Big mall at 8:00 a.m., sharp! You just need to do three things by the time I return at 6:00 p.m.

1. Clean all the segways.
2. Go to the arcade and check on the store.
3. Make sure to not press the big red button when you turn the lights off."

Pearl replied, "Ok. Will do! You can trust me, brother!"

"Alrighty then!" replied Paul. "Have a good but productive day! I will wait for you outside when you lock up the Mall."

"Ok! Bye! Have fun being undercover!

"With that Pearl gets ready for her unexpected but productive day of work ahead of her. Pearl eats her breakfast and heads to work on her electric scooter.

When Pearl arrived she was amazed at how huge the Mall is. A big concrete square building with so many windows and a big segway statue in the middle of the entrance. Pearl gets straight to work and goes to the employee room where the security guards are at. "Is this the place where the mall cops meet?"

"Mall cop?" answered a uniformed man. "We are security guards! Ohhhhh, I see! You must be Paul Blart's sister. He takes this job really seriously but ,yeah, you are in the right place." Pearl replied "I didn't know there was a difference between security guard and mall cop but thanks anyway."

The first thing Pearl needed to do was to clean the segways so she made her way to the segway room and got started with her task. Pearl looked around for some type of cleaner and found some FeBreeze "Ummm... well this shall do for now." Pearl began to clean the segways, and making sure they are spotless to avoid her getting a bad rep. After Pearl cleans the last segway she plugs them all into charge and leaves the FeBreze on a shelf next to the big red button.

Pearl moved on to her next task, walking to the arcade to make sure everything is going smoothly. She sees 5 children all on motorcycles going crazy, acting like they are in a real race. So Pearl leaves the arcade because the kids look like they are having fun. But once she exits the arcade the 5 kids go to the counter where the cashier should be, open the register, steal all the money, and run away. The 5 kids find segways and hop on them and start to make their way to the exit. Pearl hears the alarms go off and goes to the back to get a segway and catch these kids. Pearl goes to the back, sees the big red button, thinks about pressing it, but leaves because it might be dangerous. Pearl slammed the door closed and the FeBreze bottle from earlier fell and landed on the button.

Once Pearl exits the back, she hears kids screaming for their lives at the front of the mall because what that big red button does is create a big plastic circle around the segway so no one can escape since it was stolen. Pearl tries to get them out and she hears a loud sound outside and sees her brother coming into the mall with a huge 2.0 brand new segway.

"What is going on here, Pearl?"

"They were stealing money from the arcade and then the next thing I know they are in big plastic bubbles."

"You pressed that big red button, didn't you?"

"No', I did not! You can check the cameras!" "Ok, fine. Let's go check the cameras but first let's get these kids to their parents and tell them what they have done."

After they found the 5 kids' parents, they checked the cameras and saw what Pearl did in the segway room where the big red button was. They see Pearl cleaning the segways.

Paul said, "Did you really use FeBreze to clean the segways?"

" Pearl replied "Well, it was all I could find"

"Really, Pearl, you had one job"

"OMG! I am shaken!"

Paul asked " Shaken? You are weird! Anyway from a professional mall cop perspec-..."

Pearl said, " You mean 'security guard.'"

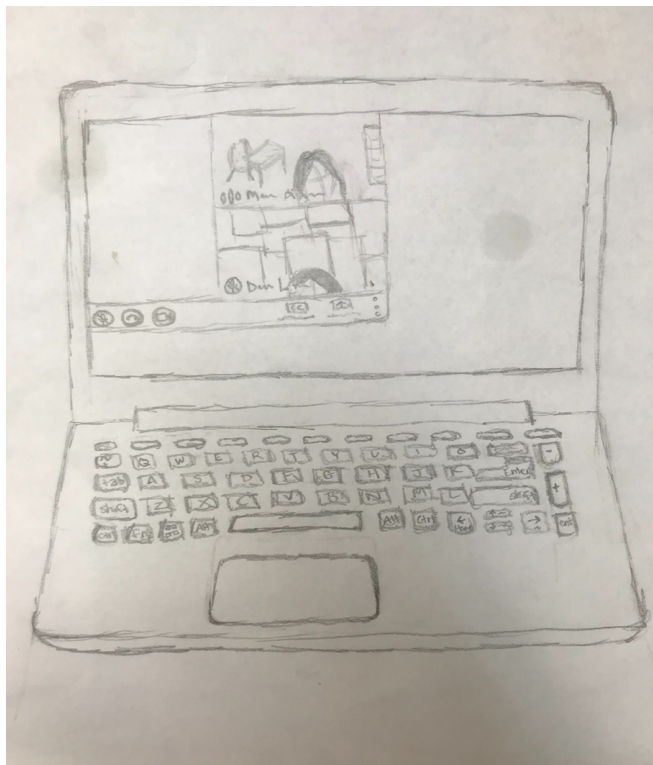
"You did not just say that I am a mall cop not a security guard. I was going to say you did a decent job today but I take it back. I am hurt."

"Sorry, but it is true. That is what an employee here told me"

"Was it Larry? It must have been! He hates when I say mall cop but that is what we are. He thinks I take this job too seriously but this is what I love to do!"

Pearl said, "Well thanks for today, but this is not what I love to do. I love to sleep! So bye, Paul, I shall see you one day! Peace."

"Bye, Pearl!" Paul thought, "This girl is crazy to think she would question me being a mall cop! Ugh! But this is my duty as...PAUL BLART."



Adira Benner Cuasay '26  
Laptop  
Pencil

### **A Friend in Need**

Palak Wadhwa ' 21

Sandra looked at her cell phone that had just pinged. "Help!" This was the only word her friend texted.

Jumping out of bed in her pajamas, grabbing her car keys, Sandra ran down the stairs at a 50-mile-per-minute speed.

"Sandra, where are you going at 12:00 am?" questioned Eliza.

"It's Cassy! She needs me. Bye, Mom," Sandra replied.

From the bed to the car Sandra had thousands of thoughts and mixed emotions.

"Is she okay? What could go wrong? The worst – Cassy's wedding got canceled. Right. Oh, my goodness" worried Sandra.

"Come on, damn it! pick up your phone, Ca..." Losing control of the car, Sandra hit a building. Glass shattered, furniture flew, Sandra screamed. The car finally came to a stop. Trying to open her eyes and figuring out what just happened, Sandra regained conscious. Her head was bleeding, everything was hurting like people stabbing and throwing rocks at her. She could see Cassy's house. It seemed so near yet so far.

"I need to get to Cassy now. I need to get out," Sandra sobbed. "I just need to get out of the car and walk like 10 steps to reach to Cassy. I can do this."

The seatbelt was locked. Sandra tried to get the belt out, but it wasn't working. Finally, she saw the scissors in her cup holder and managed to get them and cut the seatbelt.

Sandra tried and tried but wasn't able to move. Moving in different directions, she pushed herself up, down, left, and right but nothing happened. It was like somebody put the super glue on the seat.

"What's happening? Why can't I move?" Sandra mumbled, "Where are my legs? I cannot feel my legs."

"No, no, no this can't be happening. I cannot have a panic attack not now," panicked Sandra.

"Deep breath... 100, 97, 94, 91... I am fine. I can get out of this," cried Sandra  
"AAAAHHH... okay, okay almost there, I can reach the..." And the car exploded. "Boom!" Tearing everything down into pieces, flames rising like stars, greyish-black smoke entering the night sky followed by dead silence. .

Heart pounding and sweat running down the spine, Sandra could feel the blood flowing in her vessels like running an Iron Man. Her hands were shaking from the fear.

Trying to catch her breath. Sandra looked around while sitting on her bed and realized that was a nightmare.

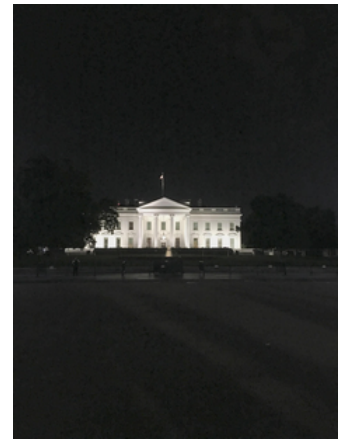
Sandra looked at her phone as it beeped. "Help!" This was the only thing Cassy messaged her.

"Feels like Déjà vu" Sandra thought.

"Everything okay? Are you hurt? Did your wedding get canceled? Did something happen to your family? What's wrong?" called Sandra.

"Good morning to you too," said Cassy. "Calm down! I am fine. I need help in picking out footwear which matches my wedding dress, that's all. I mean, for now I have like thousands of things I need to get done. So, hurry up! And get here."

"Seriously!" exclaimed Sandra. "You sent me a text message saying 'help' and not explaining? What if I would have died on the way to your house because of your text!"



**The White House**

Tatyana Ramon ' 22



**From ash to ash**

Kierstin Salinas' 22



**The ones you know**

Miranda Perez' 22