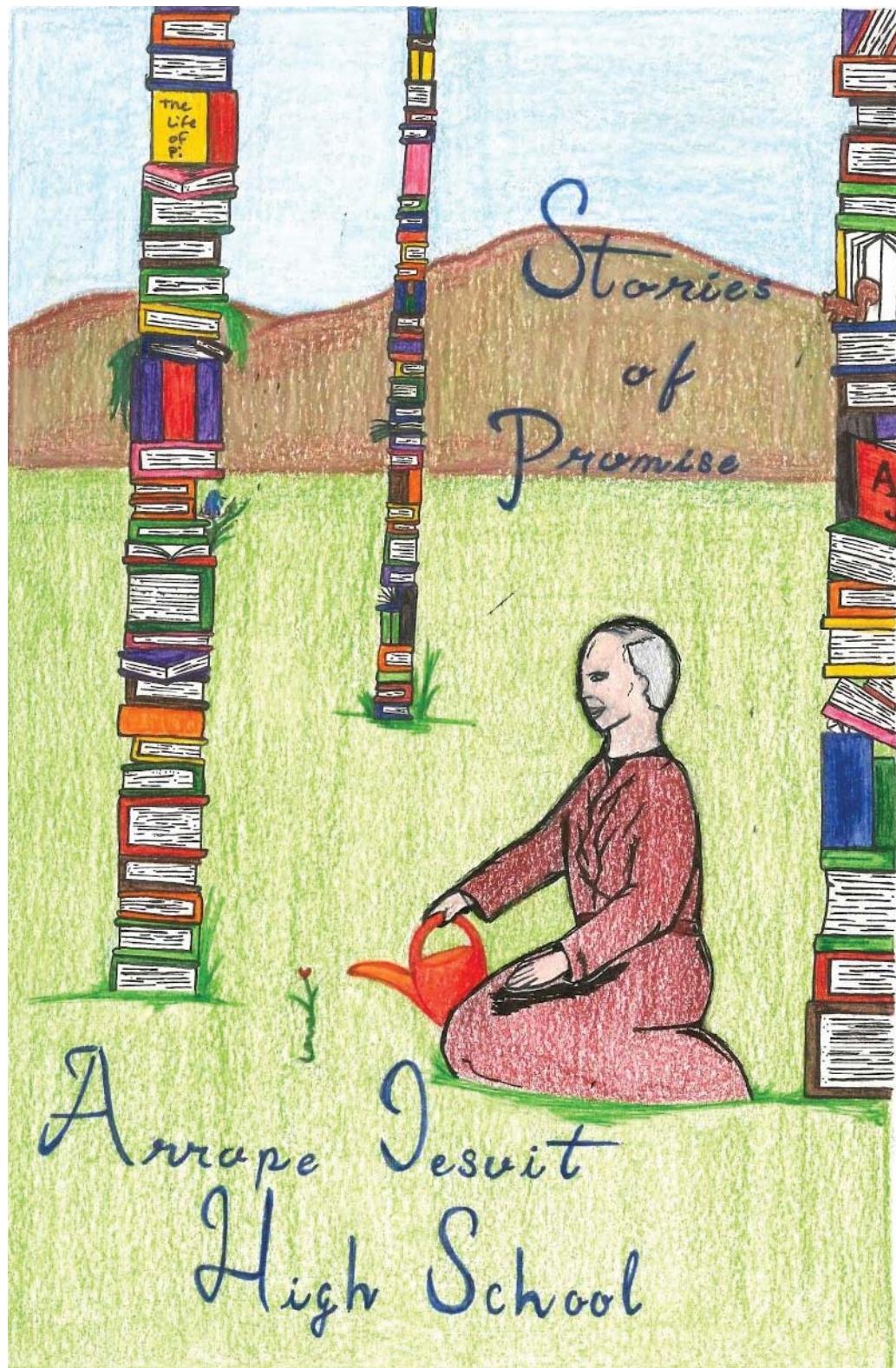


Atticus
Atte's
Literary
Magazines
2018



- Leslie Quintero

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Dear God,

We thank you for every beautiful moment in life, for the people who are part of us. For the people who have helped us become who we are today. For your wonderful creations that inspire us day by day. We know that you have put things in our way as obstacles to make us stronger. Therefore we thank you. We know that at times we doubt your support and forget to acknowledge you. However you continue to hold our hand through every moment, and continue to reach for us. Thank you for every hand you give and every sign you place in front of us. Thank you for every blessing and gift you have given us.

This we pray in your son's name Jesus Christ our Lord,

Amen.

-The Atticus Team



Illustration: Alejandro Lejarazu

Thank You!

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Smile

It's so bright, so sweet too

So calming just looking at it

The sight gives me goosebumps every time

Makes me wanna stare all day

If I stared all day I'd go blind due to its brightness

Yet I still love it, and I'd stare all day if I could you know

It's like a magnet and I'm the darn metal

I wanna be close all day

When I wake up I can see it as long as I want

Then when I close my eyes it's gone

I hope you know it drives me crazy love

Just your smile, I love it

- Mia Quispe

O-O

What Was Left Behind

Everything happened so fast.
From the moment he left, my heart
like shattered glass.

I gave him my whole heart and
yet it was not enough to keep him.

He laughed at me as
I confessed how I truly felt.

The pain that he left me with,
was my happiness.

It was a reminder of a time
when it used to be real.

The pain was like a fresh
breath of air.

When he left my world,
all of my happiness was gone.

I no longer felt anything.
My body became numb.

His mouth the gun,
his goodbye the bullet
Because when he fired his
last goodbye
I felt like he had shot my
heart.

But in a way, that wound
reminded me that at one point
he truly loved me.

But all that is left are the
memories of what once,
did exist.

- Gema Prado

Yo Entiendo

Te miro y me enamoró aún más. Es difícil tener que dejar mis sentimientos atrás.

No quiero continuar así. Tener que olvidar la razón por cual te amo. Me destroza tener que hacerlo. Me mata no tenerte.

Te amo, no me di cuenta de eso hasta que realmente te alejaste de mi. Hasta que negaste mi amor. Hasta que me dijiste que no me querías por tus razones.

Yo entiendo...pero escucha primero:

Prometo que estaré allí cuando tú quieras. Prometo darte espacio cuando lo necesites y cuando quieras estar sola. Prometo consolarte cuando lo desees o cuando sea necesario.

Sé que no soy perfecto. Pero intentaré y daré mi todo. No puedo prometer cosas que pueden ser imposibles. Pero limpiaré mi desastre si te hago daño. Secaré tus lágrimas y te lo compensaré. Estaré allí para hacerte reír cuando lo necesites.

Quiero presionar play, para ver el resto. Quiero superar la pausa de mis sentimientos por ti. No quiero detenerlos de nuevo.

Sin embargo, puedo hacer muchas cosas por ti. Pero no puedo si no me dejas. Simplemente no quiero ser amigos. Quiero ser más que solo amigos. Quiero que confíes en mí, de la misma manera que yo confío en ti. Quiero que entiendas muchas cosas que haría por ti si me dieras una oportunidad. No te dejaré ir a menos que quieras que lo haga. No diré que no a menos que quieras que lo haga. No me iré a menos que tú quieras que lo haga.

Miro hacia el cielo y noto que nada está solo. Te pido que no me dejes así. Yo sé que no confías. Pero puedes confiar en mí.

Tu eres lo mas importante para mi. Yo diría que no a lo que sea nadamas para poder estar contigo. Tu eres mi mundo.

Yo sé que te han lastimado. Yo quiero reparar eso. Me gustaría demostrarte que quiero construir de nuevo lo que está roto.

Yo entiendo que hay días que no te puedo ayudar. O que no quieres mi ayuda. Te pido que confíes en mí. Te pido que me des una oportunidad.

Muchas personas hablan. Muchas personas empujan. Gritan. Apuntan el dedo. Para tirar y lastimar. Pero yo estoy aquí para ti. Y si me dicen a mi no importa, porque lo que sí importa es que yo esté contigo.

- Allys Lejarazu

A Fallen Leader

I woke up with a pain in my head that I had never felt before. I didn't understand what was happening, but I had just heard screaming in the streets. I did not want to get out of bed, for I feared that there was something that I did not want to get involved with. My windows had no curtains and a glowing orange light came through. The light moved as it had a soul of its own, while the shadows created figures all around the room. I looked for my phone but then I remembered; I had left it in the living room.

There was no need to turn on the lights. The whole room was orange from the outside light. All the paintings in my room looked like they were sprayed with blood. I couldn't hear anything from outside. But then, I heard a heavy plank hit the ground and I went to see what was happening outside through the window.

It was an unforgettable sight. The whole street was dyed in orange and nobody, not even firefighter trucks, were in sight. I only heard crackling from the burning home. Parents were each holding a baby, wrapped around with blankets that had a little brown teddy bears on them. I looked at the burning house. I then went down stairs and left to go see what else happened. The family looked behind, half clothed with the babies covering their chests, and saw me in my pajamas looking back at them. No sirens were heard in the distance because after the riots broke out, law enforcement had been exhausted.

"What happened," I yelled as I got closer to them.

"You haven't heard, the economy has gotten a lot worse since the David M. Bank went south," said the mom who had nothing above her waist.

"And what does that have to do with your home on fire?", I said acting like I didn't know.

"Are you really asking us that?" The father looked at me with an angry look, "Look around you, we are the ones who have too much to spend, the poor are jealous that we were still allowed to keep our homes".

"Okay, um.... let me make some calls..". I headed back to my front door and I dialed the head of the fire department.

"Hello"

"Hi, I like to report a fire in front of my home"

"Okay, I will send my finest firemen to deal with the fire. They will be there in a flash."

"No, don't send them right now, wait a minute. I want to see what happens."

"Okay.... anything else"

"No!", I hung up and went upstairs to look outside. No one was outside but the family whose house was on fire. Oops, not anymore. Now it was a pile of debris on fire and the parents were running to my house. The sirens could be heard in the distance, while the parents started banging on my door. I took my time walking down stairs and I opened the door. The mother asked me in a shy and embarrassed tone, "Could we stay here for the night". "Yes... follow me to the basement to show you the guest room."

I took them downstairs and showed them the guest room. Everything in the room was white, even the empty picture frames were white. "I hope you enjoy your stay, I expect you to be leaving by morning?". "We can't....we invested most of our money to David M. Bank and the rest of the money were in accounts that David M. Bank managed for us. We have lost everything." said the father looking down at his feet. "It's okay, I....nevermind, enjoy your sleep", I gave them a weak smile and turned to the door. "If I may ask, how do you still have money and why haven't you been attacked by the poor.", asked the mother with the youngest baby covering her left breast. "I...don't know, to be honest.". I opened the door, closed it behind me, grabbed my phone from the living room and headed to my room.

After an hour passed, I had received no sleep because of the firefighters and the water hoses. I got up from my bed and looked out of the window. I saw the firefighters extinguishing the last remains of the fire. I got the home phone from the night stand near my bed and dialed a number, "He....Hello? Whoever this is will be in big trouble if this is a prank!". "Calm down Adrain, I just wanted to know what is the progress of the bill." I said, looking down at the firefighters who had finished, and watching a man take a pack of beer from the fire truck.

I couldn't believe what I saw, they were supposed to be helping others but they just sat on the remains of the home and drank together. I grabbed the base of the home phone and threw it out of the window while the home phone hit one of the firefighters in the head. I think it knocked him out, "What the hell is wrong with you?". A male firefighter screamed after finishing his beer. He grabbed the home phone that I threw out and threw it back in through the window. I took cover before the phone came back inside and destroyed one of my closet doors. I thought it was over and that I was safe. A moment later, I poked my head out of the window and saw them with guns. I thought to myself, "Why do they have guns?". I got another glance at the person I hit with the phone, still lying in the floor, with a little bit of blood surrounding their head. I kept lying to myself that he was only knocked out. Seconds later, I grabbed my phone that was placed on top of the bed and went to wake up the family. I pulled them out of the bed and told them to follow me quietly. We headed through the living room and the firefighters started banging the door with all their might. I

grabbed a lighter from the coffee table and lit a piece of the curtain of the living room. "Oh my god, are you crazy, are you planning to lose your home, too?!", said the father looking at the burning curtain. "Yes, I am partially crazy, but that curtain was hideous and this isn't important." I grabbed the phone from my pocket and dialed 9-1-1.

"9-1-1, what's your emergency?"

"The president here, um... a group firefighters have set my house on fire"

The father and mother looked at each other, "If you are the preside....". I pressed my lips with the side of my fore finger and gave a mean look at the mother to be quite.

"Ok, I will be sending a team of firefighters and a group of police officers."

"That sounds lovely, thank you"

"What's the address?"

"Just track this phone", I dropped the phone on the floor of the living room, currently being engulfed in flames. We got into the kitchen and I looked at my backyard to see if it was safe to cross the street in order to get out with one of my cars. Luckily it was safe and we tried to cross the backyard without making a sound. It seemed like the babies had different plans. They both cried horrendously and loud enough for the angry men and women to know where we were. There was no point for us to be quiet, so we ran as fast as we could to the car. After unlocking the door and entering, we heard multiple gun shots. I did not want to wait to see what happened. I started the car and left the street at full speed going through every red light. With my right hand I was holding on to the wheel, while with my left hand, I had looked for my phone patting down every pocket I had. I remembered that I had left it in my burning home, so I slowed down and started to follow the traffic rules.

After half of a hour of boredom and stopping to see the sunset, we finally arrived to the white house. "Good Morning" said a security agent while she opened my door. Coming out of the car in my pajamas, the security agent asked me if I would like to go towards my closet. It would of been bad of me to address my country in pajamas, so I accepted the offer and went inside before the parents got out of the car. I looked at the clock hanging on the wall and saw that it was 5:30. I convinced myself that a power nap was not a bad idea. Three hours later or so, I got up and went to get ready for the day. I headed out of my living space and got to the oval office.

Everybody who was important and who had a high opinion of themselves were there, waiting for the new bill to be signed. I sat down in my fancy seat and grabbed a special pen to sign the bill that would affect all of America. I took a deep breath and signed it. Everybody in the office cheered, even the security guards. I looked at the camera in front of me and said, "Today, I have signed a bill that will change the fate of America. We are in a desperate time for justice and order. As the saying goes, desperate times calls for desperate measures. I have thought of signing this bill through in my previous home, even though some complications occurred. I have not abandoned the people of America. As god stays with you, even when you don't have faith. I will not abandon you either even if you don't have faith in your government. May god bless you, and have a wonderful day."

The cameraman gave me the signal to show that the recording had ended. I stood up and left before anyone tried to congratulate me. I got to my living space and turned on the T.V. I looked at my smart watch and it said 8:55 a.m.. I changed the channel to the channel where 4 news will appear later than usual and a commercial about the gum company, Extra, was showing about how anyone who chews their gum will have their problems fixed, even their marriage. Some minutes later, the nine news opening started and the two anchors did not say good morning but rushed into the national news. The female looked at her colleague and said, "Today, our president's previous home was lost in fire from an angry mob", she looked at the camera, "and police had to take action to not allow this mob from attacking other homes. No other information is known other that the only surviving criminal says that someone killed one his men. No evidence has been found to support his claim." I let go of my breath, hoping that they found nothing from my home fire that could potentially say I am a murderer. The male anchor then said looking at the camera with a dead face, "Also, our president has signed a bill that allows the government to take extreme action, meaning they could also attack people in peaceful protests if deemed necessary. They claimed this bill to save America from the second depression.", the anchor shook his head in disapprovement.

I left my room and headed outside to address the press in front of the white house. I left the entrance of the white house and I heard a gunshot. A moment later, I fell and felt the pain in my neck. I couldn't breathe or speak, my mouth was being filled with blood. The security guards surrounded me then left to get help. After that, I heard a phone ringing. I knew it wasn't mine because; A, I left it at my house that doesn't exist no more and B, I always have it in silent. I was trying to hear the ringtone but I couldn't, I just laid there feeling my heart's pulse throughout my body, not hearing it, just feeling it. After everyone stopped screaming and I was on my few last painful breathes, I could hear the song. "I see trees of green, red roses too. I see them bloom for me, and you. And I think to myself, what a wonderful world."

- Luis Herrera

Growth

De La Rosa, from the rose

Remembering that it's the journey, the growth.

Taking in the sunlight, the water, the love that continues to hydrate my roots.

Tearing through concrete, breaking walls, and maneuvering through the fences.

Growing.

- Diana De La Rosa Santiago



- Paola Candia

Story of My Life

One day, I got lucky and received the chance to see the father that was 'too busy' to visit me. For once, I was excited about going with him because I was in a good mood. I was convinced that nothing was going to bring me down. I was confident about that day. I got in his car and said, "Hey Dad!" He took one look at me and told me I looked fat and started driving. I nearly told him he wasn't so skinny either, but he would literally call my mom and tell her I was being disrespectful instead of talking to me. I just kept quiet and almost instantly, I felt bad and decided that looking out the window was a better option. I plugged in my music and ignored him for the rest of the ride. We were heading to my grandma's house, like usual. Once we got there, I might as well have jumped out of the car. I preferred to deal with my grandma's drama than to deal with the boy who abandoned me and continues to be a boy instead of a man. It is safe to say he never grew up.

I didn't expect my aunt there. She squealed and hugged me. "No te he visto desde que eras chica! Eras asi," she made a hand gesture symbolizing I was thin, "y ya estas asi." She made another hand gesture meaning I've gotten bigger in weight. All I was thinking through her whole speech was, 'What number husband are you on?' I just smiled and nodded at her.

'Yeah, that's what happens when you grow!' She just laughed. After that, I hugged my grandma and grandpa. I got taller and now, I was a giant compared to them and it hit me that they're not getting younger and I should spend more time with them. They cut straight to the drama and things going on in my life. I told them nothing because I'm not going to give them the satisfaction of being able to gossip about me behind my back. When they realized they couldn't get to me, they pushed me aside and started talking about their favorite family member, my cousin.

She was always the star of the show and I was jealous. What was I other than the daughter of the woman they hated? What was I other than the abomination?

They talked about how far she was going in life and asked me what I have done to accomplish. I said I had all A's in school and they could care less about my then 4.0 GPA. I

went there to spend time with them but they were not into it. All they wanted to do is talk about other people and their failures.

At home, I couldn't contain it anymore and I went straight to my room. I cried myself to sleep that night. I was experiencing secondhand pain and stress from the situation coming from my Mom's side of the family and firsthand from what recently happened.

I was told that I was being annoying with my family problems by someone I cared about and it hurt. Then, I realized if they truly cared for me, then they wouldn't be telling me I am annoying them with my pain. I cut them off for quite some time.

One school year later, I went to visit my grandparents again. I told them I joined soccer and my Grandma told me it seemed like I really lost weight when I barely started practicing. It felt like the room was getting smaller and I could barely breathe. I just nodded and said, "Thanks." I learned how to control myself and the way the room felt by breathing. I smiled and tried to keep myself out of the conversations they barely kept alive.

- Anonymous



על כדור כדור הארץ מומ שקורה אל
הארץ נישאר

- Moises Rojas Zuniga

Nos Vemos Luego

Nos vemos luego

Cuando ya hayas llorado
Y cuando ya hayas reido

Cuando ya hayas caído
Y cuando ya te hayas levantado

Cuando ya hayas odiado
Y cuando ya hayas amado

Nos vemos luego

Cuando ya hayas vivido
Y cuando ya hayas sentido las ganas de darte por vencido

Cuando ya hayas prometido
Y cuando ya hayas roto esas promesas

Cuando ya hayas seguido a tu corazón
Y cuando ya te hayas arrepentido de hacerlo

Nos vemos luego

Cuando ya hayas tomado decisiones
Y cuando todo te haya salido mal

Cuando hayas conocido
Y cuando te hayas perdido en una mirada

Cuando te hayas llenado de esperanza
Y cuando te hayas desilusionado

Cuando hayas aprendido
Y cuando te haya ganado tu ignorancia

Cuando hayas juzgado
Y cuando te hayan perdonado

Nos vemos luego,
Porque cuando quieras regresar
Aquí te voy a esperar

Para decirte que ya no te necesito.

- Karyme Sarmiento

What happened?

What happened to the old days when we could all be happy?

What happened to being supportive?

It's as if everybody has forgotten to function correctly.

Did it even exist in the first place?

Did it only exist for those living an extroverted lifestyle?

What happened to justice?

What happened to bravery and courage?

Did the human race become cruel?

Was the human race always this way?

Was I only oblivious to the fact?

What happened to love?

What happened to trust?

Did that exist?

Was the world always this way?

Am I only asking these things because they're what I've never known?

What happened to being a parent?

What happened to forgiveness?

Was it an accident?

Did they not want responsibility?

Do I just want to be angry?

Do I just feel the need to keep the walls up?

Do I just want an excuse to be the way that I am?

What happened to the world?

What happened to me?

- Anonymous

Love Story - The Flower and The Sun

I'm just a flower and you are the sun. My Life means and is nothing without you.

Over the years you have always been there. You have been there since the day I was just a seed, all the way to this point in my life. For some reason every time it starts getting dark, you leave me here all alone. During this time I see Vivid pictures of you and me looking at each other. Even though I get scared and think you're not coming back; you do come back. Slowly in the morning and then you start to brighten up my day all over again. Every time I see you during this time I say that I'm sorry and that all of me belongs to you and only to You. I know that I'm just another Ordinary flower but you're my only sun. If there were another sun I would still look at you every day because in my eyes you are Unique and that's why ----- and will always love you forever and ever.

- Hugo De Loera

Twinkle

My eyes twinkled, as I saw your smile. As I laughed the swing went higher and I dove into a cloud of memories. I smiled as I recalled the times I untied your shoes with my eyes closed and begged you to fix them, the days you watched me braid my hair in amazement. Do you remember how bright my eyes twinkled? I do. Do you remember the days we joked about all the jumbled words I had spoken? The nights we found ourselves in silence in a bright galaxy. The days well spent together, always bringing a smile to my face and fireworks to my eyes. As you pushed me higher and higher on the swing, my eyes became more vibrant. The days you caught me and left me in a fit of laughter. The nights you held me while I was in a sea of disaster. Do you remember the twinkle in my eyes? I do. In an instant, a single movement brought the swing to a sudden halt, and I no longer smiled. Do you remember the moment you left me in the dirt? Do you remember me calling for you as I drowned in the sea? I do. The light in my eyes, do you remember watching them fade? I do. Do you remember hearing my heart stop, and my breath hitch? Do you remember watching the tears gather in my eyes? Do you remember the second, my eyes grew dark, and they no longer had a twinkle? I do. Do you remember when you stole the twinkle from my eyes? I do.

- Jadyn Pasillas



Translate

When one who does not know what someone said in their language,
They translate it back to their own language.

你好. ¡Holá! Hello!

But will it still translate the feelings that one receives to the other end?

Or will it end up like the telephone game,

Where we start off with one sentence and end up with something else?

Where the meaning of translate means to

Know what the other person said in their language,

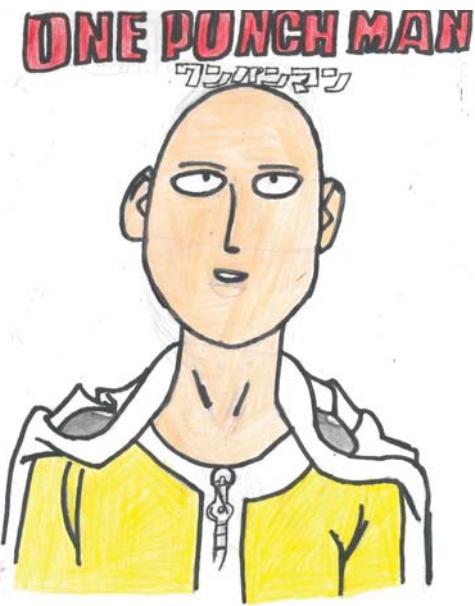
But we both just want to know what we are feeling.

What language are you showing me?

So I can translate it back

To my own language

- Nicol Roque



- Sebastian Reese

Dear future me,

I want many things. No, not money, a better house, the newest car, the newest phone. No, none of that. That was just temporary. What I want is different. I want to come and go. Not just stay. I want to be a citizen. So I don't live in fear, that the day will come when I have to say goodbye. And go to a place I don't even recognize or know about. Where I can finally travel. See the blue ground that moves, which if one is not careful, the ground will swallow you whole to see its wonders and keep you. Fly in them steel birds, to land somewhere else. Oh! I want to walk around the streets with the person I love. Hold her hand without people staring. Take her home and have my family understand. To take me serious. No, I don't just like girls. I come out to the world, but seem to bring shame to my family and friends. Trying to teach me about Jesus, Adam, and Eve. I already know about them, I know about Jesus, yet they push the limits by saying, "Shame." But God loves me and he is my father who doesn't judge. I want to live a peaceful life by myself. I don't want to continue as a student who can continue because of DACA. Who can't do certain things. Or a girl who is brought to shame. **Yet I forget what I have, taking for granted what I already have. I am a privileged 18 year old Catholic Mexican girl. I have a family, a house, food, and a car. I have what most people don't have. So why am I crying for more?**

- Anonymous

Beauty

The sun shines bright in the morning

Its rays coming in through like a mustang

Can't help but sneak a quick peek at the beauty

So calm, so peaceful, so soothing

Makes me wanna stay in until the next morning

The messy bed hair, no makeup on, scrunched up face, so pretty

The warm smile on your face could say everything on my mind

Nothing could compare to this moment of the day

It's the best part of my whole life

It's you and always going to be you

You are my beauty, my love

- Mia Quispe

The Turmoil of Religion

To believe or not to believe - that is the question:

Whether 'tis easier to push away

Worshiping thoughts and idolization,

Or to fall out of the illusion of time,

And just become dizzy in imagination and reality.

To believe, to turn a cold shoulder

Never again - keep your head down

knees on the ground in anxiety-

Every day hoping that all this time sacrificed,

does not go to waste.

That is a future I pray never to reach

To not believe, to run away with from this fallacy

To trust that the brain has formulated this fantasy

As a withdrawal to the aching, resonating in the core.

Ay, there's the problem,

For being atheistic, losing faith

Avoiding the bittersweet grace of mercy,

To feel as if the sins were never washed away

Or even present in the first place.

That's the idea

To realize that we are yet a speck of dust in the universe

For who wants to face a harsh reality,

The kind that reveals that unconditional love isn't real,

The feeling of illusions overwhelmingly painting your brain,

The lunacy of worshiping something that only exists in your head,

The hole in your core growing empty from the lack of a fictional soul,

The idea that God was really human-made,

Yet we keep that idea alive,

Surely no one wants to face this reality,
What are we left to do?
Pray to this Being that all our prayers may be heard?
Who would keep believing in this particular type of love,
If they knew it was just a metaphor,
But That the truth surfaces and show
the real horrors of being alone,
The realization that maybe everything
we do in our lives holds no purpose in the end,
The questions where we go when
we enter our eternal sleep amplifies,
Instead of just letting a feeling of serenity
fall over you and trusting that someone is
On the other side of the phone cord, listening
Why not just demolish these fears? Why not just trust?
Thus who knows if there is indeed someone
looking over everything and everyone,
Someone who knows everything about you,
Someone who loves you for all your sins,
Someone who's ready to accept you with
open arms, even when you doubt
Seeing is believing the wise men say,
Why not believe in purpose, even if it is just a dream.

- xoxo r.

Feelings

I hate the way you make me feel.
They say "It's the first love that makes you
feel butterflies," but not for me.

Instead I feel a tornado.
A tornado that swirls around and
mixes my feelings.

It clouds my judgement
and makes me question
how I truly feel.

I thought it was all over the moment
I looked into your eyes and felt nothing,
but like my nightmares, it came
back to haunt me.

I hate this feeling
because I'm scared.
Scared to get hurt and lose
my will to breathe.

No, it is not your fault.
You cannot force your perfect
soul to love a broken thing.

To force yourself would be like
forcing a child to sleep
with the lights off knowing
there's a monster under the bed.

I hate this feeling because
I love it.
I love that your laugh forms
music for my soul
and that your smile is the
key to my heart.

- Gema Prado

Rain

The fall of rain
soothes the soul.

For when it falls,
Everything falls with it.

The pain, the stress,
and everything in between.

It cleanses the soul.

For the water flows, not from the sky

But the eye.

- Cesar Huizar

The Taste of Chocolate

When you taste something sweet and satisfying, why is it so difficult to let go?

Do you end up hating it afterward, do you have regrets?

Did you never want it in the first place, maybe you should've had something healthier

Why do some people have a passion and desire for what isn't good for them?

And others focus so much on not making mistakes, they rarely enjoy the small things?

Do you miss the velvety feel?

The melting sensation

Is it the after taste that made you pull away?

The need for water and something savory?

How can it be that to some people, it doesn't appeal?

They can survive without it

People can give what's bad out so generously

But we accept what is given to us

There is a sense of lost self-respect, we do not care what hurts or damages us

We accept defeat

- Sara Vieyra

1/21/18 My Reflection of the World

People say humans are the most advanced species in the world. I have trouble believing that idea because of the number of dichotomies in this world that I have observed. I see men, women, boys and girls starving themselves for reasons that I don't understand. I see people oppressing others directly or indirectly in ways that people can't come back from. While people are reacting to others' pictures, we are too slow to react to the injustices and the aftermath of it all around us. From the people in the government that cut taxes to the people that cut their wrists, or the fact that people are eating tide pods instead of dealing with rising tides from global warming. We see people wanting to start the war on drugs instead of aiding the people who are addicted, or people saving memes for later instead of saving lives for the better. We have people caring more about guns and fighting for them than we have for the people in need. We still believe that the past or the future is going to be better than today. People are told to be the change, however we have to get used to a routine if you want to survive in this society. Yet, I have hope that this world will get better. But my hope will wither away if it takes too long.

Love,

Luis

Lo Que Perdí

Ya no puedo seguir,
Me duele verte y no poder tocarte.
Es difícil, es más duro que poder decirte lo que siento por ti.
Pero ya, no encuentro sentido
En hacerlo.
Lo que se rumora por las calles
Ya llego a ti,
Te llegaron las noticias de mi amor y mi pasado.

Ya no puedo seguir,
Yo ya di lo que pude,
Pero no dio fruto.

Ya derrame
Mis lágrimas por ti.
Pasé tiempo pensando en lo que pasó entre nosotros.
La sonrisa que me dabas.
Tus palabras que me calmaban.
Tu tono de voz suave que me conduce a otro mundo.

Ya no puedo seguir
Yo ya di lo que pude,
Pero no dio fruto.

Ya me di cuenta,
Que me enamore de ti
Y yo no pude controlarlo.
Porque estaba lejos de mi alcance poder hacerlo.

- Allys Lejarazu

My Amen

As I walk peacefully among the living,
I walk past the streetlights far from the place I used to call home.
Past the city line, which wasn't as far as
everyone made it seem, and into the

beautiful

meadow. I breathe in the fresh air, close my eyes and

smile

to myself. Now, this is a place I'd like to call home.

I put my bags down and lay down as the
grass tickles my arm. Soon, I become surrounded
by butterflies and trees whispering, "Welcome home."
Oh, how I wish this could last forever.

After

calming

down and enjoying the warm sun's rays
on my face, I sit up and for the first time in a while,
I thank

God.

I'm not even sure if He's real,
but it would be nice if He was. I believe, that if there is a God,
He is caring and is not destruction or evil.

He is

loving,
forgiving,

and He is always there.

Even at the worst times, things always happen for a reason. Bad
things happen to help make you stronger,
if He thought you couldn't handle it, then

God

never would have put you through it.

Sometimes, He just needs some angels by
His side to

defeat darkness.

I thank God for letting me have this temporary safe haven.
For being alive, even though sometimes I don't appreciate it.
I thank Him for

life

in general. People being

happy,

children and their innocence and

sweetness.

Then, I pray for the homeless,
the hungry, and all of those

strong

people that are dealing with something
heavily inconvenient. Whether it is having
no money for education, not having a
job, being lonely, having no

having cancer. People who

family,

their lives, people living with

want to end

personality disorder, people in jail,

depression,

anxiety,

claustrophobia,

People that

PTSD,

alcoholism;

That can't be better

can't do it.

by

Themselves, that need help

From a higher power.

Someone like Him. The God,

Because all in all,

He's just one like me.

I've always been by

myself.

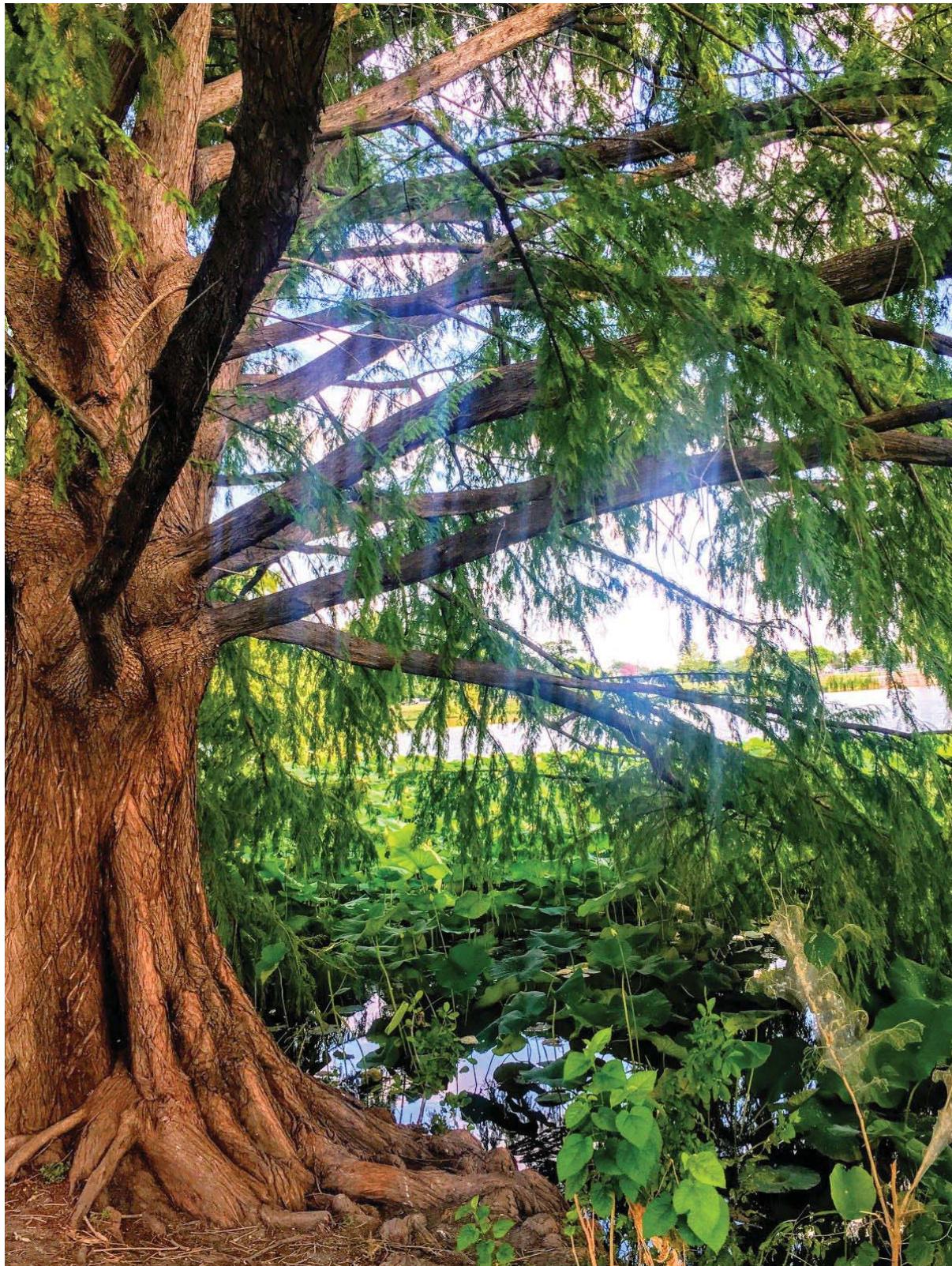
With His help

We can make everything better...

Then, I just pray that everything will be okay.

"Amen."

- Daniela Rodriguez



- Jadyn Pasillas

Tick Tock

Tick tock goes the clock
We're getting close to the end
Tick tock goes the clock
It's been fun, my friend
Tick tock goes the clock
Oh, how the time can fly
Tick tock goes the clock
Now's time to say goodbye

Tick tock watch how the clocks they chime
Tick tock but we're running out of time
But the legacy we leave behind
Will be great, I know
And that's fine, I don't mind
Though we won't watch the others grow.

Tick tock goes the clock
We're leaving our cocoon
Tick tock goes the clock
Farewell my friend, I'll see you soon.

- Omar Medina

Poetry Compilation

I like how when I see your eyes, I see a galaxy being born, repaired, and destroyed then rebuilt once more. I like how your smile is when the moon is appearing and disappearing, always shining bright on the darkest nights. Loving you is probably going to be the craziest thing I'll ever do, but I already know it's worth it.



You've become home for me. My pain goes away. You've become my moon, so beautiful at night, I can't seem to tear away my gaze. There are so many things that can happen to you that I wouldn't ever want to see because losing you would bring death upon me.



You're just like a flower,
With that lavish smell of lavender,
With the love of every raindrop,
With the happiness of sunshine,
With the care of Earth.

Between your roots of ever growing knowledge,
You still fall in love with something to acknowledge.
The winds can knock you down,
But you still find a way to make yourself look beautiful every day.
Others have tough things to say,
It still takes time, love, care & patience for a flower to grow
To be as beautiful as you.



Finding a way out is impossible when I'm with you.
Everywhere I go, everything I do,
Every small little detail reminds me of you.
I want to know that if death does us part, that this bottomless pit I see, will have an end.

Just know that when your presence is here, I see yellow and black forming a sunflower.
Reminding me of the colors we create. Something so beautiful.
It wouldn't hurt if you would stay,
Just a bit longer until May.



I sit here, hearing the wind blow inside my room.
It's passed, my time of sleep, but I will go soon.
After this emotion of fear, escapes me,
I can lay down in this darkness that came back to haunt me.
I reminisce the time we spent together.
To see that we've grown with each other.
I'm enjoying every single aspect of life because of you.
As if I've seen you sprout just yesterday, with the cutest smile that will last for days.
When it rains, you prefer to be by yourself with the smell of rain and the glorious sound of
thunder and lightning becoming your friend. I can tell, you wish there was no end.
The end won't be as bad because it will be me and you, us, together. In a house, where we
can fulfill our dreams. As a family.
Let the rain drop,
Breeze in,
Let the sun hit.
Don't forget that in the end,
We can sit and wait.
But I promise you, we won't end.



- Anonymous

The Trickster

Change can be painful or historic.

Most fear of such thing,

Although The Trickster yearns for it.

Shadows lurking in the darkness,

Continuing its tradition in and out of sight.

The Trickster opens the gate to a new way.

Doing the daring things that no one has imagined to do.

People see the Trickster differently.

Either an eyesore or a hero.

The Trickster changes the hearts of the shadows.

Even if there is an infinite amount of them.

I am a Trickster. Why aren't you?

- Anonymous



- Gerardo Padilla

A Dark Day

Zach wakes up cold in his bedroom and realizes the blanket is on the floor. He reaches for the blanket and pulls the blanket up to the bed and covers himself, from head to toe, separating his shivering body from the cold air. After moments later, Zach removes his blanket from his face because it got too hot and he disconnected his phone from his charger. Zach sat himself up, unlocks the phone with his finger print and looks at his phone. He opens his social feed and sees some selfies and others posting saying, "tbh?". Minutes later after reacting to many pictures and other stuff, a recorded message came from the school. Zach checks the message and a pre-recorded message starts to play and says, "Hi, this is Villa High. We wanted to let you know that this whole week we will have no school due to a safety." After Zach finishes listening to the school's message and turns off his phone, he jumps off his bed to tell his mom by the house phone. After his feet have touched the cold wood floor, he immediately jumped back onto bed and thought it was a better idea to send her a text. He unlocks his phone and goes to the messaging app and starts typing. "Hey Mom, I don't have school today and for the rest of this week". Zach puts on his socks, opens his door and heads to the bathroom. While walking towards the bathroom, he steps on a puddle of water. Zach looks down at his wet sock and the puddle, then a moment later, he felt a cold water drop on his head. Zach looks up and another drop hits his nose and he sees that the ceiling is swollen by water. Zach rushes to the supply closet and gets a mop and starts cleaning the puddle. After finishing, he dries the mop, goes to the bathroom and gets ready for the day.

After Zach gets out of the bathroom and looks at the lump at the ceiling one more time. He heads to his room and gets his phone, puts on his jacket and grabs a black umbrella. Zach opens the front door, intensifying the sound of the rain pounding on the roof and heads out. Zach walks down his white painted porch and opens up his umbrella. The pouring of the rain calmed down in, enough for Zach to hear the sirens that sounded far. Second after second, the sirens sounded closer and closer and Zach reached for his phone and started texting his friend, George, "Are you going to pick me up for the police brutality protest." Zach kept looking up from his phone, after every word he types because the screaming sounds of the sirens multiplied and stopped coming closer, but were still going. After sending the message, he went back to the porch because he felt water getting in his shoes. Around twenty minutes of waiting for a reply, he decided to walk to George's home and if he has the chance to go see where the sirens are coming from. Zach got off his porch, opened his umbrella, and started whistling to the rhythm of the water splashing everytime he takes a step with his tennis shoes.

As soon as he got tired of whistling, he started to think to himself what donut to order at their local community donut store. Before, he decided on which donut to order in his

head, he heard gunshots, seeming to come from George's street. Zach turned to look at the street where he was headed and froze in the middle of street and dropped his umbrella. He was terrified of what just happened. He did not know whether to run towards the street, run away, hide, stay in place or call the police. Another round of shots were heard and Zach ran to the sound of bullets. The police ran to the middle street and were pointing to something in the middle of the street, Zach couldn't see well because of the rain but went closer to whatever was being pointed at by the police. "Kid, you cannot come near here" an officer said, when he stopped pointing at the thing in the middle and aimed at Zach. But Zach moved closer to the object in the middle of the street. The group of police officers, around 20 of them, all pointed at Zach. "Kid, do not make one more step, or we will make sure you never walk again.". Zach ignored their threat and continued walking to the object and the police officers were deciding whether they should shoot him or not. Whether they wanted to go home as murderers of a teenager or as a person served justice but did not cost anyone's life. Zach got close in of to see that this was no animal or criminal, it was his friend, who has been on Zach's side since kindergarten. It was too late for the officers to go back home as non-murders. "Ge...George" said Zach, he couldn't believe, he has lost his only brother and they weren't related, yet their friendship became thicker than blood. "Why did you guys killed my brother?!"

He couldn't cry because of the shock, but the rain crawled down on his face, showing that his whole body felt his pain. Zach asked with anger in his voice, "Why did you guys kill him!?" A female officer responded, "He beat his mom to death". "How? He doesn't have a mother because his mother was killed by his father", Zach curled up his fists after he finished. "His father told us he killed her and we believed him, because a woman was found dead in his room. We tried to arrest him in the living room but he fled, and we try to shoot him. He went outside and gave us no choice." The father was standing in front of the house and behind the police officers. Zach looked at the father's hands and saw blood and pieces of skin hanging off his knuckles. Zach looked at George's hand, it had nothing but the scars from his dad's beatings. "Look at his hands." Zach pointed at the father and the officers saw the skin and blood. A officer went to arrest him, but the father took off and the officer went after him. The officers could not look at Zach eyes and they all looked down to their feet. Zach moved close to the female officer to throw a hit and break a tooth. Before the tooth landed on the floor, every bullet was emptied into Zach, tearing him into pieces and ending the story.

- Luis Herrera

To Love or Not to Love

To love, or not to love - that is the real question.
Whether it is easier to not be attached
And not risk you or the other to get hurt.
Or to risk your time and effort to make thee happy
And both be carefree.

To comfort, to see the smile on thy face
The see the beam is at which hour is like a most wondrous morning sunrise.
To see thee is to care and cherish
At which hour thee art present
tis like an angel that cometh from heaven

To protect, to worry-
To be concerned, more than a person should beest. Ay there's the problem,
for no matter how much love thee feeleth there wilt at each moment
beest that feeling of anxiety.
My mind races with thee existence, I desire thy day wast valorous... Thee alright?
In desires of the answer being "ay, I am most wondrous."

For who very much wants to lose the one thee adore,
The arguing hurts my soul.
To tolerate one or the other's ways
If 't be true the feeling of love is still present.
Didst I make a mistake,
Didst I ask the correct thing?
The apprehension of the person going hence and craving their presence.
But once thy comes back,
To see the smile on thy visage is like my life hath found a purpose.

Who would harm to others advice of not trusting a soul.
To knoweth that there is desire in humanity,
But that knowing of a possible mistrust,
The uneasiness never stops
Causing constant problems with one's self and thee.
As we both behold each other
We both question, art these feelings and thoughts worth our time?
In the end, is our soul worth the risk of getting broken if 't be true something lacking valor happens?

Thus we both concur that love is ridiculous,
And thus the illusion of a future together is just another fairy tale.
Thee enjoy thy time with thy friends
And I wilt enjoy mine.
With warm regards,
Thy fellow "Lover."

- Ginny

365 Days

There are 365 days,
365 days of endless pain, fear, anxiety, and tears.
Every day is a constant loop in time.
I wake up with a heavy weight on my shoulders.

I hear a knock at the door of my soul and I open it.
I realize there is nobody to be seen, with the exception of a "gift".
I open the "gift" and I am left with no surprise, but
dread and hurt.
I see a note and realize it was left by anxiety.

Anxiety does a good job making every day
feel endless.
The misery and pain are my shadows
To remind me that I have failed.

I get asked, "How are you?",
More times than I write my name.
The word "fine" rolls off of my tongue as if
it had found a home in the
Spaces made everytime I bit my tongue
To hold back the waterfall of tears.

They do not understand that I am given two options,
To either tell the truth or lie.
I prefer to tell them the lie because I know
That if I say the truth, they
Will not understand all the metaphors and
Silent cries hidden in between every
Nook and cranny of the words.

- Gema Prado



"I'll

[REDACTED] never leave you."

[REDACTED] silent.

Death describes [REDACTED] an image, "Rosa

[REDACTED] with Accordion. Moonlight on Dark. [REDACTED]

5'1"x Instrument x

Silence."

- Allys Lejarazu

Clear Your Throat

Clear your throat,
Because I know you have things to say.
Clear your throat,
Because I know you won't say it in my face.

When I'm not around,
I know you will open your mouth.
You're a predictable person,
But you don't make destruction.

Clear your throat,
Because I know you have things to say.
Clear your throat,
Because I know you won't say it in my face.

I know you always like to swear,
But simply I do not care.
The way you smile,
It's just not your style

Clear your throat,
Because I know you have things to say.
Clear your throat,
Because I know you won't say it in my face.

- Anonymous

Secret Feeling

How the heck did this happen

I didn't think much of it at first

Tried pushing the feeling behind me

That didn't last long though

Started noticing every little detail

Everything from the little dimple when you smile

To the way you scrunch your cute nose

Why the hell am I feeling these things

I'm trying not to notice the little things

The way you smile, it kills me

The way you laugh, it makes me get butterflies

It's hurting me trying to hide these feelings

I don't want to lose you

I want you to stay with me

Please don't leave me

But I can't hide this feeling for any longer

Because in all seriousness I fell in love with you

- Mia Quispe

"To be"

To eat or not to eat- that is the question:
Whether 'tis to lust for gluttony
And eat out of boredom.
Or to neglect the hunger easing emptiness within-
And have a head in a toilet as a best friend.

To eat and greed
Fulfill the pounds that been lost
Indulge in losing money to aid ones lust.
Extinguish the hunger besides fueling it.
Gain nutrition and health.
Chew, chew, chew everyday 'tis not a shame
For you are only human.

To eat, to feast-
To feast and heave it up.
Ay there's the problem,
For a finger down your throat is the way to be thin
Suck in the bellie and be seen as slim

To replace meals with excuses
Having to refuse a taste, a lick, a bite and for what?
For Dizziness and famine take over?
But be delighted for you are skinny
Tis what you wanted.

For who wants to be looked upon as a beast?
Having cold glares all round
Being seen as a disgrace
One foot in the grave,
And have horse breathing.
If not a beast then a man with rules,
What to feed or not to feed upon.
Fret about calories
And Worry about thy figure.

Who would desire to track ones health?

To hither away from greasy food and desserts
But that fear of being unable to walk
And becoming weaker each day.
Be nauseated and delirious
To be seen as bones
To view food as the enemy
Posses a disfigured human body.
Regretting what you have done.

Thus tracking is better than fasting
And superior to gluttony
Unseeing starvation, fatality
Glimpsing upon health and prosperity.
With this regard the heart dances with joy,
Seeing as its beholder make the right choice.

- Citlalli Cumplido

Time-Zones

Being in different regions of the earth

Does that help us with the way we see things

As I look at my phone, I wonder

If the connection will work well

Or will the connection fail

2 to 15 hours apart

Day and night

Living in the present yet, in different time-zones

Does that mean that two different emotions are shown in different times?

Between different time-zones

Do you wonder what I am doing?

Sometimes I wonder what you are doing.

And if we weren't in different regions of the earth

And if you were here with me,

Right by my side

Would our emotions be shown at the same time?

- Nicol Roque

Loving Oneself Before Anyone Else.

And then I realized,

How can I make them believe I was their everything when I, myself was really nothing, but anything?

I crave to feel at home in his arms. Feeling protected, safe and I wanted to feel wanted. Only to feel ashamed, but who's fault was it that I didn't feel worthy?

I crave for the melting sensation of our lips colliding and our souls intertwining into one. However, how could I let him see the world I've tried so hard to hide from everyone else, even less expect him to handle it. While, I couldn't handle it myself. My world was falling apart.

I crave to feel his touch, the burning sensation that traveled to my veins, body and into my heart. But how could I hope for the love of someone else if I couldn't take upon oneself to love myself? Indeed I could not. No one will love me, unless I start loving myself.

- Lesly Guzman



- Alisa Tran

Meet the Members of the Atticus Literary and Art Magazine!

Honorary Mention for Atticus Members with no bio: Lesly Guzman, Karyme Sarmiento, Stephanie Arellano, and Ariadne Sierra

Alisa Tran

Hi! I'm Alisa Tran and I am a Junior at Arrupe. (≡^▽^≡) I joined Atticus because I enjoy the fact that people are willing to share their work with Arrupe. I love to draw and write about my favorite video games and shows. My favorite games are: Kingdom Hearts 2, NieR Automata, Persona 5 and Zelda Breath of the Wild! I'm a shy little potato that's introverted, but, that doesn't mean I dislike being around people. (*° - °) I love dogs and my favorite is a Shiba Inu or Pembroke Welsh Corgi.(○ ○u) Now if you excuse me, I'm going to take a nap. (。)...zzz

Nicol Roque

Hello, I am Nicol Roque and I am a Junior 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.

Allys Jazmin Lejarazu-Dueñas

I am Allys Jazmin Lejarazo-Duenas, born February 8th, 2000 in Nezahualcoyotl, Mexico. I am a Junior 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.

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!

Citlalli Cumplido

>Hello I am Citlalli Cumplido and I am a Senior. Most of you probably know me by how much I am involved in and how much my face is inside a book. You can usually find me in the big group of seniors where basically we take three tables just to fit everyone in. We are also very loud so it's not that hard to find us (we are also known to wear My Little Pony clips and trust me it's not that weird. Well maybe a little). This is my first year in Atticus and sadly my last as well, but I had an enjoyable time in the club. For most of my years at Arrupe I submitted some of my drawings because I thought they looked pretty and now I decided to join the team to see how everything works. As you can see I am big on EMOJI'S. If any of you want to get some of my designs like Henna make sure to hit me up (Sellout time JK). Well see you all in college I hope! 😊.

Genesis Vela Garcia

I am a Senior at Arrupe. I am an average student, I do my work but I do it last minute. I procrastinate as much as everyone else in the school. I still try to put a lot of effort into getting a good grade though. I am that one kid that runs around cosplaying as Harry Potter at school... well... wherever and whenever I feel, so I am pretty sure you've heard of me or have seen me around. I am someone that believes that everyone should express themselves anyway they want and to not be afraid to show off who you are because you, like everyone else, is unique (:

Jamie Lejarazo

Hey I am Jamie and I am part of the class of 2020. This is my first year in the team but I submitted some things last year. I am currently attempting to learn German but we will see how that ends. However I am a very boring person but I have my qualities. I am a HUGE fan of Tim Burton I love his movies, I am also addicted to My Little Pony. I enjoy to read as much as I enjoy to live. I am that one person that nobody knows about which makes me anonymous and that I like. This is all I have. But I hope you enjoy this magazine.

Lorena Delgado-Marquez

I am a Senior at Arrupe. I am frequently asked where I'm from and I am proud to say that I'm from Zacatecas, Mexico. I am the youngest of four. Both my brothers and sister have graduated from Arrupe and have moved on to college. I aspire to do the same and graduate from Arrupe with first honors. Education is a big part of my life since it is all I really know how to do. As an adolescent student I feel that the things I can do to be proactive in my community are limited; but in order to do something in the future I must prepare myself now. Writing hasn't always been easy for me, but I have learned to express myself through words and find power within every line.

Diana De La Rosa Santiago

Hello everybody! My name is Diana De La Rosa and I am a current Junior here at Arrupe. This is my first 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 sophomore and this is my first 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!

Daniela Rodriguez

I am a sophomore and this is my first year as an Atticus member. I joined Atticus because of my passion; writing. It has been my dream to become a writer, to make people listen. I write stories on an app called wattpad and it has opened my mind to be more adventurous with my writing. I like to read, listen to music, sing, and obsess over fictional characters. I enjoyed reading these pieces and I hope you do too!

Arrupe
Jesuit
High
School

