

Atticus Literary
& Arts Magazine
Big Book Edition
2025-2026



Table of Contents

Autumn &
Halloween

Winter &
Christmas

Spring &
Easter

Welcome to Atticus Big Book Edition

Atticus Literary & Arts Magazine is the home of all things literary at Arrupe Jesuit High School! From poetry to literature, paintings to photography, Atticus has it all. Everything in these pages is produced by AJHS students, faculty, and friends of the school. The editorial team is proud to present the 2025-2026 Year issue! Read on and enjoy!

It might be the end of the year, but here at Atticus, we're still celebrating Halloween! Congratulations to our Halloween Spooky Art contest winners:
Halloween Spooky Art Contest '25 Winners:

From poetry to literature, paintings to photography, Atticus has it all. Everything in these pages is produced by AJHS students, faculty, and friends of the school. The editorial team is proud to present the Spring 2026 issue! Read on and enjoy!

Staff:

Vincent McManus, Design Chief, Art Director
Giselle Barragan, Marketing & Editor Director

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Elijah Mancillas

Special Thanks:

Diana Caldera



FALL OF LOVE

FALLING LEAVES, LIKE I
HAVE FALLEN FOR YOU.
WITH A DEEP GOLDEN
BRIGHT LIGHT SHINE
THROUGH THE FADED
LEAVES SHINING
THROUGH YOU,
HAVING A WARMTH FROM
THE SUN LIKE ITS A
SUN,
REMINDS ME OF YOUR
WARMTH SMILE, FEELING
SO BRIGHT!

HAVING TO LOOK AT
THE SUNSET, HAVING TO
LOOK AT GODS WORK,
WITH A BEAUTIFUL
MOUNTAIN VIEW.

BUT
AT
THE END .

I STILL SEE YOU AS MY
VIEW



Vincent Mcmanus

Analisa Gonzales Arzola

Broken lights flicker on and off constantly, never stopping, on or off, never regulating themselves. Figure out how to fix it. It's broken.

When the lights are off, you can't see! You'll bump into the wall, you'll hurt yourself. It could hurt others. Guilt is inevitable. It's not your fault you don't have the tools to fix it. Better figure it out soon.

The silence in the room, the lights are off, it's deafening. The resolve to the problem is easy: leave the room, close it off so others don't get hurt, or just get a flashlight. You can't afford a flashlight. None will help you get one. People will get mad if you close off the room. The lights aren't gonna get fixed if you leave the room.

No one understands that! We can't afford new lights! No one will help!

The lights flicker back on. You can see. Relieve spreads. The lights are fixed. No one is mad. Everything is okay. It's okay. You are okay.

Looking at the lights, it's blinding. It's blissful. The smell of lavender fills the air, and everything is clear. You can see. It's blinding. You didn't fix the lights. Days fly by, the lights are still on. But you didn't fix the lights!

They turn off again. Then on. Then off. Then on. Over and Over and Over. It's exhausting.

What can you do about it? We don't have the tools to fix the lights. Nobody wants to help. We're home rule, we'll fix the lights eventually.

“A Heart’s Desire”

By: Alex Quinones

I met you not long ago,
Only for a few moments,
That I met you, I deeply fell for you,

As I continue to love from afar,
Knowing my love will never reach you,
Forever knowing I will,

Hallow hole in my heart,
Never being able to fill it,
That part of me that,
Will forever be hurt,
Heal only with a miracle,

Waiting for god’s wisdom,
Wondering if to let go,
Of this love deep within me,

And forever be hurt or,
Take the chance, to hope if she,
Loves me also,

Love is blood,
It feels amazing to have it,
Although losing it is also very painful,
This love that I have has me lost,

Not knowing what to do,
Like love is an amazing feeling,
Love could also hurt so deeply,

The wound could never heal again,
An arrow in the heart,
Pulled out and never healed.



I AM LEARNING HOW TO CARRY MYSELF WITHOUT
SHRINKING

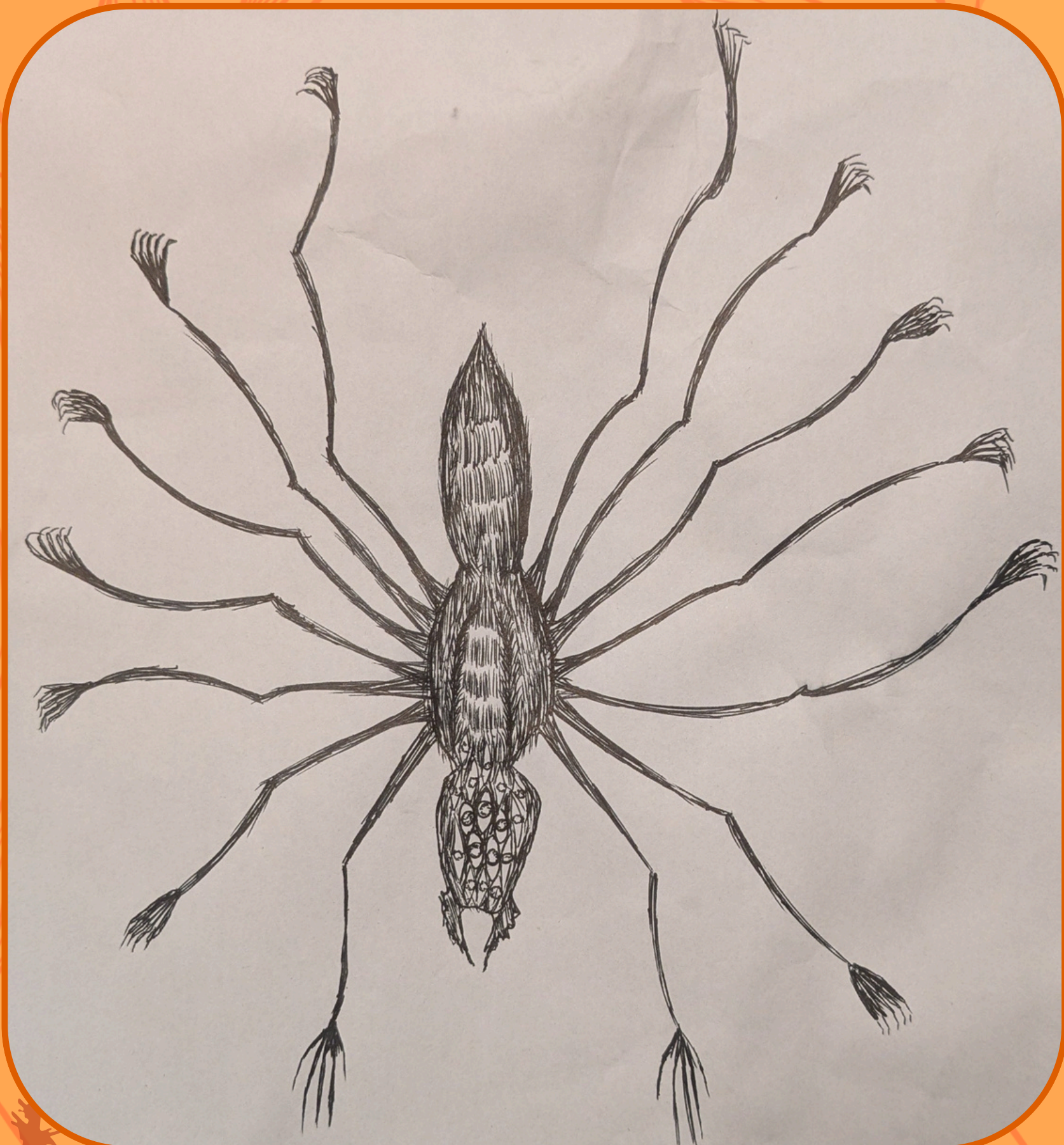
BY: ALEXEN LOPEZ

THERE WERE DAYS
I MISTOOK SILENCE
FOR PEACE,
AND STRENGTH
FOR BEING UNBOtherED,

BUT GROWTH LOOKS LIKE THIS,
AND CHOOSING SOFTNESS
WITHOUT LOSING MY EDGE,
STANDING FIRM
EVEN WHEN MY VOICE SHAKES

I'VE LEARNED
THAT HEALING ISN'T LOUD,
IT ARRIVES QUIETLY,
LIKE LIGHT SLIPPING THROUGH BLINDS
AT THE START OF MORNING

I AM NOT FINISHED,
BUT I AM BECOMING,
AND THAT IS ENOUGH
FOR NOW
I AM STILL HERE
AND THAT MEANS EVERYTHING



Vincent McManus

“Falling in Love with Fall”

By: Lucia Perales-Rodriguez

As summer ends,
There's a peaceful breeze.
The warm sun shines down gently
As it hides itself.
The yellow blends into orange,
And emphasizes the emerald leaves.

The daylight hours,
A beautiful gift.
As the days grow short,
While the night uplifts.
The yellow merges
With luminous orange.

The wind tenderly
Rushes between the trees.
Oh, how beautiful,
the similarity of sunsets and changing leaves.
The gentle sound of rustling leaves;
The sound is like music to my ears.

Nature reveals once again
How precious change can be.
Fewer and fewer
Green leaves.

While crimson and amber prevail,
A colorful masterpiece becomes unveiled.

Earthy brown leaves
Fall quietly on the cold, hard ground.
The crunch beneath my feet
Makes my heart skip a beat.
The sound of raking
Diffuses around the neighborhood.

Children joyfully laugh
As they jump on leaves.
The crackling sound
Fills me with excitement.
I fell in love once again.
The beauty of Fall,
A gift from God to Men.





Lost or Confused?

Have you ever seen a bunny run with no eyes?

He has the fastest legs, but he cannot see the sun.

Running a race that lost its meaning before it's even begun.

I'm looking at the ceiling that has turned into a door.

I have a home, a roof overhead, and a bed to rest my head.

Yet something feels misplaced

Have you ever seen an elephant eat with no trunk?

The forest is a banquet, full of fruit and leafy greens.

Starving in a kingdom where he's treated like a king.

I have the things they tell me that a person needs to thrive.

But there's a hollow echo where my spirit should drive,

A missing piece of "me" that I'm trying to revive.

Have you seen a sloth climb without any claws?

The branches reach for him, but he's stuck upon the floor.

I am a puzzle unfinished with a hole right in the heart,

I'm a map with every road except the one that leads me home.

A wanderer with everything, who's forced to always roam.

So am I Lost or Confused?

SPOOKY CONTEST WINNER!



Diana Caldera

"Seasons"

By Natalie Garza Cancino

The big ball of fire covering us with a blanket

Melting everyone every single second

It is also a time of fun

Where everyone can play in the sun

Everything coming alive

Blooming in the sun

Beautiful, but breezy

Leaves fall off like a waterfall

Jumping into a mountain

"Swoosh," the leaves go

Autumn means a time for change

The colors that fall upon us, but slowly die

Stuck in our homes

Watching the snowflakes dance to the ground

Snowmen surrounding everywhere

Covering us like a cold blanket

Trapped in a fire

Slowly melting me away

Sunny, but cold

Flowers come back from the dead

The colors spread

With the breeze of the soft air

Life is upon us once again

As we repeat this once again



“When the universe collides”

By: Perla Mayte Delgado González

If the stars ever vanished from the sky,
and the cosmos dimmed to a memory,
I'd still find my way,
guided by the constellations that dance
within your eyes.

I wish I were your breath,
born in your chest,
rising with your silence,
falling with your sighs,
touching the air between our souls
and never letting go.

When the universe collides,
You are the chaos I crave.
The storm I enter without hesitation,
the fire I touch without fear,
because your flames don't destroy
they reveal.

You are every heartbeat,
that forgets the world around it,
that stumbles,
then steadies
only for you.

Each breath I take aches for your nearness,
like gravity missing its anchor.
And when all I knew crumbled in pain,
You did not run,
You reached.

You brought me out of the shadows,
out of the wreckage of agony,
and showed me
that even in a shattered sky,
A single soul can shine brighter
than all the stars we've lost.

To my Jules <3.



Diana Caldera



“Where I’m From” by Ms. Leonard

I am from the bottom left corner of your right
palm,
From Michigan’s long winters and sweet summers,
And from the shores of Lake Michigan
(it looks like they go on forever, standing at the
top of the dune.)

I am from the house with the basketball hoop in
the driveway.

It’s blue now, but I’ll always think of it as the
green one.

I’m from the four-block walk home from school
with friends,
And the wind tangling my hair on the 5-minute
bike ride to the pool.

I am from handstand contests, \$.50 freezer pops,
and flips off the diving board,
from first whistles and first paychecks.
I am from foam kickboards and backstroke,
from Sharks and Minnows, and first-place
ribbons.

I’m from strawberries in the fridge and the light
on in the bathroom,
From multi-day Uno games, and “What did you do
good for someone else today?”

I’m from Lions’ games on Aunt Pat’s couch and
the annual Leonard cousin Easter Egg hunt.

I’m from “a small Christian school in Michigan,”
and from Tulip Time and 10:30 Chapel, and
Voorhees Hall.

I’m from the old brick pool on campus,
from team prayers, team dinners, and wooden shoes.

I’m from coloring books on the pews,
From five rows back on the left, donut holes, and
juice,
from burning incense and teary eyes.
I’m from candlelit masses and chatting late into
the night, and an abundance of grace.

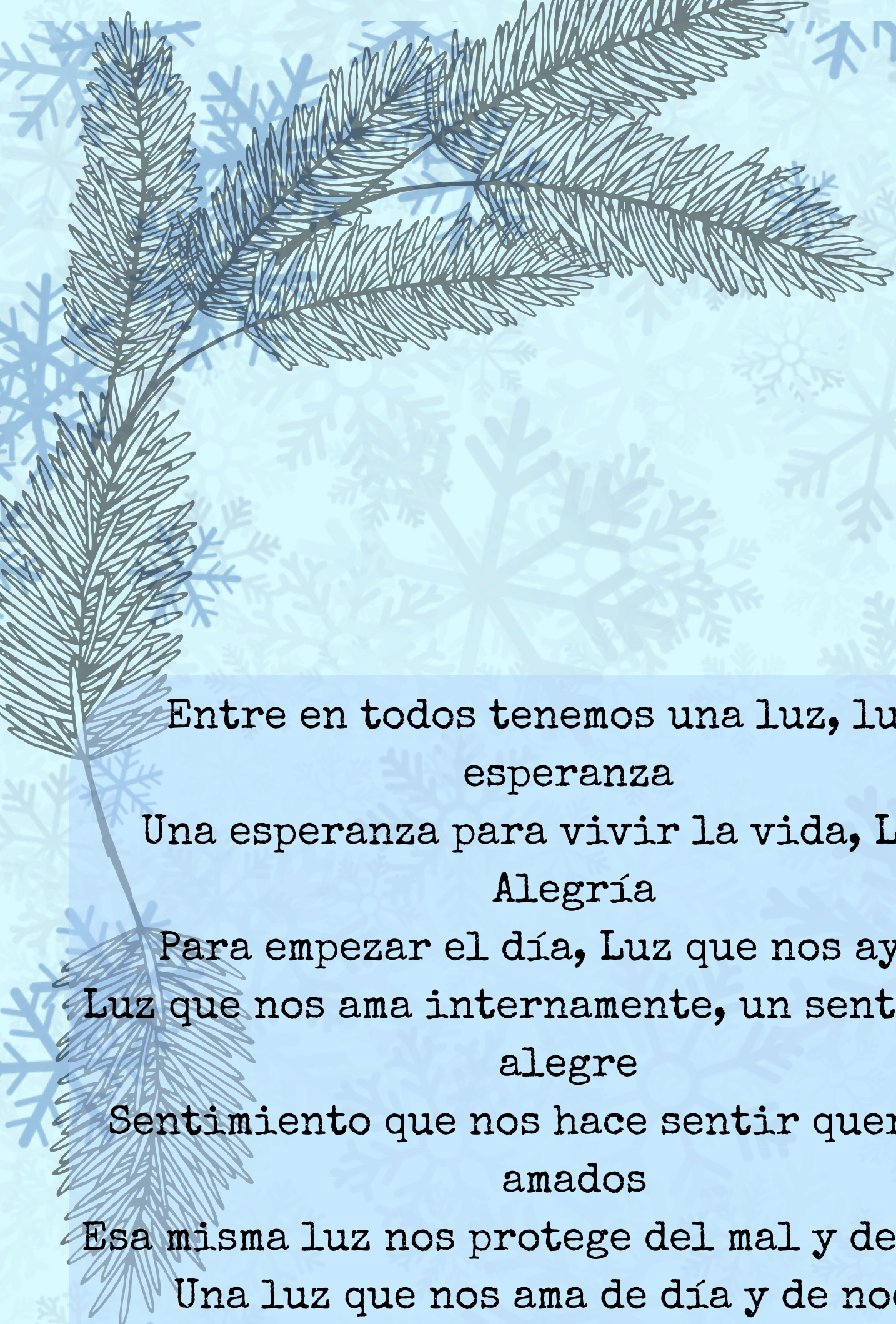
I’m from a grace that abounds in deepest waters -
offering hope even when the waves threatened.
I’m from a grace that promised me an abundant life,
more than I could ever imagine.



Diana Caldera



Illi
McMillan



Entre en todos tenemos una luz, luz de
esperanza

Una esperanza para vivir la vida, Luz de
Alegría

Para empezar el día, Luz que nos ayuda
Luz que nos ama internamente, un sentimiento
alegre

Sentimiento que nos hace sentir queridos y
amados

Esa misma luz nos protege del mal y del bueno

Una luz que nos ama de día y de noche

Nos guía a lo bueno y fuera de lo malo

Una luz poderosa y cuidadosa nos perdona por
lo malo

Lo malo que hemos hecho, y aún nos ha aceptado

Luz que nos ve en lo alto y nos mira los que
estamos abajo

Luz que aparece como padre, vecino, o amigo

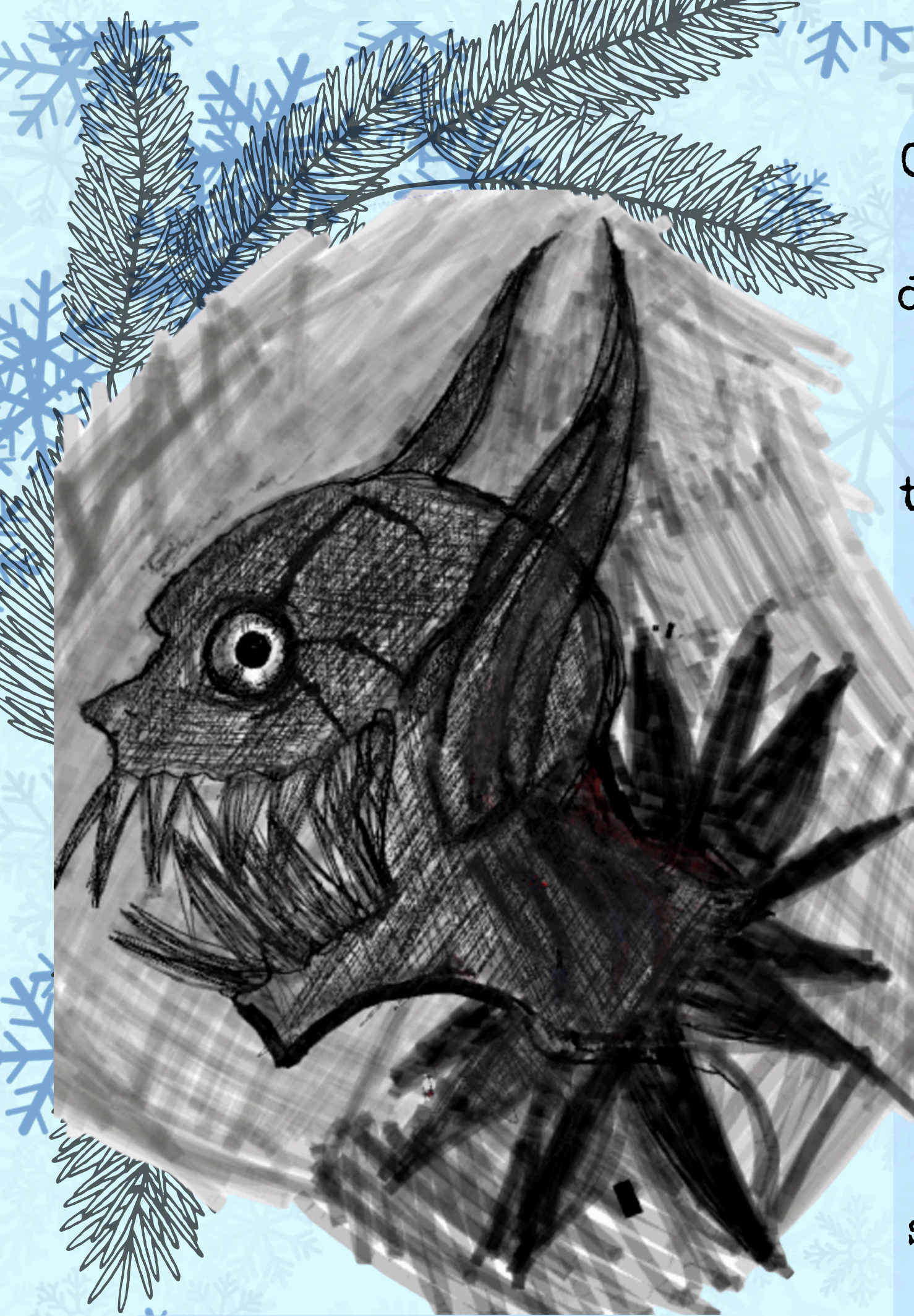
No hay cualquier como ellos, que son amorosos
y que nos ha perdonado

Luz que brilla y aluzca entre nosotros y por
todo el mundo

Esa luz es nadie como Mamá María y Jesús

Los que nos ama internamente y cuida sobre
nosotros - Anonymous





Diana Caldera

In a quiet room, where shadows
play,
A mother and daughter, at the
end of the day.
Whispers of love in the fading
light,
Memories cherished, hearts
holding tight. - Anonymous

In the book *The Things they Carried*, by Tim O'Brien, there are multiple stories that speak on the things the soldiers had to go through during the vietnam war. This shows the struggles they had to go through the war and the things they had to do to survive. They fought this war overseas which was challenging because some soldiers had families and they wanted to make it back home. A quote that I chose that was significant to me was, "My hunch thought is that he already knew. At least basics. After all it was 1968 and the guys were burning draft cards" (O'Brien 39). I chose this quote because it shows how the men already knew they were going to get drafted and some men were burning their draft cards because they did not want to attend.

In 5 sentences: How does the text connect to the larger world (choose: past, present, future)?

This text connects to the present and future because in the future students will keep on learning about the wars. This would be helpful to the students because maybe through generations, they might have had someone that fought in a war or knew someone who fought in the war. For the future, this can show students how and why the things happened and if this was to happen how they should fight for our country. In other parts of the country, students after highschool have to enlist for a year and fight in the field because if a war were to happen, they would have practice.

In 5 sentences: How does the text connect to how your education and experiences have formed the person you are today?

The text connects to our education because we are learning what men had to go through to still have our country. By me learning this, it is pushing me to attend highschool and get a career in something I enjoy because it would help us in a way. This has forced me to always show respect and help to others because they can have family members who were in wars or know somebody. This has shaped me to always speak about our country when the help is needed because the help can help everyone else in a way to where we wouldn't have to go through this again. With the knowledge I have about the army, I will always help others and show how to use our voices to be heard if we want change or are in need of help.

In 5 sentences: How does the text connect to who you want to become?

This text connects to who I want to become because I want to keep being a musician and show the love I have for music. I want to do

this by playing and expressing how it helps people. This is the dedication I have about my dream, just like people had a dream of there

being change and having their voices heard. I want to become a man of respect and a man who is grateful for the people who help our country stay safe. This also connects to how if we have a dream or are working on something, we need to keep pushing just like the men in the story did. This will help us see the change they want to see and achieve the goal they have.

In 2 sentences: Who would you recommend this book to and why?

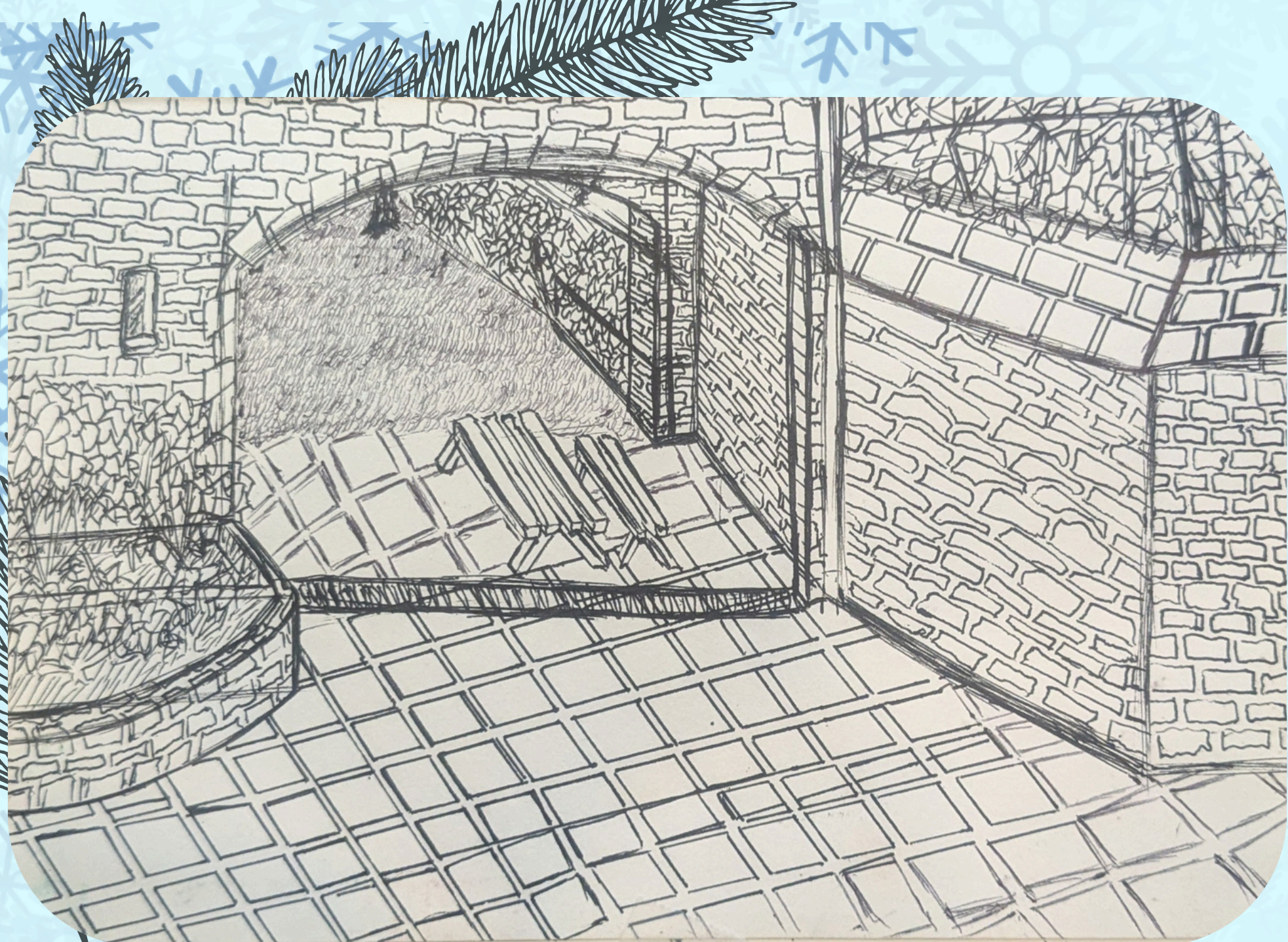
I would recommend this book to students who want to learn more about what the men had to struggle for and go through their country. I

would recommend this book because it can give people motivation to keep chasing their goal, just like the men were chasing their goal to end the war and have their country to how people's voices wanted their country to be.

- Anonymous



Vincent Mcmanus



Vincent Mcmanus

Perfectamente Imperfecto

Si me preguntas a mí,
Eres perfectamente imperfecto,
Y amo cada parte de ti.
No cambiaría nada.
Lo que tú detestas de ti mismo,
Yo lo atesoro,
Porque eso es lo que te hace tú.
Amo tus ojos, tu cabello, tus labios,
y esa bella voz
Que eriza cada fibra de mi ser.
No tienes que cambiar nada,
ni impresionar a nadie.
Solo sé tú,
porque eso ya es más que suficiente.
Lo es para mí,
y debería serlo también para el
mundo.
Si tú lo deseas, puedes lograrlo.
No estás solo,
y nunca lo estarás, mi niño.
Juntos podemos derribar muros
Y hacernos más fuertes.
Seamos perfectamente imperfectos...
juntos. - Anonymous



Anonymous

The Things They Carried by Tim O'Brien was a fantastic book that detailed many life stories that soldiers went through during the war in Vietnam. This book really shows what many men during the 60s had to go through because of the war. This book goes into detail about how the men reacted to getting drafted, to how they had to learn to survive in the harshest of terrain. One of the quotes that really stood out for

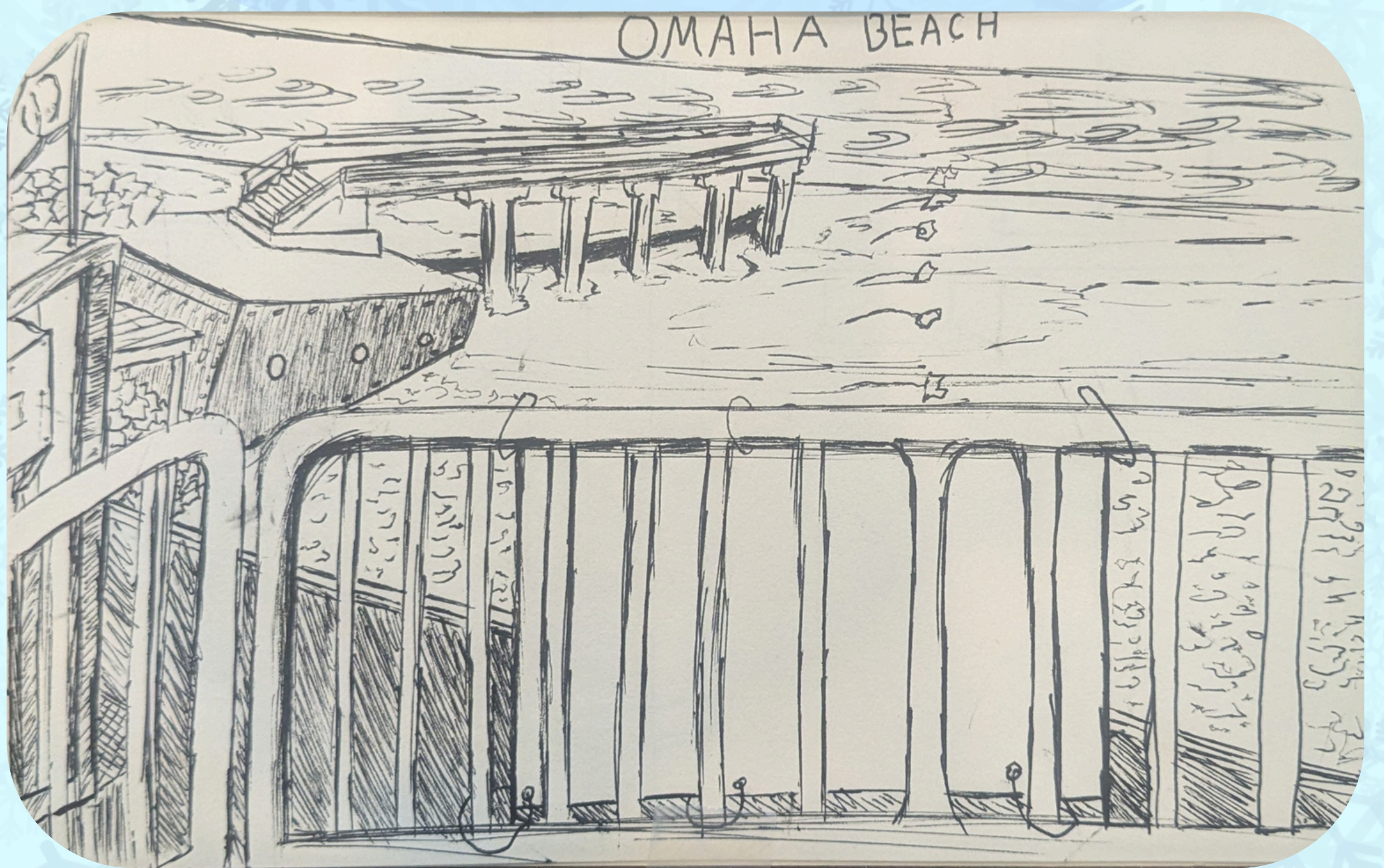
me was "A true war story is never moral. It does not instruct, nor encourage virtue, nor suggest models of proper human behavior, nor restrain men from doing the things men have always done. If a story seems moral, do not believe it" (O'Brien 68). The reason why I chose this quote was because It helped me see the story in a different perspective. It also helped me understand that war never has a winner

because the parties involved lost so much.

This Text connects to the present because there is still so much violence and war in this world. Many people today have a blind view of war and are ignorant of the actual meaning of war. What I mean by this is that many people seem to forget what the true value of war is.

People seem to forget that war only came about because humans have this sense of "victory". War is one of the ways that humans use when they see it fit, when another group is wrong. Humans have been exposed to war for as long as we have been around, to the point where it's become a norm. This is still going on, and I feel that people really do tend to forget that there is so much loss for so little gain when it comes to wars. This text connects to my education because it helped me see things in all perspectives. I have begun questioning things more frequently, and it has opened my mind. This text did something that my past experiences have done and that's to strive for the best of any problem. I am the person I am because I always look for the answers that I want answered. There have been many times when I research things for the sole reason of being informed. This has helped me plenty in dealing with life problems. This text connects to the person I want to become because it helped me realize how lucky I am to have many opportunities. Many of these soldiers in the book were obligated to go to war and didn't have another option. This is why the text showed me that if I want something in life to become a better man or to become a better person, then there are certain things that I have to sacrifice to become the person I want to be. It also showed me that I need to work hard and be smart with what I do to become the better me. Gratefully, I have begun analyzing what it is that I want and started to strive towards a goal. I would recommend this book because it touches topics that seem so bad but in reality it happens all the time. I feel like this book does a good job at tackling subjects that a lot of people aren't familiar with - Anonymous

Vincent Mcmanus



Our bond does shine
Your hand in mine.
Through secrets and fights,
We dance through days and
nights.

You lift me up,
With you, there's always room.
In every memory, joy we
create,
A treasure of love, a sisterly
fate

We dream, together we play,
In this world, forever we'll
stay.
With every smile, our spirits
soar,
Sisters forever, who could ask
for more? - Anonymous



Why?

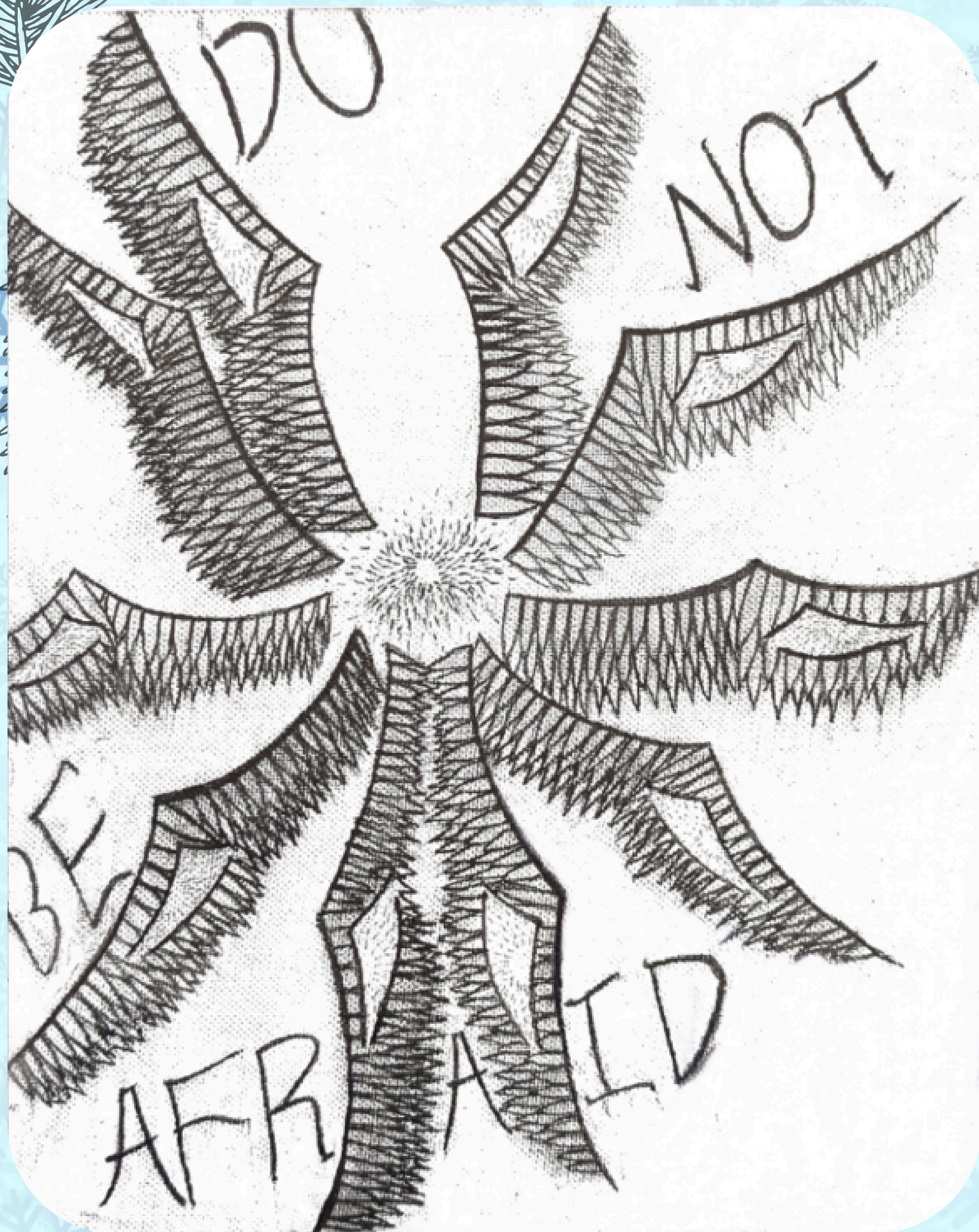
By: Aylin Cuevas

Days pass
and everything feels empty
without you

I need you
my head is crowded with memories
and questions that won't stop asking
why

Why did you leave
Why was it so hard to love me back
Why couldn't our love stay forever
This feels like being trapped in a thunderstorm
storms meant for people who feel too much
upset
angry
hurt

Loud cries break the sky
asking why again and again
Why did you leaving make my body ache
Why does my heart still hurt
Tears fall like pouring rain
Thunder answers as I call for you
The wind screams
the way I scream in grief
Why can't you need me
the way I need you
Why did everything happen so fast
Why did it have to end like this



Vincent McManus

“Falling in Love with Fall”

By: Lucia Perales-Rodriguez

As summer ends,
There's a peaceful breeze.
The warm sun shines down gently
As it hides itself.
The yellow blends into orange,
And emphasizes the emerald leaves.

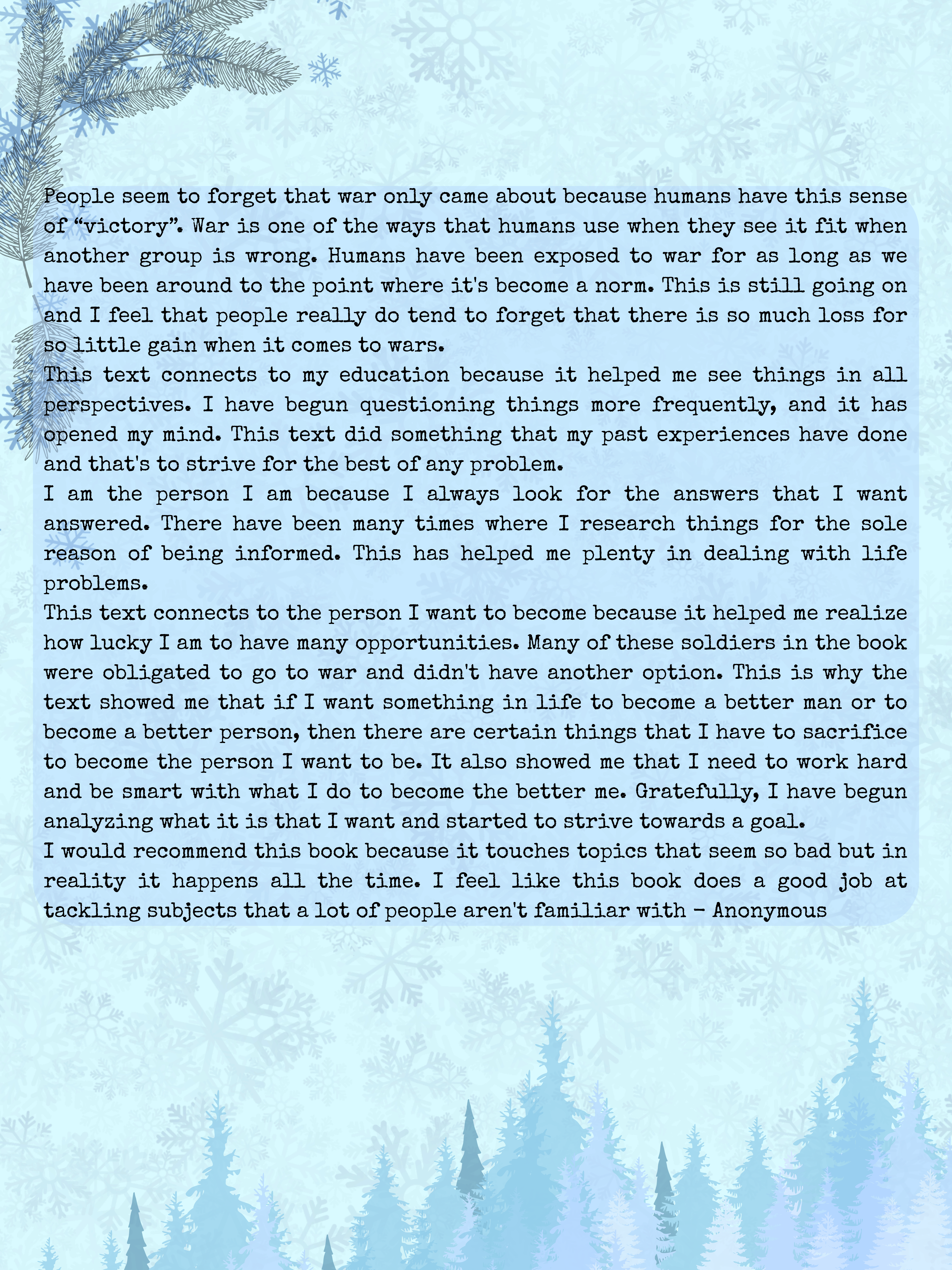
The daylight hours,
A beautiful gift.
As the days grow short,
While the night uplifts.
The yellow merges
With luminous orange.

The wind tenderly
Rushes between the trees.
Oh, how beautiful,
the similarity of sunsets and changing
leaves.
The gentle sound of rustling leaves;
The sound is like music to my ears.

Nature reveals once again
How precious change can be.
Fewer and fewer
Green leaves.
While crimson and amber prevail,
A colorful masterpiece becomes unveiled.

Earthy brown leaves
Fall quietly on the cold, hard ground.
The crunch beneath my feet
Makes my heart skip a beat.
The sound of raking
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Children joyfully laugh
As they jump on leaves.
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Fills me with excitement.
I fell in love once again.
The beauty of Fall,
A gift from God to Men.



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@Diana Caldera

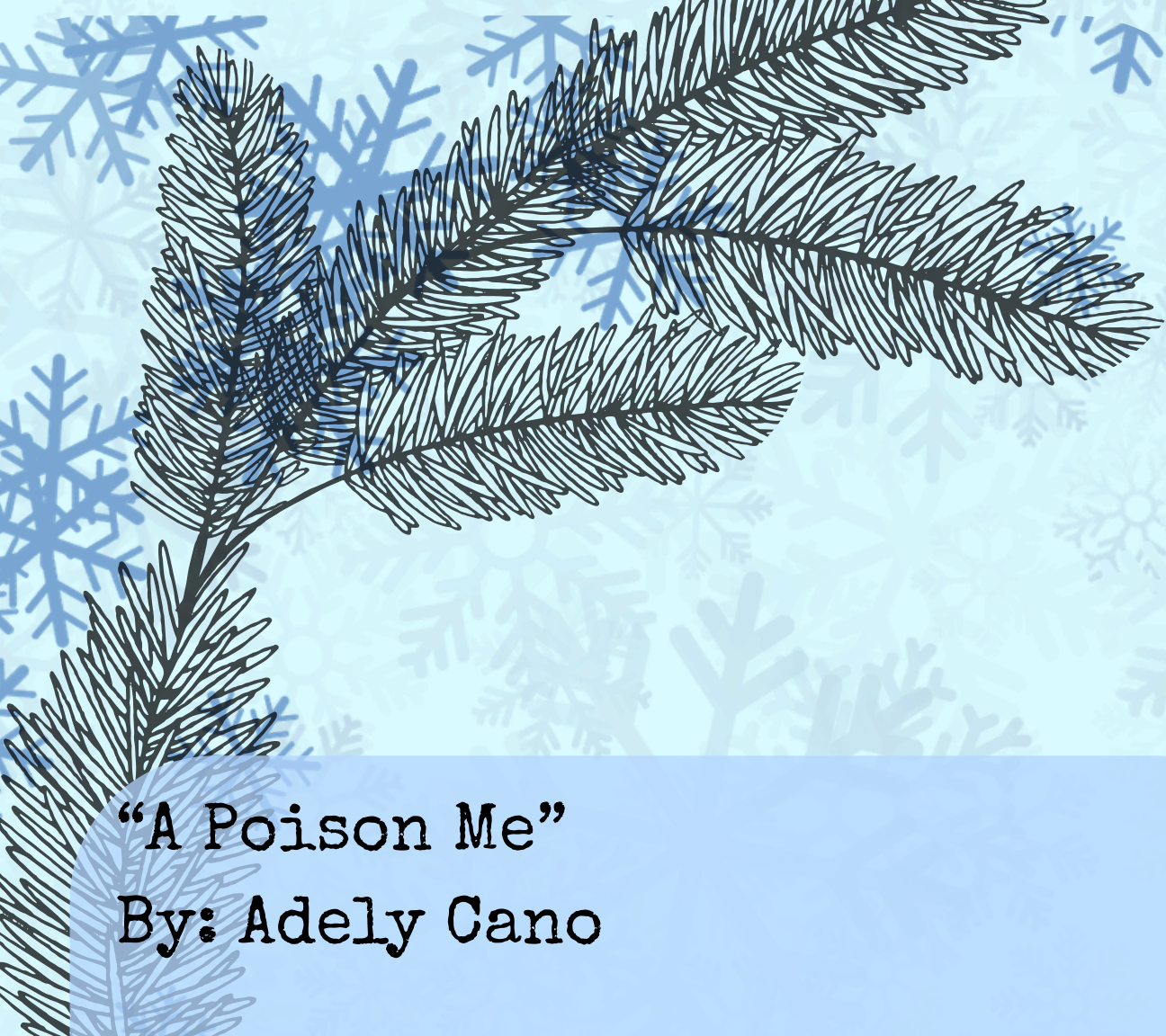
Diana Caldera

“Our beauty”
We call the world
beautiful,
But we destroy it,
Then we blame each other,
Instead of protecting it,
Selling the forest,
Not enjoying the beauty,

The thing that helps life,
Looking at the forests,
Silent, not hearing,
The forest cries,
Asking for help,
Being blinded by,
Pure greed and profit. –
Anonymous



Diana Caldera



"A Poison Me"

By: Adely Cano

I was angry with my friend,
I've been told my wrath will end,
What a surprise when my wrath did
grow,

All I could do was let it overflow,

Watering it in fears,

Night and morning with my tears,

Contemplating all the years,

Consumed by complacency,

Before I knew,

Out grew a sprout fed by doubt,

Its leaves bloom as a butterfly's
wings spread,

Fresh out of the cocoon,

I stand still,

My friend beheld its beauty

As her hand unveiled its
friability,

I'm overwhelmed by a familiar
touch,

A soft caress and gentle press,

It all comes crashing down,

There lay my friend,

Outstretched on the ground,

At fault is my creation,

That remains safe and sound.

"Autumn"

Gloomy morning as the leaves are falling
Can you hear the crunchy sound? As the
leaves fall to the ground

Fall is here! The coziest time of the year
Halloween is near

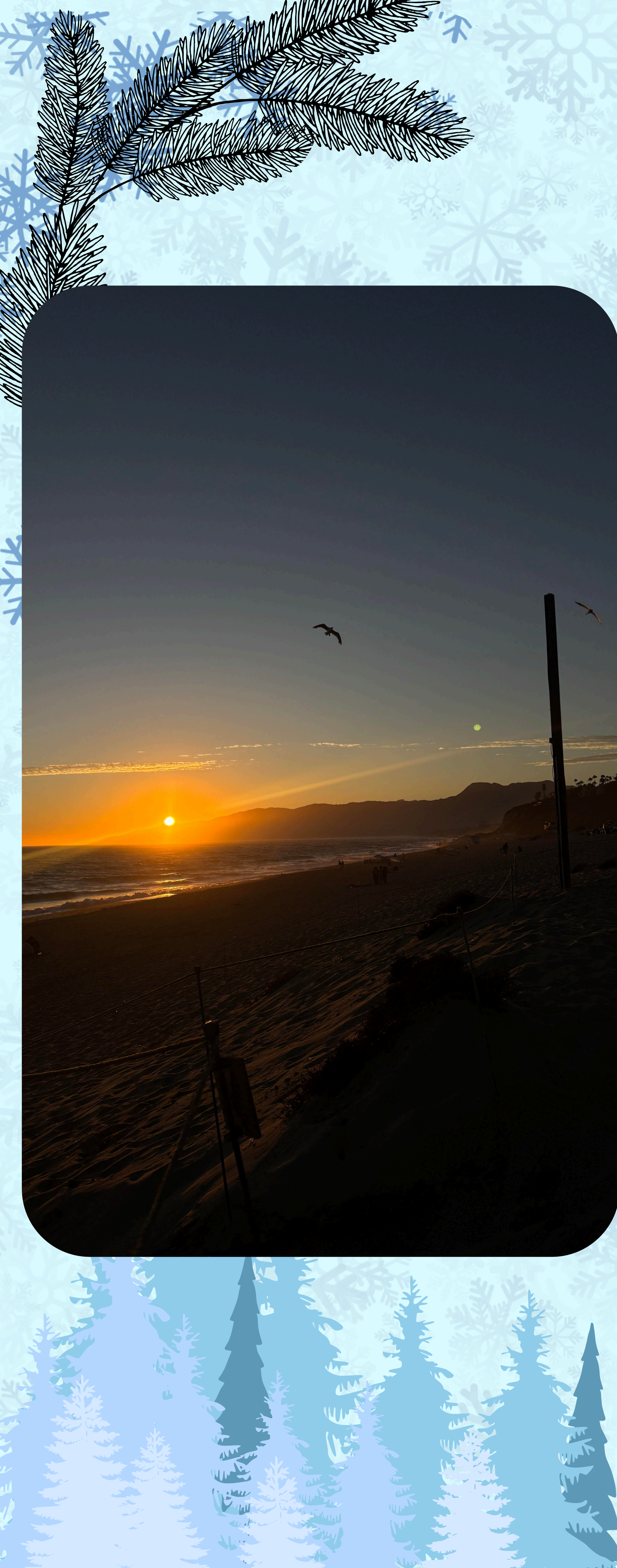
As the crispy air flows by The days get
shorter, and the nights get longer

The mornings start to get foggy The roads
are empty Plenty of leaves on the floor
People are getting fall drinks Fall is
here!

The time for rainy leave has come As the
cooling wind starts to call They go
outside to play with some The tree was
empty Fall is here!



Vincent Mcmanus



“Ode to a Krabby Patty”

By: Evelyn Pedroza

In the Pacific Ocean,

Deep

Deep, down

A small town-

The bikini bottom.

There lies a burger-

A Krabby Patty

Shinning as a star, in the sea

So pleasant to see

Buns so soft, softer than

feathers

Patty full of flavor,

Green lettuce, bright pickles

Melty cheese, full of flavor,

Oh, how true joy is found with

each bite,

Secret sauce, hidden by the boss

The ultimate culinary dish,

Someone can wish

Oh, dear Krabby Patty

How delicious you are,

From the first bite to each

crunch

The yellow sponge

Would agree,

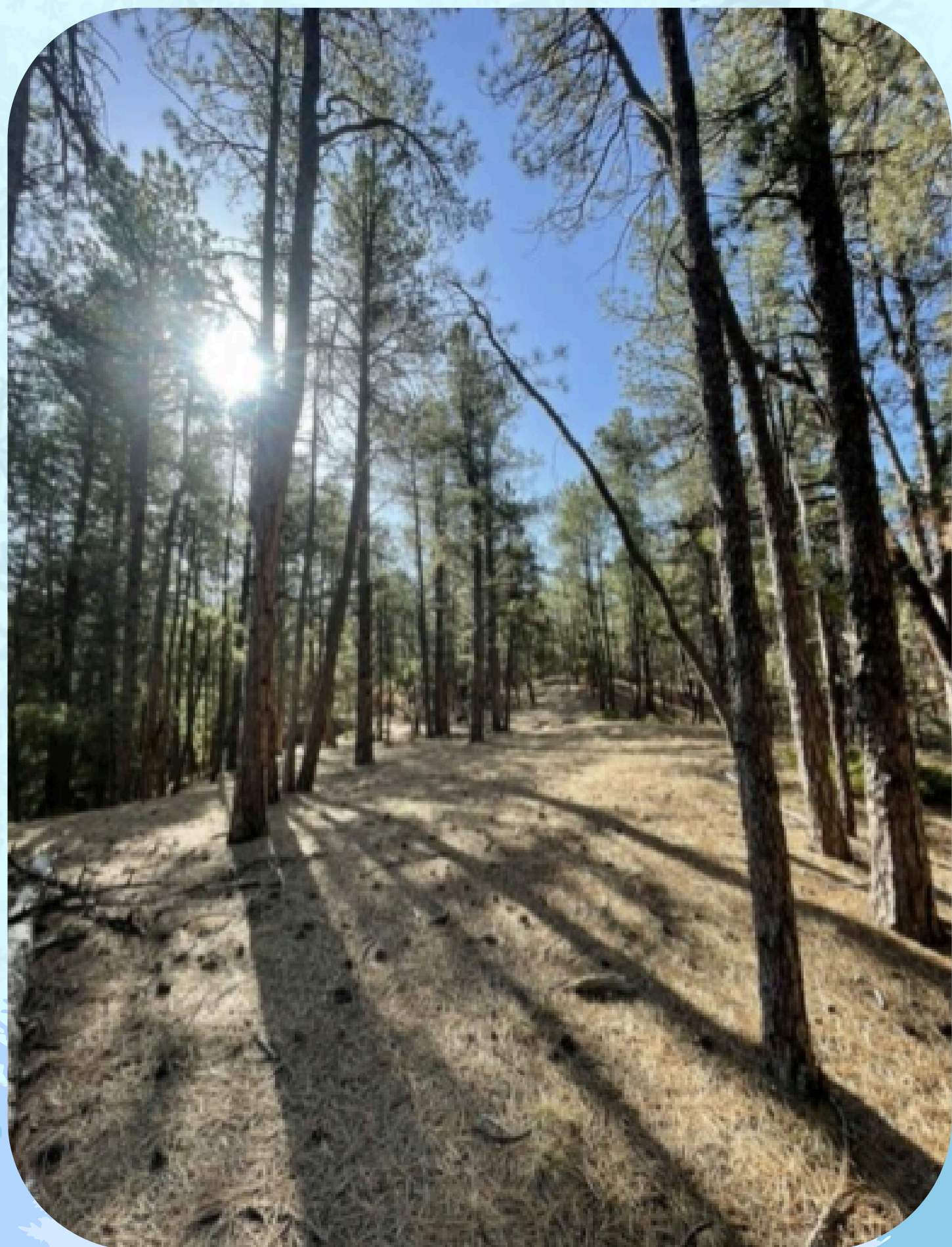
A Krabby patty has-

Perfect flavors in perfect

harmony.



Valeria Gonzalez



Burbuja De Memoria
By: Valeria Gonzalez
Emoción captura, orgullo y tristeza
Nunca sabrás cual escapó
Noches y días, cuál sería la victoria
Orgullo y Felicidad
Caminando y dando pasos, la luz en frente, en la huella
que viene.
Caliente y brillante es lo que se siente.
Llorando y triste
Mares con furia, cielo que grita.
Lo que tiene no es enojo, pero los sentimientos
encerrados y escondidos.
Oscuro y frío es lo falta,
Esperando un cambio, como las estrellas que nunca se
pueden alcanzar.

Fiestas y bailes, conocidos y extraños,
No es la primera pensamiento.
Noche fugas, dando vueltas sin parar
Como el mundo y el tiempo.
Solo será una memoria burbojeada,
Decidiendo si quiero que explote o no.

Opciones y decisiones no puedo escoger.
Al final, la canción conocida fue el sonido de la noche.
Brinca, brinca, como conejo sin satisfacción. Hasta la
última suspiro, dejando las canciones manejar mis
sentimientos.

Noche y noche, se queda como el chicle en el zapato.
Sentimientos y memorias en todos lados, derecha e
izquierda, enfrente y atrás, no dejan descansar.
Imaginando burbujas con la imagen de los días pasados,
Mas aparecen,
Más explotan, y más esponjan.
Hasta que el último quede para desaparecer.

Guardia y proteccion es lo que cuenta,
Dia con la guardia, vigilando el rrededor, segurando
que estoy en paz.

La noche que viene es el tiempo de libertad.
La cobija protegiendo, y el peluche vigilando, nada pasa
y paz es lo que ahí.
Sintiendo comodidad, como durmiendo en las nubes.

Soñando aventura y fantasía, no queriendo que se acabe.
Memorias feliz, avergonzados, tristes, y furiosos,
De todos modos no nos dejaran, porque son parte de
nosotros.

ICE

By: Delany Delgado Hernandez

ICE is cold
but for the families
they leave destroyed
not for the name

they say it's procedure
but our neighbors are
alone, scared, and lost

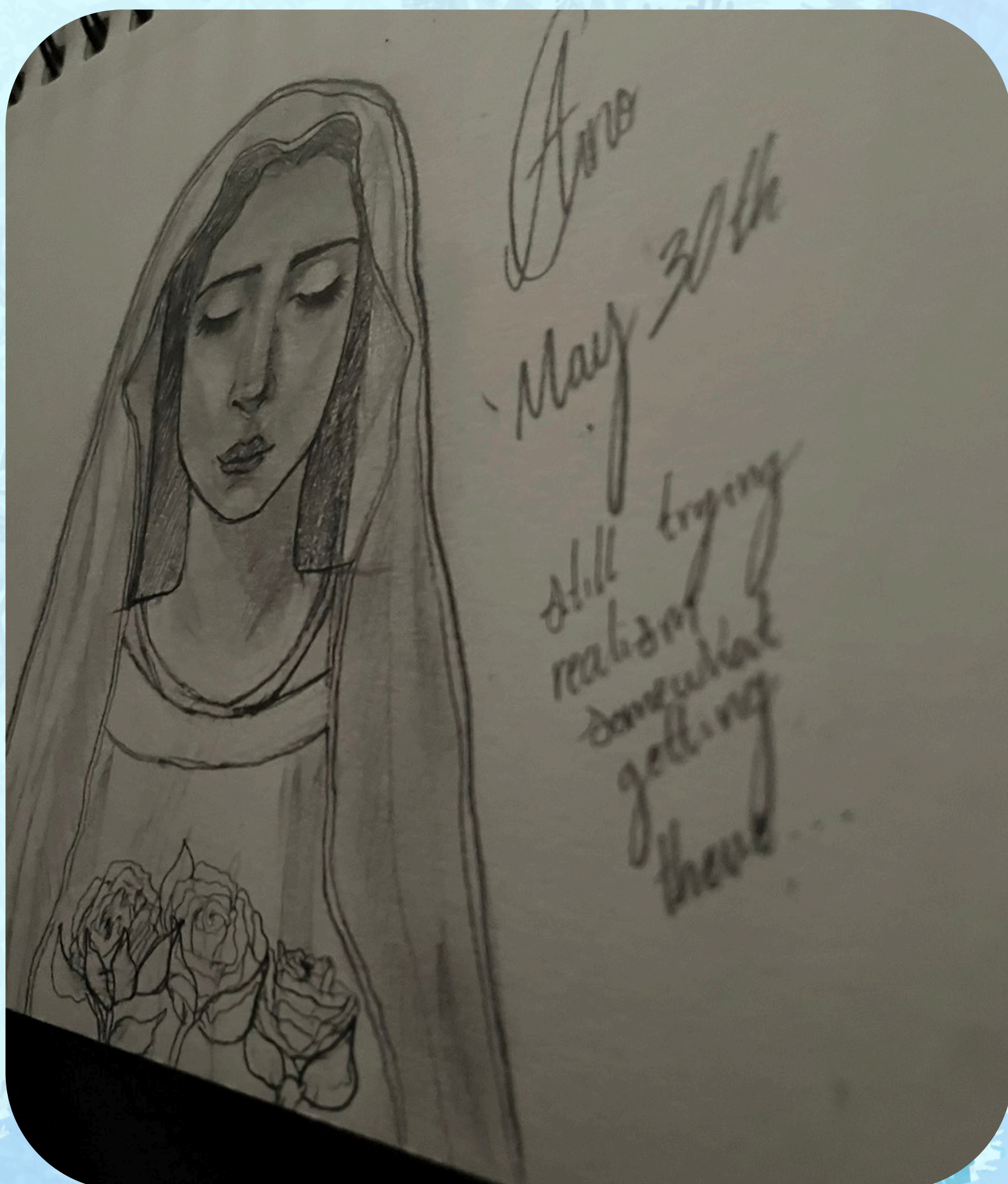
they wait outside,
doors, jobs, and schools

leaving children without
parents
taken away the people who made
this place a home

the people
we trusted
are now against us

but we must remember

"this land is my land
this land is your land
this land was made for
you and me"



Secret – Perla Velazquez

Mia is a young girl whose parents forced her to get married because they were tired of seeing her in their house. She moved to Nashville, Tennessee, to find love. She is 25 years old.

“MIAAAA,” said Mom.

“Whattttt, Mom?”

“You really need to start being independent and move away. You cannot stay single forever.”

“Omg, Mom, again with this?”

“You tell me that every day.”

“Yes. Now go. Move. Come on. Do not be lazy and listen to me.”

“Mom, what if I get kidnapped or something? Then you will regret sending me far away.”

“No. Stop. Do not say nonsense. Now go.”

Later, Mia had a great idea. She thought that maybe it would be good to go and find love. Little did she know that the person she later fell in love with was not who he said he was. She moved to Nashville, Tennessee, alone. She did not know where to stay, so she booked a hotel on the way there.

“Mom, guess what?”

“What?”

“I am finally moving away.”

“Omggg, I am so excited. Have safe travels. Call me when you get there. Be safe. Have fun. Find love.”

She packed everything, and that same day she flew to her destination. On the way, she booked a hotel so she could stay there.

“Finally landed.”

“Now I need to go to my hotel, but first I need transportation.”

She booked an Uber. When she arrived at the hotel, she was exhausted. She went to her room and decided to go to the hotel bar to relax.

“Finally here. Omg, I am so tired.”

“I am going to get a drink so I can sleep peacefully.”

She went down to the bar, sat down, and ordered a drink and some food. A man noticed her and decided to approach her. He was not who he said he was. He sold dogs to dangerous people, but Mia did not know that. She loved dogs.

“Hello, my name is Gabe. I am sorry for bothering you, but you caught my eye. You are very beautiful. May I sit here?”

“Oh, hello. Yes, you can sit.”

Gabe presented himself as a sweet and respectful guy, so Mia let him sit with her.

“Oh, sorry. I did not introduce myself. I am Mia.”

They talked for hours about life, why they were there, and their love lives. Gabe never mentioned his secret. Eventually, they noticed how late it was.

“Omg, Gabe, have you seen the time?”

“Oh yeah. We should get going. They are about to close.”

“Okay. Goodbye, Gabe. It was nice talking to you.”

“I have a question.”

“Yes?”

“I loved today, and I would like to take you on a real date. Would you like to go out someday, Mia?”

She got nervous and turned red. She did not believe in love and did not know what to say.

“Oh, uh, yes.”

“Here is my number. Text me.”

She walked away quickly, unable to believe what had happened.

“Oh, thank you. See you later.”

The day of the date arrived, and Mia was nervous. She did not know what to do, so she called a friend for help. Later, they went shopping.

“I am so nervous, and I do not even know why.”

“Girl, you are going to be fine.”

After shopping, they went back to Mia’s apartment. She received a text from Gabe saying he was almost there. She got ready, and he arrived to pick her up.

He took her to a sketchy restaurant that barely looked like one. She was so nervous that she did not notice at first. Then she heard a sound.

“This place is so beautiful.”

They sat down, ate, and talked. Suddenly, Mia heard something.

“Bark, bark.”

“Omg, was that a bark?”

“That sounded hurt.”

Gabe started laughing.

“Why are you laughing? This is serious. What was that noise?”

“Answer me.”

Gabe explained what was happening, and Mia started to cry.

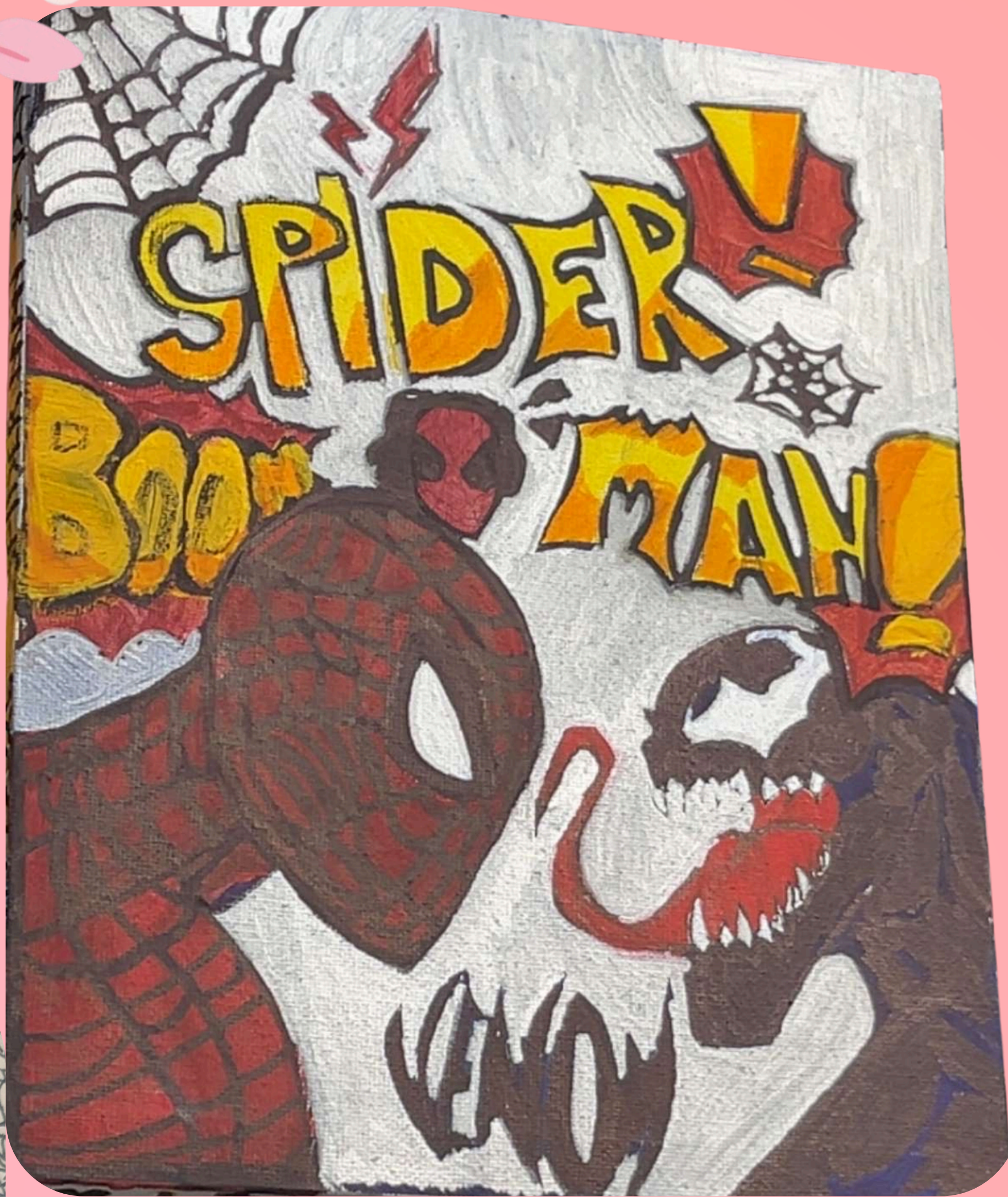
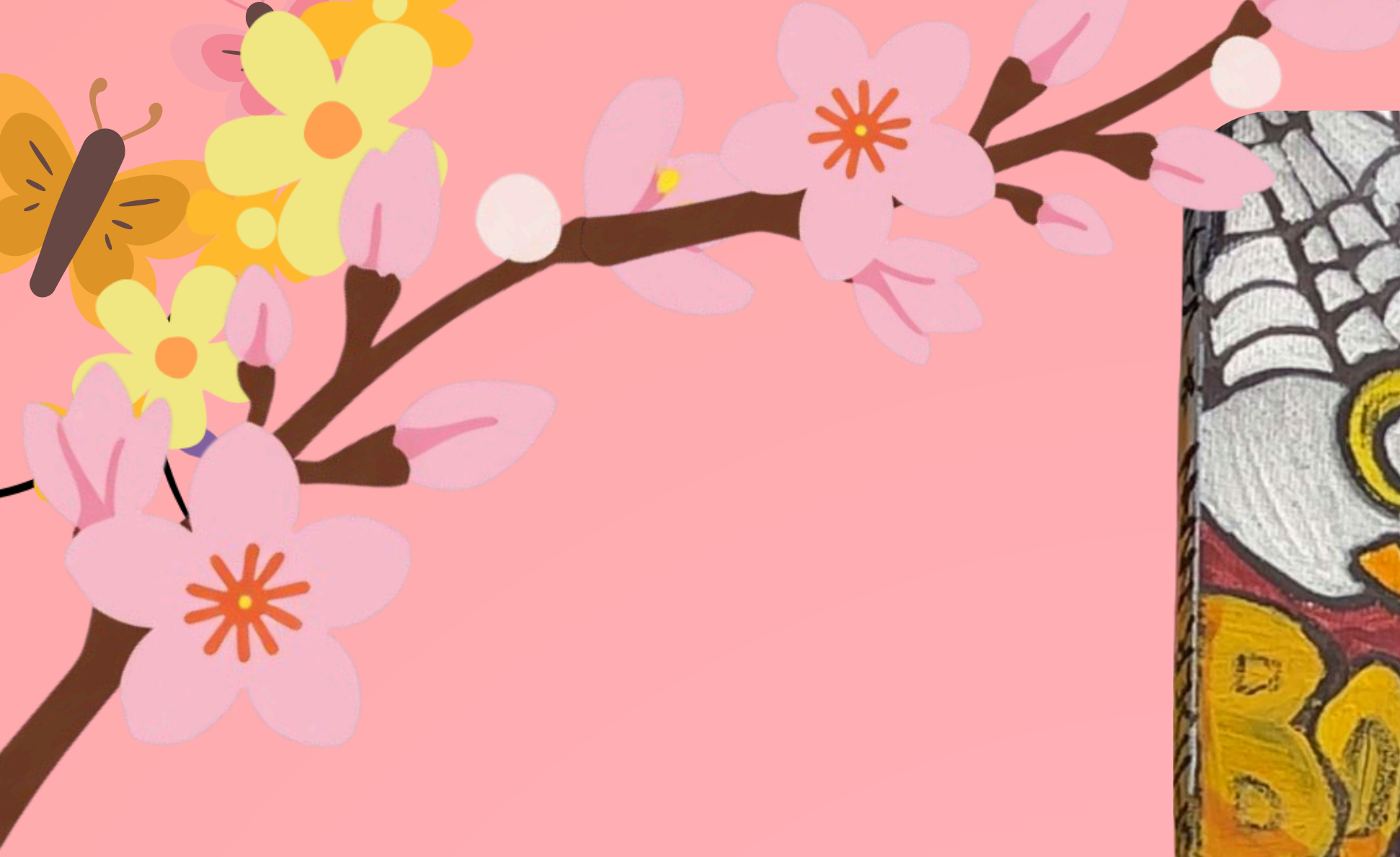
“Omg, why would you do this? That is awful.”

She called the police and waited until the dog was taken somewhere safe. Then she went home.

“I cannot believe I fell for that. That is it. I am going to focus on myself and my future back home.”

She called her mom, told her everything, booked a flight, and went straight home. She later got her own place and began working with pets.

For my story, I chose dramatic irony. Mia meets a guy named Gabe, and he secretly works in illegal pet trading. When she meets him, she does not know this. When she finds out, it shocks her, and she wants nothing to do with him anymore.



Diana Caldera

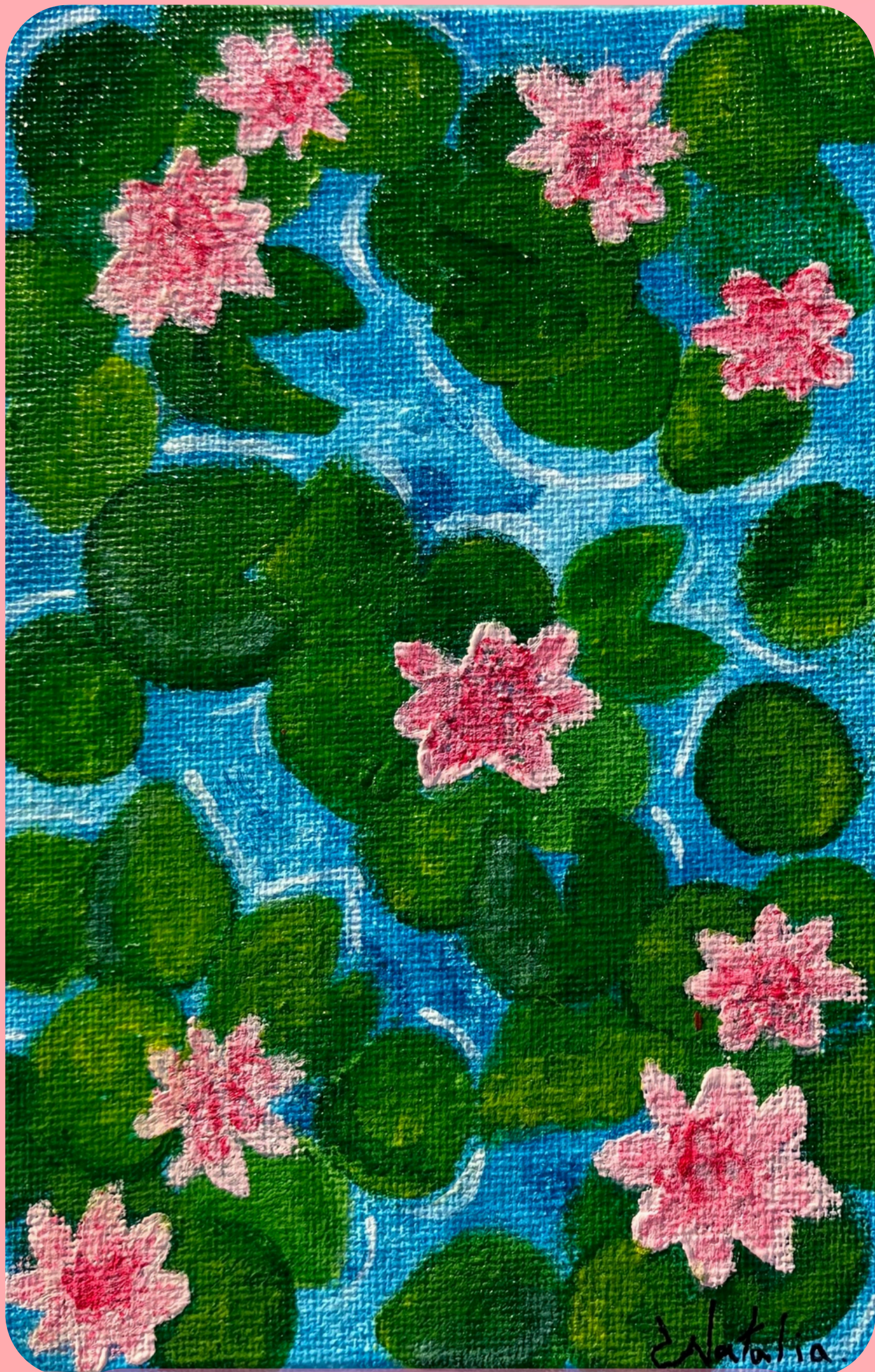


Vincent Mcmanus





Diana Caldera



Natalia Verdin



“Change”

Flowers change like humans
As fall comes to an end they
Start to lose hope as they
Season changes and the
Red and orange leaves start to fall.
Winter comes and nothing of
Color is there just peal white
Snow, no rain just snow and the sun.
Alone with the feeling of sadness
Spring comes around and the colors
Start to show. Seeing flowers
comeback
To life brings hope. As they return
to life
To breathe the fresh air to live
again.
Summer comes and flowers live
Color lives again as the days go by.
On and on the days go as flowers
give
The hope of life itself. - Anonymous



Natalia Verdin

Diana Caldera





Are We Great Yet?

By: Brianna Lima

I was told everyone comes here to be able to reach their dreams

Whether it's their aspirations or for their families

“We should be grateful for what we have, even if we're getting oppressed.”

What do they get after this?

Dangerous Illegal aliens out of this “free” country

What about that 73% that wanted to reach those dreams

That did nothing but speak a different language, come from a different background, or tone of skin

What about the kids who want to learn and play instead of working back in their home country?

They swear they love everything and everyone

But what about someone with a different culture or sexuality?

Is that too woke?

Those who are woke can't protect themselves because your “soldiers” have immunity

“Haven't you learned from last time?”

Haven't they learned about what happened in 1939

Don't be a sucker

Now we're getting sent to detention centers

Going door to door, catching families

Who pays their taxes as much as the guy next door

97 billion is how we contribute

75 billion is how much they use to take us away

By taking away their “needed” jobs

What do they want in 15 years

For “aliens”, women, and the LGBTQ+ to have fewer rights

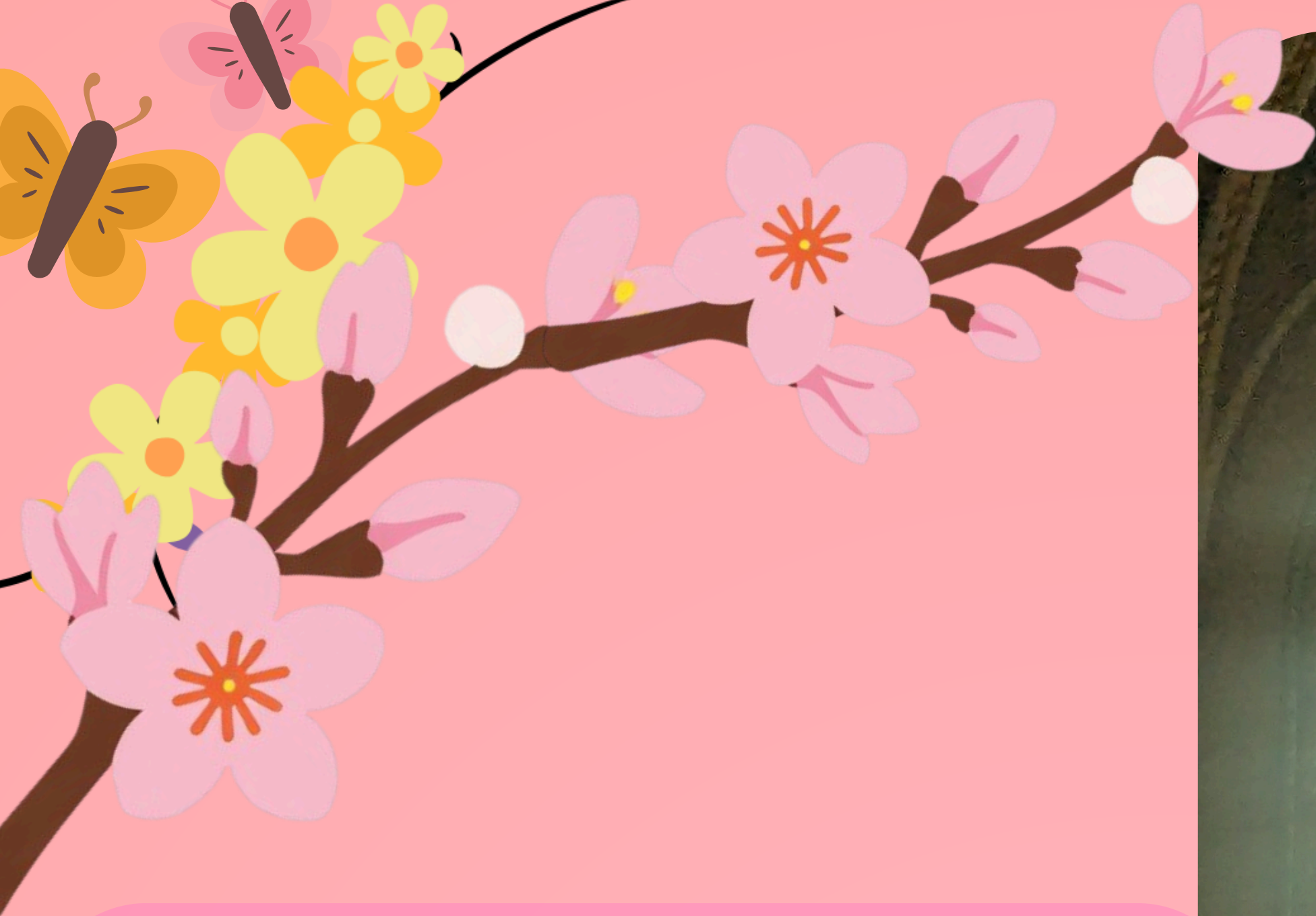
Will that take away their fears?

Will they stop?

Or continue into there's only the perfect American

And if you're not

Get ready to face the consequences



Why?

By: Aylin Cuevas

Days pass
and everything feels empty
without you

I need you

my head is crowded with memories
and questions that won't stop asking
why

Why did you leave

Why was it so hard to love me back

Why couldn't our love stay forever

This feels like being trapped in a thunderstorm
storms meant for people who feel too much

upset

angry

hurt

Loud cries break the sky
asking why again and again

Why did you leaving make my body ache

Why does my heart still hurt

Tears fall like pouring rain

Thunder answers as I call for you

The wind screams

the way I scream in grief

Why can't you need me

the way I need you

Why did everything happen so fast

Why did it have to end like this

Vincent Mcmanus



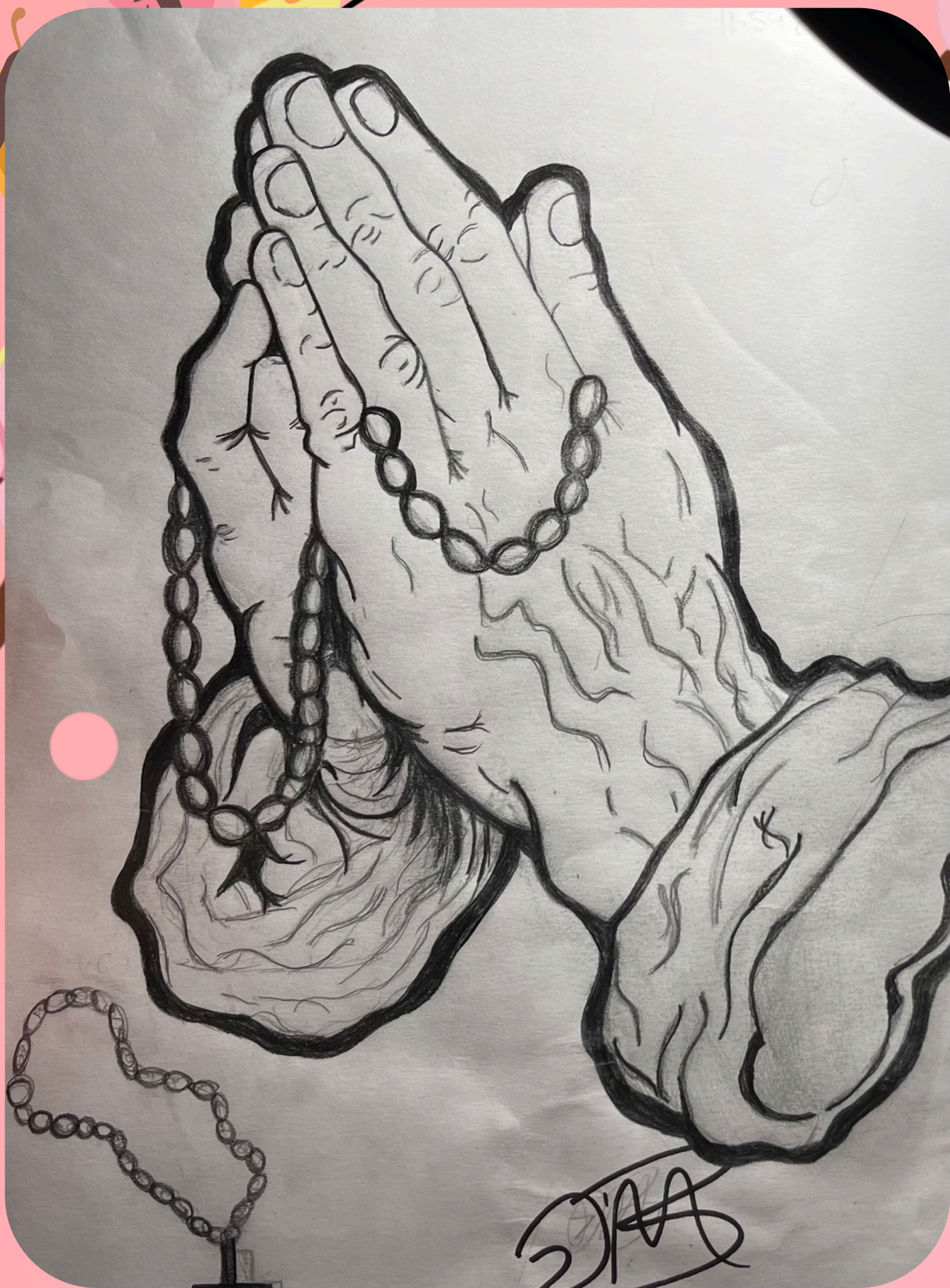


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Diana Caldera



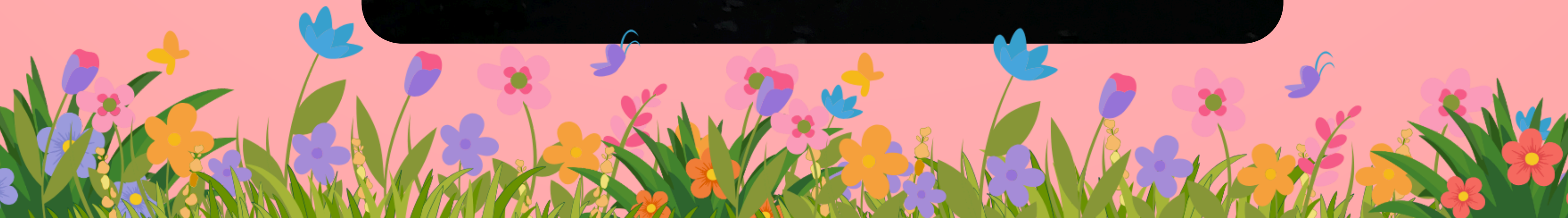


Diana Caldera



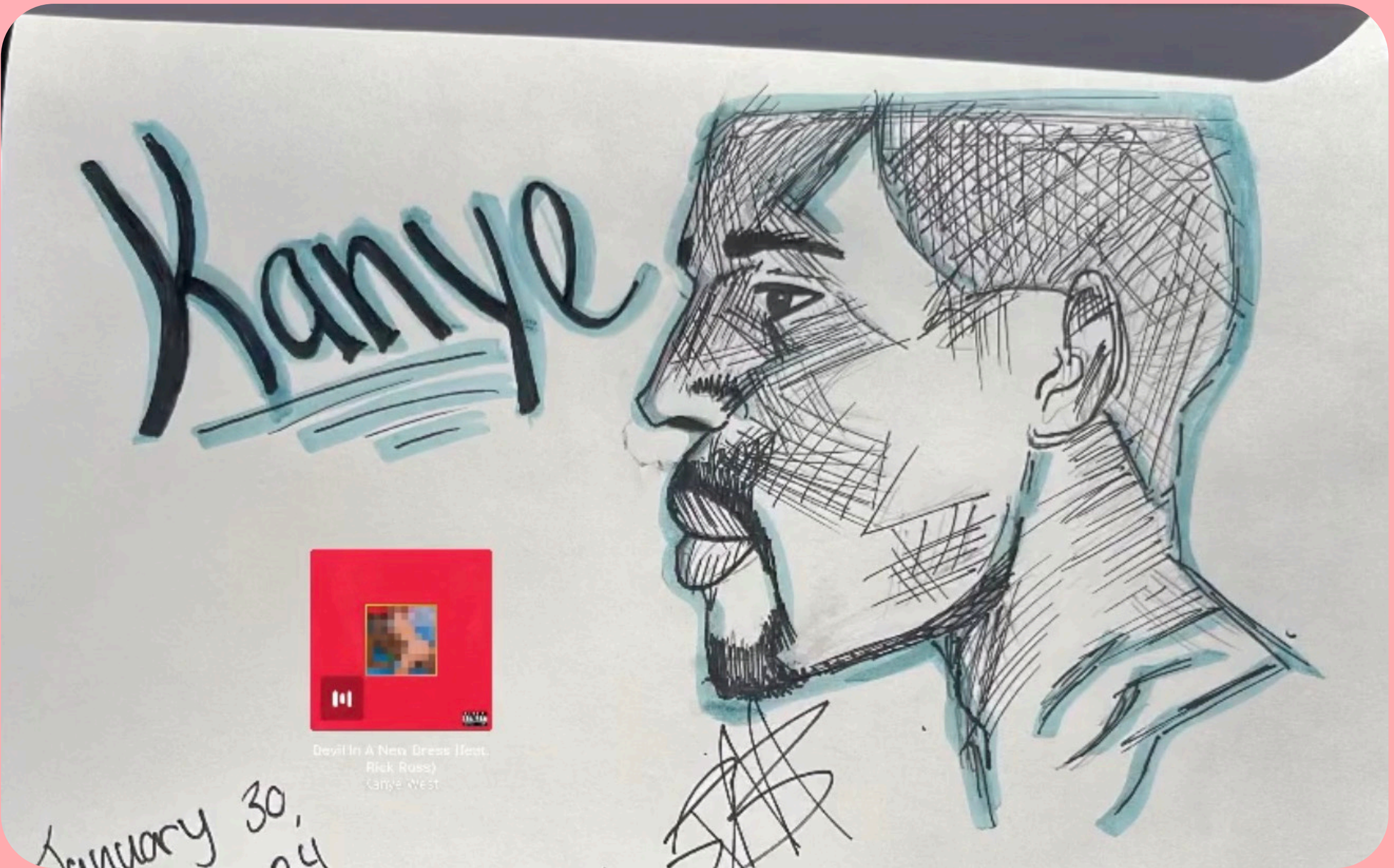


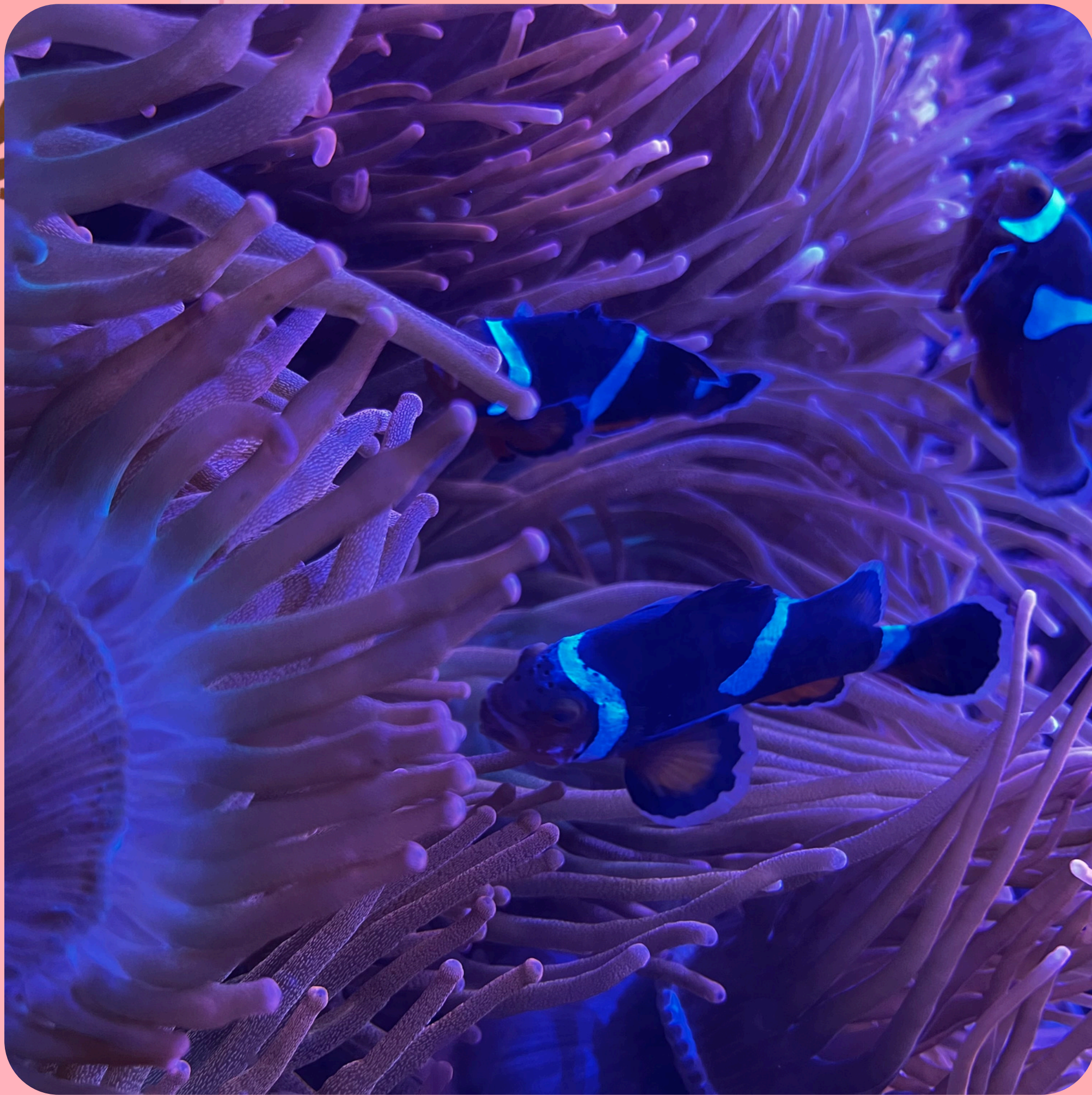
Diana Caldera





Diana Caldera





Diana Caldera





"Though I have fallen,
I will rise. Though I sit
in darkness, the Lord
will be my light.

Micah 7:8

Diana Caldera

Vincent Mcmanus



Establishing Othello & Desdemona as a happy married couple, as well as Iago as a manipulative psychopath.

Exposition

Quotes: "I am not what I am" (Shakespeare, Act 1, scene 3)

"Men should be what they seem; or those that be not, would they seem more" (Shakespeare, Act 3, scene 3) 147-148

Setting: Venice, Italy

Handkerchief: A small object that pushed Othello to trust lies over people he loved.



Rising Action
Iago manipulates everyone, he destroys Cassio's reputation & makes Othello believe that Desdemona is disloyal.

Climax
Othello strikes Desdemona he is totally convinced of her "infidelity".

Falling Action
Othello's going mad. He is verbally abusing Desdemona till she's in tears.

Iago uses his rank to look loyal while he manipulates everyone around him.

Catastrophe

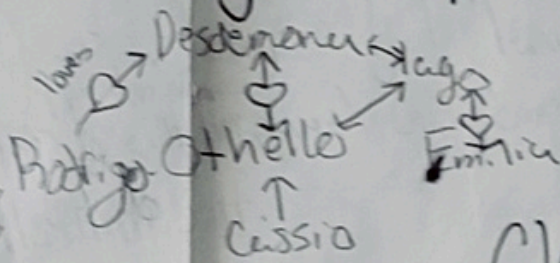
Desdemona accepts her fate. Emilia, Desdemona, & Othello die.

Othello

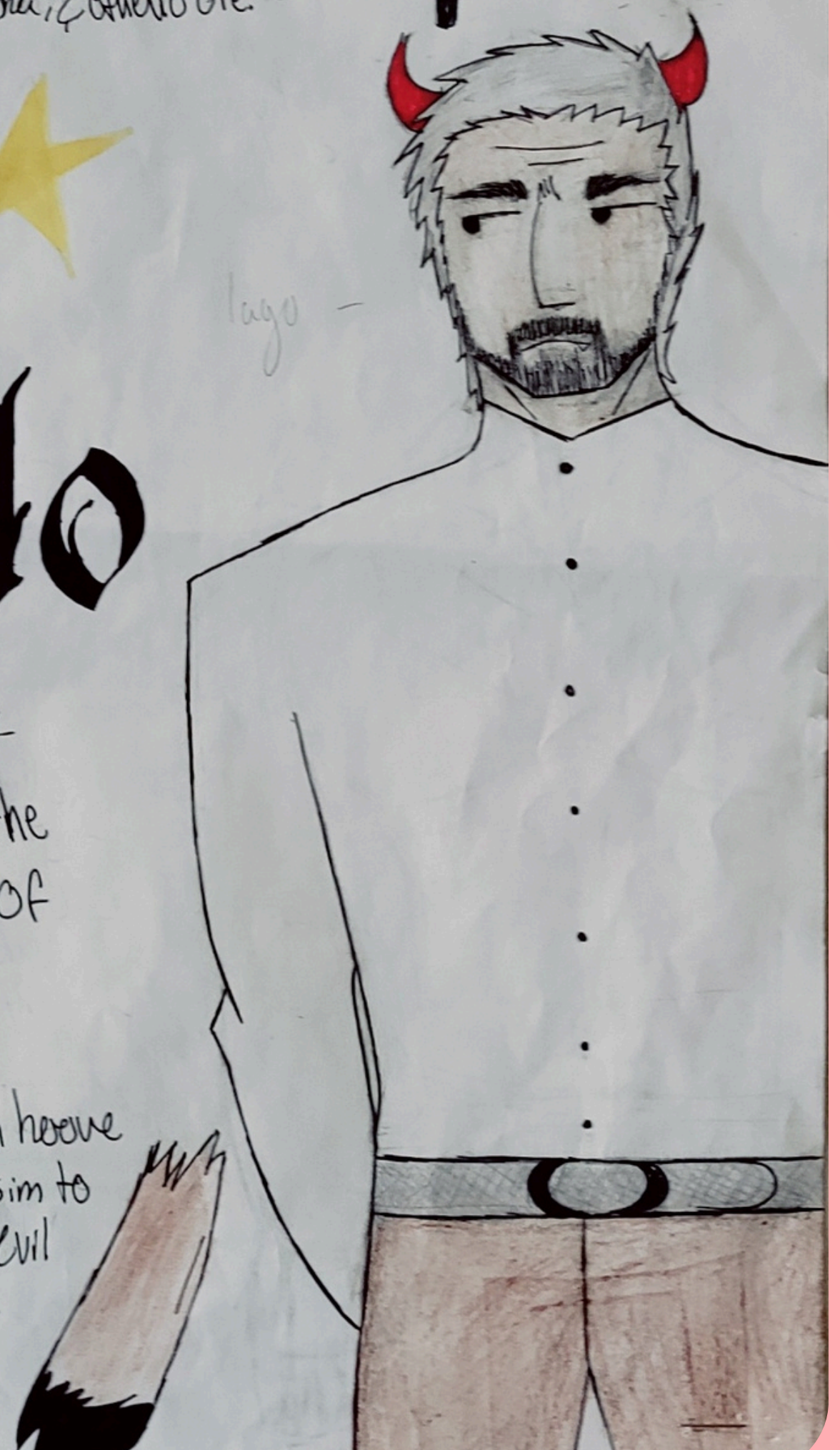
By William Shakespeare

The main themes of Othello center around jealousy, the deception of appearances, & the tragic consequences of misplaced trust.

- Othello - The Moor, General, husband to Desdemona
- Desdemona - Othello's obedient wife
- Iago - Othello's evil ensign
- Emilia - Iago's wife & servant/friend to Desdemona
- Cassio - Othello's lieutenant
- Rodrigo - Nobleman that wants Desdemona



Cloven hoove Symbolism to the devil/civil nature.



Giselle Barragan

Art by Zury Barrios & Cristian DeLaRosa

