

Afficus

Literary

Art Magazine



Winter 2015-2016

Opening Prayer

○ Creator of the universe, who has set the stars in the heavens and causes the sun to rise and set, shed the light of your wisdom into the darkness of my mind.

Fill my thoughts with the loving knowledge of you, that I may bring your light to others.

Just as you can make even babies speak your truth, instruct my tongue and guide my pen to convey the wonderful glory of the Gospel.

Make my intellect sharp, my memory clear, and my words eloquent, so that I may faithfully interpret the mysteries which you have revealed.

Saint Thomas Aquinas (1225-1274)



by Daniela Mendoza

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A Poem to you

It is the year 2015
The year where I watch people abasing themselves
For a simple approval of society
Which the approval never comes and it just leaves you feeling empty
And alone inside,
It is almost Compulsory all it demands of us
But why does Society have so much power over us
That power that makes us forget what was ever important to us
We forget the people that ever cared for us
Instead we rely on Society, that cruel ruthless leader of our life
Which encourages us to bash on the different, free minded people in our life
And soon they are inaudible even in their own life
Just because they're not trying to conform to the strict rules that society
has driven into our minds

But I will say one thing
Never again will society break me down just to build itself up even more
Never again will I stay trapped in the shadows of others rewarded success
I will no longer stay silent and let the loudness of the world drown me out
I am proud to be free, and trust me the world is so much
Nicer out here.

Anonymous



God made me
in his IMAGE

by Berenice Aviña Ibarra

The Warrior of Rome_ Chapter 1 - Ascend

So you want to hear the rest of what this old man has to say? Who has taught you to respect your elders? Was it your parents? Brothers or sisters? Close your mouth and allow me to speak.

How about we turn away from the dark and head towards the light? Our story begins at an earlier time. Approximately 16 years from where we last left off. His hometown was not like those of other heroes before him. They had come from small quaint villages. He lived in a big city. As for his wealth, he belonged to the middle class. He lived a happy childhood with a happy family. He had the average life of a human also known as atypical hero material. So *what drove him* you may ask. Simple answer, friend, he wanted to be someone.

All his life, he grew up hearing tales of heroes, beasts, adventure and glory. He thirsted for it all. He may have been a someone to his family and few friends but to everyone else, he was a no one. His father was a farmer and his mother made her duties around the house: cooking, cleaning, and raising four children.

Thomas, Henry, and Erica. All older than him and all had a special talent. Thomas was fast, Henry was strong, and Erica was intelligent. He was none of these things and to make matters worse they has a name.

Yes, he had no name. Perhaps this is the reason why no one payed attention to him. Without a name, he was nothing.

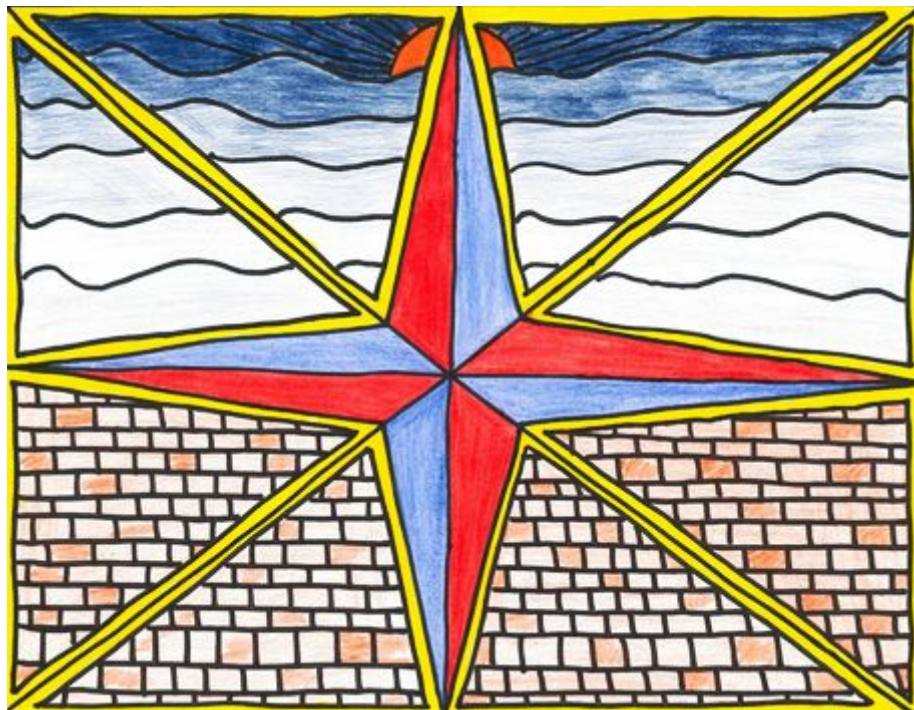
So he snuck out at night to find himself one. He searched far and wide through alleys and streets for a name but found nothing. Disappointment met him at each corner every night. Then, when all hope seemed lost, he was approached by a man during his search in an alley. This man was cloaked under a dark robe and his face stayed hidden under a bright tribal mask. The boy, only 10 years old, trembled in fear. He had never seen such a man in his city before. The boy cringed expecting a blow. At the last moment when the thoughts of the end flooded his mind, he heard a soft sound on the floor. It was the sound of something soft. Someone had placed something on the floor. He pried his eyes open only to see the masked man was gone.

"Where did he go?" No trace of the man. His gaze raced down to the floor, a bit startled by what was placed at his feet. A book. Not just an ordinary book but a red leather-bound book with encrypted letters at its cover.

Never in his life had he seen something so beautiful and yet he couldn't trust it. How could he? What if the man had enchanted the book with a dark spell or a death curse to the wielder. Looking to see if anyone else was in the alley, he carefully placed the book in his hands then quickly hid it under his woolen coat. The coolness of the cover spread on his chest. This was a sign. According to the myths his father had told him, if you were gifted something cold it meant it was the start of something new. One was to warm it up one in order to find their own meaning in life.

He took a deep breath then smiled. Had the pressures of something new already started? As soon as he ran out the alley the man in the dark robe appeared from the shadows. His gaze followed the boy as he disappeared around the corner. Underneath his tribal mask a crooked smile ripped open a row of broken golden teeth. He took his last look at the boy before heading off the opposite direction. In his mind he already knew he would see this boy again. The boy, however, would never see him again. His leather boots stepped on the rocky sidewalk with extreme quietness leaving not a single trace.

by Samuel Guerrero



by Paul Soto Zuniga

I am.

Somewhere in between McDonald's and Tacos Rápidos. Yo soy.

Somewhere in between Nutella and Duvalines. Yo soy.

Somewhere in between twinkies and gansitos. Yo soy.

Somewhere in between Starbucks and el chocolate de la abuelita. Yo soy.

Somewhere in between my proper Spanish and my Spanglish. Yo soy.

Somewhere in between my love of hip hop and cumbias. Yo soy.

Somewhere in between Christmas and el Día de los 3 Reyes Magos. Yo soy.

Somewhere in between the star spangled banner and el Grito de Hidalgo. Yo soy.

Somewhere in between the confusion que no soy de aquí, ni soy de allá. Yo soy.

Somewhere in between the ignorance of Donald Trump and the intelligence of Dolores Huerta. I am.

Somewhere in between the place I was born and the place I feel I belong more to. Yo soy.

Somewhere in between the mix of my Spanish and indigenous blood. Yo soy.

Somewhere in between the borders that separate me from my family in Mexico. Yo soy.

Somewhere in between the borders that are setup to define the places that are safe and unsafe. I am.

Somewhere in between a love, a freedom, and a hope that knows no borders. I am.

Somewhere in between what it means to be empowered. unafraid. and unapologetic. Porque this is the foundation from which our ancestors come. I am.

Somewhere in between I refuse to be easily defined. I am.

Somewhere in between I am really sick and tired of having to identify as Hispanic, Mexican, or Latino.

I am human. I am America. I am Mexico. Mexico-America is me.

I am.

by Ms. Bracamontes



by Leslie Guadalupe Quintero

The Light in the Darkness

Gray clouds spread throughout the sky, blanketing the 7-acre plot with an echoing silence - the kind of quiet that seems to swallow up life itself; the rustle of leaves, the scurrying of paws, all seems to disappear under the gray, leaving only an inescapable loneliness. Somewhere in the densely wooded forest a branch gently falls to the ground, the violent noise an act of resistance to the suffocating sky. However, the rebellion proves futile, and thus even the snowfall's chaotic rhythm tries to fall in line, each taking its time to land, each being cautious not to get in the other's way, to not disturb the silence as the sky slowly darkens.

Amongst the gray, the house looks like a beacon, but it is unclear if of welcome or warning. The light from within casts a soft glow across the snowfall reaching only as far as the gray will allow. But it's enough, for it makes visible the chipping paint and buckling shingles on the house's exterior. It makes visible the unforgiving ice against the windowpanes. It makes visible the aging man inside trying to keep warm beside the fire.

It was the last of the wood that had been brought inside, but he knew it would at least last throughout the night. Underneath the gray flannel blanket, the old man could hear the crunch of children's feet outside, as their light frames frolicked joyously in the snow. It had been awhile since he last heard their playful footsteps, and just the thought of their runny noses and red cheeks thawing over a warm cup of hot chocolate made their faces clearer to him in his mind. His acute hearing warned that they were on his property, but he didn't mind, and continued to picture their giggling at each other's marshmallow mustaches. He listens, silence once again.

The silence brought him back to his own body, his back aching more and more as the winter months slowly passed by. As he grew older, this time of year felt more like descending into some ominous cave, never knowing where it would lead and when it would end. The old house had been good to him but in recent years it too had aged, unable to withstand the cold, allowing it to whistle through the cracks in the window frames. A chill circulated through the deepest cavities of the old man's bones, goosebumps painfully protruding from his tender skin as he lifted the layers of blankets closer to his chin, and felt the fire on his crippled toes.

As the dry wood cracked under the heat of the flame, the old man thought he had heard voices outside. The children, he thought, and the wrinkles around his mouth deepened as a smile slowly formed on his weathered face. A vehicle rumbled by somewhere far away and he wondered why the children hadn't come by recently. The family next door used to charitably bring by groceries every once in awhile and even did his laundry, knowing that he could not get around easily on his own. The couple had two children, a little over 2 years

apart, who would giggle behind their mother's legs whenever she would stop by. He could remember the curves of their faces when they were very young, and even though he knew they must be at least 10 years old now, when he spoke to them, he still pictured their faces as he had seen all those winters past. Over the past few weeks, however, they had not been by the house and he could hear the reverberations of emptiness throughout the creaky floorboards and base beams. A house once filled with people, now only the ghosts of their memories roamed through the drafty halls. Never having children of his own, when the old man's wife had passed years ago, a piece of his spirit, the piece that longs for constant company, constant warmth, had slowly slipped away, and he longed instead for quiet, solitary living, except for the children next door. Unexpectedly, a tear falls from his cloudy blue eyes and dips into the crevices that map the contours of his face. Not bothering to wipe it away, he puts his head in his hands. Calloused fingers, strangled from years of hard labor and loneliness cradle his sunken cheeks. He opens his eyes and looks down at his hands, but sees nothing. Cannot see. He's forgotten what they even look like.

...

Outside, the snow falls in the soldiers' eyes as they make their way up the steep incline. The sky has darkened, but they forge on, having only one more house to go. Over the past few months, they have become a family -dependent on each other for survival, each having a role to play in this twisted drama. They went to bed each night under the stars, curled up next to one another for warmth, wondering how they got to be there. Some of them fall to sleep with tears in their eyes, angry because they forgot the details of her face, the way her hair curled just so, and to some it seemed as though they had just closed their eyes one night, arms held tightly around her, and woke up next to strangers, in a strange land. A land where they get snow in their eyes, muscles aching as they march up the hill guns in hand.

They had made it to all the other houses, obediently ransacking people's heirlooms, antiques, and household trivialities. The owners fought hard against them, ready behind their doors with their rifles. But as the soldiers barged in through the barred doors each time, the brave man, hands shaking, lowered their weapons at the soldiers' command, hoping his surrender would pardon his wife and children.

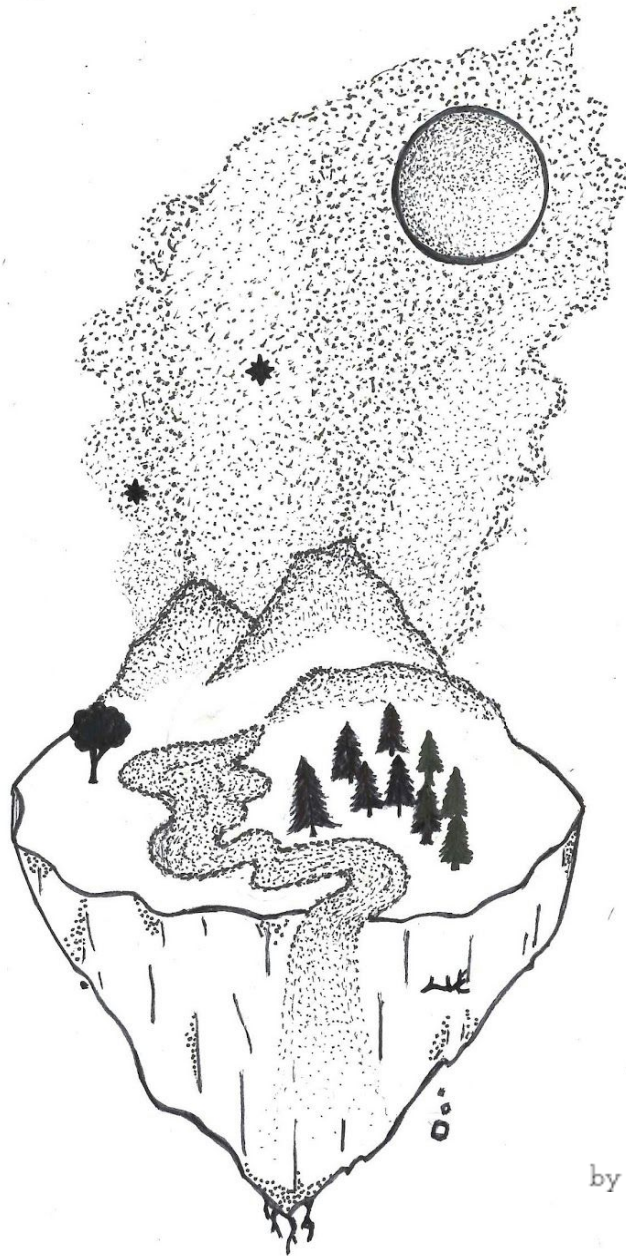
One more house to go, the soldiers look over at each other with relief in their eyes. When they reach the door to the house, it's unlocked, which usually wasn't uncommon for this part of the country, but since the war trust did not come easily.

"You've finally come. I've been expecting you"

They hear a withered voice upon entering from across the room. Cautiously they make their way to the sound, only to find an old man sitting in his chair eagerly waiting

for a reply with a smile on his face. The soldiers glance uneasily at one another, the important-looking stoutly one gives a quick nod to the obvious amateur. The young soldier tries to hold his gun steady as he aims it at the old man. He looks at his superior one last time for confirmation, wishing he could remember the color of her eyes. As the old man waits, his smile slowly fades, but he continues to sit there waiting. The young soldier aims, fires, and then it is silent.

by Ms. Turilli



by Leslie Guadalupe Quintero

A Starbucks Frappuccino

Shall I compare thee to a Grande Chai Tea Frappuccino?

Thou art more sweetening and more expensive.

Raging winds stopping my journey are low,

Starbucks is like a call to thee to be offensive.

Sometimes too desperate for money am I,

And too often thy faithful complexion is trimmed.

Nonetheless it is not yet time for goodbye,

For thy store lights have not dimmed.

Thy cup of salvation is not yet finished,

Thou want one? -I'll buy one for thou to ow'st.

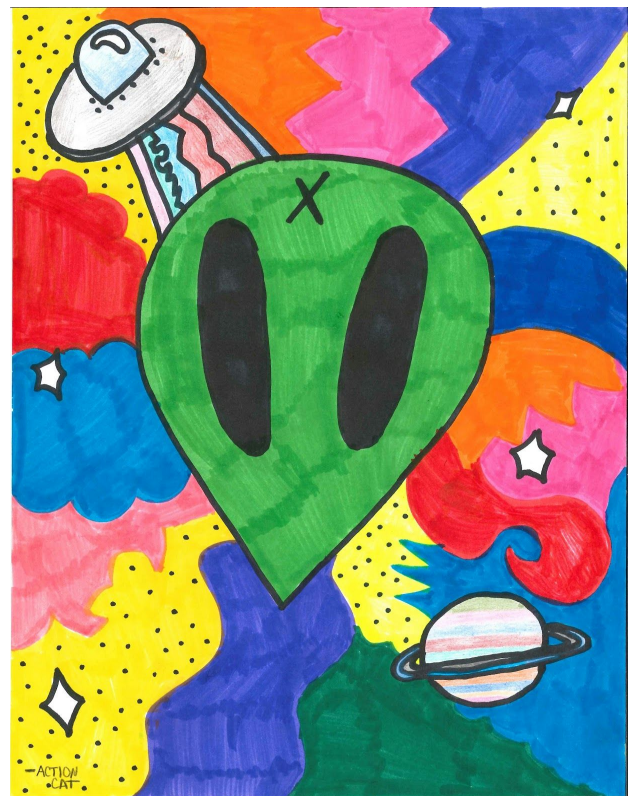
Death shall not brag -for his cash vanished,

Like Death with Tea, my love for you grow'st

So long as money I have, or I am free

So long as time I give, I give it all to thee

by Jesus Lopez Bustillos



Anonymous

"Directed Lightning in Theory & Practice." *Advances in Atmospheric Sciences* (Berlin:
Bismuth, June 1982)

...and that singular fact, common to all of the incidents heretofore, is also the most elusive. Lightning never strikes the same place twice *without practice*. A blue hot bolt of electricity, lightning most often strikes from cloud to cloud. It can also strike from cloud to ground, melting sand into glass. Rarely, and under the right conditions, lightning strikes from the ground up, attracted by electrical disturbances in the air.¹ Some claims of atmospheric disturbances taking the form of controlled, or *directed*, lightning verify the phenomenon that this article is concerned with. Records of the Ming Dynasty attribute the origin of the method to a Buddhist monk named San Fu, who instructed pupils on techniques used to manipulate air currents. With regulated breathing and immense focus, San Fu reportedly channeled a three-pronged bolt of lightning on an otherwise clear autumn afternoon.²

Centuries later, In Japan, several witnesses gave accounts to the Edo high court that an unknown traveler produced the same effect. The fishing village Dejima, helpless against a local sea monster, distributed leaflets offering a gold reward for any person that could destroy the beast. On the Festival of the Crescent Moon, May 1721, a wandering traveler entered the town at midday. He walked alone to the bay and almost immediately the creature surfaced to find the traveler sitting cross-legged and breathing deeply on the dock. The sea monster, known as *Yofune-hansu* (probably a late Cretaceous plesiosaur--see fig. 6), drifted in the serene bay. A farmer called Yan gave a written account that the traveler "raised his right hand, open palmed, and exhaled. A fierce bolt of thunder [sic.] split the heavens and killed the beast."³

To date, no records explaining the technique have ever materialized. In 1880, a document auctioned by London firm Briar and Sons for the price of seven thousand pounds turned out to be a Tibetan prayer scroll.⁴ In 1928, an itinerant Presbyterian minister known only as Reverend Stoughton claimed that a German manuscript in his possession offered instructions on the proper way to call down lightning. Titled *Der Blitz-Lied*, or "The Lightning Song," the book was unfinished and no concrete method was ever deduced from its pages.⁵ Although not clear on the exact procedure, an excerpt from famed American anthropologist Dr. F. Clark Stansfield's 1961 research journal indicates that the secret of the technique lies in "concentration-respiration" over long periods of time, as well as an understanding of how to manipulate "the ebb and flow of the magnetic tides."⁶

by Mr. Micich

¹ Horovitz, Adam K., *A Compendium of Atmospheric Weather* (Boston: Adams and Co., 1979), 101-219

² Raterman, Colton, *Weird Histories Vol. III: The Orient* (New York: Random House, 1914), 37-40

³ Hao, Jianyong, "Foreign Affairs -- Dejima 24 December." *London Journal* (London: Harper Collins, 1923)

⁴ McMurphy, Randall, *Not of This Earth* (Singapore: World Scientific Publishing Co., 1954), 468-472

⁵ Rev. Stoughton would later travel to Nicaragua, never to be seen again and presumed dead. The only copy of the manuscript *Der Blitz-Lied* was recovered by a private investigator in an empty, but nevertheless locked, windowless stateroom aboard the tramp steamer *HMS Dunhill* out of Cairo (Khouri, Shepard, "Antiques bought and sold." *Cairo Gazette* (Hindawi Publishing Corporation, 1936), 4D)

⁶ Dr. Stansfield's research journal was found surrounded by a ring of ash on a glacier in Halifax. The first police officer on the scene reported a "strong smell of ozone" in his report. In accordance with his father's wishes, Dr. Stansfield is officially classified as a "missing person," although he is presumed dead by both Canadian and American authorities. (Stansfield, F. Clark, "Research Journal: 1961" (Self-published, 1961), 11, 13)



by Omar Ronquillo-Medina

Snake

A toxic snake crawls through my skin
Tainting me from within

The snake whispers in my ear
"She lied to you."
"She betrayed you."

The fangs pierce my brain
No longer am I sane
The snake has control

Torment in my mind
Rendering me blind

I know no pain
I am not tame!

My hands turn to fists
Not caring what they hit

The snake tells me to destroy
I am nothing but his toy

Everything I love is turned to dust

Blackness saves me from this disease

The snake releases me from its vice

I shake when I wake
There is blood on my hands
Whose blood is on my hands?

They don't care
They don't understand
They tell me I killed her
They call me disturbed demented
deranged insane!

How could I have done it?
I couldn't have done it

I loved her

I bang on my cell door
I wail
"It wasn't me! It wasn't me!"

They can't punish me!
They're all hypocrites!
They're all liars, thieves!
The snake told me so

They betrayed me

by Avery Rodriguez



by Monica Andrade

Millennium

Prologue

"Ellington just calm down." said Melody " I'm right here with you, calm down. "

" How am I supposed to calm down?!" Ellington spat. " I'm sorry -I don't mean to take this out on you ." He immediately responded.

"No it's fine, you don't need to apologize, I totally understand you. " Melody said in a soft calm voice.

"I love you." Ellington said , you could tell he was tired, he showed it in his voice.

" I love you too."

Chapter One

X~X~X

Hello my name is Ellington I am 17 years old. My life is pretty much "Hell On earth." Everyday for the past two years of my life, my parents argue, constantly about the same thing ; " Where were you?", "Do you realize the role model you are to our son?", " I want a divorce!" Every single day and night. My mom is the one who usually starts the arguments, but I don't blame her for it.

When I was 12 years old I was diagnosed with chronic anxiety. My parents usually trigger my anxiety attacks, but my girlfriend Melody always helps me control them. I honestly couldn't ask for a better one. Her name, like I said is Melody. Melody has long, black, curly hair that comes up to her waist. Naturally her hair is black, but she dyes it a lot so right now her hair is blue, but not just blue it's different shades of blue, I guess she calls it a mermaid ombre. God I just love her hair. Melody is always there when I need her, even when I'm being a jerk she still loves me.

Hi my name is Melody I am 16 years old. My life is pretty calm I guess, well the only thing that isn't creating much peace in my life is that I have cancer. I don't know what stage yet because I just got diagnosed. My mom is bursting with tears, screaming " Why my daughter?!" I don't know what to do. Anyways I also have a boyfriend, his name is Ellington. He is the most amazing person ever, I'm so glad that I have someone like him in my life. Ellington has dark brown hair, it's slightly wavy, and soft, his hair is as soft as silk. He has green eyes that you instantly fall in love with.

Ellington has to deal with a lot ; You see, I don't have a dad-well I do but not in my life. My parents got divorced and before that they argued a lot. I feel bad for Ellington, he has to deal with his anxiety and his parents arguing at home so I try my best to help him get through it. Every time Ellington and I talk on the phone he always tells me that he loves me, and no matter what I will always love him.

X~Ellington's P.O.V~X

Today I woke up feeling useless, I didn't want to do anything, I didn't want to get out of bed, I didn't even want to breathe. I can hear my parents arguing once again ; "Where were you last night?" my mom said " What's it to you?" my dad replied " I need to know where you were!" she said venomously

" Get off my back would you?" he said carelessly

" I'm only asking because I care." she replied calmly

" Well you should stop caring, I don't like it !" he said roughly "You're annoying me with the same questions." he spat " Where were you?, Do you realize the kind of role model you are to "Our son"?, Do you even care anymore?" he said mimicking her " Well guess what?, I was at the bar, No! I don't care anymore, and **you** say " **Our son** ", he's your son not " **Ours** " **yours**, I had nothing to do with him." he yelled.

" Shut up!" her voice boomed through the house. " That's enough! " " Get out of my house-now!" she screamed

Here we go again. My heart started racing, my breaths were getting shorter. I felt like I was drowning and someone was keeping me from coming back up, or as if I missed a step on the stairs repeatedly. I knew I had to do my breathing exercises, but it's not that easy. So I called Melody instead.

X~X

Ellington: H-ey.

Melody: Hey Ellington , listen to my voice O.K? You're going to be ok , I'm right here with you , just breathe.

Ellington: Thank-you.

Melody: I'll always be here when you need me , remember that. Now just breathe in- and out.

Ellington: What would I do without you?

Melody: I love you Ellington.

Ellington: Awe... you beat me to it. I love you too Melody.

Chapter 2

X~X~X~X~X~X~X~X~X~X~X~X~X

After talking to Melody I just put my earbuds in and started listening to Sleeping with Sirens to mute my parents out. As I was listening to Go,Go,Go I slowly fell asleep.

The next day I went to school, I woke up, got ready, brushed my teeth and left; I didn't bother to eat anything so I just headed to Rydell. Rydell High is the school I go to, honestly school isn't the best place for me, there are so many people that stare at me, and it's very uncomfortable, but I try my best to ignore it. As I was walking through the the hallways I saw a flyer for track tryouts. I've decided that I will check it out. I have always liked running it gives me adrenaline, and it helps me "escape". Tryouts are this Thursday, too bad it's Monday I have to wait three days now, but it's all worth the wait. I can't wait to tell Melody.

When I got home my parents were nowhere to be found, but I found a letter in my room-on my bed. The letter said:

Dear Ellington,

Your father left the house for a few weeks, he just needed a break. As for me I'm on a business trip, I'll only be gone for two weeks. I left 200 dollars on the kitchen counter so you can buy some food-oh and your medications. Take care of yourself, I love you.

*Sincerely,
your mom*

Ellington sighed "I figured." he ran down the stairs and took the money off the counter and walked to Melody's house which was like two blocks away from his house.

Ellington knocked on the pitch black, raspy, wooden door.

"Good afternoon Ms.Collins." Ellington said anxiously.

"What a surprise Ellington, I haven't seen you in a while." "How have you been?" she said hugging Ellington.

"I've been alright, thanks for asking." he said

"My pleasure, come in Ellington Melody is in her room." she said

"Thank you." he said

I walked into Melody's room, she was watching Black Butler.

"Oh hi Ellington." she said surprised "What are you doing here?"

"Is it a bad time?" I asked "I can go if you want me to." I said pointing at the bedroom door.

"No, no it's fine." she said

"Are you sure?" I asked

"Yeah. it's ok." she said

" Ok so I wanted to ask you if you wanted to go to the park and maybe stop by the store?" I asked nervously

" Sure." she said excitedly " Just let me get ready."

" Ok, I'll wait in the living room downstairs." I said smiling

Melody came rushing down the stairs and tripped on the last step. As I went after her she got backup right away. " Are you ok?" I asked trying to hold back my laughter

" I'm fine." she said breathlessly with excitement " Let's go." she said laughing.

I smiled at her thinking *Wow I love you so much.*

Chapter 3

When we got to the park the sun was already setting. The sky was orange fading away into pink. The wind was singing throughout and around the trees. The grass was freshly cut and green as can be. The air smelled like cherry blossoms; they have just bloomed.

Melody's P.O.V: **I'm glad Ellington invited me to the park, I hope I can bring myself to tell Ellington that I have cancer, I hope he takes it well.**

Ellington: As Melody and I walked around the park we were talking about music specifically about Pierce The Veil. Melody was going on about how Jaime was the cutest in the band, as for me personally I told her that Mike was a pretty good looking guy, she started laughing, and so we laughed together. I don't know what it was but she seemed worried I was going to ask her what was wrong but I decided not to.

Once we walked around the park twice we sat on a bench. Melody looked at me with a worried look in her eye.

" What's wrong?" I asked her as I hugged her.

" I'm fine." she said with uncertainty

" Look at me." I told her as I faced her, putting my hands on her shoulders... she started crying, so I hugged her again tightly. " What's wrong?" I asked again

" I really don't want to hurt you." she said

" Look." I put both of my hands on her cheeks, " It's ok I really want to help." I wiped away her tears.

" Ellington... I have been wanting to tell you this but-." she paused for what seemed like forever then she said it " I have cancer." It was like a slap to the face, the words lingered in my head, as if she kept repeating it over and over. I was in total shock. " When did you find out?" I said anxiously.

" Just last week on Saturday." she said trying to calm herself down.

" Hey, hey it's ok it'll be alright remember what you always tell me? Just breathe." I said to my surprise I wasn't having an anxiety attack when in these type of situations I would.

Melody seemed to notice too, she seemed to be calming down.

" Ellington? you're not having an anxiety attack !" she said excitedly

" I know. " I said happily " Well I guess I don't need to buy those medications anymore." I said with excitement

" Yeah." she said smiling

" But hey about your cancer what stage is it? Is it bad?" I asked

" It's not that bad but I have to start Chemotherapy soon so that means I'll lose my hair. " she said softly

" Oh that's alright you will still look beautiful like always." I said smiling at her-she smiled back

" I lo-" I cut her off

" Shh... nope you beat me last time so... I love you Melody. " I said playfully.

" I love you too Ellington." she said with the biggest most beautiful smile

" So do you want to go do something?" I asked

" Sure, I'll go wherever you want to go." she said

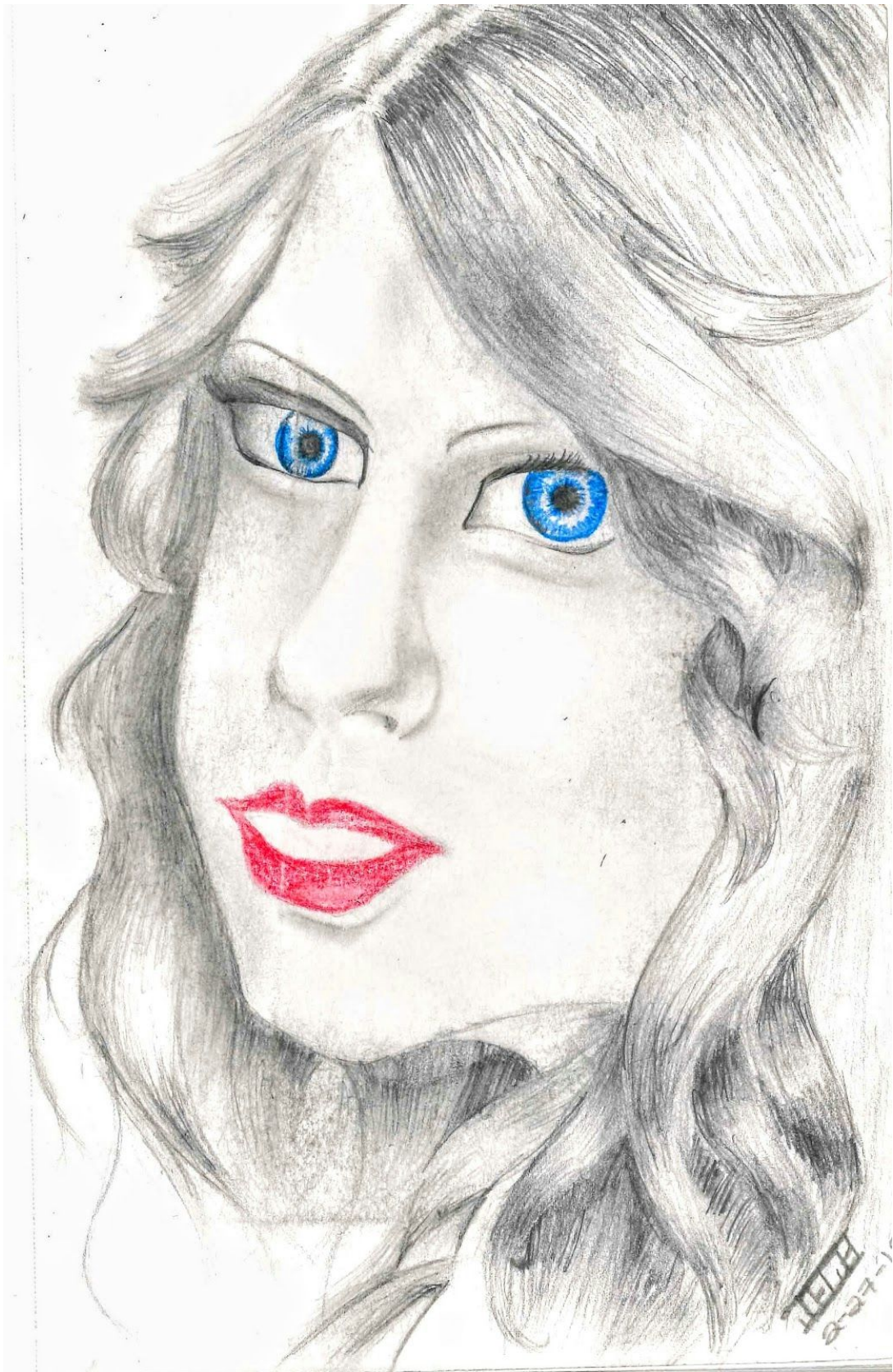
" Alright well does Barnes & Noble sound ok to you?" I said sarcastically

" Really?" " You already know the answer to that." she said smiling

" Yeah I know, let's go." I said delightedly.

To Be Continued...

Anonymous



by Jesus Lopez Bustillos

Untitled

In this world,
All we see is suffering
Pain
Sadness
Despair
Anger
Hatred
It is as if we don't have to be sober to feel these emotions

Seeing our community
Falling in the darkness
Never to return
Never to come back
People would promise that society will change
But when will it change?
When?
There is people who suffer in the shadows of
Racism
Poverty
Depression
Anxiety
Suicide
Persecution
It is as if we don't have to be sober to see these things

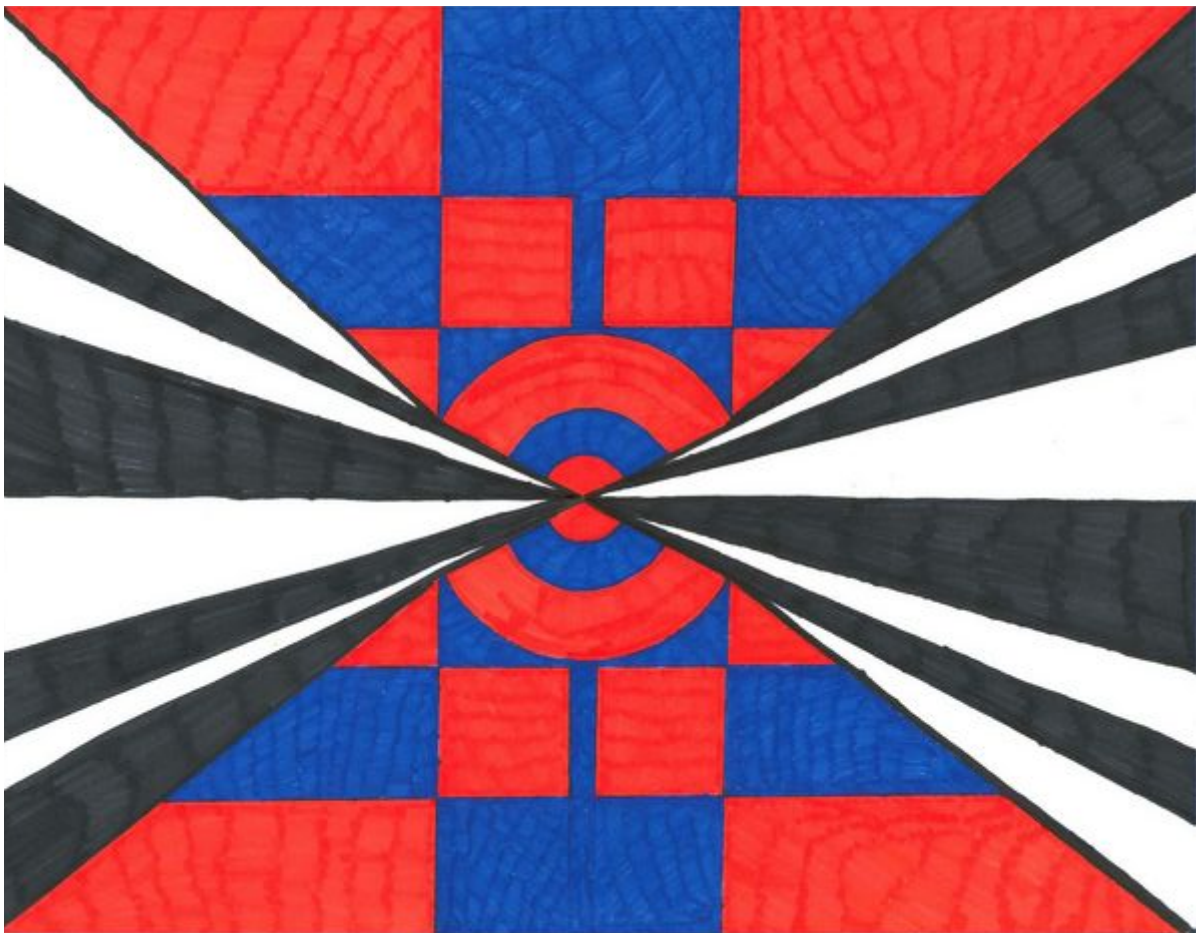
Knowing that the world will change soon
But not soon
It is saying as if there is no life in the world that we live in
But look at us now
We fight
We defend
We are warriors of our own battles
We receive battle scars
But one day
We will see the beauty in many things
We will soon see the light of gratefulness
We will soon be at peace
We have to be sober to realize these things

by Alejandra Perez Dominguez

Untitled

There is good and bad in everything.
There is right and wrong in everywhere.
Whether we choose to see one or the other is up to us.
But we should not avoid acknowledging the fact that these two forces exist.
Should we choose to see the good, then we have made the right choice;
As we witness the small things in life and see the beauty God implemented in them.
Should we choose to see the bad, we have again made the right choice;
We witness the injustices that exist in the world and we fight to produce a change
-For only after having darkness can we have light, and only by having light can we see
clearly and admire that same light-
To be blind, however, is only when we have made the wrong choice.

by Leonardo Lopez



by Andrew Aguirres-Fernandez

LAST BREATH

Sweat accumulates and drips from your brow like precipitation off a soft drink bottle. You continue onward, face flushed, exhaling vigorously, gasping desperately for air, as your steps echo loudly and quickly against the tile flooring. You look back, vision blurry, eyes watered, straining to perceive the faint outline of your pursuer against the darkness of the hall way. You pause, straining to decipher a sound behind you. It is the soft pitter-patter of steps in the distance. Calmly and slowing creeping towards you like the inevitable, aware of your existence, unconcerned and worry-less of losing it's hopelessly doomed prey. Your heart does a black-flip, your pulse quickens, and your head turns wildly to and fro as you scan the environment. That's when you catch the hopeful glimmer of moonlight against metallic material. How had the thought not occurred before? The lockers. You rush over to one and click the lock. Then you proceed to slowly and carefully hoist yourself into the locker. A sudden cold chill rushes through your body as you touch the chilling locker. You try to get comfortable, squeezing in like trying to fit into a can. You slowly shut the locker and press back against the locker walls. A quick shiver courses through your body once more as the bare skin of your arms press and scrape against the icy metallic walls. It feels as though your blood momentarily freezes over becoming ice. You shudder, your body beginning to shake. You fight back tears as you silently listen. Your anticipation inflates and butterflies take flight in your stomach as a strange scraping sound echoes throughout the hall, sneaking its way into your enclosure causing the walls to vibrate. The sound intensifies in volume, drawing nearer and ever-closer. You begin perspiring, a single beam of sweat drips down the side of your face slowly seeping down the curvature of your face, then proceeding to drip onto your neck splashing tiny droplets onto your shoulder. The hall is suddenly filled with a loud hush. It lasts for a brief eternity as you hold your breath waiting for the imminent. A fellow locker door rattles breaking the silence as well as your swift feelings of relief. Your eyes widen and you try to yell as the door before you clicks and opens, but in the brief seconds that follow you lose your voice as you become breathless. Your vision drops and you feel the sharp sensation of a long jagged metallic edge thrust deeply into your throat as the last thing you see through teary eyes is a familiar face looking down on you with hollowed eyes, indifferent.

by Jason Kibozi Yocka

Lupe

Quien tan pura como tu mi doncella
Con esa mirada que inclina hacia mí con ternura
Te ves tan bella,
Lupe has adaptado mi cultura

Con un listón sobre tu vientre me has mostrado que estas en cinta
Y tu vestidura de cielo
Muestra que eres tan infinita.
Te has convertido en mi modelo

Reina y emperatriz de mi tierra
Que la alabanza de mi corazón llegue a ti como una oración
Tu, con tu ternura, bondad, y belleza destierra
en mi una dulce canción

Tu eres mi Lupe
Madre mía de Guadalupe



Poem and Drawing by Lorena
Delgado-Marquez

Closing Prayer

Prayer to St Francis de Sales: Patron Saint of Writers

May the Lord guide me and all those who write. Through your prayers, St. Francis de Sales, I ask for your intercession as I attempt to bring the written word to the world. Let us pray that God takes me in the palm of His hand and inspires my creativity and inspires my success. St. Francis de Sales, you understand the dedication required. Pray for God to inspire and allow ideas to flow. In His name, let my words reflect my faith for others to read.

Amen.

Meet the Members of the Atticus Literary and Art Magazine!



From left: Omar Ronquillo-Medina, Leonardo Lopez, Avery Rodriguez, Alejandra Perez Dominguez



From left: Sam Guerrero and Aluel Doldol

Leonardo Lopez - Who am I? I am a Junior at a Arrupe Jesuit. I joined Atticus a couple of weeks ago. Since I was young I've liked to write. I believe that writing is a tool, allowing us to take an idea from our mind and publish it to the universe. I'm an optimist and believe light can come from darkness. I am a writer, thespian, musician, comedian, and a friend. I don't exactly know what I want to do with my life in the future, but that's what time is for. "Who am I?" is a question that is impossible to answer in a paragraph.

Alejandra Perez Dominguez - Hello there!! I am a Junior at Arrupe Jesuit High School and this is my third year at Atticus. I am the Secretary of this amazing club! I still may be a year away from graduating, but I am already thinking about pursuing my career in law or audio production. I am a poet, artist, gamer, a cellist, a music enthusiast and the weird one. I've always looked to poetry because poetry helps me express emotions that I can't really show. People sometimes only see me as this weird, monstrous human being because of what I like, what I look like, or what I do. The art of drawing, music, and poetry has helped me escape reality and be forever walking into this abyss of creativity. Also the world of anime helped me escape reality as well. Thank you for taking your time reading this amazing magazine. Have a wonderful day.

Name: **Aluel Doldol**

Birthday: May 22, 1997

Sex: Female

Grade: Senior Class of 2016!!!!

Position: Atticus Extraordinaire

Reason for Writing & Reading: Words are weapons and I want to help those who love to write share their words. I also have a tendency to devour words.

Reasons for making Art: Pictures can sometimes express what we can not put in words.

Shout Out: Elisia and Geli and Michelle, I would do it again. We should do it again this year!!!

SAMUEL GUTIERREZ - Good day folks! :) I am among many as a Senior at Arrupe. Some of you may or may not know me and that's okay. Those of you who don't know me, well I'll eventually get to know you sooner or later due to my nature of friendliness and randomness. I am the esteemed Editor in Chief. Anyways, I hope you enjoy what I and many have contributed to this magazine. Thank you for taking the time out of your day to read our magazine. (Stay tuned for the second chapter of The Warrior of Rome)

Avery Rodriguez - Hello. I am a Junior at Arrupe. I plan on going into law once I graduate from college. Ever since I was young I have always enjoyed reading. To me, reading is about expanding my knowledge of the world around me; reading offers the ability to look at life from the entirely new perspective of the author. Beyond writing, I am an avid heavy metal fan and guitarist, and an admirer of art. I hope you enjoyed the magazine.

Jesus Lopez Bustillos - Jesus is the name, having fun is my game. I don't really care what you call me (name wise). As long as the name begins with a "J" I will 99% of the time respond to you. I'm a Senior, #2016 *cough best class ever* and I'm the kind of person you will hear singing at random points if a word reminds me of a song. Besides singing I love drawing and reading and basically anything. Anime is my life haha Fairy Tale is my guild (anime reference). Special shout out to my good friends Angelica O., Elisia Medina, and Virginia...Aluel you and I have been working on this together so no shout out needed haha.



John Thompson