

Atticus Literary & Arts Magazine



Spring 2024

Welcome to *Atticus* Spring 2024!

Atticus Literary & Arts Magazine is the home of student artwork at Arrupe Jesuit High School! From poetry to literature, paintings to photography, *Atticus* has it all. The editorial team is proud to publish this Spring 2024 issue, featuring work from every grade level, and including the winner of the first ever *Atticus* Short Fiction Contest:

Angel Sepulveda ('26)

We would also like to recognize our runner-up in the fiction contest, **Uriel Lamas ('26)**. Congratulations to you both!

The staff of *Atticus* is also very excited to announce our first **collaboration with *Pedro's Post***, the premier student newspaper at AJHS! You will find hard-hitting stories from our best student journalists in this issue of the magazine.

We hope you enjoy the final issue of the 2023-24 school year!

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Cover: "*Cupid & Grizzly Peaks*"

Photo: Ms. Shumway

Back Cover: Artwork by Vincent McManus



Artwork by Vincent McManus

Anastasia's Monster

by Angel Sepulveda

1st Annual Atticus Fiction Contest Winner

Anastasia frantically ran through the forest, her legs and arms becoming tattered from the sharp thorns of withered rose bushes. A crooked grin spread across her father's face, foul breath escaping his nose through flared nostrils, his teeth grinding like a knife being sharpened on a stone. She stumbled down a small crevice in the surrounding area, hoping her father would give up and leave. His posture became slumped, he seemed more relaxed compared to his previous restlessness. With a defeated sigh, he begins to make his way out of the forest, leaves crinkling under his large combat boots. He stopped dead in his tracks the moment the dark, eerie forest went silent. The birds had stopped their chirping, the wind held its breath, the trees became paralyzed with fear. Anastasia could only catch a glimpse of her father, the cruel, crooked grin had been wiped off his face completely, now replaced with a clenched jaw, followed by shallow breaths. Anastasia's thoughts of hatred and resentment lost her, her breath caught in her throat as she witnessed the grim scene in front of her. After a series of loud, convulsive gasps, Anastasia climbed out of her hiding place. She could hear the gurgling sound coming from her father as crimson liquid stained his clothes. His once sky blue eyes were now replaced with fleshy, endless pits. The gurgling stopped, his body laid limp. Anastasia was not stricken with fear as she was before, she felt no guilt, no remorse, no sympathy. The forest would have a fresh meal and new bones to decorate the tree's branches. They would look so beautiful. Anastasia shifted her gaze up to where she heard a husky and strangled, almost artificial voice. It sounded as if someone had taken the voice of a person and mixed it with the low guttural growl of a starving, bloodthirsty creature. The voice sounded forced, as if to trick any passerby into thinking they had found a companion to travel with in these haunting woods. A dreadful figure met her gaze, its disheveled fur spattered and soiled with blood and flesh. Even then, it was not its matted, bloody fur that made the creature unclean. Anastasia had stopped her sobbing, the feeling of distress now replaced with a sense of comfort and content. Its white, bloodshot eyes darted frantically before resting on her. It began to approach Anastasia, sitting at her feet, towering at least 3 feet above her. Its monstrous paws resembled those of a gray wolf. A deer skull covering its head and an elongated snout with sharp fangs protruding from the bottom. Anastasia reached out, wanting to know how a monster felt. The creature was ice cold, like a decaying body in the morgue. Its cold, gentle breath hit her face. The monster lowered itself, allowing Anastasia to pet its head. Anastasia wondered where it had come from, what it was, why it had eliminated her father with one, swift blow. It was as if the monster had read her mind, it began to speak, "Anastasia...my creator...**our** creator". Anastasia had created him. He was her monster. Anastasia's monster. Anastasia sat down in the grass, watching as the crimson petals on the roses withered from the monster's presence alone. Anastasia remembered a poem she heard long ago, "Even a man who is pure in heart and says his prayers by night, may become a wolf when the wolfbane blooms and the autumn moon is bright".

Light of Day

by Uriel Lamas

1st Annual Atticus Fiction Contest Runner-Up

As a boy woke up one morning he prepared for school. He put on his clothes and his lunch. He opened his door and went outside. Has he stepped out a dog came up to him for his lunch. He ignored the dog and started to cross the street when he heard the screeching of the tires of a car. The dog instantly pushes him and himself away from the road. In shock, the boy runs away into the woods to not get in trouble. As he runs the dog follows him deeper into the woods. As the boy stops to take a breath he spots an old house. He walks up to it and opens the door. He walks in while the dog follows. He closes the door behind him. As he explores the rooms he finds a monocular telescope on one of the shelves. He decides to keep it and puts it in his pocket. Suddenly the boy hears a creak outside the front door. He and the dog run into a room and shut the door. The boy hears the front door opening and footsteps walking to the room door. The doorknob rattled for a couple of seconds. Then the boy heard kicks at the door. The door was slowly getting broken down. He ran to the closest window and opened it. He jumped out with the dog following right behind him. The door breaks down. They start to run deeper into the forest going up a small mountain. As they ran a fog started to block the boy's sight. The boy struggled to see but the dog guided him. Through the mist, the dog leads him to a grove of blackberry bushes covering the forest floor. They ran into the grove and hid and lay in the bushes. They heard footsteps walking past them until the footsteps faded away. The boy and the dog got out of the grove with cuts and bruises on his arms. The boy sees sunlight on the top of the small mountain. He and the dog start to walk toward the sunlight. As they get closer the fog starts to go away and the forest becomes less dense. When they finally reach the top of the small mountain. They are able to see the sunlight. The boy and dog rest at the top. The boy is able to see his house across the road. At his house, he sees red and blue lights on the road. He takes out his monocle telescope and looks down. He sees his father talking to a police officer while her mother is crying. He looks at the road and sees a car with broken lights and a broken hood. In front of the car, there is a white tarp covering a body. He stops looking and looks into the forest. In the fog, he can see the shadowy figure of the man. The man is just standing there not wanting to go into the light. He looks at the dog laying on some stairs made of clouds. The boy goes to the stairs. The dog gets up. They both start climbing up the stairs leaving the dark forest behind.

What does it really mean?

LOVE

Love

love

It's scary

It's Sweet

It's a lot at once

Love means so much

Sometimes I scream.

We say it with "I love you"

When truly, is it for true love or just for liking?

Love, sometimes, is lost,

It sometimes holds a few lies.

It's not always bright...

Love is unfair

For it holds meanings for anything.

Standards don't seem to exist,

for it is the same for each

and everything.

Love love *love*

What does love really mean?

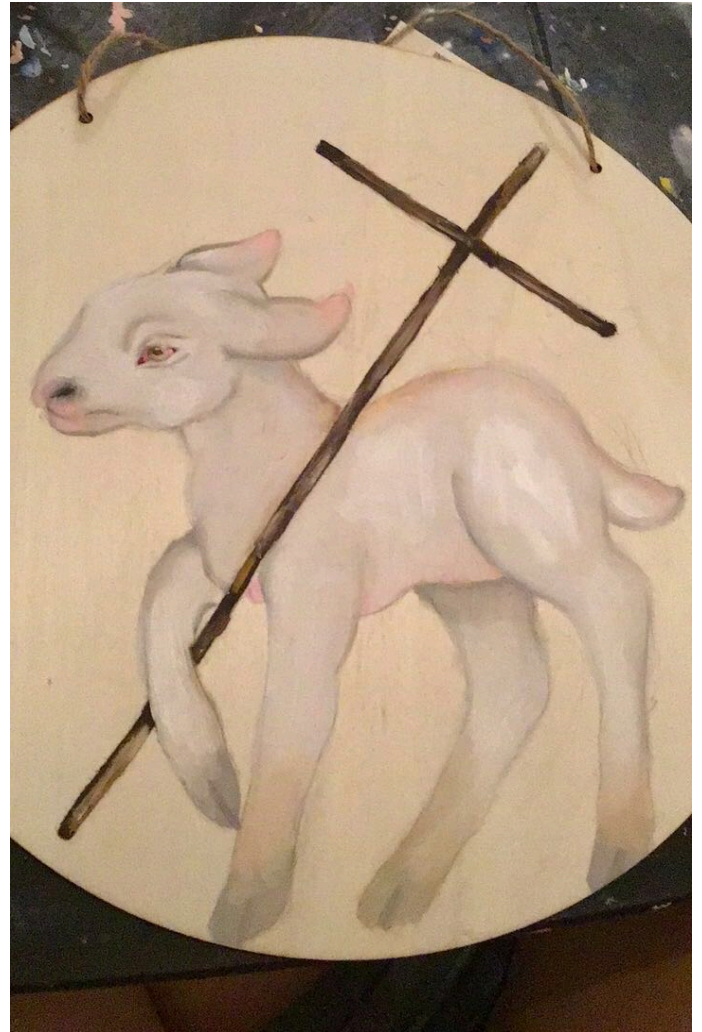
I can't seem to find the meaning.

But I hope I do soon...

For love is beautiful

In each and every way... even though it might be a bit dim

- JASH



Artwork by Angel Sepulveda

The Desert

Words and Artwork by Vincent McManus

As the desert finally wept
For the souls that now rest
The chaos now calm
Now having the torture lain To nest
The glory that was once new
Now old and undo

The flame all used
Just a bit of an amber run-through
The minerals now crept
And scattered around
Like the small critters
All stumbling, and crowding around

The lights with no shine
With the darkness creeping into
Desert now deserted
Wind now passed through
The souls given up
Resting until It is a given a chance
to be,
Renewed.



“CHSAA Spirit State Champions”

From the pages of *Pedro's Post*

by Jasmine Mares ('27), Editor, AJHS

On Thursday, December 7th, Arrupe's cheer team competed at the CHSAA Spirit State Championships. Arrupe remained an undefeated school in the cheer division all the way up to this point. In order to make it into the championships, Arrupe's team had to compete in a prelim session where they came in first place! Arrupe's cheer team was grateful to God for this opportunity but were also very nervous because a few members of the team were battling injuries. The team put their all into competing in the championships. When the time for awards came, the team wasn't sure what to expect since they had competed against lots of very good teams.

As soon as they heard the announcer call out: “Arrupe Jesuit, the 2023-2024 state champions,” they felt extremely humbled and proud of themselves.

The team celebrated their victory with each other and thanked God for the wonderful experience. A huge shout out to the cheer team and Coach Mandi! If you see any of them around school, tell them congratulations on their big win!



Photo: Coach Lopez



Artwork by Angel Sepulveda

If-

if you were a rose,
I'd water you every day...

if you were a rose,
I'd protect you
and make sure you never withered away.

if you were a rose,
I'd take millions of photos, to make sure you last forever.

if you were a rose
my sketchbook would be filled with you,
with just how much I love you...

if you were a rose,
you'd be my favorite among them all

if you were a rose,
I'd make sure
death could never touch you
at all...

-JASH 3/25/24

01

Sueño todos los días con estar a tu lado
Que me digas que me amas más que a nadie
Sueño con tus labios de cereza
Y esos ojos que brillan como dos estrellas

Me encantaría dormir para siempre
Encontrarte en cada uno de mis sueños
Viviendo una vida llena de armonía
Y con la fortaleza de la artesanía
- Anonymous



Saint Vrain Mountain
Photo: Ms. Shumway

The Silent Words

By Yamilette Renteria

It's the quietest times I feel the loudest
Sitting silent in the corner
Moments that aren't my proudest

I try to turn my thoughts into words instead
But the closest I get is muttering under my breath
I guess that why people opt to leave me alone
Leaving me with more thoughts,
and why I should go home

Its the fear
That keeps me from saying too much

The more quiet I am
The less there is to judge

Maybe I play it too safe, I dont take risks too often,
Too quick to blame other people, I forget im the problem

I would say thank you for listening to me
air myself out

But you didn't hear me

How could you?

...

I never said any of this out loud...

Dead of Night

Once upon a midnight dreary,
In London's shadowed streets, where darkness dwells,
A phantom roamed, a tale the city tells.
A specter veiled in whispers and despair,
Jack the Ripper, cruel, beyond compare.
With blade in hand, he danced in silent gloom,
A specter of the night, a harbinger of doom,
His presence, like a raven's croaking cry,
Brought terror to the streets, where echoes lie.
As swift as shadows, in the alley's maze,
He moved, a wraith, through London's foggy haze.
A sliver of the moon his only guide,
In the black sea of night, where secrets hide.
His eyes, like coals, with malevolence a gleam,
A metaphor of evil in a wicked dream.
His victims, lost like leaves in autumn's sway,
Fell prey to his desire, in the cold of day.
Personified, the city wept and sighed,
Its cobbled heart in fear, with anguish tied.
As if the very bricks cried out in dread,
For innocence was gone, the city bled.
Exact rhyme in death, as crimson torrents spilled,
In Whitechapel, where the air with dread was filled.
Each victim's fate a twisted, mournful song,
In the realm of horror, where the night was long.
The Ripper's name in whispers, sly as sin,
A slant rhyme of terror, dread from within.
His haunting laughter, like a macabre rhyme,
Echoed in the darkness, through the mists of time.
In whispered tales, two alliterations wove,
Of blood-soaked streets where the Reaper strove.
With menace masked in shadows, he'd appear,
A ghostly waltz, a nightmare, a deathly fear.

So, in the pages of history, he'll stay,
Jack the Ripper, who stalked the night's array,
A simile of darkness, in London's heart,
A figure etched in fear, set far apart.

- Anonymous

-Artwork by Angel Sepulveda



“Celebrating Our School’s Namesake”
From the pages of *Pedro’s Post*
by Edith Lomeli De Luna (‘27), Editor, AJHS

Fr. Arrupe’s birthday was celebrated on November 14th! As Arrupe’s school’s namesake, they always celebrate it together as a community. This year Ms. Blatner, Mr. Horning, Mr. Hotop, and Mr. Lovinguth gave out cupcakes during lunch and the Arrupe community sang Happy Birthday to Pedro. On the school’s Instagram, they posted lots of pictures and videos to show our respect and love for Fr. Arrupe. Fr. Arrupe was a Spanish priest who dedicated his life to helping

others. Fr. Arrupe ministered to the Hiroshima people after the atomic bomb hit. He was the 28th Superior General which led us to calling ourselves the Generals in honor of him. He studied medicine until he felt a calling from God to abandon that and join the Society of Jesuits in 1927. “The cupcakes were wonderful and I felt inspired by Father Arrupe’s determination and faith.”



Photo: Keyla Aguilar Villaon (‘27)



Artwork by Rafael Fazykhanov

ГАСРУЭАБ



перука



зонт



Ромео



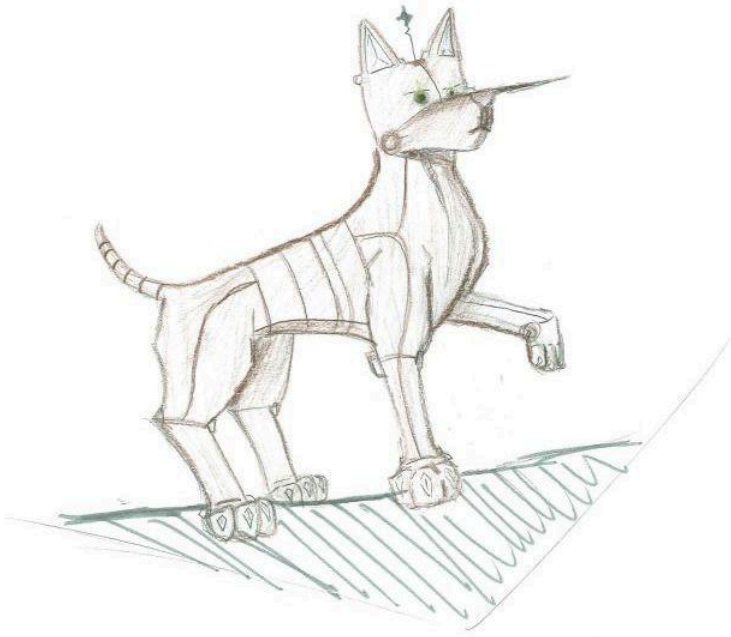
Student Interpretations - The Mechanical Hound from Ray Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451*

"The dim light of one in the morning, the moonlight from the open sky framed through the great window, touched here and there on the **brass and the copper and the steel** of the faintly trembling beast. Light flickered on bits of **ruby glass** and on **sensitive capillary hairs in the nylon-brushed nostrils** of the creature that quivered gently, gently, gently, its **eight legs spidered under it** on **rubber-padded paws...**"

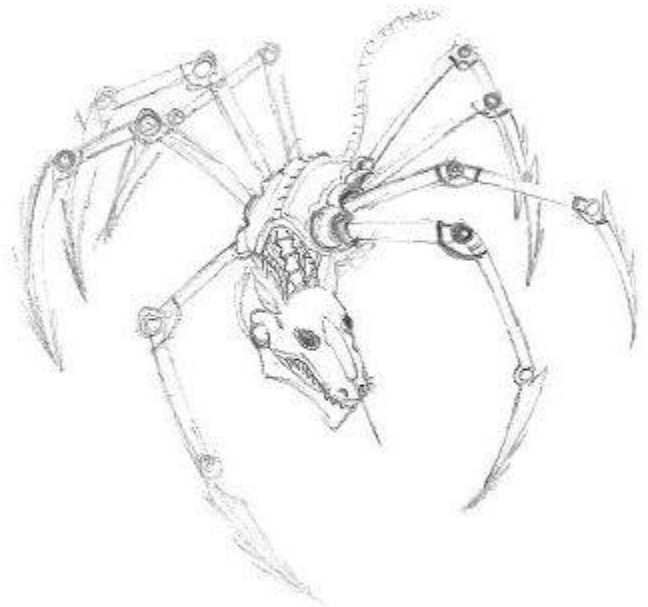
Ray Bradbury, *Fahrenheit 451*



Artwork by Mariapaz Gamarra

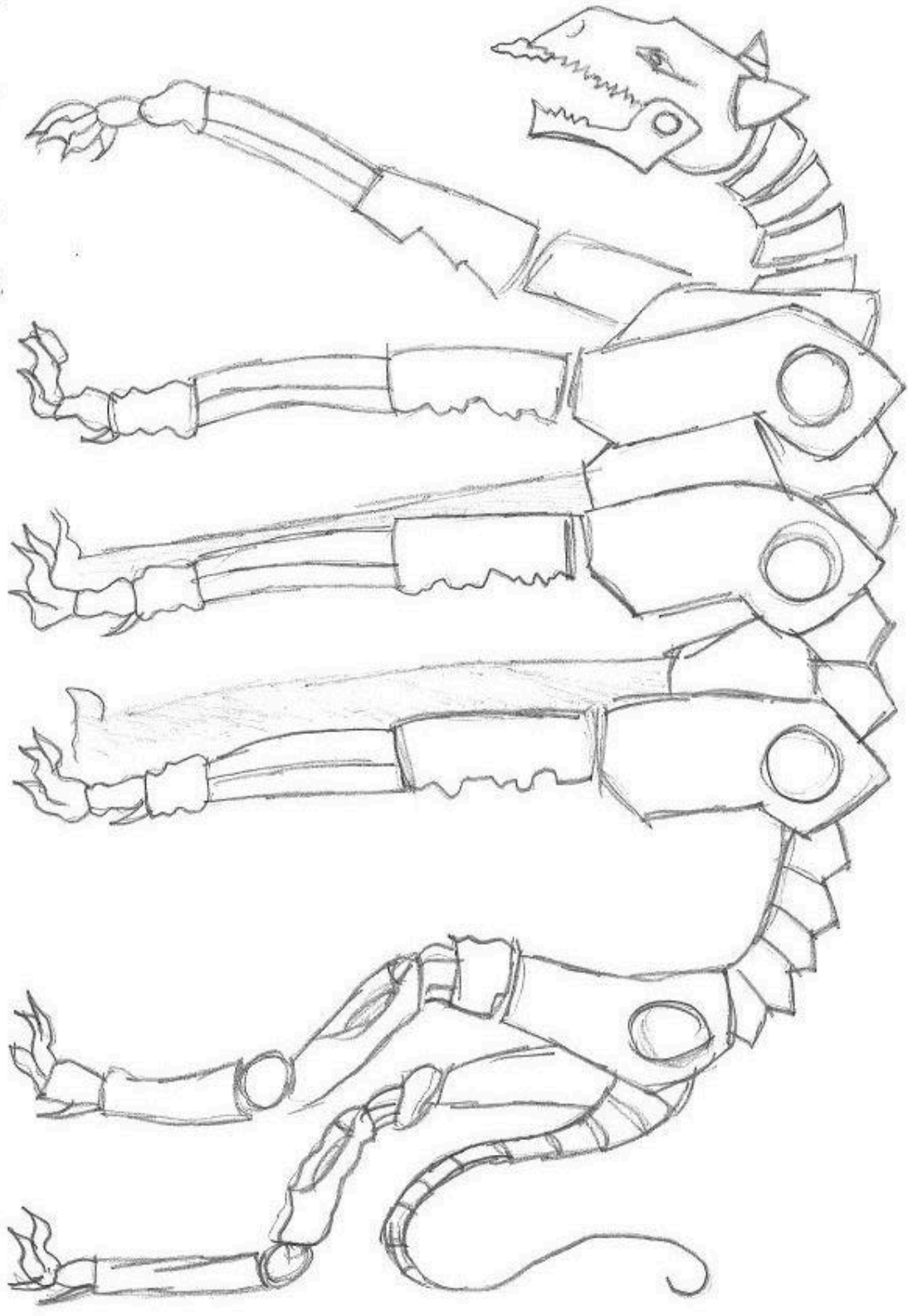


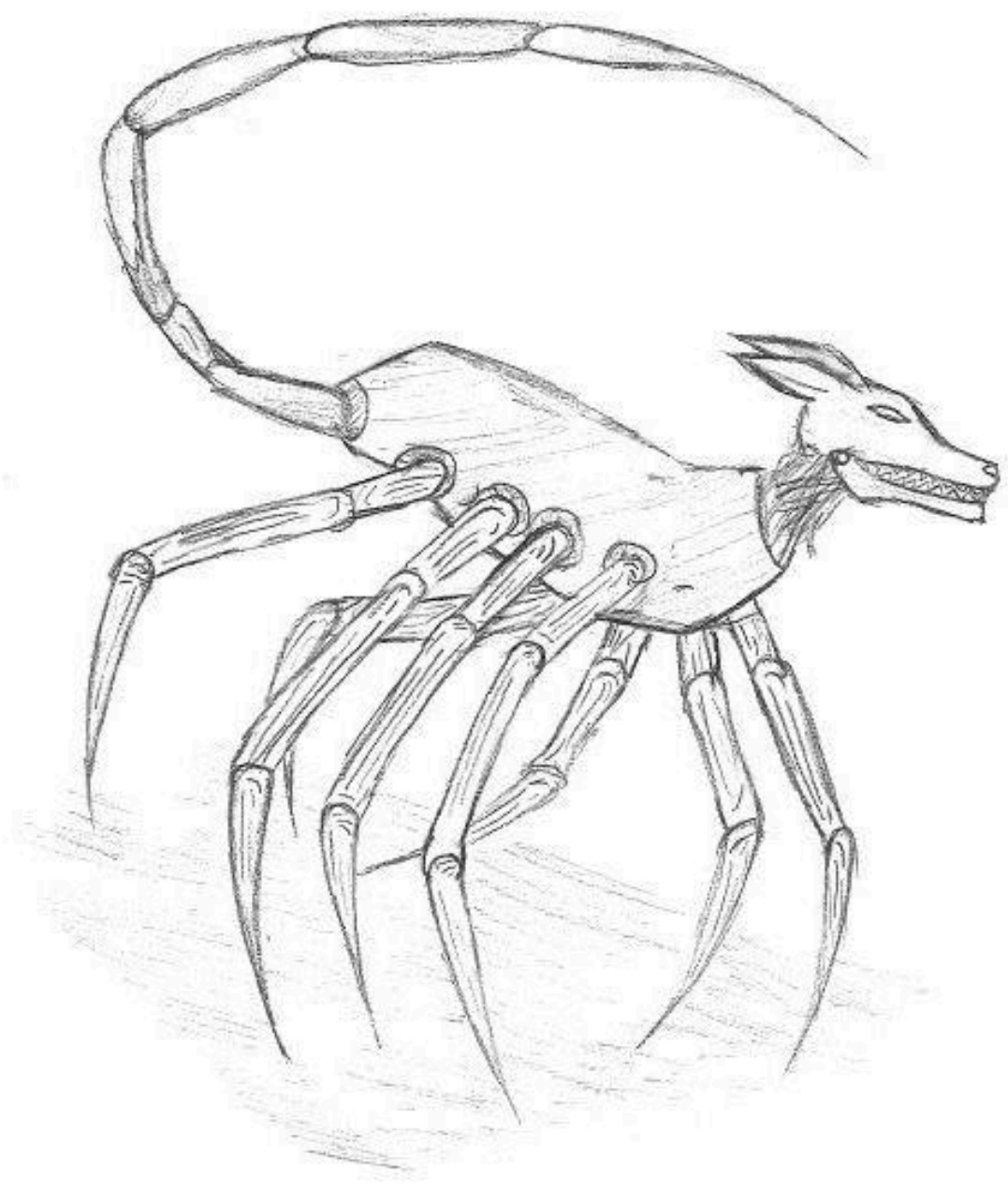
Artwork by Angely Torres



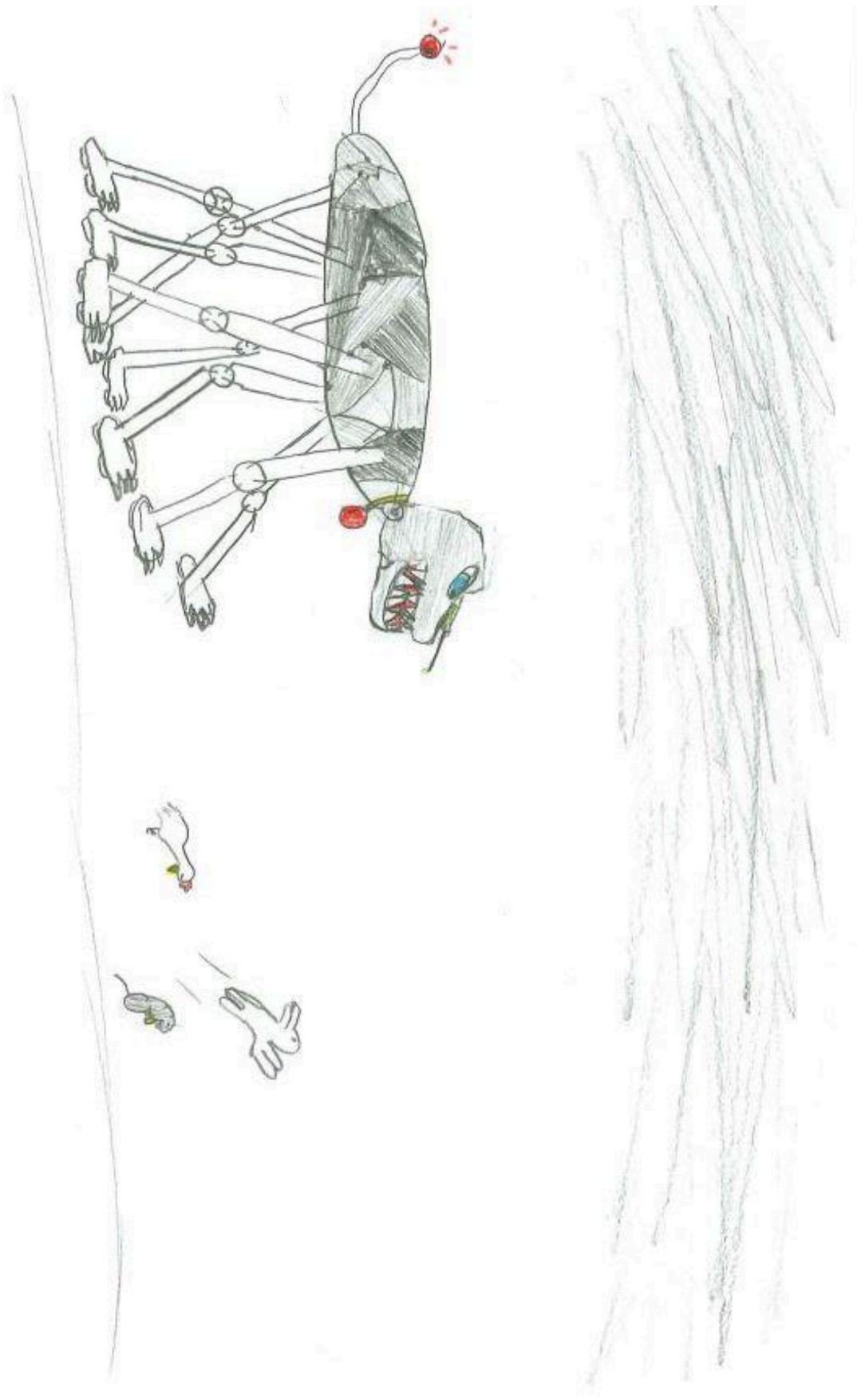
Artwork by Angel Delgado

Terrapina villosiponda Rivera





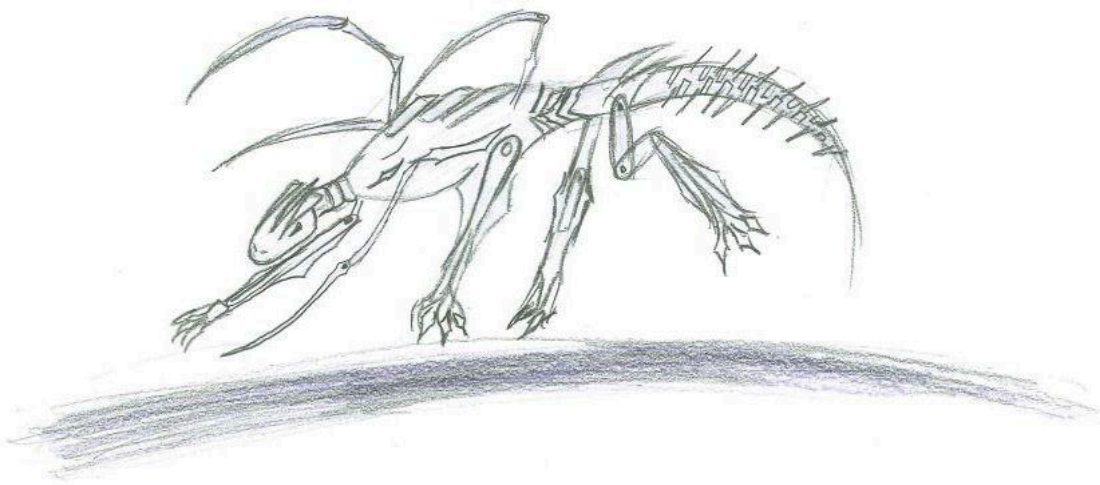
Artwork by Zariah Whitfield



Artwork by Brandon Grijalva



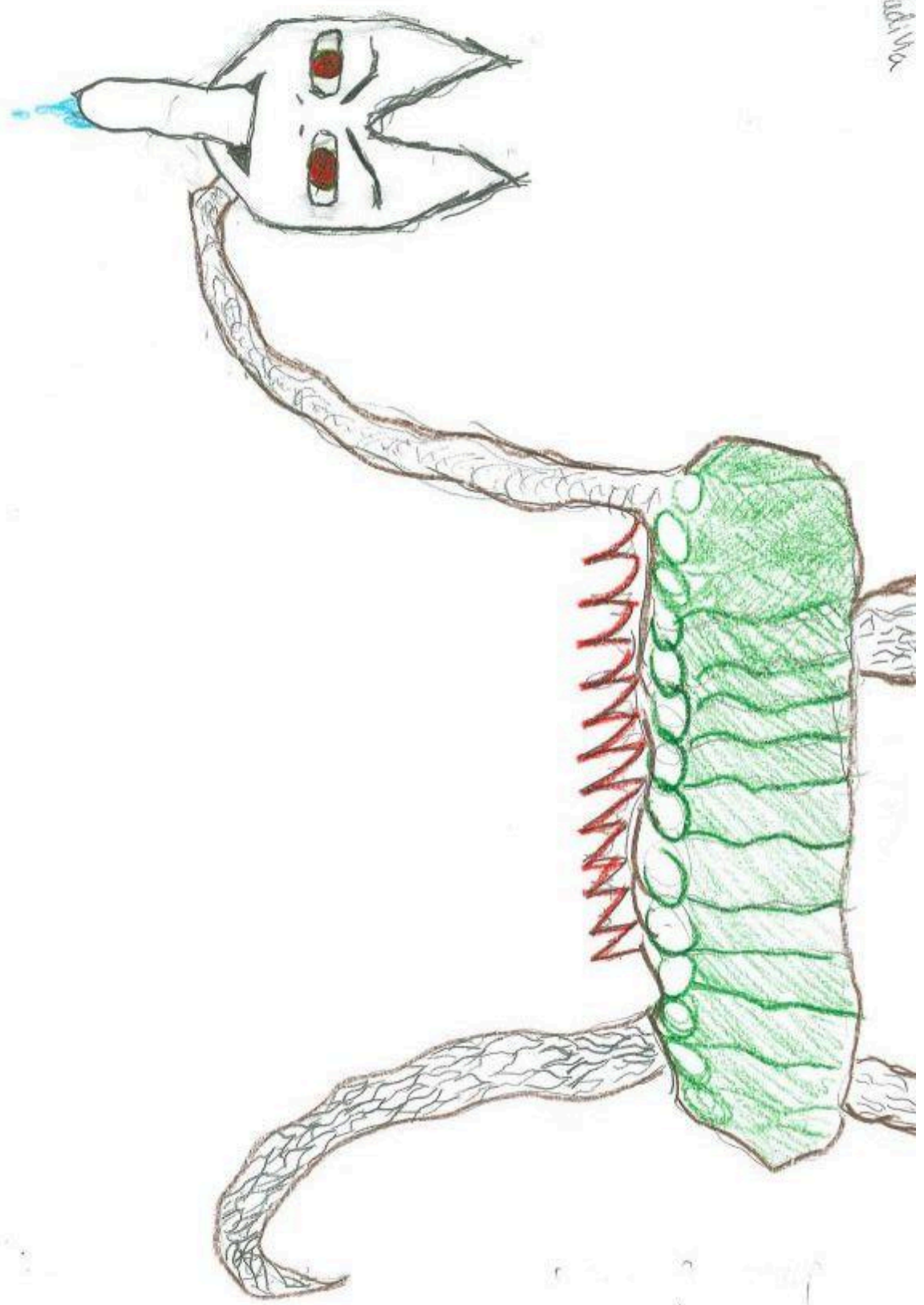
Artwork by Juan
Herrada



Aidan

Artwork by Aidan Ramirez

Ennon Padiwa



A Concrete Jungle Tattered In Color

Photos and Words by Elijah Mancillas

The Concrete Jungle in the heart,

The heart holds culture

The culture holds meaning

Depicted by community-

They tatter the Concrete



Giving life to old gray stone

The concrete starts to bloom

With color popping out every corner and alley,

The concrete jungle gained life-

Throughout its 12 floored valley



Holding its culture with sprayed on portraits

Depicting the communities main politic

The valley of art

Becomes its own district



Finding names to be called within its years

The Concrete Jungle reappears

As stronger than ever,

It gives no sense of getting slow

Since this Concrete Jungle has the heart of a RiNo



Denver International Airport

In the shadowed halls of Denver's domain,
Where secrets whisper, and rumors reign,
The airport stands, a fortress of art,
Yet beneath its surface, a darker part.

A mural painted, a puzzling scene,
Conspiracies swirl, what does it mean?
Strange symbols, a message unclear,
Fueling suspicions, drawing near.

The horse of blue, with glowing eyes,
A harbinger of doom, beneath the skies.
Its creator fell, crushed in its making,
A tragic tale, hearts left aching.

Beneath the floors, tunnels unseen,
A labyrinthine network, where truths convene.
Are they for baggage, or something more?
Whispers persist, adding to the lore.

An apocalyptic horse, a mural with clues,
Conspiracies abound, yet who can choose?
The truth from fiction, in this enigmatic place,
Where art and secrets, interlace.

So wanderers beware, as you pass through,
The Denver airport, with its mysteries in view.
Conspiracies linger, in the art and the air,
A riddle unsolved, a tale of despair.

- Anonymous

The Void

by Vincent McManus

The endless, deepest void
A never-ending pit
Of pain, of sorrow, of sow
There hasn't been happiness
there wasn't any sorrow

The infinity around us
Following and true
It's a constant reminder
That everything will be due
The want, the need
The requirement to be true

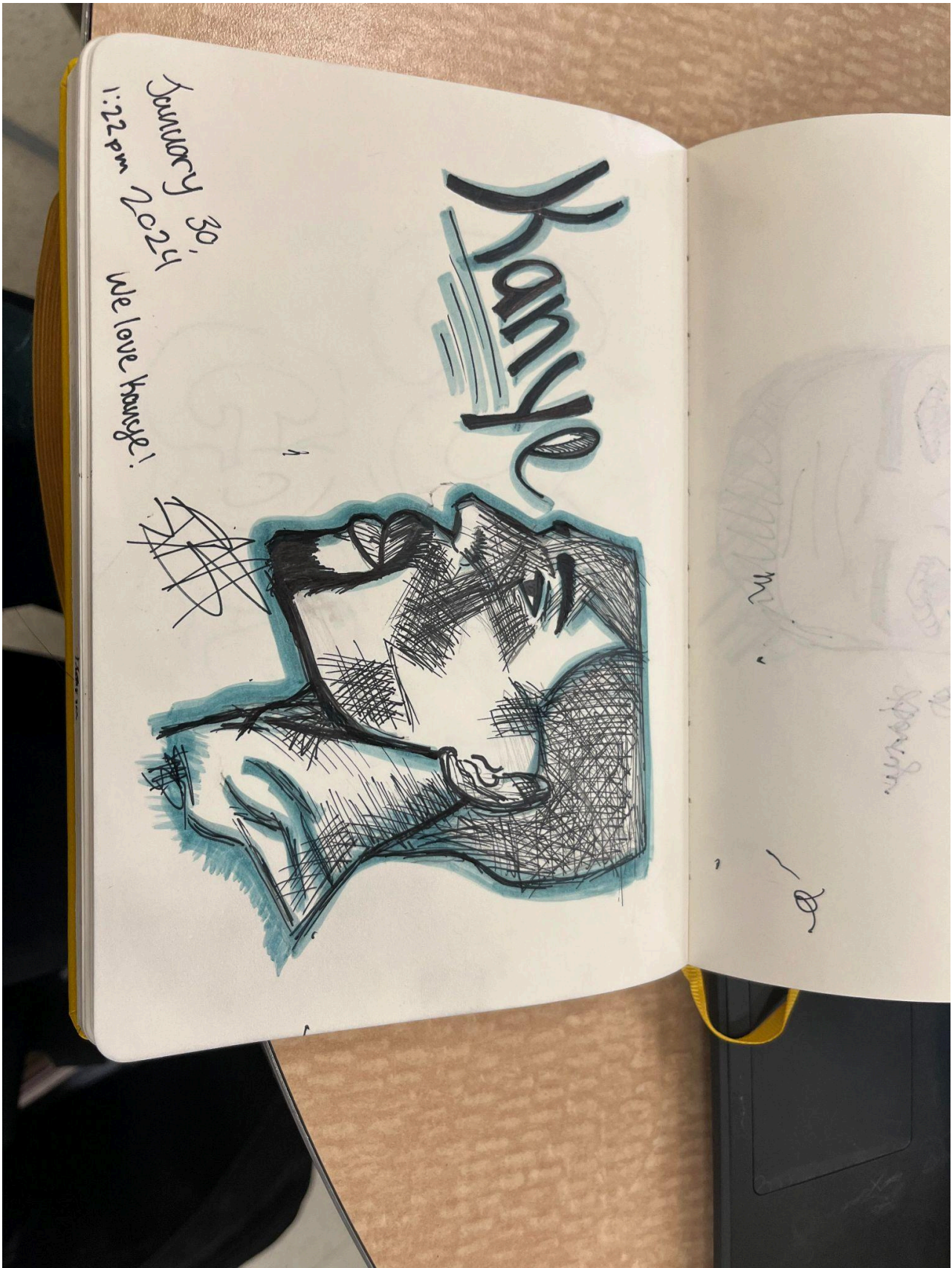
The missing, the lost
And all that its been through
They hate, they greed,
So knowing all of that
It has lost what was once new,
Now being weary
And crumbled through.

The knowledge now lost
The hate now run through
The pain, the sorrow, the sew
The need, the greed, the want to be new
All thrown, all through, just to be you

It is the void, It's the empty
It's the missing, one that now rules
The abyss is the greed
And the emptiness is all,
You.



Artwork by Vincent McManus



Artwork by Diana Caldera Medina

Ver tu sonrisa me alegra el día
Ver tus ojos brillar ilumina mi noche

Verte volar y ser libre me alegra,
Eres como una mariposa libre y feliz

Volando por el mundo con tus alas hermosas,
Las mariposas no ven su belleza como nosotros

Tu eres como ellas, no ves lo que yo veo en ti
Y deja decir que tu eres mi mariposa favorita.

- Anonymous

03

Mi corazón está lleno de amor,
Mi corazón está lleno de alegría
Pero por amor mi corazón sufre dolor,
Y mi corazón se hunde en la agonía

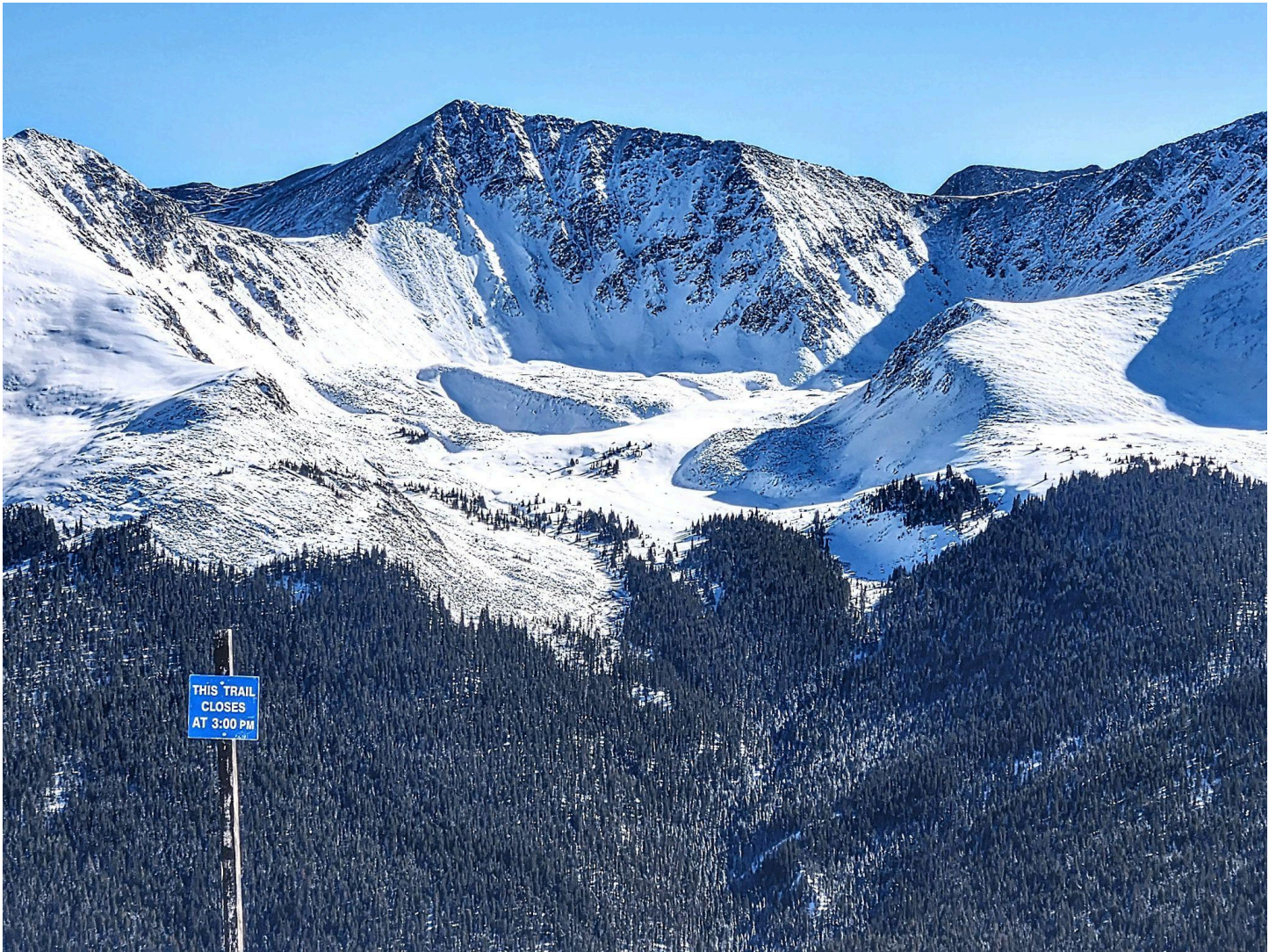
Todo sonaba en perfecta armonía
Era perfecto y se sentía correcto
Poco a poco la armonía componía
Todo lo que en el fondo estaba roto.

- Anonymous

AJHS

Un lugar en el que puedes ser tú
Y te sientas bienvenida sin importar tus raíces
Un lugar para acercarse a Dios y a ti mismo
Para conocer tu propósito en la vida
Arrupe es ese lugar en el que perteneces
Y sientes alegría de estar ahí
Arrupe te ayuda a crecer y aprender
Te ayuda a entender que eres importante

- Anonymous



"Trail Closed"

Backcountry Skiing Copper Mountain. Winter 2024.

Photo: Mr. Volpe

“Connecting with our Roots at La Raza Leadership Conference”

From the pages of *Pedro's Post*

Angelica Flores ('27), Writer, AJHS

La Raza Youth Leadership Conference was hosted on the 27th of October by Rudy Gonzales, former CEO and president of the Colorado Servicios La Raza. Servicios la Raza is a non-profit organization that helps the Latin community prosper, providing different opportunities and help to those in need. It was hosted at the North West Regis University campus. The meeting started with a delicious breakfast. Conchas, muffins, and coffee were given out. During check-in, a mariachi performance set a cheerful mood. This was followed by a resource fair where students were exposed to many different beneficial programs, such as career mentorship, university scholarships, financial aid, and support for DACA renewal. After breakfast, students headed to their workshops. Out of the 500 youth that participated, 7 Arrupe students attended . La Raza Servicio is hoping to expand the meeting statewide next year.

There were a total of 70 workshops that covered everything from traditional Mexican holistic practice to advice on mental health, how to maintain a safe relationship, the history of the Chicano movement, and even how racism is promoted in different ways. “It was a fun and eye-opening experience. It made me feel closer to my background and culture as a whole because usually, schools don't teach much about Mexican and Native American culture. So, it was pretty amazing getting to learn about that even though it was just a couple of things,” said Natalie Saenz Guillen ('27). After eating some delicious burritos, students witnessed an Aztec dance performance honoring the ancestors who fought for the right to be here. Finally, the meeting ended with a speech about how Chicanos should always be proud of where they come from, their roots, and their culture.



Photo: Angelica Flores



Artwork by Vincent McManus

