

Declaration of Stephanie Santos

- I, Stephanie Santos, hereby declare:
- 1. I am a 12th grade student at Manual Arts HS, in Los Angeles. Manual Arts is a multitrack, year-round school with three tracks. I am on the A track. I am in the magnet program, and I am taking several Advanced Placement classes this year, including AP government and AP American Literature. I am 17 years old.
- 2. We don't have enough books and the books that we have are in bad condition. Many of the pages in my AP government book and my math book are ripped out, and you can barely see the pages that aren't ripped out because there's writing on them. When my government teacher tells us to look at the definitions of the words in the back of the book, sometimes I can't do it because the pages aren't there. We use the book in class every day, and at least once a week I look for a page in the book and it is ripped out. My math book is really old too. It is from 1986. There are things written all over the pages, and sometimes the writing on the pages covers over the formulas that I need. I need to refer back to formulas on certain pages in my math book in order to do homework, but some of the formulas in my book are so covered with writing that I can't even see them.
- The Bathrooms at Manual Arts are dirty and a lot of them are locked. There is one clean bathroom in the main building but it is mostly for visiting parents and administrators to use. The other bathrooms that students are supposed to use are gross, and a lot of them are locked during the day anyway. The bathroom in the science building is always locked, and so is the one in the P.E. building. The only bathroom that is usually open is the one in Wilson Hall, but there is almost never any toilet paper or soap in it and it is really dirty. The toilets in that bathroom leak water when you flush them and water flows all over the floor. I think they only put toilet paper in it once a day and it is usually gone by lunchtime. There was soap in that bathroom on Thursday, October 25, 2001, but before that there wasn't soap for at least two weeks. Even when there is soap, it is foamy and smelly and it doesn't get your hands clean. A lot of the time I just hold it and wait until I get home to use the bathroom.

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- 4. It is always crowded during the passing periods because there are too many students. We only have six minutes to get to class and it is hard to be on time because there are students blocking the halls and it takes a long time to get through the crowds. You have to hold your books close in front of you so that you don't knock people over with them and it is like a maze trying to get to class. For example, I am supposed to have fifteen minutes for nutrition between my homeroom class and my chemistry class, but I never get that much time because it takes me so long to get from homeroom to nutrition. I have to wait in my homeroom class even after the bell rings because there are students blocking the door and I can't open it. Then I have to fight my way through the crowd to nutrition. By the time I get to the senior Quad, where I usually eat, I only have less than five minutes to eat before chemistry class starts.
- 5. For the first two weeks of class during the 2001-2002 school year there were 40 students in my AP American Literature. There were not enough desks for everyone, so students had to sit on top of a table that had boxes of books stacked on it instead of desks. Sometimes students had to sit on top of the teacher's desk and the teacher had to stand. When students got to class late the teacher made them stand next to the pencil sharpener for the whole class because there was no place for them to sit. I always rushed to class so that I would get a desk. The teacher had to start another AP American Literature class during his free period so that there would be room for all of the students. Some other students and I moved to the new class, which only has 12 students, but there are still about 30 students in the old class because most students couldn't change their schedules. The new class is better because we get to talk to the teacher more about the assignments and ask questions and he has more time to talk to us.
- 6. There are too many students for each counselor to handle, so students often get placed in the wrong classes. When I was a 9th grader they put me in an Algebra class even though I had already taken the class the year before, in junior high. When I was a 10th grader, I was supposed to take a biology class but I didn't get in one, so I had to take 10th grade biology during my 11th grade year. It is really hard to get the counselors to put you back in the right class because they never have time to talk to you. I tried to talk to my counselor before the 2001-2002

school year started to make sure I was in the right classes, but it took me three weeks to speak with her. I called two weeks before school started and left a message for her but she never called me back. Then I called one week before school started but she never called back, and the secretary told me not to call anymore. When I got to school, I went to talk to the counselor but they told me that she was on vacation for the first week of school. I had to put my name on a list of students waiting to have their classes changed. On the day the counselor got back from vacation, I waited in the counselor's office for half of the school day for a chance to talk to her, and I missed my 2nd through 5th period classes that day. Finally I got assigned to the right classes.

7. Some of the buildings at Manual Arts are really old and dingy. The ceiling tiles in the Doolittle building are old and falling down. I think that some tiles have been missing since 1998, when I first came to Manual Arts. A lot of the tiles that are left have yellow stains on them from water leaking through the ceiling. The lights in the hallways are usually off and I think they are broken a lot of the time.

I declare under penalty of perjury of the laws of the State of California and the United States that the foregoing is true and correct. Executed this 2 day of November, 2001 in Los Angeles, California.

Stephanie Santos