

ATTICUS LITERARY ART ^{AND} MAGAZINE

"It's a sin
to kill a
MOCKINGBIRD"



SPRING 2016 VOLUME 3 ISSUE II

Opening Prayer

May I welcome my creativity with the curiosity of a child.

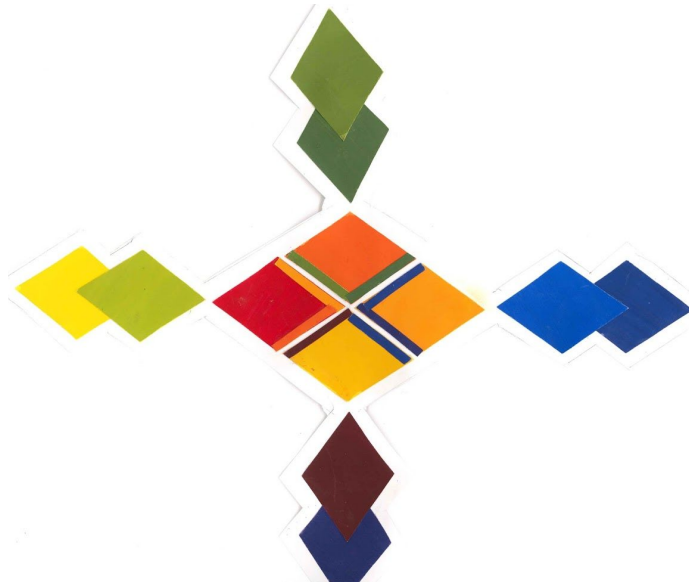
May I own my voice and trust my experiences.

May I practice mercy in the gap between what I want to create and what comes out.

May I remember nothing can eat me.

May I never stop creating.

May I savor it all.



By Diana DelaRosa

Thank You!

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Take my Hand

Take my hand and lead the way,
Pour out all your deeper thoughts,
Let your soft voice whisper swiftly into my ear,
All these lovely things I want to hear.

Kiss my lips and touch my skin,
Invoke my adrenalin,
And bring out passion deep within,
Draw me near and hold me tight.

Throw away all my sorrows and mourning,
Into the thick darkness of the night,
Claim back the long lost smile,
Back into my face at early dawn,

I've been in this custody for years,
Break the walls and enter my heart.
Untie the chains,
Hold my hand and let me out.

Release my soul held deep within...
I'm ready now;
Take my hand,
And let love begin!

- Martha Coleman

The Blue Djinn

Tom Grayson was a normal guy. He lived a mediocre life, worked at a simple factory, and made standard medium wage. He had a normal family consisting of Mira, his wife, Alex, his daughter, and Junior, his son. They lived in a two story house in a suburban neighborhood. They knew all the neighbors. The Williams, the Thompsons, the Wrights, and the Smiths. They owned no pets outside of a small aquarium filled with your standard variety store bought gold fishes. They had standard American family dinners, they went to bed at the same time every night, and awoke every morning right on schedule. In fact, their lives were comparable to that of a clock, always ticking away the exact same way every time. Always going round and round and round in an endless loop. Tom and his family lived the most unexciting life in the most drab neighborhood in the country. Nothing ever happened. Nothing until the stranger arrived. He moved into the vacant house next door to them. As it was custom in their neighborhood, the Graysons went over the next day to welcome their new neighbor. They were met at the door by a Mr. James Boyle. He was a rather strange looking man, still quite handsome considering the sort of strangeness about him, with powerful blue eyes that resembled the ocean, and loose wavy hair that gave him a mischievous look. He possessed a powerful square-like jaw, and ears that were slightly too large for his head, thus disorienting his features. He greeted them warmly with an almost undetectable British accent. When asked for entry into his home, the man politely rejected their proposition and said his farewells. The Graysons left feeling dejected with a door shut in their faces. Over the course of the following week the Graysons rarely caught sight of Mr. Boyle. He was a secretive man with a cautious air about him. Everyday, Tom would observe Mr. Boyle leave his house at 7:30 every morning, and return at 9:00 every evening. Mr. Boyle always returned with a box, all of which aroused Tom's curiosity with their strange assortment of shapes. Such uncertainty left Tom feeling curious. He had to know what was going on. So Tom, for the first time in a long time, took a day off, and proceeded to enter Mr. Boyle's residence upon his 7:30 departure. Tom had no trouble picking the lock. It was a standard lock, much like the one made in his factory. He cautiously entered the house and was struck by the faint smell of decay. Trying to pinpoint the origin of the smell, Tom began exploring the hallways and rooms for the same scent. Some time must have passed before he found a secret entrance hidden beneath the stairwell into a remote cellar beneath the house, because he began feeling the hunger rumbling away in his stomach. The cellar was dark and possessed a stale scent like rotting wood. Tom recognized the smell from the time he entered the attic in his grandmother's house as a child. The site before him was a marvelous one. The cellar was filled with an assortment of relics and ancient artifacts from centuries in the past. Tom found objects that seemed to date back to even before the Egyptian Empire. Among the many artifacts stood two that caught his attention. The first was a small lamp, one from an old Arabian story, with the inscription: "Ask what you will."

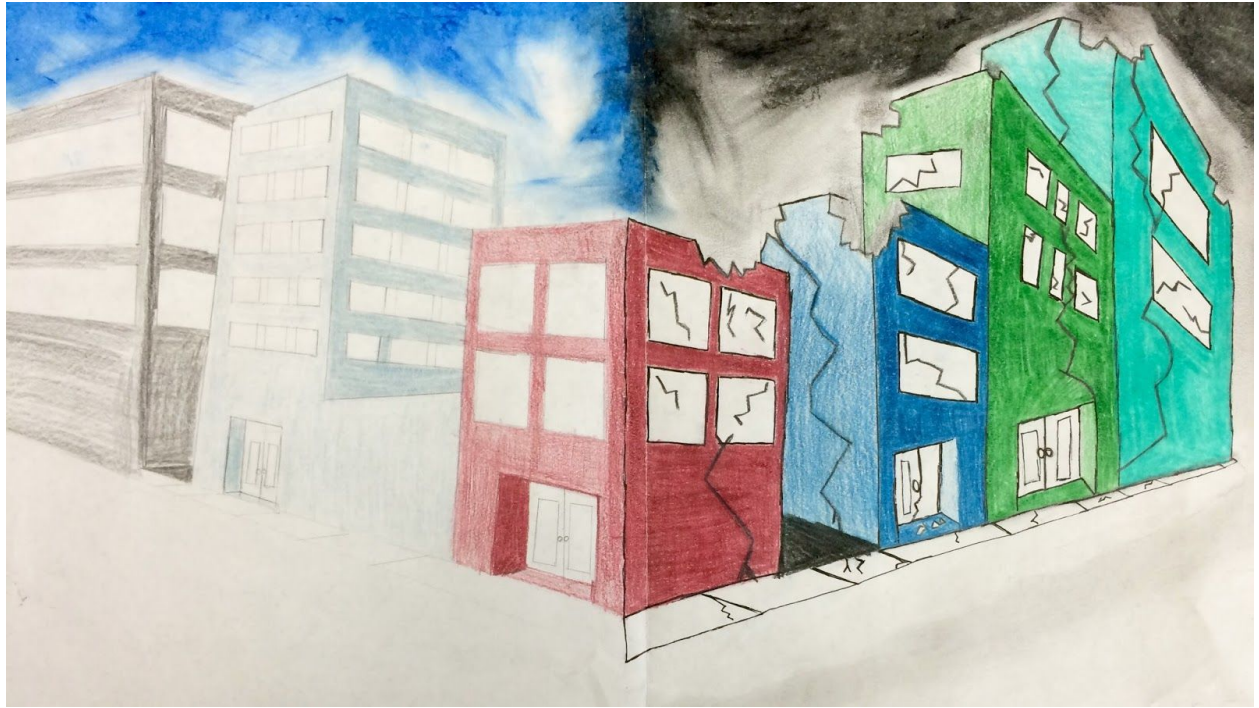
Tom picked it up, dusted it off, and almost jokingly wished in his mind that he didn't live such a boring life. The other, was an alluring mirror of beautiful splendor, engraved with mysterious hieroglyphs, and made of gold engraved with precious stones. Tom was so enchanted by the mirror that he almost didn't notice how strange his reflection appeared in it. His green eyes shone more brightly like little emeralds engraved in his face., his usually well groomed hair possessed a messy waviness, and his features were distorted by his slightly larger ears. Tom stumbled back in bewilderment. His reflection had appeared to resemble Mr. Boyle. How could such an improbable thing be? Surely it was a trick of the light. Tom proceeded to turn around in an attempt to leave, but felt a sudden concussive force in the back of his head like a whirlwind as his stomach tightened. Everything went black. Tom awoke on the floor groaning with a massive headache and an unquenchable hunger. Tom left Mr. Boyle's house with another strange sensation in his body. He could swear his once soft round chin felt stiff and straight. He returned home, only to find the door locked. He rang the doorbell and was greeted by his wife. "Welcome Mr. Grayson, we hadn't expected you to visit." Confused Tom proceeded to enter the house but was stopped abruptly by his wife. "Excuse me sir, but what is it you want." Tom replied in agitation , "Stop messing around Mira, let me in. I'm am much too famished to deal with you." Mira laughed and shook her head. She let Tom enter, but after only two steps into the house and he was horrified by what he saw. He saw himself sitting right in front of himself on the bottom stair cases. He smiled mischievously at himself with powerful blue eyes that resembled the ocean. "Welcome Mr. Grayson, nice to finally meet you. My name is Mr. Boyle."

- Jason Kibozi Yocka

Extraordinarily Ordinary Poem

I am your addiction
You are my junkie
Never will you be from me
I control you
I am the one the one that labels you
I am the one that changes you
You look up to me
You try to be what I am
But I am always one step ahead of you
Never remaining the same
I am your addiction
You are my junkie
Never will you be free from me
I control you
I am everywhere
You can never escape me
I am what you always see
I am always in the spotlight
I am your addiction
You are my junkie
Never will you be free from me
I control you
People will go crazy for me
Risk their lives for me
Because I am you addiction
And you are my junkie
Never will you be free from me
I control you
I AM FASHION

- Mireya Rivas



- Evelyn Pinedo



Julian Olvera

- Julian Olvera

The Book

He allows me to escape from a **horror** to a fantasy.

I become a different character and experience a new life, every time.

His language is a variety, but I don't need to understand what he says because the tone of his voice says it all.

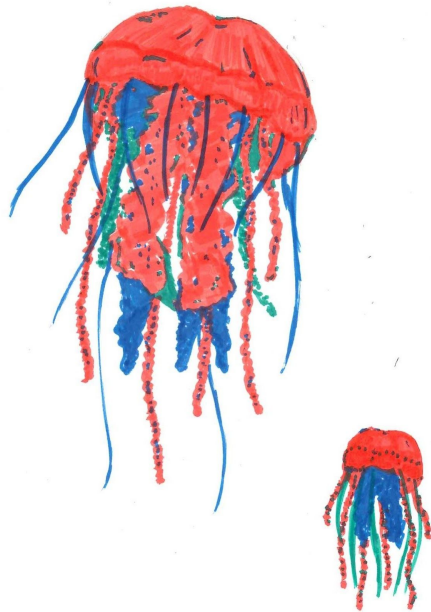
He comes different, different tone, different style, different mood, but I love him all the same.

Without *him* I would be lost, like the little red riding hood looking for her grandmother, and for that I can't live without him.

I learn a lot from *him*, he teaches me things I would have never thought about. *He* allows me to think and express myself.

Taking *him* away from me would be like taking everything away and leaving me with no life to live.

-Carmen Torres



- Leslie Guadalupe Quintero

The Holy Ghost

Denver, Colorado – March 17, 2016 – 2 pages
\$1.50

Straight Out of Oklahoma

A few months ago my parish, Holy Trinity Catholic Church, received this 26 year old, brown haired and blue-eyed, glitter hating and banana loving man. Who later turned out to be our super spectacular, strong and incredibly speaking deacon. His name is Deacon John Paul Lewis. Not only is he the Deacon at my parish, but a student at my Corporate Work Study job, Archdiocese of Denver, where he attends St. John Vianney Theological Seminary, which is where he studies to become a priest (99 days 16 hrs 30 minutes left till his ordination day).

Although he is studying here in Denver he is not from here. Deacon John Paul Lewis is from Oklahoma City,

Growing up Deacon John Paul had some great influences. Like his dad who was also a religious figure, and several priests and friends who are now priests. In a way these people have helped him grow and develop many principles in his life. These people have especially helped his relationship with God, and helped him to see God's love for him and for people in general. God has played a major role in Deacon John Paul's life but especially at the moment when he found out that he was cancer free. According to Deacon John Paul, when he found out he was cancer free it was if God was saying, "Here is your life back, now I want you to give it to me." And at that point he knew he wanted to



Photo Credit: Leslie Armenta

Community at seminary school with all the seminarians. He loves the fact that he can study about becoming a priest's with a bunch of other guys who are studying to become priests.

If Deacon John Paul was in charge he would change the outfits a normal Deacon would wear, he would

Oklahoma. He was born and raised Catholic and has been to Catholic school since first grade. He played a number of sports, and loved them. He was also involved with Boy Scouts, a children's chorus in Oklahoma City and a number of other activities. Although he had a really good childhood he has hit his low points. One low point he hit was when he was diagnosed with skin cancer in the eighth grade. It was certainly a challenge for him, dealing with such a big problem at such a young age. With the power of prayer and perseverance he was able to overcome not only the struggle of cancer, but able to overcome his fears of rejection, failure, and a bad fear of God.

become a priest. For Deacon John Paul, it was as if becoming a priest wasn't a career he chose but one that chose him.

Although he is studying here in Colorado his home is where his heart is, Oklahoma (specifically his parish back at home). Not only has he attended that parish his whole life and received all his sacraments there. He was even ordained a deacon there. In about 99 days 16 hours and 30 minutes he will be ordained a priest there as well. Even though he misses his home back in Oklahoma he has great communities here in Denver. The parish he works at with all the youth, his family that he loves dearly, but there is one community in particular that has touched him and it's his

change it Blue shirt and Khaki pants. When Deacon is not "deaconing" you can find him playing frisbee golf, talking to his friends on social media (he loves connecting with people on facebook), or playing sports. In a way all his branching out has helped shape his world views and connect to people who aren't the same racial background he is. He is able to connect with different cultures, like helping at the one o'clock Spanish masses on Sunday's at my parish. As he grew up and branched out he has accomplished and done a variety of crazy things, like jumping into a frozen lake every year for four years when he was in college seminary and has climbed two 14000 foot mountains. He has taken two 64 mile backpacking treks and has graduated with a college degree and is about to finish another one. Overall Deacon John Paul is a fun loving adventurous man, with a love for God and bananas. After all, he is lit with Christ.

Untitled

To be the best or not to be the best, that is
the question-
Whether 'tis to catch them all to train them 'em is my cause,
teach Pokémon to understand the power that's inside,
Or to unite all peoples within my nation!
And by denouncing the evils of truth and love!

To extend our reach, to reach for the stars above-
No more; and by blasting off at the speed of light!
To say surrender now, or prepare to fight.
Meowth! That's right!

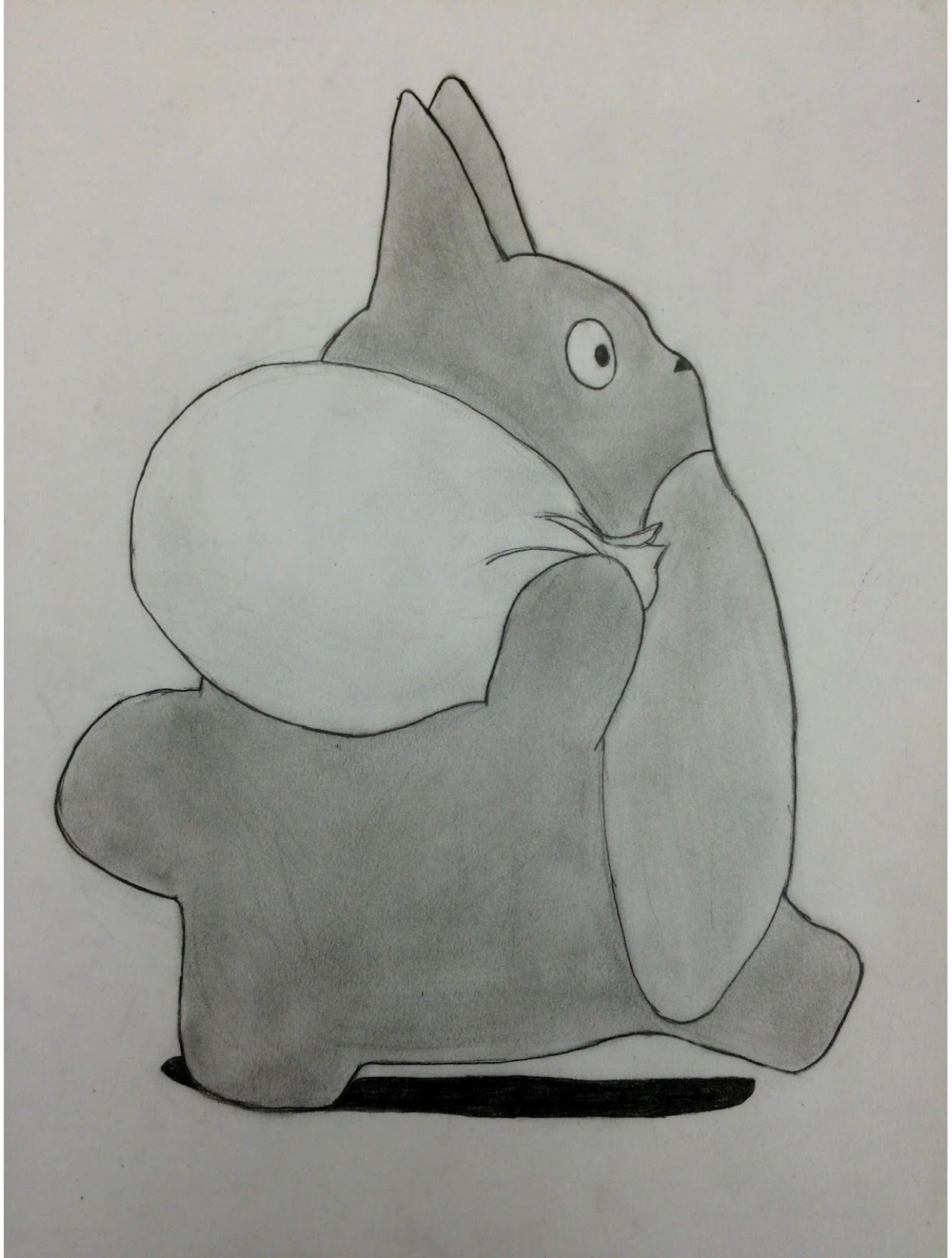
To be best! To catch, to train, to teach, and most of
all to challenge, to win the fight!

For in the battle, we endure what comes,
when in the heat of the battle, there is a pause.
There's the respect we have built:
For who would cross us, the unbeatable team.

A travel across the regions discovering new
and exciting Pokémon.
To befriend each one and discover their potential.
And not only this but to challenge the leaders.

Who would challenge such powerful foes?
To battle and lose would cause such dread,
to come home a loser.
Thus to become the very best, and thus there is
no better team without my trusted companion,
You teach me and I'll teach you,
Pokémon!

- Samuel Guerrero



- Carmen Torres

Hello

What did he take
I did not ask
What was it for
He did not say
He was a tall dark man
that all you know!
yes now please let me go
I'm sorry to say but,
That is no longer...
Possible
Im also sorry to hear that
Why is that
well you see
that man the one you hunt for
has already been found
Lies!
No I speak truth
Then who has him than
Well good sir you do.

*Do you see it
Can you see it
it's bright
in this hall of darkness
look at its shimmer
its warmth
but I, I am so cold
so run run for me
embrace what I can only see
do this for me
For I am only a memory
so run and tell
tell those around what you have seen
but... Do not tell them of me.*

**Hurry and see
it's in the middle
of the crystallized sea**

Oh this strong lion
once proud and brave
now resembles a common
house cat
Please show mercy
My good sir
That door has already closed
and your song
is at its final **notes!**

it reaches so high
high enough to connect us
to the sky so watch
watch me climb
be amazed
wait the world has turned red
and hazed
What has happen
and why
why are you crying
please don't cry
why, why can't I wipe you tears
i must be tiered
so I will sleep
For I am very
cold

This is my life
not as boring as a linear line
but
not as crazy as the stock market
though there are highs and lows
from bitter tears
to a bittersweet happiness
For I am broken
numb to the world
empty tears
and hollow laughter
I creator made
and tortured
tour turned by the screams of the damned
though a smile is brought by him
The good thing
Itward

Fall
Fall again
for that you have walked
this path of yours
now those around you fall farther than you
so tell me
shall those around you fall so you can stand tall

- Anonymous

Death's Curse

Humans are a puzzle piece

Earth is no longer call home,
Life is no longer an open door.

Today the living room...
And I have started war!

Humans are a puzzle piece.

A story tells that a fair beast leaving in the darkest place on earth,
waltz to the harmony of sin knowing his plan has worked...

Allah's children have turned into puppets,
Puppets that have finally slipped into the flames of Abaddon, like a bar of soap.
They envy and act like Lucifer's twins
and Allah sobs its last tears of hope

Humans are a puzzle piece

I still wonder how could there be so many ignorance in the world?
How is their numerous of melodies to keep people on guard,
but yet they expire like milk under the burning sun?

Humans are a puzzle piece

It has been years seems I felt this way,
Like it was my last day for me too...

It has been years...
But here we are again...

Humans are a puzzle piece...

- Stephanie Herrera

Death has a Heart

Ominous
Gloomy
Entombing

Bones swathed in black

There is no face
Only a skull
And the abyss

Hark!
Do you hear the sinister scythe?
It severs the soul from its host!

Malicious
Callous
Merciless
Cruel

Nay

This wraith
He is not heartless

He waits outside chambers of slaughter
He gathers the souls...
But he picks them up
As if they were just born

He cares
He cares for boys of lemon hair
For women that curse the ones they so dearly love
For men of champagne, cigarettes, and accordions
For feather-haired fist fighters

But most of all...
Oh most of all...
He cares
For the stealers of words

- Avery Rodriguez



- Leslie Guadalupe Quintero

Story 1:

As I walk through the dark room one night, full of people feeling six different emotions at once, I noticed a bright light. One that got brighter as you came closer to the source. It was as if something was drawing me closer and closer, and I couldn't figure out what it was, or even if it was good or bad. Suddenly, out of a will that wasn't my own, I feel myself getting closer to the source of light and I am filled with emotion. My eyes begin to fill with tears and suddenly I see rays of light coming from different directions of the darkness, and at the same time the darkness becomes stronger. It was as if seeing a bunch of stars in the pitch black night sky and they all connected to the moon, being the source of all the light. But before I could feel anymore I turn around and try to fight off any emotions and memories and feelings of anger, sadness, and joy that I was feeling. Then all the distinct light went away and the room becomes a distinct red, like the color of a sunset just before it sets or of the sky of the battle scenes we see in movies. As I continually just try and fight off the emotions and turn away from the light I feel someone in need of help. I look up off the ground and I see a person I barely knew on the ground in tears staring into this mystic light. Suddenly we locked eyes and I fell to my knees and we both just embraced each other. We went from not knowing each other at all to knowing everything there was to know about the other with just one warm hug and zero words. Then, all of a sudden, the tears filled my eyes again and I began to cry as hard as a waterfall flows. At that point time stopped. And I couldn't feel anything anymore, but I could sense it all. Then as I fall to the ground in the arms of my new found friend, I start to feel everyone's pain and suffering. When I opened my eyes I couldn't see people anymore but I could see the battle of the Angels and the

Demons, trying to fight for a place in this room. The struggle for power took place right in front of me. I start to see how the people I loved with all my heart, the family-like friends I had, get affected as well. I saw one of my best friends, the one I've known for ten years, be taken down to ground in the midst of the battle. All you can hear are the screams of terror. I tried to help her but I couldn't move. It was as if my legs were paralyzed and someone was holding my arms back, but I look around and I was alone. I started fighting, but it was no use and I couldn't move anymore to help my friend. And as time progressed I saw more and more of the people I cared so deeply about be broken down and become vulnerable. What was an hour felt like a lifelong battle. As the night went on and the battle continued, we realized the more we fought the things that were holding us back the more the light came out. So we kept fighting. As we kept fighting, the light got bigger and bigger and the fear and pain start to diminish. So we still continue fighting hand in hand, *mit der macht von Gott*.

- Anonymous

Crimson Sight

Uwe sing of song that reach the heavens I
to fall and burn burn of liquid fire
now we stand see the world on fire
now lay with me
dance with me and now my pain
hahaha
you mere child you no not what you have said
now as the crimson rivers flow we shall
dance the night away
I rise with sun to bring the morning
a creature of hope I can see crimson
and turn it to floral life so
I paint a world of hope we are the future
so stand down for we are the
spring of a new day so watch as I \
find this and found the hope of all
don't sit and wait for hope
rise and leave those to grow the seeds the future
now we have the grasp of the men
we dance and sing for we are the world of progress
join the fun and see the beauty with me

ooh we sing to our fallen brothers for their sacrifice
hope sweeps the land and we dance to bring life
prosperity for those who follow our code and dance to the tune
of this new song
we work to fulfill quota
the rich dance when we work
as I breath in death I keep this land alive
but this is enough my child for this
only for them to sing now as my hand
fills with the color of my crimson I hear her
the bewitching sound of change I will rise and start
a new song.

- Anonymous

A Continuation of Millennium

Chapter 4

~X~X~X~X~X~X~X~X~X~X~

"I'm glad you told me." I said

"Yeah I'm glad that I finally got it off my chest." she replied

"Alright so what do you want?" I asked her

"It's fine I can buy it." she said as she blushed

"Really? I have 200 dollars I can buy whatever you want." I said laughing

"Where did you get all of that money ? " she asked giving me a " that money better not be stolen" look.

"Don't worry my mom gave it to me." I said

"Oh ok. Why?" she said relieved.

"She's on a business trip." I said " and I was suppose to buy food and medications, but I don't need that anymore so yeah."

"Oh I see . Well then I heard Connor Franta's book came out a couple days ago." she said excitedly

"Alright then let's check it out shall we?" I said playfully

Once we finally arrived to the memoir book section, there it was a whole section of " Work In Progress " by Connor Franta. I could tell that Melody was full of joy as if she just got a rush of euphoria.

"Alright well pick one." I said

It's seems like Melody was in shock by the number of books there was.

"This is amazing." she said with delight " There are so many of them."

"I know." I said staring at all of the books blankly "Well now you have to pick one."

"Which one." she asked.

"Well they are all the same." I said as if the decision were that easy for her.

"You want me to just pick one out of all of these?" she said in shock.

"Well-ok here." I said " Just close your eyes, point your finger out an-" Melody cut me off with an "are you serious " look. "What?" I asked laughing.

"Really?" she said..

"Just do it." I said smirking.

"Ok." she said trustingly.

"Alright, like I was saying close your eyes, point your finger out and just wave your arm around them, stop and whichever book you land on is the one I am going to buy." I said " Ok? "

"Alight that makes sense. " she said as she was closing her eyes.

She did as I said and landed on the third book on the fifth shelf.

"Was that easier?" I asked.

"Yeah," she said smiling at me.

"Do you want to go look for more books?" I asked her.

"I'm fine for now, but don't you want one?" she asked me.

"Yeah. Let's go look around." I said.

After all that looking around for one book I finally found the one "I Hate Myselfie" by Shane Dawson. Shane Dawson is my favorite youtuber.

"Shane Dawson huh?" Melody said with curiosity

"Yeah. Why?" I said **"No reason," she said with a smile**

"Ok well let's go." I said patting her head

Two days later:

I woke up today feeling different, I felt so joyful, and not worthless. I don't know what it was I was just so happy and there was no explanation to it. I was about to call Melody but when I reached for my phone and turned it on it was 5:30 in the morning.

"Why did I wake up so early?" I thought to myself

I tried to fall back to sleep but I just couldn't I felt too active I just wanted to run. *So I did.*

I jumped out of bed literally and I put some clothes on and I just left. While I was running toward-actually I didn't even know where I was going I just ran. My shins were stinging, my legs were getting stiff and it felt great. The adrenaline rushing through my body encouraged me to run faster.

I ran back home and when I got to the door I didn't feel a bit tired I felt awesome I have never ran like that in my life. I walked in and just sat on the couch, watched youtube, and drank water. By the time I watched five videos It was already 6:00 a.m so I decided to get ready for school.

When I got to school I felt so ready to take on whatever was in my way. I finally realized that if I ever wanted to get better I had to get out and do something about it and running did just that. After school I called Melody and told her about this morning and she was amazed I also told her about track tryouts and she gave me encouragement.

The next day was the same thing. I think running in the morning is going to be a daily thing now, and I'm ok with that.

Today are the track tryouts after school at 4:00 I was so pumped. I was getting ready to walk into first period when a huge guy came up to me, he had short blond hair with blue gray eyes and he had some pretty big arms and I'll tell you this guy looked like a bodybuilder, he seemed very athletic.

"Hey." he said very terrifyingly.

"He-llo." I said anxiously

"I saw you running this morning." he told me

"Oh... did you?" I asked weirded out.

"Yeah. You're good. You run pretty fast." he stated

"Thanks." I didn't know how to respond to that

"You should come to track tryouts. I'm sure you'll get in." He said

"Yeah I was going to." I said

"Oh cool. What's your name?" he asked

"Ellington." I said

"Cool. I'm Malakhi." he said shaking my hand. "I'll be expecting you at the tryouts."

"I'll be there." I said as Malakhi walked away.

Today was the day of the tryouts I felt so alive. I knew that there was no doubt that I would make the team. After meeting Malakhi I knew I had already met a teammate. I was so pumped to go to the tryouts I just wanted to be there already.

It was finally 4:00 o'clock I was on my way to the gym my heart was pounding, I started to sweat, my stomach was tied in knots I thought that I was going to vomit. Finally I made it to the door, there was a sign that read:

Track Tryouts are outside.

I took a deep breathe and made my way outside.

Everyone was in a line outside on the bleachers so I joined them.

"Ellington you made it." said Malakhi

I smiled in response.

I hope this goes well.

- Anonymous



- Leslie Guadalupe Quintero

The Warrior of Rome: Chapter 2

The boy came running home still holding his book under his coat. Suddenly a lone candle was lit at the door of his home. The wielder of the candle was none other than Julia the Intelligent as many people of the town called her. Many people came far and wide to receive advice from her. Julia looked upon her younger brother with suspicion. He had always come home disappointed, expecting for Julia to have prepared for him the finest goat milk with a small piece of bread. Although Julia had prepared him his usual dish, she found her brother unexpectedly smiling.

"What say you, brother? Why do you come home at the darkest of nights with a small expression of your face?" Julia waited for her brother to answer but only received a shrug as an answer.

"Nothing of your business, Julia. I'm heading straight towards bed."

"Straight to bed? What of your light meal that I always prepare you?"

"Eat it yourself, woman! I do not care for such petty meals. Assure that the food is not wasted." Julia watched her younger brother race towards his quarters and slam it shut. Hidden in the shadows was Albus. After a few moments, he stepped out of the shadows with quiet pace.

"Our brother is acting quite strange," Julia commented knowing full and well that Albus was hiding in the shadows as he always was.

"Dear, sister. I do not know whether he has found himself a name or if something else is bothering him." Albus crossed his arms and looked off to the side. "I've tracked him down to the streets before and I lost him in an alley."

"An alley? And you didn't bother to stop him or call to him?"

"How could I? I have a reputation of cunningness to keep. Besides, I lost sight of him for a few minutes before I spotted him once again clutching his chest like a wound."

"Now that you mention it, I do recall seeing him clutching his chest as he entered the house."

The boy stood by his door for a few minutes clutching his chest before settling down on his bed. He opened his coat and dropped the book on top of his bed proceeding to lay on his bed to crack open the book. A cold breeze greeted him as the book was cracked open, its pages moving with life and sounds. He quickly shut the book before opening it again. This time there was no noise nor was there any signs of life. The boy stood up from his bed to lock the door. *Click!* Sure of the lock on the door, the boy quickly jumped back to his bed to look inside the book. The book lay on his bed its pages suddenly flipping to a random page. Before he knew it, the pages stopped flipping to a single page.

Now unlike many children whose parents were farmers, he was very well educated. He had been taught at a young age by his uncle who was a university teacher of Language Arts at Rome's finest university. The words of the page struck him at surprise.

What art thou but a mere name? The title of the chapter nearly made him growl in anger. Why would the book open to this page?

Despite the chapter's title, he proceeded to read what the chapter held for him.

Often in life we are asked of our own natures. Human nature: to kill, to possess, to destroy. But what is in ourselves if we had no will to create? Emptiness, Wickedness, Guilt, and much more. What of thyself? You are an individual with no name. From here the boy looked up then down to the book again. How did the author of the book know of this? Suddenly the pages of the book began to madly flip causing a loud ruckus. He looked down and found that the book had opened to a blank page.

Then words began to appear on the blank page as if they were writing themselves.

I know of you boy with no name. You have searched for many years to look for a name for yourself, am I wrong? The boy only shook his head in answer then continued to read.

You have been searching in the wrong places, boy. You have searched far and low but never inside thy own self.

"My own self?" He asked aloud.

I can tell that you are cold at heart. You have no compassion. You have the motivation but no true motive. Allow me to show you a true quest worthy of your being. Suddenly the pages of the book began to rapidly flip in random directions until it stopped at an illustration.

The illustration was of a man welding a sword the size of the man's entire arm.

I see you are intrigued by this picture. Do you know what he is? The boy nodded.

"He is a great warrior."

Close, lad. He is a hero like you are destined to become. The boy raised his eyebrows but continued to read. *Do you not believe that you can become a hero? It is a journey that will last you years to accomplish, perhaps centuries if you become lazy.*

"Lazy? Me? I have never heard of the word lazy. I will show you that I am motivated and will become a- wait a minute. Nice try, but why would I risk my own life to become a hero? And what does this have to do with my name?" No response.

"Just as I thought-" Before he could finish his sentence the book slammed shut then opened once more to a blank piece of paper.

A hero finds his name through his actions.

Afterwards, the boy spent years training under the mastery of the book. Each lesson was more rigorous than the next. One lesson involved wrestling a bear with his hands tied behind his back. He lost his vision on his left eye and was left with a scar on the other but the bear was left defeated with much worse scars. Another lesson involved catching a sea

monster using only a piece of string and a lame stick on the verge of breaking. With each lesson his craftiness began to show.

The book praised the boy calling him a son of Vulcan, the god of fire and forge but also knowing full and well that he was only a mortal. When the time came the book mentioned about the boy's own weapon.

"I desire a sword."

You were intrigued by that picture of the sword I showed you three years ago? How you have grown and yet you still desire the same ideals.

"My ideals were agreed upon. By becoming a warrior I would find a name for myself. I insist on a sword for my personal weapon."

They say behind a sword the wielder protects a secret. What secret do you protect? The boy smiled a devious expression on his face.

"I protect the secret of Rome."

Blasphemy! You know nothing about the secret of Rome! Nothing! The boy took something from his pocket that gave out a illuminance that glowed almost as bright as the sun.

How did you find this? The boy placed the artifact back into his pocket which simply shrunk.

"I found it while I searched for my name. Before I found you in that alley, I found this strange artifact in the same alley. I came back to the alley to investigate the scene and instead I was given you by a mysterious man."

A mysterious man? I don't recall any man... All I recall is waking up lying on the cold hard floor then you picked me up.

"So you don't know what the man looked like?" He asked in disappointment.

I'm afraid not. Enough about that, let us continue with training, lad. Now for your next part...

Out in the distance from where the boy and the book were located, hid a figure. There stood the same figure who gave the boy the book. Behind the tribal mask a smile danced upon his lips.

"It is only a matter of time, hero. Only you are destined to destroy my cursed son before he foolishly starts a war. Book among men, teach the boy as quickly as you can. I will return to give you the final lesson." In a flash, Thorne, god of war, disappeared without a trace.

- Anonymous

Do You Remember, Liesel?

A Short Letter Written by Max

Liesel,

Tell me you still remember me

Tell me that you remember those times where we were at your basement

Tell me those times we shared our secrets

Tell me that you remember that we shared our nightmares

You dreamed about your dead brother

I dreamed about fighting Hitler in a boxing match

Tell me those times you told me about the weather

You either brought me snow or a leaf

You told me if it was warm or cold outside

Tell me Liesel

Do you still remember me?

Tell me do you remember the first time I came in?

The first time you gazed into my eyes

It was rather those eyes that gave me the look of confusion

Or was it that look of fear?

Tell me dear child

Do you remember those times we spent together?

Do you remember the mini books I gave you?

Yeah those books

The ones I made for you
Especially the Word Shaker
Because your Papa didn't have enough cigarettes to buy you books
Remember our final encounter Liesel
I saw sadness through those eyes
Yes sadness
Please tell me you remember
I know you won't hear these words from me Liesel
I know you won't save me
I know that you will no longer see any traces of me
I just want to let you know that I still remember
I still remember those times that we were in the basement
This will probably be the last you will hear from me
Thanks for the memories
See you in the afterlife Liesel
With much love,
Max

- Alejandra Perez Dominguez



- Julian Olvera

The Great Adventures of Stunlock and Frostwell

A New Start

My name is Frostwell. This life I lead is a tough one, but I can manage. I've grown up living on the streets, stealing and fighting with other kids. I even learned a little magic that has helped me out along the way. Growing up, I lived on my own and I learned to live in the shadows and hide from my chasers. I learned shadow magic and healing magic. I learned how to blind the merchants temporarily so I could steal food and get away without anyone knowing it was me. But one day, another magician was in town at the market when I was going to go on my thieving spree, but before I could make it to the market he started to tail me. He knew I could sense him because he was letting me. Before I got to the market I realized that he was not the only one behind me, there were four others. Not all behind me, but all around me this let me know that if I got caught it would be bad for me. One of the few things I had in mind was making a run for it but then I sensed a fifth presence, not like the others it showed more power. I was so entranced with this power that I lost track of the others and before I knew it everything went black.

When I woke up I was faced with four men saying, "Kid this is your last chance don't screw it up or you'll be dead." With that they left me alone with a sack that had twenty pieces of silver, five pieces of gold, food for a week, a knife to protect myself, and a book full of spells. On the front cover it had the name Stunlock within it the name stuck with me till the end of my journey.

The book was what kept me going I read it every day, I had every spell memorized, and I increased my knowledge of magic from shadow magic to light and other variations it

was hard to read at first, but growing up on the streets you learn pick up things here and there but you never learn the full language we each thought each other how to speak trading words for food or other things like clothes or shoes or even information on a caravan that we just happen to overhear. but if I couldn't understand a word I asked someone else in the village to help. I turned my life around and helped anyone I could. On the other hand I kept studying the book in my spare time. This book of magic was always changing, the spells rewrote themselves. I learned to write them down but the words constantly change from day to day. This was how I spent my days until he came to finish what he had started.

- Christopher Lucero



Ouran High School Host Club

(Kaoru Hitachiin?)

- Maribel Espinoza

Speechless

There are times when I am left speechless and I wonder if that is when I actually speak. I wonder if silence is the voice of my soul? A voice that is never heard but is always shouting at me. There are so many times when I close my ears, eyes, and mind to what is happening around me but deep inside I know it is my daily life. How can I avoid what is inevitable? It is all part of a destiny, a destiny that no one controls or knows. It is in silence that I get the time to plan things out. It is too often when the noise of my responsibilities, obligations, and expectations get in the way of what truly matters. But how can I know what truly matters, when all I was taught to do was survive. Survive in a world where I will constantly fall and have to get right up, follow a path I have to yet discover and then live my life. But what is my life? Is it something I borrowed and now possess? A routine that's controlled by what others think, feel, or do? I feel just like the wind. Simple air that has to transform, endeavor, and impress its surroundings just to be noticed. Without a purpose, but to follow its path that will shortly die. The wind may charm few but peeve others, never pleasing all. After such a big entrance all it leaves behind in the streets, cities, and parks is its trace and nothing else. Because at the end it vanishes and goes back to what it was. Life can be so many great things, but it is only what I make of it. There is so much noise that psyches out my life but that noise is only part of my life because I allow it to be. There'll never be silence in my mind because my mind will always be invaded by the thought of the past, future, and now.

- Lorena Delgado-Marquez



- Huy Nguyen

Everything Ends

Dedicated to the Graduating Class of 2016

Everyone knows that Everything Ends
Weeks, Months, and Years, how they Fly
Sunrises, Sunsets, and the Small Snacks we Buy

Everyone knows that Everything Ends
Elementary, Middle, High School, and College
Months and Years of learning more Knowledge

Everyone knows that Everything Ends
Ceremonies, Dances, and Graduations
Dates, First Kisses, and Awkward Situations

Everyone knows that Everything Ends
Smiles and Frowns, Tears and Laughter
Even the Dreams that we all Chase after

Everyone knows that Everything Ends
Being with Boyfriends and Girlfriends, those little Relationships
Sadly, also all the Friend and Companionships

Everyone knows that Everything Ends.
Otherwise, Nothing would ever get Started.

- Anon E. Mouse (Anonymous)



- Leslie Guadalupe Quintero

The Prayer of Saint Francis

Lord, make me an instrument of thy peace.

Where there is hatred, let me sow love;

Where there is injury, pardon;

Where there is doubt, faith;

Where there is despair, hope;

Where there is darkness, light;

Where there is sadness, joy.

O divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek

To be consoled as to console,

To be understood as to understand,

To be loved as to love;

For it is in giving that we receive;

It is in pardoning that we are pardoned;

It is in dying to self that we are born to eternal life.



By Julian Olvera

Meet the Members of the Atticus Literary and Art Magazine!



From left: Omar Ronquillo-Medina, Leonardo Lopez, Avery Rodriguez, Alejandra Perez Dominguez



From left: Sam Guerrero and Aluel Doldol

Leonardo Lopez - Who am I? I am a Junior at a Arrupe Jesuit. I joined Atticus a couple of weeks ago. Since I was young I've liked to write. I believe that writing is a tool, allowing us to take an idea from our mind and publish it to the universe. I'm an optimist and believe light can come from darkness. I am a writer, thespian, musician, comedian, and a friend. I don't exactly know what I want to do with my life in the future, but that's what time is for. "Who am I?" is a question that is impossible to answer in a paragraph.

Alejandra Perez Dominguez - Hello there!! I am a Junior at Arrupe Jesuit High School and this is my third year at Atticus. I am the Secretary of this amazing club! I still may be a year away from graduating, but I am already thinking about pursuing my career in law or audio production. I am a poet, artist, gamer, a cellist, a music enthusiast and the weird one. I've always looked to poetry because poetry helps me express emotions that I can't really show. People sometimes only see me as this weird, monstrous human being because of what I like, what I look like, or what I do. The art of drawing, music, and poetry has helped me escape reality and be forever walking into this abyss of creativity. Also the world of anime helped me escape reality as well. Thank you for taking your time reading this amazing magazine. Have a wonderful day.

Name: **Aluel Doldol**

Birthday: May 22, 1997

Sex: Female

Grade: Senior Class of 2016!!!!

Position: Atticus Extraordinaire

Reason for Writing & Reading: Words are weapons and I want to help those who love to write share their words. I also have a tendency to devour words.

Reasons for making Art: Pictures can sometimes express what we can not put in words.

Shout Out: Elisia and Geli and Michelle, I would do it again. We should do it again this year!!!

SAMUEL GUTIERREZ - Good day folks! :) I am among many as a Senior at Arrupe. Some of you may or may not know me and that's okay. Those of you who don't know me, well I'll eventually get to know you sooner or later due to my nature of friendliness and randomness. I am the esteemed Editor in Chief. Anyways, I hope you enjoy what I and many have contributed to this magazine. Thank you for taking the time out of your day to read our magazine. (Stay tuned for the second chapter of The Warrior of Rome)

Avery Rodriguez - Hello. I am a Junior at Arrupe. I plan on going into law once I graduate from college. Ever since I was young I have always enjoyed reading. To me, reading is about expanding my knowledge of the world around me; reading offers the ability to look at life from the entirely new perspective of the author. Beyond writing, I am an avid heavy metal fan and guitarist, and an admirer of art. I hope you enjoyed the magazine.

Jesus Lopez Bustillos - Jesus is the name, having fun is my game. I don't really care what you call me (name wise). As long as the name begins with a "J" I will 99% of the time respond to you. I'm a Senior, #2016 *cough best class ever* and I'm the kind of person you will hear singing at random points if a word reminds me of a song. Besides singing I love drawing and reading and basically anything. Anime is my life haha Fairy Tale is my guild (anime reference). Special shout out to my good friends Angelica O., Elisia Medina, and Virginia...Aluel you and I have been working on this together so no shout out needed haha.



Atticus

