

Fall
2017

Atticus Art
&
Literary Magazine

Table of Contents

Front/Back Cover by Aubrey Masdin	
Life is by Omar Medina	4
My Skin Color is Not Dangerous by Kamille Riley	5
Henna Sketches by Citlalli Cumplido (Artwork)	5
Outside The Window by Daniela Rodriguez	6
Unnamed by Anelia Velasquez (Artwork)	6
Thorn On A Lily by Sara Vieyra	7
Untitled by Paola Candia (Artwork)	7
Code N.A. -379 by Luis Herrera	8-12
Seventeen by Nicol Roque	13
Untitled I by Stephanie Arellano (Artwork)	13
Because I Love You by Anonymous	14
A by Anonymous	15
Life is Strange by Alisa Tran (Artwork)	16
Jesus' Writing Notes N' Stuff by Jesus Baez Tapia	17
Eren Jaeger by Sebastian Reese (Artwork)	18
A Lover's Dream by Luis Herrera & Heriberto Chavira	19-20
Untitled by Sebastian Reese (Artwork)	21
Dear Lover by Anonymous	22
I Belong by Lorena Delgado-Marquez	23
Compilation of Poems by Jason Jesus-Hernandez	24
Compilation of Poems by Stephanie Rodriguez	25-26
Untitled by Anonymous	27-28
Untitled II by Jamie Lejarazo (Artwork)	28
Love by Daniela Rodriguez	29
Untitled II by Stephanie Arellano (Artwork)	29
Words by Nicol Roque	30
English by Ashley Simpson (Artwork)	30
Untitled I by Jamie Lejarazo (Artwork)	31
Kirito by Sebastian Reese (Artwork)	31
Atticus Cover Runner Up by Emily Espinoza (Artwork)	32
Atticus Cover 3rd Place by Alexis Torres (Artwork)	33

Dear God,

The signs of your love are infinite. They point us to you, the source of all creation. You spoke into the void of the night and created the stars. From the clay of the earth you fashioned life and gave breath to all living creatures. You gave us movement and dance, abstract thought and technical skill. The beauty of our universe carries in its song an invitation from you to enter into the dance of creation - each step drawing us closer to true wisdom, understanding, and compassion.

Enkindle within us the spark of Divine Creativity. Give us the courage to respond with open hearts to the deep call of being co-creators in your vineyard, that we may be truly grateful for all that we have been given and that we may bless others through the expression of our gifts. We call upon the Spirit to guide our passions so that in all we do we may bring others closer to you.

Amen.

Thank You!

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Life Is

Life is a wonderful thing.
We laugh with our friends
And enjoy time with our family.
There is the sound of babies laughing
And puppies yipping.
We laugh
Because we just fell in love.
There's a cool breeze in summer
And warm places in winter
So many things to enjoy
And so many reasons to be happy.
Life is a wonderful thing.
Isn't it just the best?

Life is a terrible thing.
We fight with our friends
And hate time with family.
There is the sound of babies crying
And dogs barking.
We cry
Because we just had our hearts broken.
It's so hot in the summer
And cold in the winter.
So many things that go wrong
And so many reasons to be mad.
Life is a terrible thing.
Isn't it just the worst?

- Omar Medina

My Skin Color Is Not Dangerous

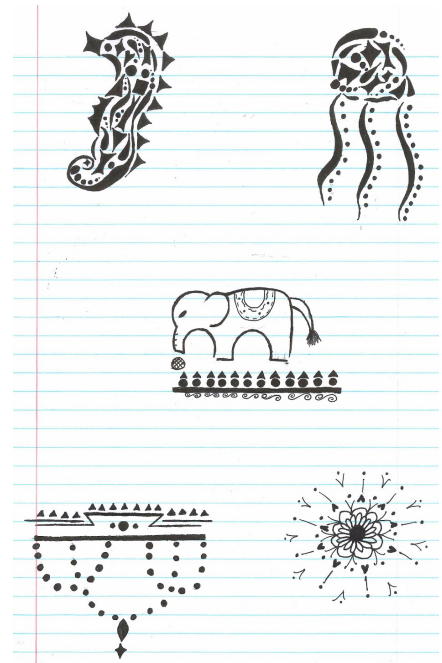
My skin color is the sign of danger
I'm treated like a stranger.
Soft, loving hands that work everyday.
Only to be told that we should stay away.
Black. Negro. African American. Is that who I am?
We don't scam.
My ancestors worked for 246 years. Straight. Beaten. Separated. Now
I'm lazy?

I guess I'm crazy.

How about when they pulled giant, metal plows through the tough,
moisturised dirt? Or when they were hurt?
Another. Shot. Shot. Shot. Shot.
I hear the piercing screams of the loved one. I look away.
I pray. That none of those say Ezekiel Tresvant. Or Kamil Riley. I hope.
I'm sick of walking around my neighborhood seeing "Don't Shoot. I
want to grow up." Posters everywhere. I clench my shirt. A heart of
gold. Is what I want. To finally lay in peace to know.
A gunshot won't stop me.
The flare in my heart rises.
My heart changes sizes.

I am the girl who you told her skin color was ugly.
Well.
My skin drips bronze, honey, and coconut oil.
They want our style but they don't want us to spoil.
Our hair. Our lips. Our eyes. Our hips.
Our soul food. The sweet and salty smell. My mood changes when I smell it.
My mouth tingles with the taste. Salty. Crispy. Greasy.
Our prayer of Saint Francis of Assisi.

The power in our mind.
It isn't very kind.
For a four year old to say.
"It's okay. I'm right here with you." The daughter of Diamond Reynolds, Dae'ann says, her voice at bay.
My skin is not dangerous.
But until you understand that... I'll keep saying it.
My skin is not dangerous.
Now don't tell me you're half black. Or part black.
Be smart. Cause you don't know the start to being black.



- Citlalli Cumplido

- Kamille Ann Riley

Outside The Window

Drip. Drop. Plop!

The rain slowly falls down from the clouds and onto my bedroom window.

Drip. Drop. Plop!

Rumble. The clouds roar mercilessly at the people from under them.

They can try to scare me,

But their roar is a lullaby humming me to sleep.

The lightning flashes in protest,

Hoping, wanting me to cover in fear of its power.

Instead, I smile and fall deeper in the black, peaceful abyss known as sleep.

Drip. Drop. Plop!

- Daniela Rodriguez



- Anelia Velasquez

Thorn on a Lily

Roses and petals and rivers and tears

Lillies don't tremble, honeysuckle on her leaves

Dry, dry they crumble to the ground

Six blossoms under and one droplet down

A thorn on a rose is a symbol of beauty

Lillies don't wither, breathe in music and joy

Don't cry, don't cry 'less they're tears of
happiness

Six blossoms under, and I'm in tragic bliss

- Sara Vieyra



- Paola Candia

The news on the television was on, they were talking about how the new president has taken over the northern part of Mexico and the eastern side of Brazil. I was watching how the news anchors, were getting uncomfortable. The thought that the president, who has been in power for two months, is already invading other countries, was overwhelming their mind. The male anchor said with a soft and humble voice, "The Prime Ministers of Germany and Britain have issued a warning to America saying, 'If the United States of America invades another section of the Latin countries, then we'll get involved.'" The reporter cleared his throat, knowing he was going to say something that he did not want to and said weakly, "That being said, Russia and India are taking the side of the United States and China is with the European nations. We might be headed to the next great war." You could tell that he and the female anchor became cold and hollow with the last sentence read on the teleprompter. I was sitting on my black leather sofa, drinking dark coffee that I almost spit out, due to the shock of what the male anchor said and the realization of having no sugar or creamer. The news anchors then reported, with their expressionless face, that a building had exploded in Seattle, which took the lives of 28 people. It was a child care center, but the anchors or the news reporter didn't look shocked. How could you shock somebody if they have already heard much more terrifying news. The female anchor asked the news reporter on the scene, "How much money will it take to repair that side of the building, Chris?" The news reporter sighed and said, "Well, Sally, the problem is that the officers haven't released that statement yet." Then he started to chuckle and say sarcastically, "But, they did count how many kids were DEAD!!!" The news reporter started to laugh in a deep and choppy laugh. I wasn't really shocked that the news reporter reacted like that because after The Second Great Depression violence had become greatly common. Our law enforcement is mostly used for picking up dead bodies now, so our news started to see violence as an everyday thing.

After the news reporter's laughter died off awkwardly, the male anchor was about to introduce the weatherman who was in the background, also chuckling or snickering.

Then, out of the blue, the screen turned black. I thought it was going to be the National Weather Service alert of a nearby flash flood because of the alarm that happens before the message, "The National Weather Service..Blah, Blah, Blah" with its mechanical and frightening tone. Instead, I noticed that my phone, the radio, and the tv started repeating "Code N.A-379" in a high-pitch female voice. I didn't know what to do because I haven't gone to the latest meeting that my neighborhood held about the new and updated codes, still I checked the blue pamphlet I was given at the last meeting. It had nothing on 'Code N.A-379', but I heard my neighbors out in the street with children, being silenced by the roaring sounds of the big busses in our neighborhood.

I asked myself what the big black busses were doing here. They haven't been used since the national blackout that happened three years ago. I put my coffee on the glass table in front of me, grab my keys, and my phone, that is still repeating "Code N.A-379". I make sure that my door was locked and go down the stairs of my poorly painted red porch and see a black bus on my street. It is stopping in front of every house and picking up each family that was standing in front of their house. The female automated voice, that echoed with each person's device, said before continuing, "We want to make sure you are safe, please go back to your home." Then, it repeated its message again. The synchronized echoes of all the families' devices slowly faded as each family went into their home.

Before turning around and heading to my door, I saw the big black bus that was picking up the families stop in front of my neighbors home. After picking up the family before me, I was getting prepared to get on the bus, but it shut its doors and sped through the street, followed by a gush of wind that knocked down my garden gnome and shattered it into thousands of pieces. I went over to it and saw that it still had its price tag from when I bought it. I kept hearing the sounds of things breaking through my street and the rest of the busses on the streets speeding and leaving with violent turns around the corner. After the sounds of shattering objects, people came out to see what happened to their home.

I did not like the idea of the black busses picking up and taking families to a place unknown. The last time this happened was when the dollar had fallen to an extremely low value, riots around the United States began, and there were mass executions.

After a while, from a far away distance, I heard more black busses in my neighborhood, honking at every house that it passed by, to let the families know that the bus was ready to pick them up. One of the black busses stopped in front of my house and blasted a loud horn that made my body tremble violently. The families ran out of their homes and made a line to the door of the bus, I was the last one in line. The bus blew its air horn again, but more violently causing me to cover my ears and shake as if there were an earthquake. When I got on the bus, there was no driver, as usual. With the massive budget cuts on the funding to public transportation from the government, the self-driving vehicles were becoming more and more common.

The inside of the bus was mostly dark with small red lights in the middle of the aisle like a movie theater. I sat on the first row, on the right side of the black bus. After I sat down, the doors closed and it felt like the bus sprang forward and it opened its doors again. A family came in with three girls, two boys, and a mother. They sat in the row behind me, and the boys started kicking my seat. Before I could say anything to the boys behind me, the bus closed its doors and started to move fast, it made a sharp turn around the corner. I felt my body launch itself into the barrier in front of me and then I bounced back into my seat.

All the kids in the bus started to cry or laugh, it was hard to tell which was which and the parents were contributing to the noise with yelling or shushing their kids. Somehow,

the bus seemed to have a mind of its own, the speakers on top of the windows yelled in the same tone as my phone's, "Silence!!!". You'd think that if a bus screams at you, you will be quieter, well the people in the bus started to make even more noise when the bus said something, but it wasn't only laughs and cries. Now you could hear farts from the boys behind me, a woman's laugh in the back sounding like cowbells, and a father yelling at his child saying, "Could you stop asking questions!!! I am also scared". This continued for another 10 mins, then the bus stopped.

We couldn't see where we were because the windows were tinted. Moments after the bus stopped, the doors sprang open and two people came in with riot gear. Finally everybody in the bus became silent, which I thought a crash would have solved, but I was wrong.

It was hard to tell how they look because of their black masks, but it was obvious who of the two was the tallest. They walked down the red illuminated carpet in the aisle and they were looking for anything suspicious, or trying to intimidate us. They came to the front again and said in a deep, dry tone "Everybody out, one at a time."

The trip reminded me of being in kindergarten, all the weird noises. Then when the teacher came in, everybody fell silent and followed the rules without the ability to ask a question because we were too simple-minded to know what that meant. I was the first to get out of the bus and I had to cover my eyes with my hand's shadow because outside was very bright. I walked confident, acting as if I knew where we were going and everybody else followed along, without noticing that I was confused as they were.

I walked straight till I reached a red door and I thought to myself out of all the colors that could've been chosen, they choose red. I sneered with the thought I had in my brain, but then the doors open automatically with a screeching, old train wheels stopping on the track-like-sound. We walked in and many other families were in there with us. A person in black uniform with yellow stripes pointed us to sections that said E.S. I knew that section's name was familiar, but I couldn't remember from where. We were told to go one at a time through the middle detector and then choose a room and sit down for further instructions. The room looked like a padded cell. These rooms were used by the criminals as a waiting room before being executed. When the law was enforced, after the second depression was over, it had crueler punishments than what America was used to and padded cells were created so people who were going to be executed, couldn't harm themselves or avoid their public execution. It seemed like the families near my room were aware of what these rooms were used for. You could hear adults and their kids crying together because they were scared of being of killed. Finally, I realized I might meet the same fate as the people who sat here before me in this room. I did not cry, I did not panic, I did not hyperventilate, I just froze on the plastic chair. Not able to react in any other way. I felt all of my emotions seep out of me at once, leaving a hollow human with no emotions, sitting on a plastic chair. I waited and waited, for a person to come and tell me everything was going to be all right.

Nothing came through the windowless, silver coated metal door. I looked at the I looked at cushions lining the wall, it was white, all straight, lined directly at me, waiting for me to stand up and absorb my hollow body.

Finally, I heard something on the door. The doorknob slowly turned, and the door moved slowly, as it opened. I felt all my emotions come back to me at such speed that I finally realized, I was crying. A lady came in with red hair and blue eyes, standing straight like she had a new back, a wrinkled face with scars on it. She came close and pulled me from the ear, removing me from the seat. After the woman let go of my ear, I followed her to the end of the hallway where I came from, and I got my keys, wallet, and my phone. I passed the guards that escorted us from the bus to here. I breathed a sigh of relief when I saw the families I rode the bus with. However, they were missing some of their family members. The families were getting on a black bus, but half of the families were still distraught. I wanted to walk over there and go home, but the old lady grabbed my collar and yanked me hard.

I wanted to know where she was taking me, we went into a hallway that had a detector. I passed the lady and got out of the hallway, and saw a huge olive looking jet. The paint on the jet was awful, it looked like if kids were asked to make the most ugliest color with their stains in their underwear. I couldn't tell where I was supposed to go, but the old lady gave me a shove to a room to our left. It was dark and empty with only a silver chair in the middle. I went in and the aged woman pointed at a silver chair. I sat on it, and looked at the entrance of the room, carefully waiting for someone to take me back home. I could hear heels echoing down the hallway. At first, I thought it was only one person, but after the footsteps grew closer, a crowd appeared. I heard them walking at the same pace.

A group of people came into the room with a gun. They shut the door behind them. I did not know what was happening, but I started to feel hollow again, but this time I felt fear growing inside of my hollow human skin. Their cold-hearted lips smiled and they pointed their guns to my head. I already knew that death was in the gun waiting to penetrate my skull and realized that 'E.S' meant Execution Section. I knew I wasn't the only one who would die in this room. I also realized what Code N.A.-379 meant. The letters N.A are acronmoys for North America, after U.S having a greater global presence than before. The number three means mass population or something that is having a effect on most of the U.S.A population. The 7 means the government is going forward with an action that the people have not agreed upon. The 9 means a massive amount of people will be dead or are dead. All of this together is saying that Code N.A. - 379 is an execution plan that the people of U.S have not allowed. I saw everybody once more in my head, that mattered to me, but something came up.

Without even thinking, I stood up, got my metal chair I was sitting on and brought it down on the man's head in front of me. I heard a crack that satisfied my fear and a newly arrived emotion entered me, anger. I looked at his head, cracked in the middle, and it brought a smile to my face. I lifted my chair again and brought it down to the lady right next to the body. She tried to move but she fell due to her high heels. As she tried to crawl away I smashed her head, not only once or twice, but three times, each with a satisfying crack to it. I threw the chair at the person behind me, ready to shoot me in the back. The chair hits his chest and I heard breaking sounds from his ribs. He fell and screamed out in pain but it appeased me, more than anything I had done before. I felt a warm metal thing pierce my knee cap, causing me to fall on my back. I slowly realized I was shot. The lady to the side of me was the one that shot me. The same lady, that brought me into this room. I turned my head to stare at the guy I first killed as he was laying down hopeless, useless. Blood was seeping out of his opened mouth with missing teeth and parts of his scalp hanging over his head, the hair being covered by the flow of blood. His blood flowed to my cheek and felt as soft as my mother's hand. I felt my heartbeat. It was as if I was in heaven, in a bloody paradise where my fear was no more. I turned and said to the corpse, in a friendly voice, "Everybody always tells you to be open to new experiences, but you were never ready to meet death. What a shame." I started to smile, and I let his blood touch the left side of my bottom lip and then I felt the gun touch my head, I kept smiling, with his blood tracing my lips. Finally, I felt the bullet rush into my brain, faster than my blood rushed to my brain. I died with a smile covered in blood from one of my victims. I was born happy and died happily, but for the wrong reasons.

- Luis Herrera

Seventeen

It has been 6,210 days.
Well for me of course.

Throughout these days, I..
Laughed,
Cried,
Played,
Learned,
And Smiled.

But within these 6,210 days, I was...
Sad,
Hurt,
Scared,
And Happy.

Most importantly, I grew.
It's been 6,210 days, and here I am.

- Nicol Roque



- Stephanie Arellano

Because I Love You

Don't you dare tell me you love me
I know you don't.

I have a knot in the pit of my stomach,
I have a feeling that I can't shake,
Because you loved me...

Because you loved me, I justified every lie
you told me
I likened your jealousy to the authentic
care I needed.
Because you loved me, I mistook every kiss
you gave me
I likened your manipulation to the advice
I didn't ask for.

"Because I love you, I'm all you need."
I isolated myself for you,
but failed to realize you had already left
me desolate.
You made me lose the trust of everyone
near me.

Because you loved me, I stayed in the
comfort of intoxication.
I likened your insecurities to the need of
reassurance.

Because you loved me, I loved you back.
I likened your fists of fury to caring
touches.

"Because I love you, I left."
I lost myself for you,
But still, I learned to admire the pain in
the journey.
You made me ask why my heart ached
for someone like you...

Then I realized, "Because I loved you."
But I love me first.

I have a newfound appreciation for the
plummet.
I have another experience, but not a
mistake;
Because love is imperfect.

- Anonymous



"A"

"A"

Best friend.

My heart beats faster when I get near you.

My heart flutters when you say you care.

My tears stop falling when you say you'll be here.

Have I fallen for you best friend?

My smile always gets bigger when you walk into the room.

My eyes sparkle like the reflection of the moon.

My heart skips a beat when you smile at me.

Have I fallen for you best friend?

"I'll be there for you,

no matter how hard the path may be.

We'll sail the seven seas.

I'll help you and you'll help me,

The best best friends there will ever be."

I have fallen for you best friend.

Slightly hoping this thing,

between you and me will end.

My heart is in a maze.

Lost,

Trying to find the you I used to know.

A,

Don't you see?

You're slowly killing me.

This love for you,

Will be the death of me.

So, just go.

Sail the seven seas alone.

- Anonymous

MAKE FUN OF
or
COMFORT

SAVE
KATE?

TELL THE TRUTH
or
HIDE THE TRUTH

BLAME CHLOE
or
TAKE THE
BLAME

ANSWER
or
DON'T
ANSWER



TAKE A PHOTO
or
INTERVENE

SACRIFICE CHLOE
OR
SACRIFICE
ARADIA BAY



REPORT NATHAN
or
HIDE THE
TRUTH

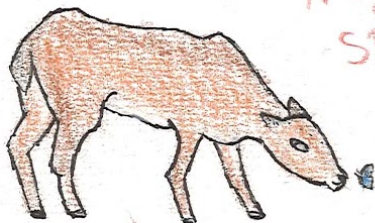


SHOOT
or
DON'T
SHOOT



LEAVE
THE
MONEY
or
STEAL
THE
MONEY

ACCEPT,
REFUSE
or
I DON'T
KNOW



GO TO THE POLICE
or
LOOK FOR PROOF

KISS
CHLOE or
DON'T
KISS CHLOE

LIFE @ STRANGE

JESUS' WRITING NOTES N' STUFF

(SEMIFINAL)

Writing is writing it's like English I think?

Writing is being alone in the lonely part of the world that it's the only thing to do. So writing is everything.

Writing is a prisoner in a maximum security cell in Columbia in times of Pablo Escobar and Alias JJ, district, District of Columbia that is. So writing is well kept and under strict rule.

Writing is the clouds in the 21st century new unique and contaminated. Not all writing is good.

Writing is being honest about lies. Lies that sink through your heart after a good run.

Justifying justice is cool I think if you want to be a lawyer.

Lights are nice too, disco lights, plane lights, helicopter lights are cool too but not as much as those radiating lights from a show.

Rites and vices are the same thing really they can both kill you just like attacking and conquering.

Mess in distress is a simple line because you just get the "SS" sound just like sounds like Buzzers with mufflers, like the truckers that sound like philosophers that are astronomers in a movie called Counter Players but they aren't players in the aspect of life.

^^^^^^^ Pretty boring line because there is no kick in it^^^^^^^

About the Author:

Jesus Baez Tapia is a High School Senior at Arrupe Jesuit High School he wrote this piece of "Writing" he took more time to color it then writing it so its "Art", no-that's overrated. He believes in politics and has no relation to the topics he writes about but he just finds them "Cool" and write about them. He is an active squash player and has a lot of music preferences and believes the music industry is very repetitive now, doesn't like mainstream music but loves upcoming artist that are actually good if they are good he'll talk about them if he thinks they are bad, well they are just plain and simple bad. His favorite inspirational quotes are "Broken Halo if you can see it you must be blind" "I'm Yellow I grove" "It's not a competition but I'm winning" "Cool guys don't look at explosions" "In Tune" "I swear my mind, blows my mind"

MLA: Baez, Jesus. "Jesus' Left brain with a bit of right brain for the writing"

Jesus' Head. Mon Nov 20 2017



- Sebastian Reese

A Lover's Dream

Lilia is sitting on her bed, texting her crush. Worried, that she will say something that she'll regret later. She puts the phone down and lays down on her bed. After a few moments of silence, she hears a high pitched bell, notifying that she got a message. She checks her phone and finds out that it is from her crush. Lilia's stomach growls and convinces herself that instant ramen is not a bad choice for dinner.

She gets out of bed, grabs her phone, and goes down the wooden stairs, making a creaking sound here and there. Lilia turns on the light of the kitchen, and searches for the instant ramen through the drawers. While looking through the kitchen, she glances at the window and sees a person looking back at her. After some moments, she realizes that the person outside looks like her crush. She takes out her phone from her pocket and texts her crush, saying, "Where are you?" He replies, "I am at home. Why?" She looks back at the window and still sees the person outside, that looks exactly like her crush. She tries to see if the person outside had his phone out, but couldn't see it. Lilia sent another message to her crush, "I need proof that you are at home." After a minute, a message appears on her phone, with a image attached to it. She looks at the image and finds her crush doing his homework in his living room. She looked back at the person outside, and he moves, just a little bit to frighten Lilia.

She left the drawers open and ran upstairs to her room. She locks her door and looks through her window. She desperately wanted to know where he was, but didn't see him outside anymore. After some minutes of looking through her window, she hears a window break downstairs. Lilia lowers her window's curtain and rushes to the bathroom in her room. She turns off the light, but left her classical music on in her room. She tries to call her mom, but after trying many times no one picks up. She does the same with the neighbor's phone, but no answer. Then, she heard footsteps and creaking of the wooden stairs following the rhythm of the slow played piano in the background. She dials 911 on her phone, but she had no bars. She hears the guy in her house, the same tone as her crush, saying, "We will be together, because that is your dream." She hears scratching through the bathroom door, but after minutes of scratching, it went completely silent. The only thing that Lilia could hear was her own heart, short but quietly she heard him say her name, "Lilia, Lilia, Lilia, Lilia" slowly getting quieter, every time her name was said. Then, out of the silence, came the pounding on the door, Lilia ran backwards to the bathroom wall. She did not know what to do, she turned around and faced the bathroom window.

She tried to open the window in a rush, but the window didn't open. Before she turned around, the door knob broke and her crush came in. Lilia looking at the bathroom

window, slowly turned around at the pace of a snail, and she felt her lover's breath, hot and uncomfortable breathing down her back. "We will be together, in the living realm, in the realm of death, through sickness and in health". "We will be together." was said in a voice that she no longer recognized, her crush was changing shape behind her, bones cracking and violent twists of his body. Lilia now felt the tall creature standing behind her no longer able to feel the presence of her crush, but a fierce creature with horns and a dark outer layer. The cracks on the crushed body, oozing out blood, with a tinch smell of sulfur, and felt immense heat from his body. She touched her pocket and felt her lighter, and saw there was a hair spray can next to her. Lilia grabbed the spray can as quickly as possible and turned to look at the monster that used to be her crush. She pointed the spray can and lighter to her crush, and lit him on fire, but she couldn't leave the bathroom. The shower curtain and carpet caught on fire. Lilia tried to go to the bathroom door but couldn't. The fire was crawling on the wall and turned her monster crush into a red bloody melted wax figure. The fire grabbed on Lilia pants, she tried so hard to remove the fire but couldn't. The fire consumed Lilia's body and she cried for help, but no one came. She covered her face from all the fire, but her skin melted and glued her skin together. She tried so hard to remove her hands from her face but couldn't.

After everything went dark. With her own screams she woke up in her bed. Lilia checked her skin to see if it had been burnt. She got up to check outside, she lifted the curtain, and saw the sun setting, yet she saw that the curtain had a burned mark at the bottom of it. Finally after some time, she convinced herself it was nothing and opened her bedroom door. She heard a high-pitched bell sound from her phone and she disconnected it from her charger and read the message from her crush, saying, "Hey, I have been thinking about this for a long time and I wanted to ask if you wanted to go out on a date?". She dropped her phone on her carpet and froze, wishing that this was a dream. But it wasn't. Lilia began to shake with fear not knowing what to do, she ran to the kitchen, with its cabinets opened and turned on the faucet. She splashed cold water on her face and looked outside. Through the window, she saw her crush, covered by the house's shadow, smiling, and Lilia knew what was going to happen.

- Luis Herrera & Heriberto Chavira



Sebastian Reese
01/12/2015
7th Grade

- Sebastian Reese

Dear Lover,

I am sorry. I can't stay anymore it hurts, alot. I don't want to lose you. I don't want to walk away. Still I know that I have a boyfriend, yet your presence is not felt. I can't seem to see you. There are many things we never said. That we will never tell. Now it is too late, I got a feeling for the first time. I want to give up, but I also don't want to. I don't understand what to listen to: my heart, or my head. The stress overcomes me, I break down every time I think of you. I think of what we went through. The tough summer, the last time we spoke, the last I love you, and the last laugh. I don't know what to say. What is wrong and what's right? Who I should listen to? What I should say? I don't know what to say anymore. Every time I turn on the radio, I hear our song and I tear up. I know I made a promise to never let go. And right now it feels like it's the right thing to do. I am feeling empty, without you, yet that is how I have felt all along, in the absence of your presence in my life. I never wanted to say goodbye. I never wanted to stop. Yet, at this point I am confused. I don't want to let go. I am starting to think to believe it might be necessary. A break would be great help in the outside of the relationship. Still our fire that keeps this love alive would slowly die. It would again be the same thing, your presence would be missing. And it would have all been in vain. I am sorry. I have never said goodbye. Due to the reason it hurts more. Now I don't know what is hurting more. Anything that I see reminds me of you. Not one day goes by that I don't think of you. I don't want to say goodbye. I don't think I ever will. But I am thinking the time has come. No it was never death, other love, or time who came between us, the only thing was 10 MINUTES. 10 minutes was all I asked of you. And that is what you never gave. Now I say goodbye, my friend who became my dear lover.

Sincerely,

Somebody

I Belong

One flesh-- that hurts the same,

Feeling for one's own and sympathizing for others.

Brothers and sisters in constant war seeking attention, power, and statues.

If not religion, color and if not color, race.

Differences are found with the same ambition as finding a needle in hay.

Exclusion lurks all through the city, traveling with wind further through the country, and-
mocking light all through the world.

It is not your fault you are not accepted because although you try to escape the pit hole you
were- placed in, society makes sure to dig three meters more.

You're tired, exhausted, and can't take no more, so you try one more time to be a part.

You've done it, your *dream* is now a reality, but your nightmare is yet to end.

Now you turn all around looking for refuge, hoping that someone will give you their hand.

You feel stillness and the silence of rocks

The wind has stopped and exclusion has left.

Loving arms welcome you to a place that's been awaiting your presence,

And now you belong.

- Lorena Delgado-Marquez

Compilation of Poems by Jason Jesus-Hernandez

The Unknown

There's a certain point where feelings kick in,
They hit you harder than a right hook,
It messes with you in the end.
A thought that you have, and the action that comes,
Determines what you had done.
A feel is not real, but it's thought,
Because I'm stronger than you all know,
I'm smarter than what I show,
I'm not a thought, I'm a person.
Judgmental person are lost.
They get lost in The Unknown.

- Jason Jesus-Hernandez



By the Edge of the Water

Sometimes you do things without knowing.
The reactions you have are just easy going
Until you stop in your tracks and,
You start to look back.
Standing at the edge of a lake waiting for a
Sign that might change your fate.
But you stand there, in the blistering cold,
Not knowing how you got there,
Observing the beauty that is provided
And you just hope that you could be guided.

- Jason Jesus-Hernandez



Compilation of Poems by Stephanie Rodriguez

None anonymous

The light in the tunnel

Is there ever someone you see the light in?
You're in a dark place at the moment
and then they show up
you're happy you see the light!
You're doing good.
You're happy.

Then the light starts to fade...
It continues to fade
You're doing everything you can think of to spark it
but nothing works.

Just as you were going to give up,
It suddenly flickers with light.
You're happy again.
Although all the energy you used up
doesn't allow you to have the same excitement.

It starts going out again and
you start to panic.
Do everything anything
but nothing happens.

Then one day that small breeze of hate comes.
it's blows the light out completely

you're over panicked
you're lost
the lights gone
and you can't do anything to put it back
~Stephanie Rodriguez~

Compilation of Poems by Stephanie Rodriguez (cont.)

short and sweet

Those words that match the saying "short and sweet" so well,
"I love you",
they're short and they're sweet.
but they could also be miles long and heartbreaking
and you never know truly what they will become.
just have to wait for fate.

~Stephanie Rodriguez~

goodbye ?

The word goodbye can mean so much.
You never know if it's going to be the last thing that is said,
it can be the last time you talk to someone in awhile.
Or even forever.

Everyone you know will someday die,
Whether it is from your life or from their soul.
The word goodbye can mean so much.

~Stephanie Rodriguez~

Untitled

A two digit number stripped me of my own identity. I was no longer a Mexican-American, straight, Catholic, liberal woman. I was a 22. Rather, I morphed into the stereotypes acquired by my identities, that I had fought so hard to stray from. I had struggled immensely to be proud of my identities, and with one number it was all washed away. I was not good enough to reach for my dreams, for my number did not start with a three. "This number will never define you", then why do people cringe when I openly tell them my number? "You shouldn't care what people think", I don't. I didn't. I do. I began to hesitate when the topic of discussion turned to "What did you get?" Society had slyly shaped my way of thinking of myself and how others perceived me through this number. As unfathomable as it seemed to prosper after being told I cannot, I scarcely escaped my own self pity.

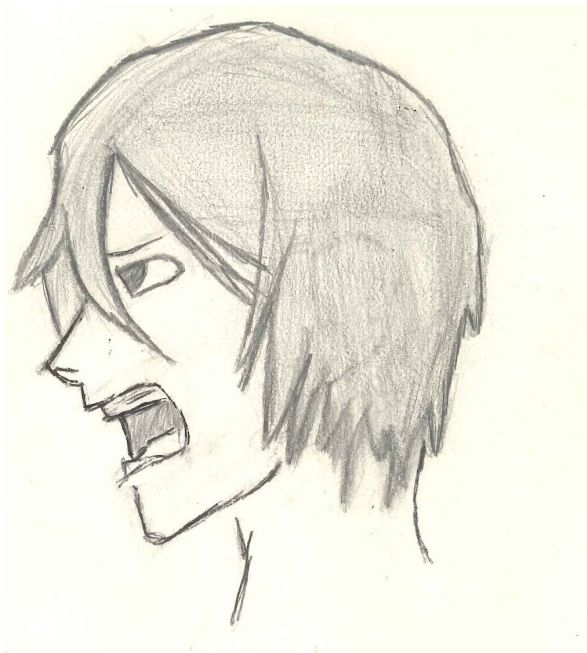
A number won't measure your intelligence. Pump and dump; soak everything in, memorize every equation, learn the tricks and you should be good. Nobody told me to prepare emotionally for an outcome that was everything but ideal. Prepare, get a good night sleep, eat breakfast and you will do great. I was unprepared to face the consequences of my inadequacy. People like me are looked down for a number lower than a three; we are seen as bovine. For those with a number that was seen as socially acceptable, they were geniuses. The impression may seem harmless for the one making the assumption, however, for the person who is being judged, it ruins them. A number did measure my intelligence.

My sweaty palms, anxious glances, and inability to sit still held me back. "Stop with the excuses", overwhelming guilt constantly takes over. I can't control my over thinking,

why was it counted against me? I studied, I ate breakfast and I memorized equations, one of that mattered the minute I sat down because it had all evaporated into thin air. I began to think about how much time I had and then I panicked because I wasted so much time thinking about the time. No one will understand. They will only see the 22. No one cared how much self-doubt I suffered before, during, and after the test. The sweat and tears, figuratively and literally, will be overlooked for I didn't study hard enough.

I was ruined, however, I knew I couldn't dwell, I was only hurting myself. I realized that I need to know my own worth. I broke free and pushed to be happy in everything I do, more importantly to be proud of everything I do. I will not allow a two- digit number define who I am nor who I am destined to be. I will reach my dreams and I will make my family proud. The ACT is a social construct that depicted me as something that needed to be bought by the highest bidder in order to have a life that society deems successful. I am more than a number. I am a proud Mexican-American, straight, liberal woman that will become everything I was told I cannot become.

- Anonymous



- Jamie Lejarazo

Love

That cursed word has brought me

Pain,

Happiness,

Support,

Loneliness,

Anxiety,

Intelligence,

And a whole lot more.

Pain;

Bearable

Happiness;

Terrifying

Support;

Queer

Loneliness;

Familiar

Anxiety;

Normal

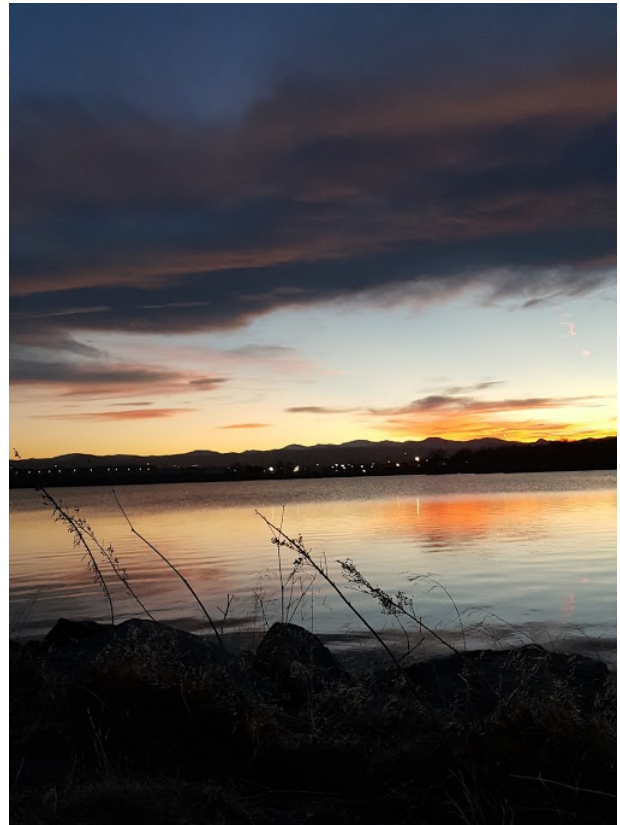
Intelligence;

Burden.

What is the true meaning of **Love**,

If it's not pain and suffering?

- Daniela Rodriguez



- Stephanie Arellano

Words

I remember that moment,
When the words started to fall.
They started to flow down.
Until they hit the ground,
And bounced off.

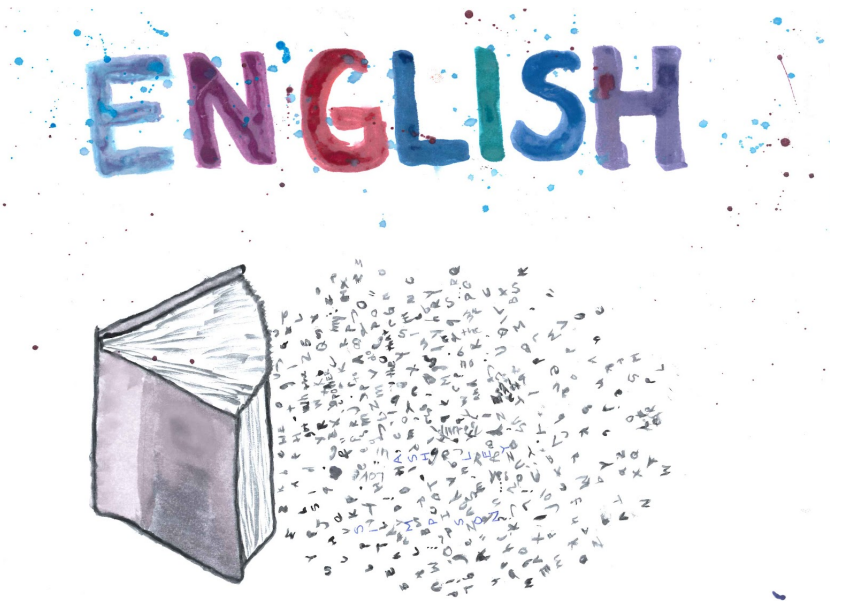
I remember back then,
I stopped and stood there.
The words echo.
The room felt dark and hollow.
It was a dark cave.

"I'm fine",
I said to myself.
"It's alright",
I said.
But was I really?

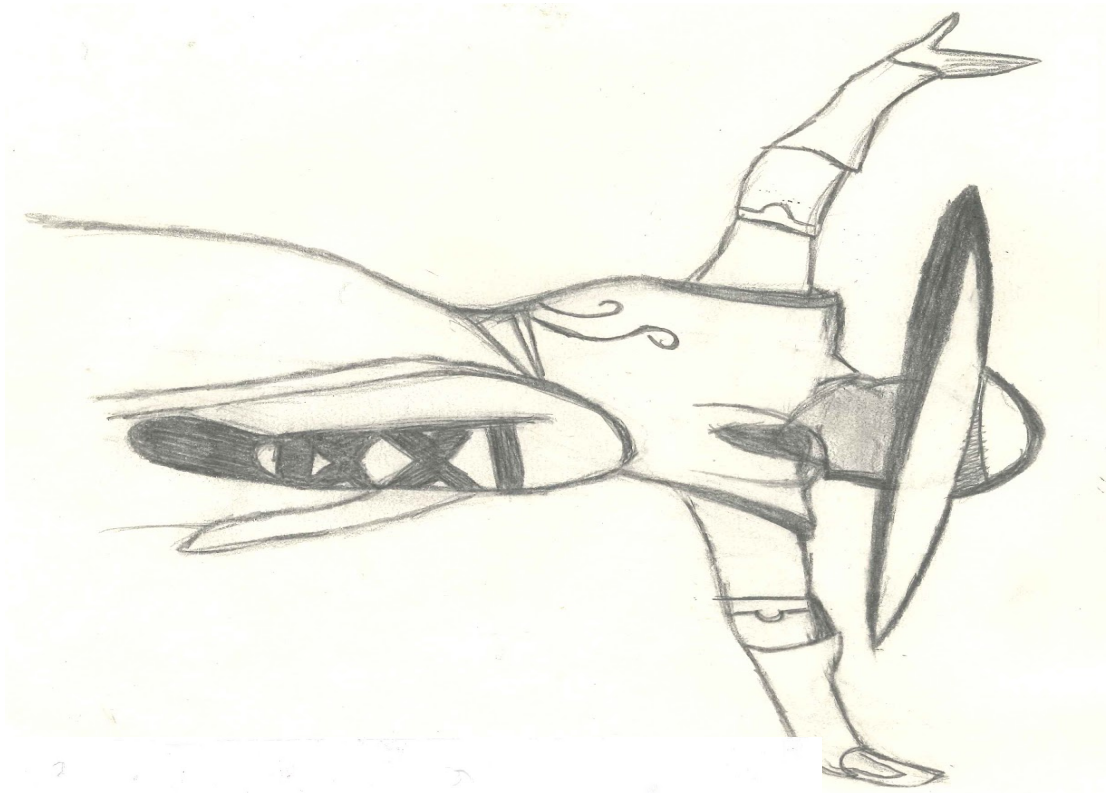
No?
Yes?
These words fought in my head.

Helpless is what I thought,
Emptiness was all that's left.

- Nicol Roque



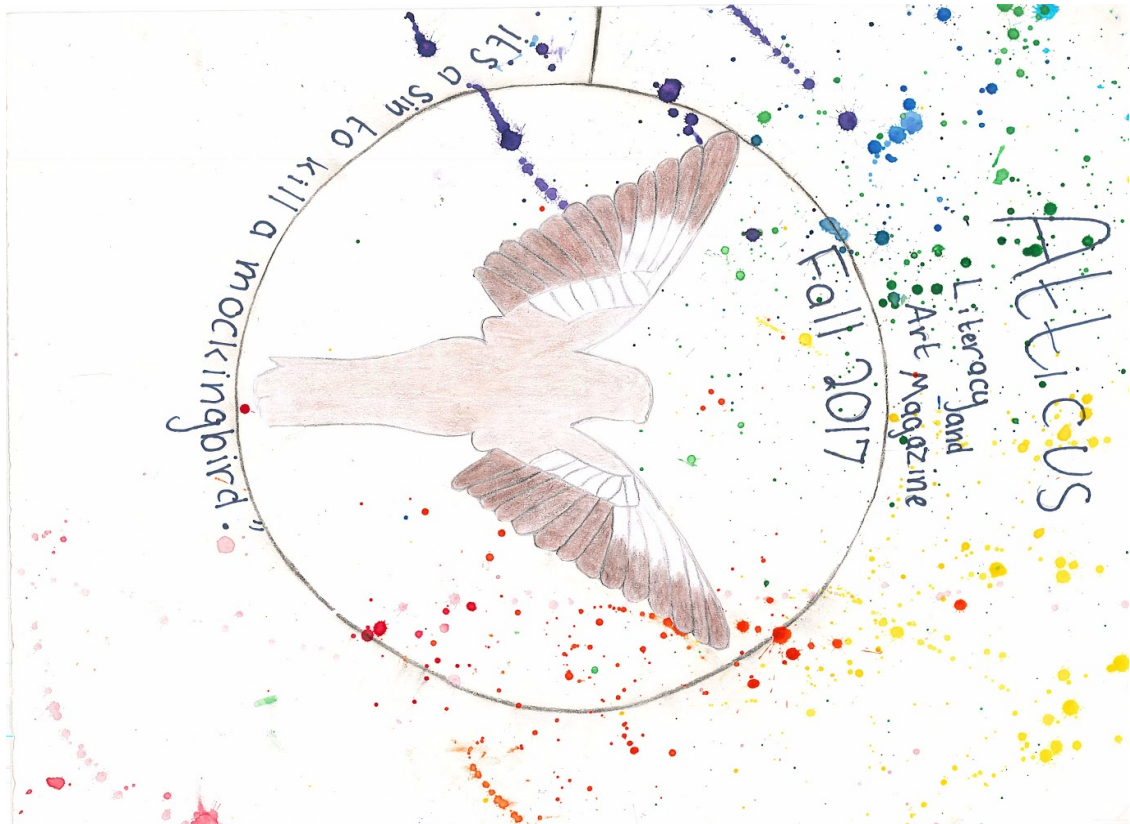
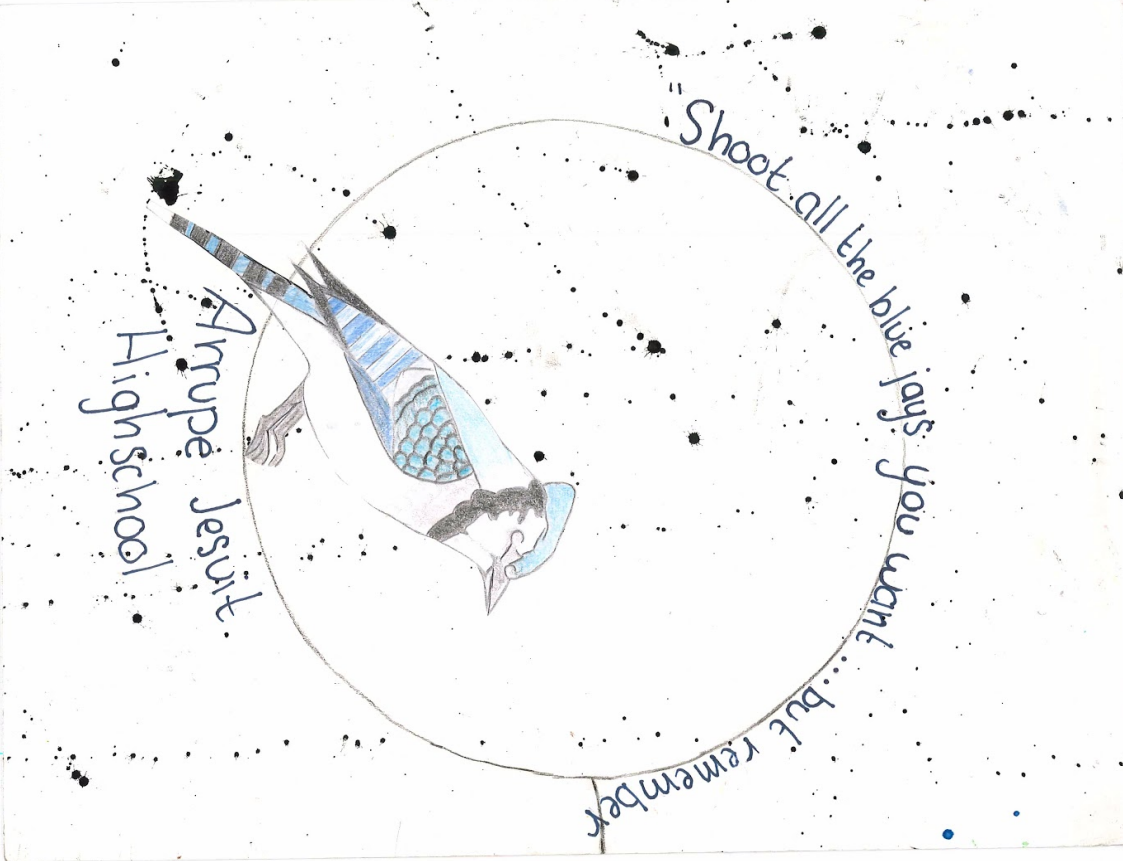
- Ashley Simpson



- Jamie Lejarazo



- Sebastian Reese



-Emily Espinoza



- Alexis Torres



Meet the Members of the Atticus Literary and Art Magazine!

Honorary Mention for Atticus Members with no bio: Ivonne Lopez Hernandez, Evelyn Pinedo, Kenna Marquez, 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. 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.(OxOv) Now if you excuse me, I'm going to take a nap. (v.v)...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 (we!!!, 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 Lejarazo-Dueñas

I am Allys Jazmin Lejarazo-Duenas, born February 8th, 2000 in Nezahualcoyotl, Mexico. I am a Junior at Arrupe. My favorite show is **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 like 5 different stories at the same time (yeah, it's a lot). 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.

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!

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!

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 wappad 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!

Stephanie Arellano

My name is Stephanie Arellano. I am the class of 2020 here at Arrupe Jesuit High School. I enjoyed to be part of atticus because I love to write stories and songs. I also enjoy being outdoor in the nature and admire what I can find within these edventures. Within these adventures I take photographs from the point of view I see it. Sometimes I physically need to move in a position where I can get dirty from the water or the floor but the outcome leaves me satisfied. I put effort into the things I do. Soon I hope to write a book and go to college to accomplish my overall goal of being an oncologist.



Arroyo Jesuit

High School