

# ATTICUS

Spring  
2015



## Patient Trust

Above all, trust in the slow work of God.  
We are quite naturally impatient in everything  
to reach the end without delay.  
We should like to skip the intermediate stages.  
We are impatient of being on the way to something  
unknown, something new.  
And yet it is the law of all progress  
that it is made by passing through  
some stages of instability—  
and that it may take a very long time.

And so I think it is with you;  
your ideas mature gradually—let them grow,  
let them shape themselves, without undue haste.  
Don't try to force them on,  
as though you could be today what time  
(that is to say, grace and circumstances  
acting on your own good will)  
will make of you tomorrow.

Only God could say what this new spirit  
gradually forming within you will be.  
Give Our Lord the benefit of believing  
that his hand is leading you,  
and accept the anxiety of feeling yourself  
in suspense and incomplete.

—*Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, SJ*

## Thank You!

Atticus would like to give a special thank you to the following people for making the creation of this magazine possible:

Thank you to the Arrupe students for submitting their work to the magazine.

Thanks to the Administration at Arrupe for making this magazine part of the Arrupe community.

Thank you to Regis University for printing the magazine for people to enjoy.

Thank you to the Bookbar for seeing the importance of this magazine and wanting to share the creativity of the Arrupe students with others.

Thanks to Mr. Paradise who helped Atticus publish this magazine.

Thanks to Dawn Hug for scanning the beautiful artwork for the magazine.

Thank you Stephanie Aguilar-Estala for creating our cover!

Thanks to our readers for continuing to support the Atticus Literary Magazine!

## Table of Contents

Music and Dancing By Carla Romero	1
Musical Abstract By Lorena Delgado Marquez	1
The Town That Was By Elisia Medina	2
The Warrior of Rome By Samuel Guerrero	3
Colorful Abstract By Arianna Sanchez Aguilar	4
Untitled By Anonymous	5
Colorful Elephant By Ashley Trujillo	5
Ugly Face By Anonymous	6
Butterflies By Leslie Astudillo Rangel	6
Que Diós nos bendiga By Ms. Shumway	7
Wolf and Rose by Milly Pina	7
Black By Michelle Romero	8
Tropical Flower By Andrea Gonzalez	8
Transfiguration By Mr. Micich	9
Tupac By Moises Rojas	11
Death By Martha Coleman	12
Tribal Elephant By Jessica Vazquez	12
Don't Worry about Me, I'm Fine By Alejandra Perez Dominguez	13
Pointillism By Leslie Guadalupe Quinteros	14
Black and White Abstract By Andrea Gonzalez	15
Time for a Snack Break By Angelica Ortiz	16
A Better Life? By Tatiana Gonzales	17
Animals By Laura Gonzalez	17
I Am By Cynthia Martinez	18
Anime By Aide Perez Dominguez	18
Dystopic Utopia By Leo Lopez	19
Wolf and Moon By Leslie Guadalupe Quinteros	20
Leaving Autumn By Ms. Turilli	21
Fall Tree By Arianna Fontes	21
Atticus Club Picture	22
Nerd Gang By Aluel Doldol	23
Atticus Literary Magazine Member Bios	23

*Music and Dancing*  
*By Carla Romero*

With every step I take  
I try to express  
what I can not say out loud  
The tune goes on

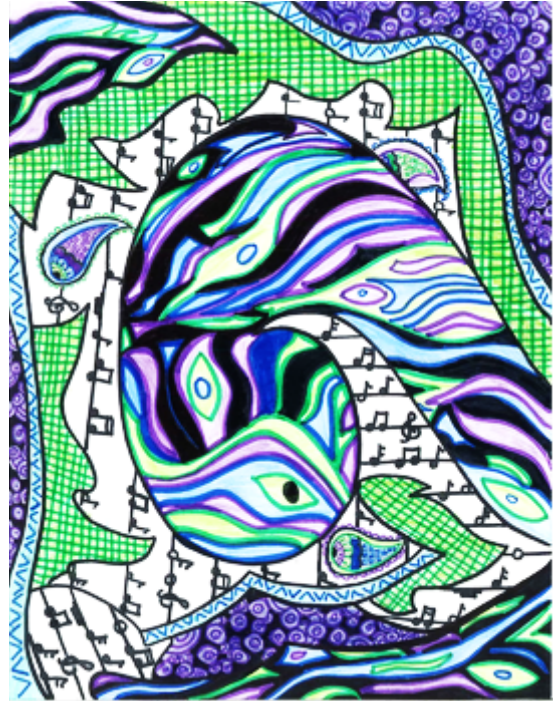
My body is carried by the music  
The songs intertwined with my body  
and we move around as one  
The tune goes on

The music's heartbeat is my guide  
Although I try to stop  
My ears and heart absorb the stomp  
The tune goes on

Crashing like a wave the melody hits my face  
I hold on to its sweet embrace  
and fall in love with its light grace  
The tune goes on

Music speaks what cannot be expressed  
soothes the mind and gives it rest  
heals the heart and makes it whole  
flows from heaven into the soul  
The tune goes on

Music is my only choice  
when I am in pain and have no voice  
Dancing is my escape  
it has no boundaries or shape, So  
the tune goes on



By Lorena Delgado Marquez

## The Town That Was By Elisia Medina

A man once lived, in a faraway place. He was wise, cold and irritable. People of his village avoided him because he spoke the truth. He knew of this world and the terrible monsters that would soon live within them. He knew of the terrible things that would come; murder and corruption. The people didn't want this, they wanted ignorance. As the tale of the man goes, he warned and preached of the future to come, but the others turned a blind eye. This angered the man for all he was trying to achieve was a better future. While this was going on, there was an incident within the village, alarming the people within. A family was gone one evening and returned without a trace; Although they were not the same. They were fractious and cold, hurting any that came near. Months went on, with the man preaching and families disappearing and returning peculiar. The people who were not yet transformed were beginning to point fingers at one another. In an effort to understand what and who was causing this; The wise man insisted that it was the monster he had been altering them of, but the people were having none of it. The corruption spread, until there only two left, the man and a woman. The wise man knew it was her, but she insisted she was not. The man, blind with the fury and anger murdered the woman, stabbing her efficiently with a fashioned blade to the heart. Once the deed was done his vision became clear and he realized the truth. For he was the monster that corrupted them all. He dragged the families from their homes and inserted the monster inside them, slowly corrupting the whole village. Without his knowledge the monster that gave him his visions possessed him, and he wasn't finished.

# The Warrior of Rome

## By Samuel Guerrero

### *Prologue: Monster*

Eyes wide open as he started into the ceiling. His ruffled, uncombed, brunette hair lay on top of the pillow. Eyes the color of the sky his face was sculpted into perfection by the gods. He was entirely covered in body armor. A body built to carry the world. His masculinity beyond compare of any human. A skin tone of a chocolate brown mixed with milk. He was no knight nor god nor was he a beast. He was destined for something else to resurrect Rome, the home of his father, Thorne, god of War.

He grit his teeth. A sudden agony encamped itself into his brain. A loud scream bellowed from his lungs as sweat dripped down his face. Yet, he stayed down on the bed.

Eyes. The eyes. Red as blood on a hot summer's day. He maintained his control.

Then it stopped. A sigh of relief escaped the lips of the corpse. Then, it rose silently from the bed. You may ask, *what has this man done?* Simple, he has commingled with the Spirit of Rome.

No longer could a friend of his recognize him, nor his own wife, child, or mother. He had passed beyond recognition. Fists clenched in anger. *What was this foul creation?* This creation was of his own doing there was no going back.

He got off the bed for there was no need for any worldly creations. A fist was raised and the bed was split into two, along with the floor underneath it.

Through his new eyes he could not see anything with life. In the smallest of crevices lay a nest of rats. Pests all of them. He paid no heed but instead looked through the door in front of him. There stood a figure. Could it be?

An old birchwood door painted the color of a perfect ghost was opened. The figure stood before the new creation with awe.

"Looks like it was a success, Tevix."

He said nothing. The figure waited for a response.

"Have you gone mute? Answer me!"

A fist grabbed the figure by the neck and lifted him 5 feet off the floor. In height this monster was 7 feet tall.

"I believe that you have become mute, my friend." His voice was deep and boomed with authority. Not a word was uttered for the figure was having a hard time breathing.

"Ixen, can you believe that I have finally conquered the Spirit of Rome?"

Ixen's face turned a shade of blue for the tight clench of the monster's fists choked his breathing. Nothing he could do to stop the pain. Finally, Tevix let him go making him land flat on his face. A huge gasp of air was let out as he caught his breath followed by a huge coughing fit. Tevix looked at the pathetic man on the floor and had no pity.



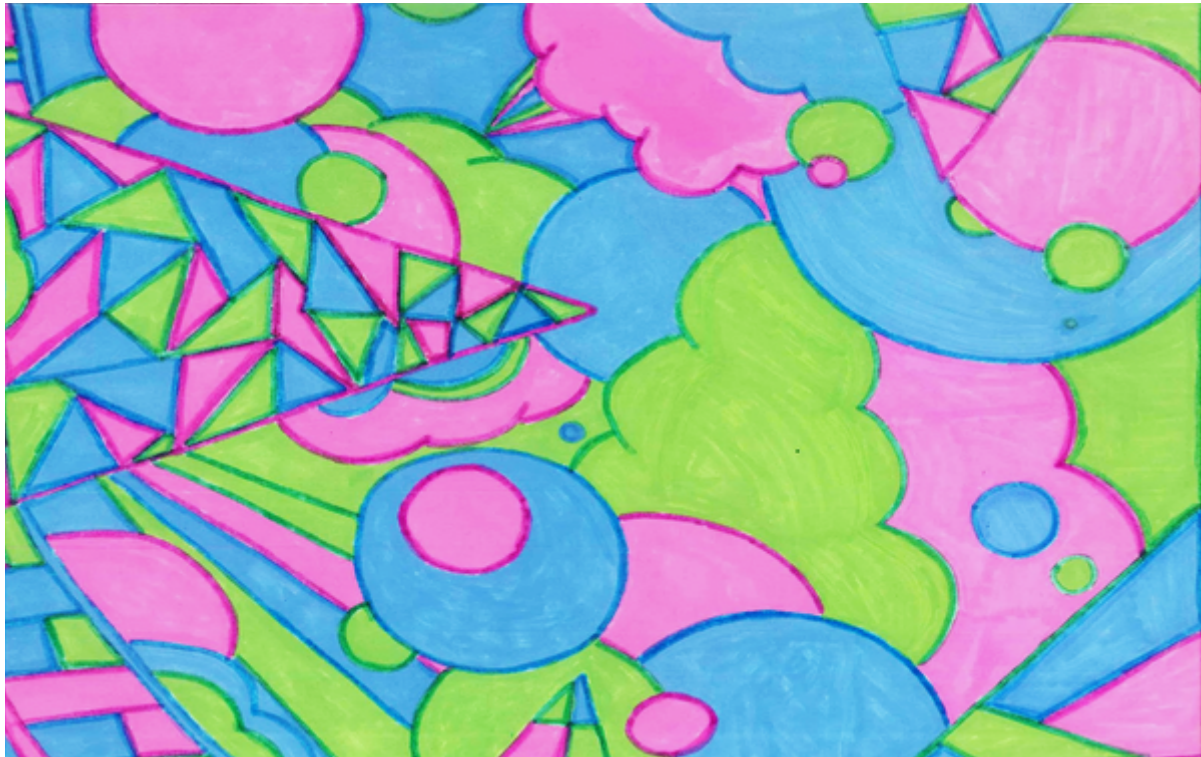
"Rise, Ixen! Rise! The new day has arrived for I have been reborn. I am Tevix no more but Thane, Hero of Rome, son of Thorne, god of War. Now bow before your master."

Ixen slowly straggled across the floor towards the feet of Thane and gave the best bow he could afford. Thane in return kicked Ixen in the gut. The poor man fell down grasping his gut in pain.

"Know this: wherever I shall go, no mercy shall accompany me. Not to any man, woman, child, beast, nor god. No one shall dare step in my way. I shall resurrect fallen Rome and take the throne of the new empire."

Farther away in the distance stood a lone shadow in the figure of a boy. He seemed no taller than 5 feet. His blonde curved hair swayed to the side. A sword in a hilt by his side and in its place a sword longer than his arm. And across his left eye he wore a deep scar. The color of the scar now matched the color of his skin tone. However, in the other eye he was blind.

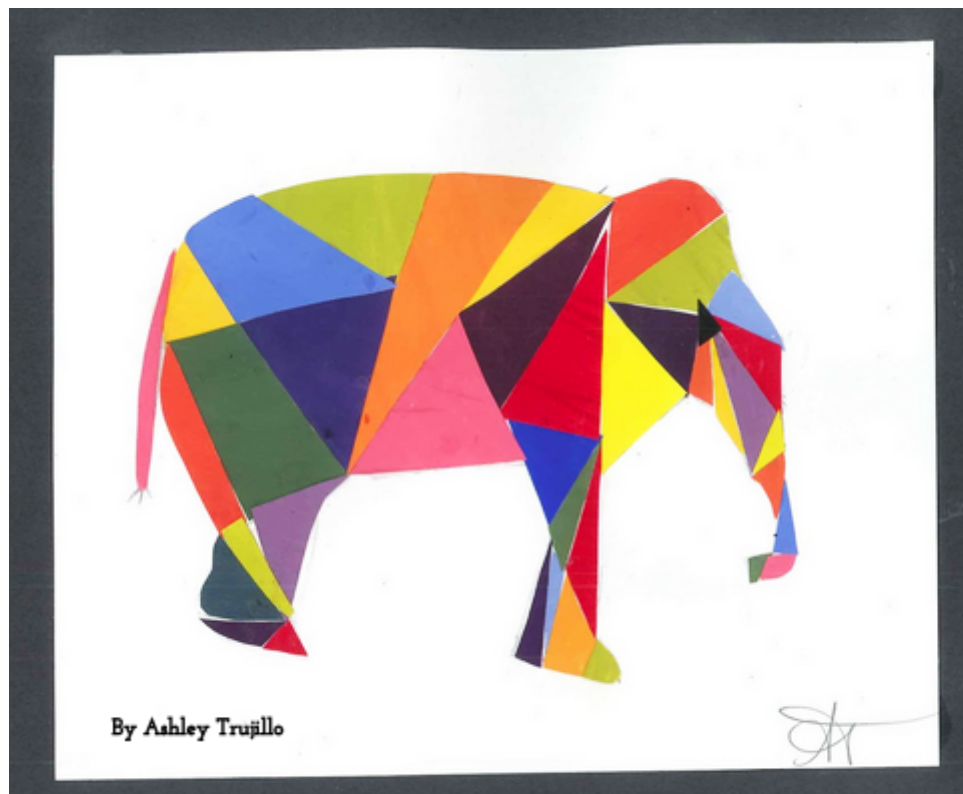
A duel was to take place later in the future. How far into the future? I cannot answer that. And the victor? Now that would only spoil the fun.



**By Arianna Sanchez Aguilar**

Untitled  
By Anonymous

It is easy to see how temporary we are  
standing below trees whose roots are older  
*stronger*  
than we could ever hope to be.  
Our impermanence is obvious when we compare ourselves to the mountain we stand on.  
Here,  
surrounded by friends and warm in the light of a fire even more transient than we are,  
we are comfortable enough to let go  
release our illusion of stability.  
We look up at the stars  
which may or may not have imploded long ago  
whose light is still falling toward us.  
I want to fall like that.  
I want so badly to fall towards an infinity I know nothing about.  
Even after I have collapsed  
and withered  
and what used to be me ceases to exist,  
I want to keep falling like this.  
The fire is dying and we have to go back to the finite,  
to the world where I believe we are permanent and grounded and fool myself into thinking we  
are constant.  
With you, I remember my impermanence.  
With you, I realize how wonderful it is to fall.

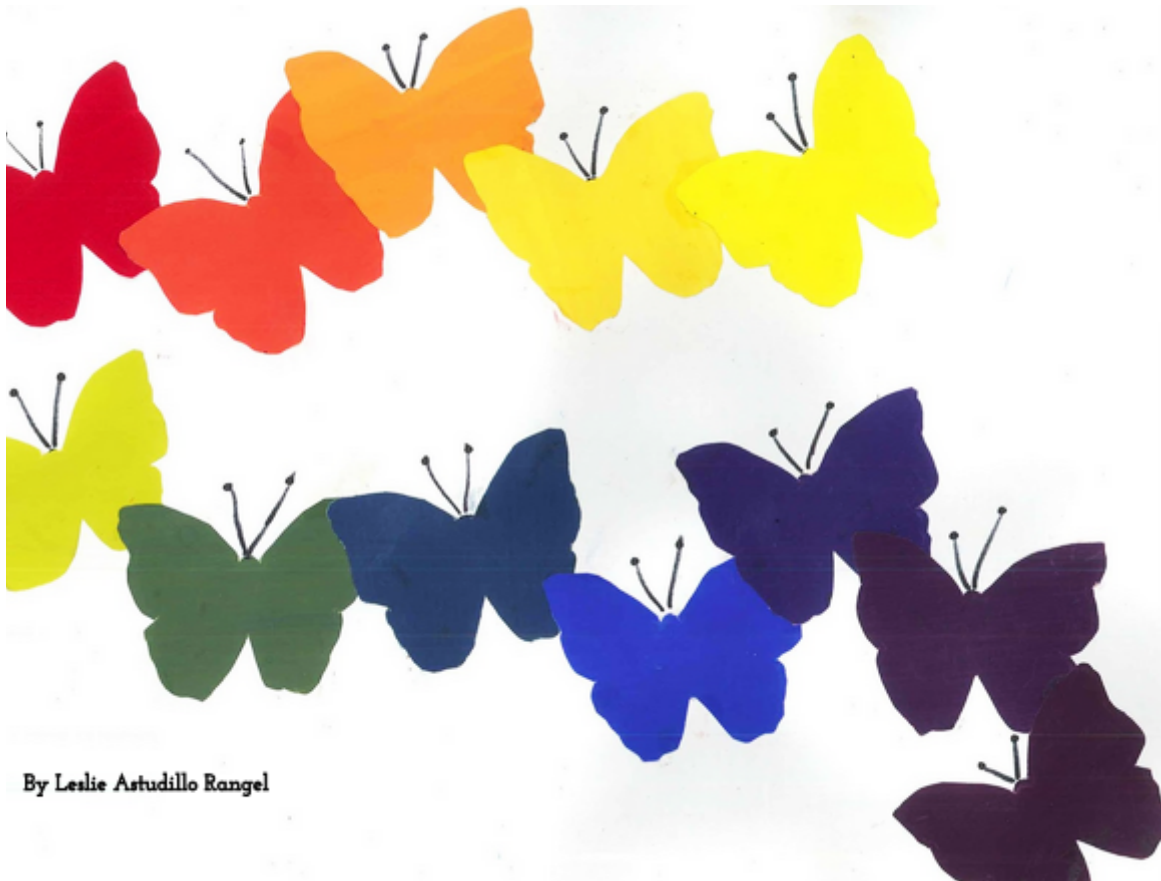


Ugly Face  
By Anonymous

Love is deep  
Love is true  
It is the fire that burns in me  
And the ice that melts in you

It is the spring wind  
So kind and warm  
Takes many shapes  
Always a beautiful form

And at last you feel so safe  
And you wonder if this is the only place,  
The only place  
To reveal your true self  
And unmask your ugly face



By Leslie Astudillo Rangel

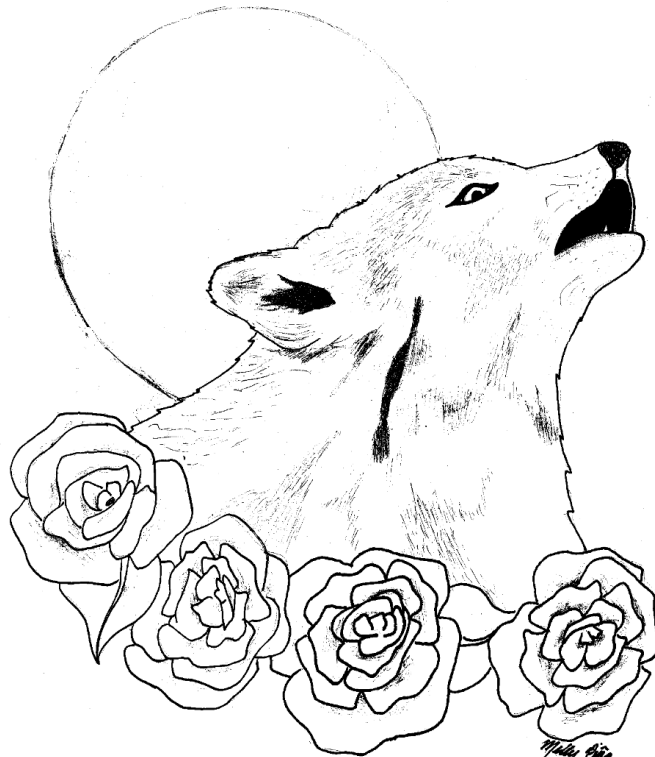
**Que Diós nos bendiga**  
**By Ms. Shumway**

We heard this countless times from the kind people we met on our Central American backpacking trip. Worried about the safety of two rather naive North American girls, they offered their blessings with sincere concern. We never thought we would need them.

We travel well together. I pour through the Lonely Planet, reading up on the best places for artesanía, the best neighborhoods to try local cuisine without joining the tourist throng, or the best trails that lead to magnificent ancient ruins. Katie is more practical. She knows how to find the perfect pensión and can navigate the unfamiliar streets right to the front door. When we arrive in a new place, she knows exactly which way to turn.

As we traveled through the mountains of Honduras, dusk began to settle--it was a much longer ride than we had expected. Katie gave in to sleep, so I knew that it would be up to me to have an address in hand when we arrived. As usual, I was caught up in the stories of the century old traditions of the Garífuna tribe, and the tragic history of the land through which we were traveling. Travelers' fatigue soon took over and my head dropped. When the bus came to a halt and the lights forced our eyes open, we started in disbelief. I knew exactly where to find ancient ruins and coca leaf tea, but I had no idea where we would spend the night. My one task.

We were in Tegucigalpa, widely considered one of the most dangerous cities in Central America. Blue eyes, blond hair, maletas gringas. We stood off to the side and watched as the other pasajeros quickly disappeared into the dark streets. Taillights, then nothing. The station and the streets were eerily empty. Completamente sin gente. Right or left? Que Diós nos bendiga.



By Milly Pina

## **BLACK**

**BY MICHELLE ROMERO**

With every step you take fear of stumbling over  
your own two feet,  
Looking from left to right lost with no direction  
You guide yourself with the bumpy brick wall  
Alone with no one by your side.  
Trying to open your eyes,  
You're lost.  
Trying to find the way out your emptiness.  
Shadows around you all closing in on you.  
Your worst fears gaining in on you.  
The bright light you use to see just went out on  
you.  
All you have now is you.  
With every breath you take the raw mixture in the air fills your mouth like an air balloon.  
The twitch in your ear from the thunder  
The screams you hear a few feet away.  
You catch yourself shaking trying not to look back.  
The shapeless figure running towards you,  
You panic.  
With no light,  
With no direction you start to run.  
Not seeing the muddy ground your feet sink.  
You stop,  
Fall to the ground.  
Pushing your knees to your chest,  
Covering your ears.  
Still hearing the screams that cut through your skin like sharp blades  
You try so hard to ignore it.  
Feeling your goosebumps you touch your face.  
With your cold shaky hands you wipe your tear away.  
With watery eyes you look up analyzing the thunder is getting louder, stronger.  
It brings a sweet melody to your ears.  
Sitting down your back against the rough surface,  
Your hands on your shaky knees.  
You sit in silence.



By Andrea Gonzalez

## TRANSFIGURATION

By Mr. Micich

"GIVE him over." Violence colored Esau's voice.

Dinah clutched the ragged bundle closer to her chest. Their burlap tent sat atop an unbroken and unending plain of ice. A harvest moon hung in the sky.

"Ain't no way," Dinah said.

Esau's arm shot forward and contracted like the oiled piston of a locomotive. His fist struck home against Dinah's jaw and she felt teeth rip from their sockets, tasted the silver tang of blood. She reeled and collapsed in a heap, the child dropping from her arms to the ground. Esau scooped up the bundle like lightning and Dinah wailed. He flung open the tent flap and disappeared into the moonlight.

Dinah waited in the monumental silence. Agony. When Esau returned, the child was not in his arms.

"What you done?"

"Shut up."

"What you done, Esau?"

"I said shut up. You know as well as I he'd a'been our undoin'."

"Where he at? Where'd you put 'im?"

"Buried 'im. Go back to sleep."

But she couldn't. Of course Esau was right. Their food had been exhausted a month earlier. In two days, maybe three, they would begin to starve. And in this winter, they could not keep a child alive against the merciless cold.

She sobbed.

\*

HE sat bolt upright. Awake. His eyes searched the darkness and shapes slowly surfaced in the inky black. Dinah was gone.

Esau rose slowly and put on his coat and thick leather gloves. He loved Dinah more than himself and to lose her would be his death. The child had been hard enough, but it had to be done. It had to be done so that the two of them could live. He felt the haze of sleep like silt over his eyelids and

he was sluggish. In the tent the air was bracing. From the wood pile, Esau took an armload of splintered kindling cold and smooth like marble and brought it to the clearing outside, but the frozen wood would not catch and he rubbed his hands together. At the edge of the clearing he saw her footprints.

A small circle around the tent, tracking back towards the fire, meandering out to the plains. Adrift. Then, as the footprints pulled toward the ponderous forest, they picked up purpose. He followed her into the darkness, shrouded from the sun by tall pines and firs, a good ten degrees colder. In the silence embers of fear began to burn at the back of his mind. Where was she going? To what end? She seemed to know but left no clue. He followed her into the deep woods, through spiderwebs of shadow cast by branches reaching skyward overhead. Now the weave of limbs sifted all light from the forest and Esau stood staring into a colorless world of twilight, his eyes slowly adjusting to the dim. Then he saw a second set of tracks join Dinah's. His muscles almost failed him but he bolstered himself and stood upright. Wolf tracks.

Esau almost crushed the handle of the old blade in his fist. Fear soaked his blood like poison now, but the jagged machete gave him enough courage to continue his search for Dinah. Or her corpse, gnawed and tattered by teeth. He pushed the thought from his mind and followed the wolf tracks as they followed Dinah's tracks. He wondered if she knew this killer stalked her. As the trail crested a ridge, he nearly drowned in a wave of panic as a second set of wolftracks joined the procession, this dance of death through the frozen woods. He stood as icy as the trees around him for a moment. The moon would be up in the red evening sky soon. Esau forced himself to press onward against bare instinct, as the survival buried deep in his reptile brain tried to claw him backward into flight from this place.

Nearly two miles into the wood and the oppressive clutch of trees loosened as light crept back in, bringing warmth with it, and hope. Esau could see the edge of the forest and a clearing beyond. It had begun to snow again and a harsh wind suspended large flakes in the air. He reached the edge and stared at the snow. Two sets of wolf tracks, almost on top of Dinah now, but then...something else. Esau stared at the prints in the snow, trying to gaze beyond them, trying to see through the snow, through the frigid ground, through the ancient crust of rock, deep into the molten core and beyond, trying to see through the earth itself. Time did not pass. He must have stayed there, staring for five minutes maybe, maybe five hours. There in the snow Dinah's footprints disappeared and were picked up by a third set of wolftracks. All three wolves had disappeared beyond the horizon without a sound.

That had been nearly thirty years ago. Esau did not know what ever became of Dinah, had never heard from her again after that. But he fled. He would never go into those woods again.



By Moises Rojas



**DEATH**  
**By Martha Coleman**

Death is  
a closed door  
a surprise party  
freedom from your cage  
an echo in empty space  
a slap in the face  
a deep dark hole without a bottom  
a sleeping pill you only take once  
cold black silence  
the end of a beautiful song  
an escape  
a mental state  
the last word in a book  
disappearance  
a mystery  
a fear or  
a dream  
reality  
an approaching storm  
ending...



By Jessica Vazquez

**Don't Worry About Me, I'm Fine...**  
**By Alejandra Perez Dominguez**

The outside of me is better than ever  
But the inside of me is shattered  
Shattered like glass  
To not let anyone see that I'm shattered,  
I start to play along  
Looking as happy as I can be  
Maybe I'm afraid  
Maybe not  
All I can say is  
Don't worry about me  
I'm fine

My innocence is not yet lost  
I'm unable to defend myself  
I am vulnerable  
I cannot help but shed tears  
All I can say is  
Don't worry about me  
I'm fine

Faith is starting to fade away fast  
Feeling defeated  
Stuck in the never ending abyss of darkness  
Thinking that there is no way out  
But in spite all of that  
All I could say is  
Don't worry about me  
I'm fine

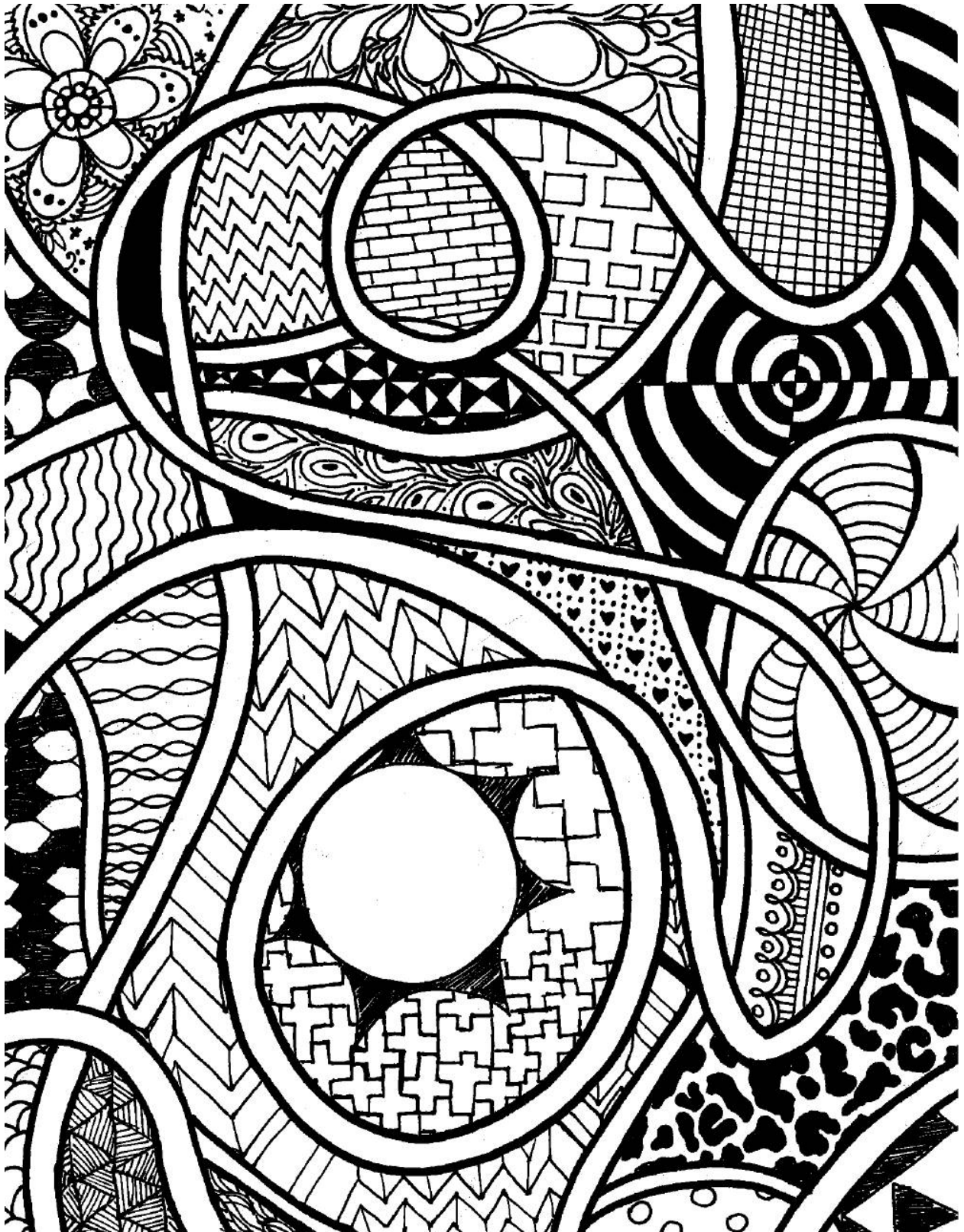
I'm breathing heavily  
In a state of panic  
As if hands were coming to grab a hold of me  
Crying in pain  
Striked in fear  
Even at times like these  
All I could say is  
Don't worry about me  
I'm fine

Then I opened my eyes  
Something struck me  
My eyes were swollen  
I felt something warm  
A sensation that I never thought of  
Never thought of feeling it again  
The darkness went away  
Welcomed in by light  
Is this what it feels like being happy?  
Is this what it feels like being in the light?  
All I can say is  
Don't worry about me  
I'm fine

Now,  
I found the light  
Seeing that everything will be okay  
Being able to step out of my shell  
I am proud to say  
Don't worry about me  
I AM FINE!!



By Leslie Guadalupe Quinteros



**Time For A Snack Break**  
**By Angelica Ortiz**

*"I think that when people turn on their TVs and see this footage, they'll say, "Oh my God, that's horrible," and then they'll go back to eating their dinners."*

*- Hotel Rwanda.*

We hear or see something sad but once it's gone it no longer seems to matter. If it's out of sight, it's out of mind. But just because you don't think about it doesn't mean it's not happening. You're riding in the car with your mom or dad and you see a homeless man. You feel a little upset and try not to make eye contact and when the car finally moves ahead you forget it ever happen and listen to your favorite song that just came on the radio. Sometimes it's hard for us to get out of our heads and understand that there is more going on in the world, then who you're going to take to the prom.

The commercials of animals in the pound or children in Africa are used as snack breaks. The lake at the park is used as an open trash can, and we do everything we can to avoid people who need the most help. There is a giant pile of trash the size of Texas in the middle of the ocean and people can't seem to throw away their water bottle in a recycle bin. There's inequality for people of different races, genders, religions, sexual orientations. There's illness and epidemics, poverty, hunger, natural disasters, corruption, and violation of human rights. Even with all those issues and more there are so many small things we can be doing to help, as simply as showing respect and compassion to everyone and everything. I think the comment I hear the most is, "Throwing my trash in a recycle bin isn't going to make a difference," that doing this or that won't make a difference. But it can because every little thing helps. Even though there **MIGHT** be thousands of people saying the exact same thing, there are **HOPEFULLY** hundreds of thousands of people who believe the opposite. And all of these things are about attitude, having that positive outlook to **KNOW** you can make that difference or that negative view to **THINK** that you can't change anything.

I tried to pick one global issue to really talk about and come up with a solution for but in the end I couldn't pick just one to explain. As I wrote, I realized that there is really just one big global issue. We don't care enough.

## A Better Life?

By Tatiana Gonzales

What's happening?  
I think I've been missed place.  
All this mishappening.  
A race to a better world, into a discouraged pace.  
What happened to a better life?

Empty promises.  
Inheritance of debt.  
Just negatives, no positives.  
When will life stop being a threat?  
What happened to a better life!

I can no longer live an open life;  
No opinions, no self made decisions.  
On my way to a life of strife.  
It's too late to make revisions.  
What happened to a better life?

Spirituality is a thing of the past.  
I was promised a haven,  
I was given a sex driven overseer.  
I've never felt more broken.  
What happened to a better life?

Economically Exploited,  
Taunted with my dreams,  
Violently controlled,  
One mistake means murder.  
What happened to a better life?

It's hard to live a life worth living.  
I just wanted a chance.  
It's hard to be happy;  
What happened to a better life?

There was never a better life,  
Just a better lie to get me by.



By Laura Gonzalez

I AM POEM  
By Cynthia Martinez

I am quiet and scared  
I wonder if the earth is really round  
I hear the lies of society  
I see the pain of lost souls  
I want happiness and freedom  
I am quiet and scared

I pretend to be happy when I'm miserable  
I feel pain  
I touch my future  
I worry about every single thing  
I cry for my parents  
I am quiet and scared

I understand love and affection  
I say keep friends close and enemies  
closer  
I dream for happiness in everyone  
I try to be nice to everyone  
I hope for my future to be great  
I am quiet and scared.



By Aide Perez Dominguez

## *Dystopic Utopia*

*By Leo Lopez*

There once was a man named Jack,  
A man who traveled to the future and came back.  
Jack's first and final mission was in the summer of 1915  
Jack's travel into the future caused quite a scene.

In the future, Jack realized how much the world had changed  
But was what he saw all that disarranged?  
Jack traveled 100 years into the future to see what had become  
Of his legacy, and what the world had overcome.

When Jack arrived back at 1915  
The scientist asked what Jack had foreseen.  
But Jack couldn't make his thoughts into words  
Jack couldn't even fathom, what he'd seen, not even two-thirds.

Reader, what do you think Jack saw on his trip to the present?  
Was what he had seen, caused him embarrassment?  
Embarrassment for what humanity had come to?  
Or was he proud of what humanity had gotten though?

Gotten through hate, segregation, and achieved peace?  
Or is this was we tell ourselves to keep our minds in one piece.  
Had Jack seen a Utopia?  
Or was Jack shocked to find us living in a Dystopia.

Are we where our ancestors had wanted us to be?  
Or would seeing us make them angry?  
Have we achieved all that we wanted to see?  
Or are we far off the path of equality?

Reader, if you could go to the future what would you see?  
Would what you see make you want to flee?  
What would've become of America?  
Would we still be living in a Utopian Dystopia?

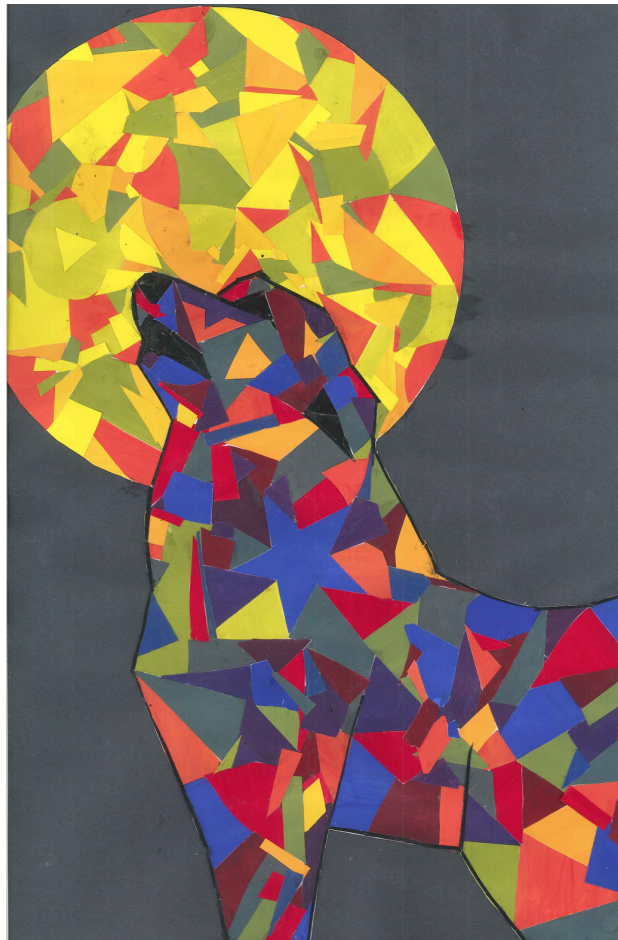


Or is it a Dystopian Utopia that we live in today?  
Or is the society that we live in, just-okay?  
Reader, if you travelled to the future and came back  
Would you be surprised by what the future would lack?

Would you tie yourself to trees?  
Beg people to turn off their TVs?  
Reader, are we living where we want to be?  
Or could we be living in a place that is much more free?

Regardless your answer, I encourage you to step outside  
Step and take this world out for a ride.  
Because today is not the same as yesterday  
And tomorrow may be a lot more gray.

We shouldn't trouble ourselves too much with what the future holds.  
We should instead try to make the future, with our own molds.  
Maybe then, we will be able to answer without a doubt.  
That the present of our grandchildren will not burn out.



By Leslie Guadalupe Quinteros

***Leaving Autumn***  
***By Ms. Turilli***

As I dance softly in the wind,  
The cool wind that kisses  
Your face at night, that  
Calmly knocks on your door at dawn,  
I turn pale, as the sun  
Drifts more easily behind clouds  
Than it did days ago  
Or what seems days ago  
I can no longer tell  
No longer care  
As my connections grow weaker  
With the ones around me  
I feel myself falling  
Drifting down, down, down  
And I try not to look  
They always say not to look  
But I do - the wind shifts me  
The wind always shifts me,  
it seems  
I have no choice  
And I look down, down, down  
Trying to catch a glimpse  
Of what lies ahead  
But I flutter, in that moment,  
I flutter  
Trying to postpone  
the inevitable  
Trying to get back to the familiar  
But it doesn't look the same  
From here  
It doesn't look like it did when I was there, not here, not falling  
And when I feel myself touch the ground  
It's not what I thought  
I feel no wind shift me here  
No wind shifts me.

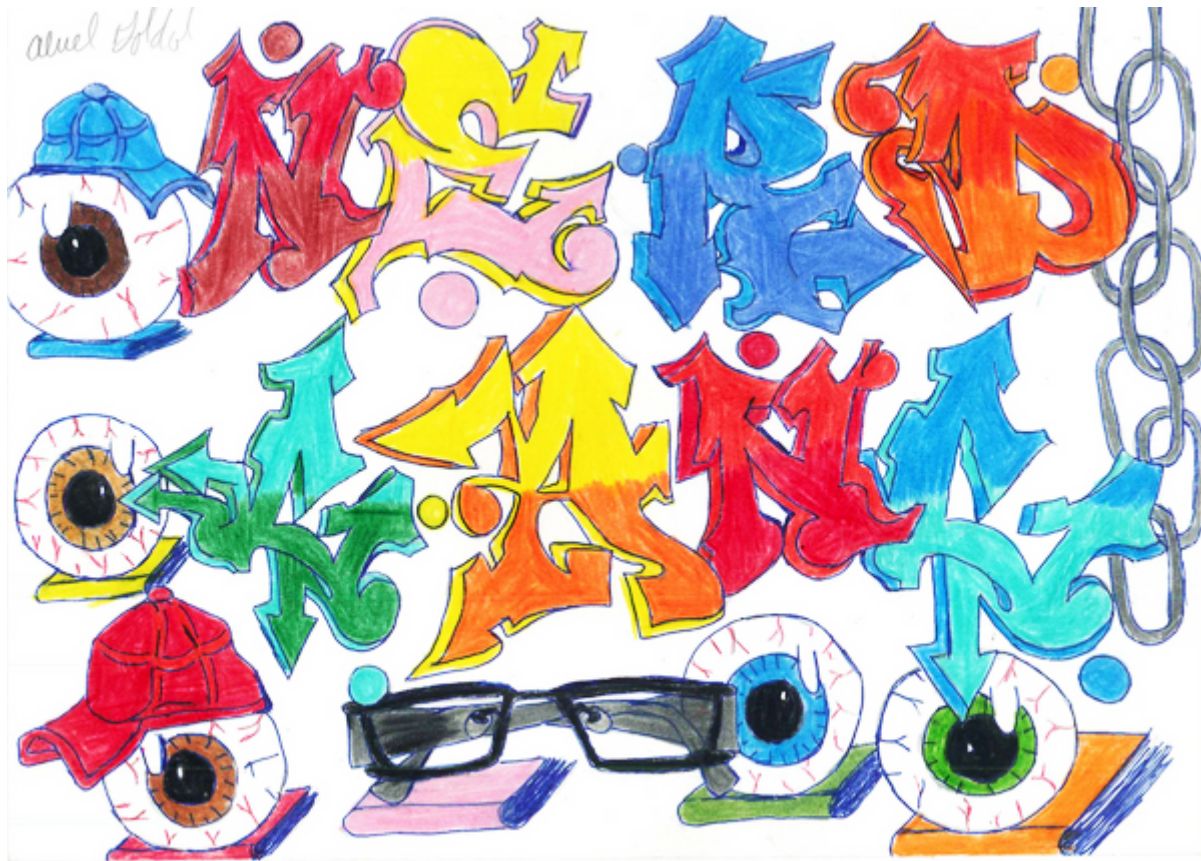


**By Arianna Fontes**

Atticus 2015



By Aluel Doldol



## Aluel Doldol

Birthday: May 22, 1997

Sex: Female

Grade: Junior 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 express what we can not put in words.

Shout Out: Stacy (although I am sure you won't look at this) and Michelle thanks for the Submission. Elisia, Geli and Michelle, I would do it again.

**TATIANA GONZALES** - Hi ^^ I am a Junior here at Arrupe. So who am I exactly? I am someone who is relatively straight forward. I am EXTREMELY sarcastic, so never take offense to what I say (sorry ahead of time). I keep to myself; I make sure no one worries about me. I am one who honestly doesn't care about anything; I just kind of go with the flow. I keep my circle very small. I am not the sappy, emotional type so you won't often see that sensitive said of me. When it comes down to my people, I'm different; I am very protective of my peeps.

**Samuel Guerrero** – Evening good folk of Arrupe! :] I am among many am a Junior at Arrupe. Some of you may or may not know me. Those of 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 "tech guy" of this fine club, Atticus. That's right I know a thing or two about technology haha. Anyways, I hope you enjoy what I and many have contributed to this magazine. Thank you for taking the time out your day to read our magazine. (Stay tuned for the continuation of [The Warrior of Rome](#) ;] )

**Elisia Medina** - Hello! My name is Elisia and I am a Junior at Arrupe Jesuit High School. Writing is a passion for me and something that I've always taken pride in. It's what I've used to escape my reality and create a new one. I aspire one day to create writings that show others that our reality can be whatever we wish. Music is also something that I have used to get me through life. Lyrics help express what I cannot put into words.

"Words are weapons of the terrified." Seether - Words as Weapons.

**Angelica ortiz** - It use to hurt when a person said I was THAT girl, as it was usually meant to insult, but now it's a reminder. I am THAT girl. I am the one who almost always has a smile and laughs at anything anyone says. I am the one who loves and respects everything and everyone because that's what they deserve. I am the one who thinks of others before myself and always believes the best of everyone. I am still that nerd who inspires others with quotes from movies and tv shows. I am the one who wears the colorful socks because I think it's good luck. I am the one who always scribbles notes on myself or else I'd be forgetful. But, I am also the one who stands up for my beliefs no matter who is trying to shut me down. I am the one who will never back down from any challenge because that's what I was taught. I am the activist, volunteer, environmentalist, optimist. I am THAT girl.

**AIDE PEREZ DOMINGUEZ**—Hello beautiful people of Arrupe! I am a sixteen years old and a Junior (Time flies, people >\_< ). I enjoy drawing, reading manga and comics, writing, and playing the violin! In the future, I would like to become a graphic novelist, a game art designer, or an entrepreneur. In the past, I used to give up on things I loved so that I wouldn't be humiliated in front of everyone who judged me. Today, I see now that people are accepting the things I like and the drawings I draw. This has inspired me to go after what I love and to slowly start coming out of my shell. Now I am proud to be a dork and a nerd who adores the artistic side of the world from nature to shapes to writing to Leonardo da Vinci. Art really helps me when I am having a bad day or when I need something to do. Art is my passion! Thanks for reading this magazine, you guys!!! And remember: IF YOU CAN BE BATMAN ALWAYS BE BATMAN! Haha, peace to you all.

**Carlos Placencia** - Junior. Shout out to squad; Luz, Angela, Trinh, Angelica, Stacy, and Alice. Who am I ? I'm a person who is a great friend who cares. I'm the person who asks the important question: Are you lost or have you not been found? Those are the real questions that need to be asked and I'm that person who asks them. "Are you cold or just not warm?????????????"

*Alejandra Perez Dominguez* - Konichiwa!! I am a Sophomore at Arrupe Jesuit High School and this is my second year at Atticus. I still may be two years away from graduating, but I am already thinking about pursuing a career in law or audio production. I am a poet, artist, gamer, an anime lover, a cellist, 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 and poetry has helped me escape reality and so I forever walking into this abyss of creativity. Also, the world of anime helped me escape reality as well. This is who I am and I will leave you with this quote:

"Monsters are not born. They were just made by those horrible experiences." Kaneki Kun (Tokyo Ghoul) Arigato!!!!

**Leonardo Lopez** - Who am I? I am a Sophomore 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.

**Carla Romero** - Hello my name is Carla Romero. I am a Sophomore at Arrupe Jesuit High School. I was born on July 22, 1999 and am number three of four children. I want to be a Lawyer when I grow up but writing is a big hobby for me. I feel writing can create something more beautiful than can be sometime understood. I have been part of the Atticus family for 2 years and hope to stay a part of it until my senior year. Attius has really challenged me to open my imagination when it comes to writing. I think that I sometimes have a hard time expressing myself even though I am a very straightforward person, but with Atticus I can show my true colors. That is why I have come to really enjoy writing and sharing my writing with other people. I am a very happy person it takes a lot to break me down I love to learn and want to be the best that I can and I think I can do all that in Atticus and hope you can see that through my writing. I work hard for what I love and I hope you learn to love the way you can express yourself through writing like I have. "Yesterday is history, tomorrow is a mystery, today is a gift of God, which is why we call it the present." — Bil Keane. Thank you and God bless.



