A hand-drawn illustration in a sketchy, colored-pencil style. A woman with long dark hair, wearing a light green coat, stands on a green grassy hill in the lower-left corner. To her right is a large, light-colored tree with a thick trunk and several large, spreading branches. The background is a soft, textured wash of yellow and orange, suggesting an autumn sky. Numerous simple, stylized leaves in shades of red, orange, and yellow are scattered throughout the scene, appearing to fall from the tree. The overall mood is peaceful and seasonal.

Atticus
Art And Literary
Magazine: Fall 2018

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Heavenly Father,

Thank you for giving us the gift of our minds and hearts.

Through them may we offer inspiration to others and praise to You.

Continue to send your Spirit to drive our creativity for Your greater service.

We ask this through Christ, Your Son,

Amen.

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.

Thanks to **Ms. Hug** for scanning the beautiful artwork for the magazine.

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

Thank you to **Fr. Marcus Fryer** for writing the prayer for our magazine.

Thank you to **Yadhira Lomeli De Luna** for creating our front and back cover!

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

Like the Snow

Snow

Like snow I am silent
You won't notice me until you decide to
look for me
I am cold
Not inside, but cold to the touch
I bundle up with coats and blankets
Sweater and heaters
But my feet remain cold

There's more to me than just the first glance
Underneath the untouched snow
There's dirt
My emotions spin like a snow storm

Everybody can see the disaster
Everybody can feel the distress

I am not quiet anymore
I am troubled
Undetained
Uncontrollable
Seen

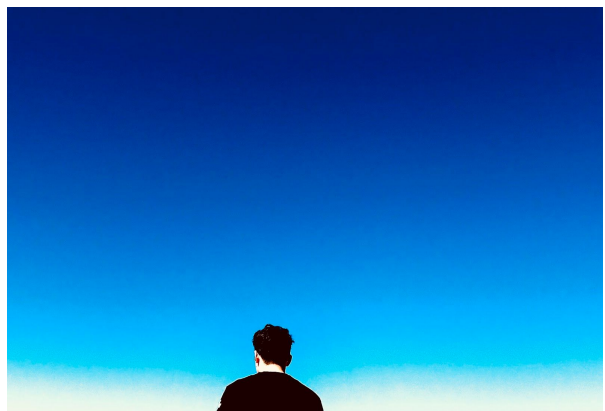
I hurt those around me
Some want me others despise me
But I'm there
Present

Winding down
I become calm
Wrecked and peaceful
I become beautiful with ornaments
And frozen like the leaves

Some sing songs
Others pray
Others hope they make it through the day
Sickness takes the ones we love
And some holidays aren't happy

When you think snow there's danger, ice
But just know it's nature
As time passes the snow melts
The sun shines on
And soon I'll be gone
All I hope is that while I was here
I did some good
For all those near
All I hope, I hope and pray
Is that you'll miss me day after day
All I wish, I wish and pray
Is that all you'll want is for me to stay
All I pray and hope and wish
Is that I'll get to see you once again

- Sara Vieyra



- Eduardo Avila

Burden of Melody

Sounds are special. A speckle or a sea level vessel. The memory of going deaf. Sounds I cannot hear, but instead I want to disappear, did you mishear? If I cannot taste the poison, then I was young. 10 years old and I went swimming. I omit the mention of it, but I keep my facts on a line. I was alone and I had no supervision. My immortal superstition. It made me break the rules. Into the deep.

Heart could not keep. Death was fear of mine but not anymore because it's death and death should be temporary. I couldn't swim. I never missed land so much. Water rushed into my ears. The death of sound hit me quick. I never felt this way before. My voice went quiet but still spoke. Screamed, for help. I was confused on who was deaf, me or the world.

Crowded with darkness, my eyes fell into faint. Blurs of the world would show up, then disappear. But I, could still not hear. Did I drown? I opened my eyes, she had a frown. I was scared.

This is how I lost my hearing. To this day, I still keep fearing. The Atlantic, oceanic pulverization. The water shows too much aggression. Turned me into a different person. A different version. I'm a work in progress.

She was feeling better, and she held my fragile hand "you'll be okay" she said. I felt skeptical, but the moment was medical. Burden of Melody, please come back. She looked at me and I looked at her. I tried to say it, then I did, "Xanthia square, so rare but may I ask? Can I die a little bit and come back?"

- Eduardo Avila

If We Knew

If we knew that time was an illusion,
Would love be the reality of my delusion?
Where we could have had a life full of love but at the end just a collusion.

Where every second that was spent,
Our happiness escaped.
So tell me,
If we knew that time was my illusion,
Would love be the reality of our delusion?

If we knew reality was a treasure,
I want to know why wasn't it my pleasure.
Pleasure, to my heart that you gave,
That everlasting smile.
Smile that stayed,
Not the wave,
But the way we both left our own separate ways.

The life we live has brought us puzzles,
The life we lived has brought problems for me to juggle.

This goes to Love whom has become
an abstract idea in my head.
Which has since disappeared.

I still hear it beat as if I were still alive,
Yet I still find it unclear

~Time, Life, Love~

- M&M

Daydream

As I sat at my desk,
I daydreamed about the things I could be
And, suddenly,

I became a knight,
Fighting off my own dragons.
I saved myself.

I became a superhero.
Saving lives and helping others.
With my super strength and flight.

I became a dreamer.
A dreamer who sees the beauty in
the small things that make me human.

I became a gamer.
I seek my own adventure,
I save princesses from giant towers

I became a world famous writer.
I form whatever I write or think
And I breathe life into it.

I became an astronaut.
Falling back to earth.

As I look up.
I realize...
The teacher is still talking.
And I'm still at my desk.
And, suddenly, I became a knight again.



- Paola Candia

- Kamille Riley

Cultivate Love

I am afraid to die
Because all your promises of national security have come as a lie
Headline after headline, the world becomes desensitized
When mass shootings no longer come as a surprise

Human lives are just not valued the same anymore
People lose their lives defending the efforts they stand for
And instead of helping, the entire world watches
as a little boy lies dead on a shore
Refugees flee their countries destroyed by war
Because they know that to life there has to be more

Streetlights are transformed into vigils
As gang related violence claims another individual
And once again the world watches,
As 15 year old boy bleeding to death cries out for help
Thousands of stories like his lie forgotten like old books on a shelf

Hateful words are transformed into hateful actions
And everyday people of color are losing their lives in hands of a white man
In school, church, or any public space will we ever feel safe again
because our skin color, language, or very presence
Can provoke a physical or verbal attack

It is those people and this world which are in desperate need of love
We must believe that we can rise above
Let us not fight one another but stand in solidarity
Enough is enough of the violence and barbarity
Let us once again value each others lives in their entirety

Let us CULTIVATE LOVE

- Karina Ferrer

Untitled

Why do the leaves on a tree fall, then grow again?
Like losing a friend, more come back with some time to spend.

The sun leaves, yet it comes back the next morning,
East to west is its only holding.

Nothing is what it seems, because it all has a reason.
It all comes and goes just as the seasons do.

Never lose hope

Even as the sky gives you snow,
There is a double meaning under, inside of the cloak.

- Marcos Montoya



- Alisa Tran

Eyes

Small yet square

Round yet big

Do you see the world small or big?

So thin yet, nicely well put

What do you see?

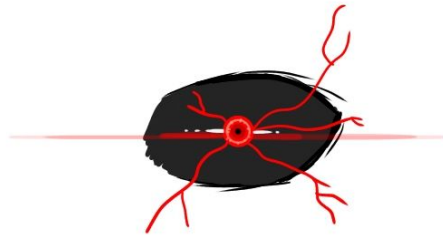
Is it me?

Or is it you?

Whatever it is,

Don't keep them closed.

- Nicol Roque



10/9/18
SLUTWA

- Sophia Castorena

Hello, My Love

Hey. Hello. It's been a while since I thought of you and for that I'm sorry. You may not have been mine, but you meant and still mean a lot to me. I would have been your aunt, your tia. I was excited about your arrival like I was with your older brother. You gave me my smile.

You would have been following your brother around the halls, annoying the crap out of him. You would have taken his toy cars and played with them until you lost them that same day. Your mother would get mad and scold you for taking your brother's things without asking and then losing them right after. Your grandma would come to the rescue and tell your mom to leave you alone, you're learning. Then, she would tell you the same thing, more nicely and she would tell you it's okay. I would hug, and comfort both of you. Tell you to apologize and let both of you know it's okay.

I would ask you about your first weeks of school, how you behaved, if you liked your teachers. I would let you both teach me how to count to 10 and I'd let you and your brother teach me the ABC's. I'd help you both with homework when your Mom couldn't. I'd help you both with your relationship problems. I would be your confider because you know your Mom would only yell and not talk to you like the mature teenagers you would be.

You'd both be a hit with potential people to be in a relationship with and I'd embarrass both of you until you've had enough. I'd tease you both about your crushes and boyfriends/girlfriends. I would do whatever it took to embarrass you in front of the one you took interest in.

I may not have been your Mom but I miss you terribly. It was too soon for you to go. A lot of time has passed and we have another you. Except, we know her gender, and she's one of the most beautiful creatures I've ever seen. I couldn't hold Aria and I nearly cried because when Aria was born, she reminded me of you. I was excited for her arrival as well. I just couldn't let myself be too excited because I was afraid of losing her too. I felt as if you were watching over her, as Aria's older sibling. Even though you didn't make it, she did, which was a miracle.

I miss you; I'm happy she's here. However, I wish you were here too. Maybe double brother protection or older sibling protection.

Aria is lucky to be here. I just wish your mother didn't have that cyst. I just wish you were here so I could watch you grow up to be the most wonderful person. To be honest, maybe you would have been my favorite because if you made it past that cyst, you must have been very strong.

Heaven needed you and I get that. I just wish I had gotten to say goodbye, my love.

This is to you, a late recognition but a recognition nonetheless. I love you even though I haven't met you. These tears that I have shed, for you and for the life you would have lived. Goodbye my love, until we meet again in the clouds, where you shall be at peace.

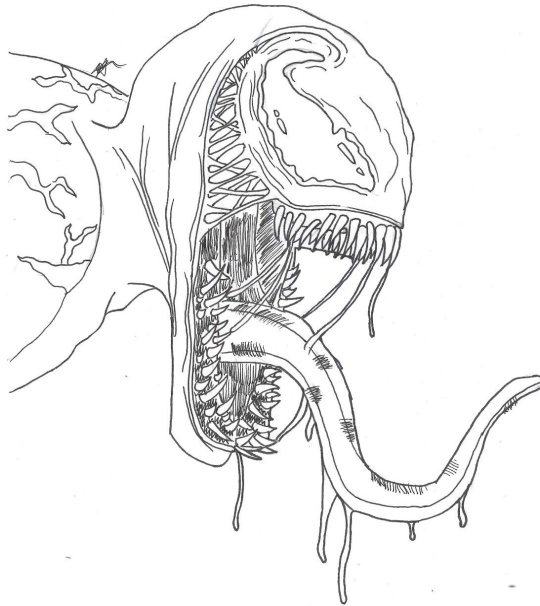
Tengo Miedo

Tengo Miedo,
Tengo Miedo a lo que no veo,
Lo que me pone en riesgo.
Tengo Miedo que me trague la vida en un tiro,
Un tiro que me deja atrás y la vida sigue

Tengo Miedo
De la vastedad de lo que no se
Que la luz para de proteger.
Tengo Miedo que no me pueda alzar
De no Levantarme y cuidar mis queridos

Tengo temor de todo que no deja seguir
De lo oscuro que no me deja divisar.
Tengo Miedo que no siga mis sueños,
Mis sueños que dejan proteger mis queridos
Tengo Miedo.

- Anónimo



- Angelo Durbano

The Promises of Life:

- The Promise Of Having Something Better
- The Promise Of A Better Future
- The Promise Of Loving Others
- The Promise Of Loving Yourself
- The Promise Of Helping Others
- The Promise Of Being Greater
- The Promise Of Leaving A Mark In This World
- The Promise Of Happy Endings
- The Promise Of Achieving Our Dreams
- The Promise Of Supporting Our Parents Till The End
- The Promise Of Having A Voice In This World
- The Promise Of Making The World A Better Place
- The Promise Of Having Friends
- The Promise Of Having Family
- The Promise Of Wealth
- The Promise Of Faith
- The Promise Of Music
- The Promise Of Art
- The Promise Of Education
- The Promise Of Many More Promises To Come

- Luis Herrera

Freedom

I thought I had won this recurring war.
I thought the screams would end
The hurtful words, even those names that aren't mine.
But everything came back to me.
Came back to haunt me, like it said it would.
The dark shadow that followed me from a young age had told me,
"I will come back for you and this time it will be the end!!"
Started to laugh, when I tried to stand up and fight.

The malevolent laugh is back.
It's not letting me fall asleep.
As the night is setting down, I feel something grabbing my arm.
It's pulling me down.
Putting so much weight on my shoulders.
Making me overthink so many things.
I thought it had all ended.
That I would be able to care for myself.
That I would not have to please others.
Yet it is the same thing over and over again.

Imprisoning me.
Having to accept what it wants.
Taking whatever it wants from me.
Like in the past...
No!!!

Not again! I won't let it do it again!
I want to do whatever I want!
To be myself!!
To accomplish my dreams!
I'm done having to please others!
I am breaking this cycle of darkness!!

- Anonymous

Collection of Poetry

Rainbow After The Storm

The damage had been done,
but it wasn't forever.

The grey haze is over,
the stormy nights are over.

The sunshine's coming out;
you can see the colors now.

They're becoming vibrant
and ready for you,
ready for you to follow it to the end.

Dependence On Others *little advice*

Depending on others puts yourself at risk,
whether it's for a simple task
or something as big as your own happiness.

It can be messed up in a matter of seconds.

Show that you depend on them,
but also have independence from them.

That way when they do decide to turn things around,
you will have yourself secured.

Don't put yourself at risk.

- Stephanie Rodriguez

La oscuridad

Las arañas y
los payasos me asustan
pero ese miedo lo puedo controlar.
Lo que mas me persigue,
es mi miedo a la oscuridad.

Es como estar en una atmósfera desconocida.
Es como si me lanzaran en un pozo sin salida.
Es como estar a solas con un extraño.
Es como estar cautiva y no poder escapar.
Es como una pesadilla de la cual no puedo despertar.

Pero mi miedo se hace más grande al estar sola.
Es como si estuviera indefensa.
Es como sentir que alguien te observa.
Es como no tener a nadie quien acudir.
Es como no tener a nadie en quien confiar.

Las arañas y
los payasos me asustan.
Pero lo que más me atormenta,
es mi miedo a la oscuridad.
ese miedo no lo puedo controlar.

Mi miedo me ha ganado.
Ahora soy su prisionera.
Ahora soy su presa.
Ahora estoy gritando por ayuda
y nadie me puede escuchar.

La oscuridad me tiene atrapada.

- Anonymous



- Paola Candia

Pet Frog

I found a frog and hid it.
I hid it from mommy and Daddy.
I keep it in my room.
The coldness makes it happy.

I feed it when mommy makes food.
So it only gets fed sometimes.
Burgers make it smile.
And we share our five french fries.

My frog is skinny, just like me.
You can see both of our bones.
But that's not good for a frog.
So my food, he gets the most.

My frog loves my teddy bear.
The only other thing I own.
They both snuggle in the night.
They don't want to be alone.

I wish my frog was like my mom.
And my teddy like my Dad.
Then the frog wouldn't be crying.
And teddy wouldn't be mad.

Then teddy would stop drinking.
The fizzy drinks from the can.
And frog wouldn't always be bleeding.
When one too many teddy's had.

Teddy would not leave early and be back when I'm asleep.
The frog wouldn't try to push their son inside the sink.
Their son would not be forced to go into the scary attic.
Teddy would not hit their son and say "Oops. Sorry Fours-o-hab-it."

I love my pet frog and I think it loves me.

I love my pet frog and I hope it loves me.

I love my pet frog and I know it loves me.

I love my pet frog and it might not love me.

I love my pet frog but it does not love me.

I love my pet frog.

I love my pet frog.

I love my pet frog.

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

I hate my pet frog.

Sad Soul

Sad soul
Lonely soul.
You repeat those three
words so perfectly.

Instead of sounding
sinful,
they sound majestic.

It is as if you
make this phrase
your daily night prayer.

I ask you for
the truth
And yet you lie.

I know because
I can see through
your glazed eyes.

As I look through
the window of your soul,
I see all of the light
start to fade away.

- *Monday*

The Scary Thing About Love

I'll admit,
I'm scared of love.

Well, not really love,
But loving him.

Loving him with every piece of me.
Every single piece until there is nothing left.

Loving his heart.
The same heart that stole the breath from my lungs.

He was the lightning that struck me without a thunderstorm.
He was the shelter the world couldn't provide.

I'm afraid of the fact that I walked into the love instead of falling.
Afraid of choosing it with my eyes wide open.

I'm afraid of choosing you.
In a hundred lifetimes, in a hundred worlds, in any version of reality.

I'm afraid of choosing you because you might not chose me, too.
You might not choose me in a single lifetime, in a single world, in one reality.

But I chose that love.
And it scares every happy thought inside of me.

But just like a movie playing when the leaves turn a deeper shade,
Scary is not always a bad thing.

So I will continue to love you with every piece inside of me,
Even if you let those pieces collect dust in the most forgotten memories in history.

So I will continue to love you with every piece inside of me.
I will keep loving you as if there's no tomorrow, only forever.

Even if you don't want a tomorrow or a forever,
I will continue loving you.

- natalie



- Angelo Durbano

if you could see me now

*I wonder what my younger self would say
if they saw me now
but I think I already know
I would tell them skinny isn't attractive
attractive isn't happy
when people tell you
you're beautiful
believe them
because the beauty, the talk about isn't something a mirror can validate
happiness isn't something the universe hands you
once you fit the description
It's something you choose for yourself
that self hatred isn't something to accept
It's something to overcome
that
like the definition of right and wrong
the definition of beauty changes with circumstances
she'd realize that she was making herself smaller trying to fit
where people weren't meant to
I'd grab her by the shoulders and shield her
until she realized
there are better ways to spend her time
than tearing her heart apart
for me to pick up later
I'd tell her to get to know the body she's in
before she starts hating on it
I'd tell her to focus on the aspects of herself
that she can change*

not that she can't
I'd tell her to wander less about how strangers see her
and focus on how people she cares about
treat her
don't tell her she's too strong
to break herself down like this
I'd tell her she's too kind
to be so cruel
I shouldn't tell her
what she wants to hear
she deserves better than that

- Nuvia Saavedra



- Sophia Castorena

Tu Sombra

"No le temo a nada"

Me reaseguro a mi misma

Mientras camino

Sola

En la lluvia

"No me da miedo perderte"

Le grito al viento

"Te extrañare",

Pero no tengo miedo

La sombra detrás de mi remueve mi pelo mojado

Susurra en mi oído

"Claro que tienes miedo"

Escalofríos toman control sobre mi cuerpo

"Mirarte, hasta le tienes miedo a tu propia sombra"

- Anna Hernandez Barrios

Home

There's this house
on a hill.
This house may seem like
an ordinary house,
but it's not.

You see many visit,
but don't stay.
The ones that do,
I hold dear in
my prayers.

They always ask
"What's so wrong with it?,"
but they only see the
perfect pink walls,
with the white picket fence,
and the green grass.

They enter and
that's when they start
to uncover more.

They see the chipped walls,
the pictures filled with terror,
and the screeching clock.

That damned clock.
At 7:30 it is the same awful message.
"Failure, despair, disappointment"
The pictures snicker.

To the left there are stairs,
they lead to a
"special room."
The Attic.

A warning is
placed ahead.
"Heed, unstable recollection."

The room is filled
with shattered mirrors.
Mirrors that once displayed
aspiration and desire.

Only a few check in,
some stay behind,
but most disappear.

They try to rebuild
the mirrors by gluing them
together with their
affection and endearment.

After a while of
"Success"
they fail to remember
the monster.

The monster destroys it all.
It brings up both of
its fists,
sorrow and damage.
They come crashing down.

They try again and again
until they see it's
pointless.
They give in and
check out.

It asks itself,
"There's no hope, is there?"
The monster just shrugs
its shoulders and sighs.

The house is so
worn out
that little by little
it starts to collapse.

- Monday

I Can't Do It

They chose to give up.

They tell you to give up.

You're an idiot.

You chose to give up.

You tell you to give up.

Don't be an idiot.

Move on.

Don't give up.

If you give up, nothing was worth it.

All you've done to work up to this point was pointless.

Do you really believe that?

Ha!

Don't make me laugh.

You're not an idiot.

You won't give up.

No matter who tells you.

No matter what you tell you.

You're not an idiot.

- Page Winston

Intruder

Why promise something you can't keep.
Have your words tell me it is all going to be okay.
To lie about how easy it will be now that everything is better.
Tell me that I will be under your arm and you will protect me.

Why tell me you love me.
To trust you that nothing will go wrong.
How funny things can be.
I thought I knew you.

I believed every word you said.
Even when she put your lies on the table.
How it was you, not her.
I didn't believe her, because I trusted you.

You were family, my friend from childhood.
Still, you did it.
You threw my trust like it was nothing.
You consumed my life, secrets, love, hate, and trust.

Pretending to not be in love.
Pretending I was just your friend.
Pretending you were my family.
For what?

To abuse what I gave you.
To take control that day.
To kill my spirit.
TO DESTROY ME!!

To try to break my lonely heart...
You were intrusive...
A sleek killer.

- Anonymous



- Angelo Durbano

Happiness

I get out of my bed, yet
my covers and pillow are desperate for yet another hug.

My eyes and mind are sleep walking,
barely receptive to what's happening; The sun
begins to rise and it winks,
greeting me through my window and
the clouds hugging her. I cover them,
in an attempt to stay fast asleep
and that is happiness. .

My mother bellows "Wake Up"
Until I can hardly hear the floor creaking
as I walk from room to room,
and the walls fully awoken with me and that's happiness.

The fresh steam
from a morning shower calms the static
and makes the world seem a bit quieter.

Talking to my mom
as we watch the world continue
to be consumed by bad things. Yet,
we know we are both good for each other, that's happiness.

I drive to school in my temporarily cold car
and pray that it heats up faster. I slam
on my brakes for the texter
in front of me. That's happiness. I'm at school,
Partly asleep, partly attentive, partly asking questions
to finish last night's homework. The halls
are crowded, body bustling back to class
and between the restrooms
With the scent of cologne, tiredness and sweat.

The late night practices
with the needed will to run,
stay awake,
remember what you had for homework,
the wanting to go home, but running anyways,
that is happiness.

The afternoon and myself have wrapped ourselves up
In a blanket

And called it a day, for we are tired.
That's happiness; the mornings,
the afternoons, and the nights
of constant effort, the wanting to succeed at the largest tasks
but sometimes
failing at the smallest of them.
The rollercoaster
of events, emotions, endeavors, everything:
Everything is happiness:

- Isabelle Trujillo



- Paola Candia

Falling Apart

I'm falling apart
I'm going insane
Looking for my heart
I just feel pain

A different start
But the familiar ending
Lonely nights
I'm sick of pretending

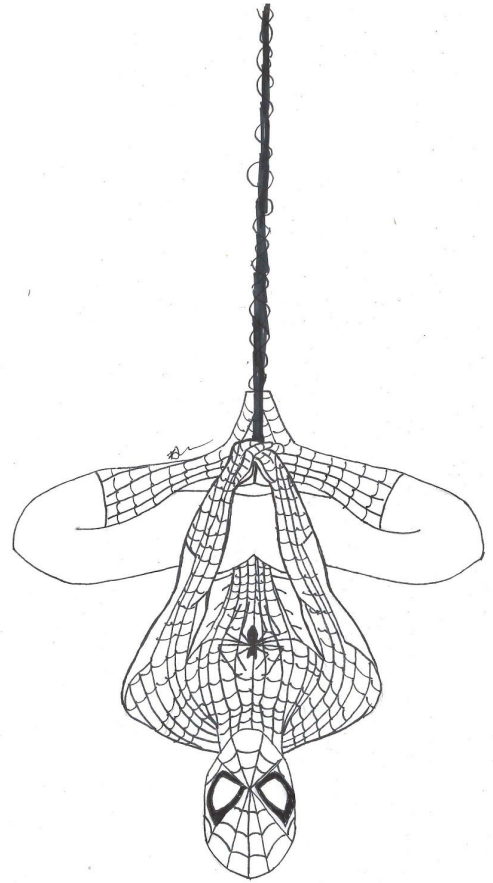
My feelings are getting harder to hide
I'm losing my mind
Happiness is what I'm trying to find
I was stupid to think that I could be by your side

I couldn't compete
You guys belong together
I feel defeated and this feeling hurts
But don't worry this feeling wasn't my first

I'll be fine
Because one you will be mine

LTR

- Luis Millan



- Angelo Durbano

I am...

I am a person with flaws
I am a person with passion
I am a crazy, hormonal teenager
But, I am not a toy

I am a person with values
I am kind and I am a bully
I am strong
But you can not ridicule me

I am wild

I am quiet
I am hard headed
And
I am loving
But, that doesn't give you the right to hurt me

I am faithful
I am loyal
I am smart
But, I am human

I am childish
I am playful
I am so much more than you see
I am a person

I deserved more than how you treated me

Yo soy Mexicana
Adoro a mi familia y a mi cultura
Yo soy muchas cosas
Y tu no me merecias

- Sara Vieyra

R

El
Yo no puedo seguir,
si tu no estas.
Yo intente olvidarte.
Pero no fue así.
Yo no sé como vivir sin ti.
Tu estabas junto a mi, pero un día eso cambio.
Te tenias que ir.

No puedo olvidarte
No sé si volverás
No soy feliz si no te tengo aquí.

Pero no quiero eso, yo te quiero junto a mi.
Te estaba buscando y te encontré.
Yo sé que a lo mejor no me quieres
Pero este amor que yo siento no se quiere ir.
Yo soy la culpable de que te marchaste.
Yo sé que tu diste todo,
tu tiempo, tu amor y tu atención
Y yo no lo reconocí.

No te puedo olvidar
No sé si volverás
No soy feliz si no te tengo aquí.

Ahora que tu no estas, mi cama se siente vacía.
Cuando despierto te busco pero ya no estas.
Me distraigo para no pensar en ti pero eso me falla.
Voy a buscarte a donde estas.
Para decirte que te quiero
Para intentar otra vez.
Pero si no pasa yo lo entiendo.

No puedo olvidarte
No sé si volverás
No soy feliz si no te tengo yo aquí.

No puedo olvidarte
No sé si volverás
No soy feliz si no te tengo aquí.

¿Qué gano yo olvidándote?
Yo quiero que sigas en mi vida.
No quiero que pienses que mi amor no es de verdad.

- Allys Lejarazu

'What She Became'

He remembers the way she made him feel. She made him feel so important. She made him feel special. He remembers how just seeing her the emotions took over. She was the sweetest. She was the smartest. She was the cutest. She had the best personality.

He remembers the first time they met. How he looked into her eyes and felt what it was to truly love someone. His feelings, for the first time, completely took over. His emotions always got the best of him. She got the best of him.

She seemed like she would be there for him till the end. He remembers the feeling of something, *someone*, being there for him. He remembers how just talking to her made him nervous and anxious. He remembers not wanting to talk because the fear of messing everything up stopped him.

He remembers what she became. He remembers when she turned sour. When she turned into a monster. She became the person he hoped she never would be, but somehow always knew what was coming. All he wanted was for her to love him. His emotions became too much for him. He realized she wouldn't like him. He realized that she was never going to like him. How could she love him when she couldn't even love herself. She became cold and when it hit him, he went spiraling down.

What he needed by the end was to stay away. He needed to stay away from her so they could become friends, just friends. He realized she couldn't become what he wanted her to be. She became the thing he checked for under his bed when he was younger. She was the calm and the storm. The fear of losing her all together was the only thing keeping him there in his pain. He still remembers the painful night when she said, "Goodbye". When she finally left for good.

- Xavier Carrillo

Temor

Siempre ocupó los pensamientos
Y nunca me preocupo de cómo te sientes.
Nada pasara cuando estén heridos,
Y no me importaran tus talentos.
No existirán los fragmentos,
Porque lo que fue ya no es.

Y a mi no me importa.

Siempre estare ahi, a tu lado.
Nunca te dejare en paz y siempre estaré juzgando.
Y si haces algo mal, yo me reiré.

Y a mi no me importa.

Dices que que me debes?

Y yo te respondo que soy tu temor.
Temor a fracasar y decepcionar.
Todo lo que haces- y todo lo que anhelas
Te haré pensar que es un error.

Y a mi no me importa.

Y te haré sentir como si no valieras
Y nada podrás hacer
Porque yo soy la voz dentro de tu cabeza.
Te dejare petrificada con temor y odio
Y sin poder hacer nada.

Y a mi no me importa.

- Alma Borunda

Obj_Self

```
[Create Event]
///Initialize Variables
Grav = 0.9
Spd = 4
Hspd = 0
Vspd = 0
Jspd = 14
True-Happiness = true;
Darkness = false;

[Step Event]
//Input
R_key = keyboard_check(ord("D"))
L_key = keyboard_check(ord("A"))
J_key = keyboard_check_pressed(ord("W"))
//Movement
If (R_key){
    Hspd = spd;
}
If (L_key){
    Hspd = -spd;
}
If (J_key){
    Vspd = -jspd;
}
//True-Happiness
If instance_exists(obj_Self){
    If True-Happiness = false{
        Darkness = true;
        Alarm[0] = 240;
    }
}

[Alarm[0]]
//Darkness
instance_destroy();
```

Conceit

It's always the same.
A never ending cycle.
I stand in front of the mirror,
look at myself,
scream,
and fall.

The more I think,
the deeper I sink.
"Why?" I ask,
I don't get it.

Why is it that
everytime I look at my
reflection,
I am sickened?

I see my body
and see my image
staring back.
It's on fire.

There's a bucket
of water
beside me.

I take it,
but instead of
putting the fire out,
I give the weeds
the water and watch
as they encase my mind.

I look again
and this time I don't
see a horror show
or feel disgust.
I loathe myself.

I want to grab every
single inch of
my skin that is
covered with defects
and shred it into oblivion.

They ask me "Why?"
I tell them
"I wish I knew."

I wish I knew
why I couldn't be as
alluring as her when the
sun kissed her skin.

I wish I understand
why my skin feels like
a sin
I just don't get it.

They tell me "It's easy",
but they don't understand.
My self esteem was hushed
and out of shame
it buried itself somewhere
I would never find it.

- Monday

Hope to Recovery

She loves with a tender heart
She laughs with the brightest smile
She creates an ocean of tears
But walks with no fear

She's left for the most wicked
And stabbed with his bitter lies
But still holds herself up high,
With not a tear in her eye

She stands up tall,
With her soul slipping away
When she sees him in the hall
Hurting, she chooses to stay

Her heart is an abyss
No longer beating
Her skin, like paper
And her smile bent down

A tear falls
Two fall, then three
Her only hope now
Is finding the path to recovery

For her soul to return
And the seed of happiness to grow in her heart

- Anonymous

Cannonball

Some days, Lord, we feel inside like we've been hit by a cannonball.

Our hours, minutes, and seconds feel splintered and shaken.

When we feel like this, we're prone to retreat.

Instead, dear Father, inspire us like You inspired St. Ignatius.

Help us to find You in the pain.

Help us to find You in the confusion.

Help us to find You in the aftermath.

And, when we find You, inflame our hearts to serve you another day.

Amen.

- Fr. Marcus Fryer

Meet the Members of the Atticus Literary and Art Magazine!

Honorary Mention for Atticus Members with no bio: Lesly Guzman, Natalie Maka, Paola Candia, Angelo Durbano, Rich Kibozi, Fabian Gutierrez, Sofia Milan, Marcos Montoya, Zephaniah Rivera, Kamille Riley

Alisa Tran

Hi! I'm Alisa, a Senior with a serious case of senioritis. () I joined Atticus because the people here are awesome and also it's a nice stress reliever. If you are wondering what type of person I am, I am ISA or Investigative, Social, and Artistic (according to the holland code). ✧ ヽ(O▽O) ✧ I am also a INFJ which stands for Introversion, Intuition, Feeling, and Judgment (Myers Briggs personality test). I love playing heavy story based video games! My favorite game is Persona 5! (^人^) I also like: God of War, Kingdom Hearts, Nier Automata and Life is Strange.

Daniela Rodriguez

Bello! I'm a junior and being a part of the Atticus family is a great blessing. Being able to share my writing with others is amazing <3

Gema Prado

Hello! I'm a junior and having joined Atticus has given me the chance to meet some amazing people and continue my passion for writing.

Nicol Roque

Hello, I am Nicol Roque and I am a Senior at Arrupe. I like to see some Korean/Chinese dramas, which at some point in my life, I was learning Mandarin (welllll, I'm still trying too, but I'm too lazy 😂). I love to sleep, and I have a dark sense of humor. So, please do not freak out or worry about me, it's just who I am. I join Atticus because I wanted to do something with my life. It's really nice since I get to see cool drawings and read stories or poetry.

Omar Medina

Hey what's up everyone! I'm Omar, part of the Class of 2019. I'm a huge Doctor Who nerd, and Harry Potter nerd, and Sherlock nerd, and Supernatural nerd, and a bit of a nerd just in general. You will pretty much always see me with a book, and most likely reading. I also really enjoy writing a lot, and am currently working on several different stories at the same time. I hope you all enjoy this edition of Atticus!

Allys Jazmin Lejarazu-Dueñas

I am Allys Jazmin Lejarazu-Duenas, born February 8th, 2000 in Nezahualcoyotl, Mexico. I am a Senior at Arrupe. My favorite shows are **Supernatural** and **My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic**. I am currently learning Arabic. I like sports, writing, singing, music, reading, photography, and drawing. I also like to compose songs for myself. I like having the sensation of creating something full of strong emotions, which people can say wow or can relate to. I didn't really like to share my writing with others until I heard about Atticus. I want to thank the members who got me to join and they know who they are, also the whole club for making my experience the best. I hope many more students become part of Atticus.

Diana De La Rosa Santiago

Hello everybody! My name is Diana De La Rosa and I am a current Senior here at Arrupe. This is my second year joining Atticus and so far, it has been so incredibly great. I love to write, sing, and perform, but to be completely honest, I kind of just like to talk, a lot. I am the oldest in my family and will be the first to ever graduate from high school and go on to college. I love to work with youth within my own community and attend community events as well. I'm excited to continue being a part of Atticus, and I hope you all enjoy this edition!

Sara Vieyra

“Have a heart that never hardens, a temper that never tires, and a touch that never hurts.” - Charles Dickens. I am Sara Vieyra, a Junior and this is my second year in Atticus. My favorite things are reading/writing, singing, soccer, and law. I am involved in Mock Trial, and am a Varsity Soccer player. I like to be involved in the community, volunteering for example. When I graduate I'd like to go to Harvard for law school. For now, I enjoy being apart of the Atticus community and I really hope you all enjoy this edition!

