

A painting of a mountain landscape. The mountains are rendered in warm, golden-brown tones with white patches of snow or ice. A dark, dense forest of trees is in the foreground, and a blue river flows through the lower right. The sky is a pale, hazy blue.

Atticus Literary & Art Magazine
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Raquel Yates

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To the God who sets us free;

Who moved Moses and Miriam to cry out with joy
as they crossed the Red Sea;

Who forgave an adulterous king and inspired him to sing
a new song in praise of your mercy;

Whose love, brought to birth in the womb of a virgin,
still -- forever -- lifts up the lowly:

May our work and our words be one with theirs
as we magnify all that is good,
all that is true, and all that is holy
in our lives.

Amen.

- Mr. Dan Everson, S.J.

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True Love At Its Lowest

Every night thinking of you
When I do, I feel blue
No one understands the love I have for you
We are compatible like $1+1=2$
But you don't have a clue

I can shield you from all danger
Cause for me it's no stranger
I am so in Love that I wish I had never met you
I guess this is my cue
No one else has to have a clue

You make me laugh when I want to cry
Make me want to live when I want to die
But all your signals say Bye!
You have always been my motivation
But I'm always in such devastation

When we talk and you call out my name I begin to blush
I'm afraid that people notice I need you so much
You have moved on and left me in the dust
Hopefully we can talk and text each other night and day
Because your heart is always bright as day

Your voice is music to my ears
Everytime I hear it I shed tears
It's like we are to close it's wrong
I guess I have to just stay strong

- Alexis Soto Gonzalez

Having to Deal by Daisy Melanie Marquez

Having to deal with the laughter

Having to deal with the jokes

Having to deal with the stupidity of the men in my life thinking I am so fragile I'll shatter

Having to convince my OWN FATHER that just because I am his daughter does not mean I have to cook and clean for him and the fights it provokes

Having to deal with hearing "not this again" whenever I speak my mind about problems that matter

Having to hear when you wear makeup it's a hoax

Having to carry the ton of bricks that is womanhood

Having to bear the pain and bear the children

Having to be the damsel in distress and not the one with knighthood

Having to grow up stressed because of the shoes I must fill in

Having to shut up and smile when a comment is made regarding my sexuality because if I stand up for myself they'll think, "What a BITCH"

Having to make sure that I'm never too feminist because it makes me "problematic"

Having my whole class think I'm rude because I refused to hug a boy I did not know

Having to remember 5 year old me wondering why only the girls had to leave the table when my grandpa was ready to eat, how traumatic

Having to deal with being ignored like a doll with a broken stitch

Having to hear how much I'm asking for it because of the way I dress

Having to dress modestly in order to receive a shred of respect

Having to hide who I am because showing my true colors will not impress

Having to keep my emotions hidden never letting them eject

Having to hear my classmates tell me that women have always been equal and we were only oppressed way back when

You are wrong, you are not a woman and you do not feel my pain

I am still discriminated everyday again and again

Wanting the chance to prove I am worthy

Wanting to be my own person

Wanting to not be shown off like a piece of jewelry

Wanting to be equal, that's for certain

Wanting to grow up to be the woman my mother was not allowed to be

Wanting to grow up be more than what's expected from a woman

Wanting to sometimes just leave this life, just flee

Wanting to be free, wanting to be more than a toy, something wooden

Wanting to grow up to be like my sister who has never cared

Wanting to feel free to act just like a boy and not be judged

Wanting to live in a world where how I dress does not mean I should be scared

Wanting to be free and have a strength that can't be smudged

"Coda"

I was wrong, I get that.

I was a fool.

An imbecile.

An idiot.

But I don't understand.

I know I messed up.

Somehow.

In someway.

But how? How did I?

Why are you gone?

I feel...I don't know.

But I think I get it.

Why would someone of your insurmountable talent...

Of your raw beauty...

Why would someone with eyes of opalescent oceans and a laughter of pure innocence. Of pure felicity...

Why would someone like that love me?

And that laugh. That giggle.

So pure. So coy.

So full of hope.

...

...

No.

I was full of hope.

I'm lower than the one who strikes their bride.

The one who curses their friends.

Than the scum in the sewers.

And yet...you accepted me.

You may not have loved me, but you cared for me.

And I selfishly latched on, obsessing over your grace.

Your majestic pulchritude.

Your heavenly kindness.

Kindness the likes of Aphrodite can't match.

Still...I find myself wondering...

Did I love you?

Was I just acting on disgusting and selfish lust?

Obsessing over you as the Earth does the Sun?

Was it all truly a farce?

Is that why?

Why you're gone?

...

...

No.

No way.

It was love.

It was love on my part.

It wasn't lust.

I never found you sexy.

I found you beautiful.

And now you're gone.

I should be too.

Why am I still here?

I have no purpose.

No joy.

If I was gone...

Not like you, but if I was truly gone...

If I were no longer breathing...

Would you care?

Would you mourn and sorrow?

Would your joy wilt away as the petals do?

If I could make you feel that pain...

Then maybe...

...

...

No.

No. I can't.

I can't let you feel the pain I do.

The melancholy.

The chaos.

The pandemonium.

I'll...

I'll put away the rope.

I'll toss the pills!

I'll leave the blades alone!

I'll stay away from the **ledge!**

Just...please...

Please don't go...

Please return...

Please...

Please...

Please...

Please...

Please...
Please...
...
...
...
...
...
Wait...
No...
Please don't.
Don't come back.
You deserve better than me.
That is...undeniable...
But...maybe I deserve better than you.
Why can't we both be joyus?
Why can I find the same joy you did with my best friend?
I mean...
I'm not over it.
I truly never will be.
Sadly, this is the case.
But...
But as I look up into the desolate night sky...
And as I see a single star...
A single star all alone...
I think...I realize that if that star shines bright enough...
If I shine bright enough...
If I shine until I die...
Until I become a black hole of despair...
Maybe someone will see.
Maybe someone will see that light.
Maybe I won't need to become a black hole.
Maybe another star will appear.
And I won't have to be alone.
Look, it was love. Now it isn't.
I'm not okay.
But...maybe that's okay.
I'll never forget you.
How could I?
Your luscious locks, glistening in the sunlight.
Your silky hands, soft and loving.
Your laughter, the delicate resonance of a dolphin.
Your aroma, sweet, fragrant, and light.

Your saliva, saccharine and glorious.
You.
I will never forget you.
How could I?
Things like love and life are fleeting.
Regret, doubt.
These things take forevermore to push out of our minds.
And sometimes...we can't.
I can't forget you.
But I don't want to anyway.
I will continue.
I may not be okay.
I know I'm not okay.
But in the end...that's okay.
You know what? That's okay.
It's okay!
I'm okay with that.
I loved you.
I really did.
I still do.
Kind of.

- Page Winston

"No Life is Better than Yours"

It don't matter, I don't mind because you don't matter,
No such thing as living at your own pace, no life is better than yours
No one is worth more than you, don't let that shatter you
Snakes in grass just let it pass.

If you think the person won't be there for you don't matter throw them away
Don't think about it too much, don't let that shatter you, don't obey to the snakes
Ignore them and call them fake for your own sake or else I'll be your own mistake
Don't let anyone ruin your day because time is worth more than gold.

Don't waste your time, enjoy each day of your life because soon you'll be old
And you will regret wasting your time with all the snakes just let them pass.

It don't matter, I don't mind because you don't matter,
No such thing as living at your own pace
no life is better than yours
No one is worth more than you, don't let that shatter you.

David Hernandez Terrones

"An Ode from a Teacher"

I am an educator.

I am a teacher.

I want to teach the next generation,
that it is okay to think on their own.

I am an enabler,
a motivator.

I want to light a fire in their soul
that nothing can extinguish.

I want to free their minds, and
teach them to braid their minds with the thirst for more.

I am an educator.

I am a teacher.

I will teach my students how to think.

I will empower them to ask "why?"
at all the wrong moments.

I will teach them to become caring and compassionate.

I am a teacher,

I am a student,

I am a person who is going to make a difference.

So, how about you?

- Mr. Armijo



- Paola Candia

Blissful Silence

It will not get better
because death has told
me so before.

My language does not
make sense to those who
try to understand it.

I am made up of
illogical words that sound
like my daily devotions, but
to others it sounds like a wrongdoing.

I have been screaming in their
faces asking for help,
but they confuse it for whispers.

I try to tell my mother
that the pain is
like a tank on top of
my soul
crushing its pure innocence.

My depression is my shadow
that follows me in the day
and haunts me with
its thoughts.

At night it turns into the
monster under the bed.
It becomes the blanket that
wraps me in its darkness
and its companion anxiety
becomes the pillow to remind me of
my fears.

My mother tells me to
still my demons just like Fall
blows the leaves
in September.

But she doesn't understand
that I can't drive out the
monsters, for they have taken my
soul and shaped it like
play-doh

For if I make them leave
I lose a part of myself
and my body is
overflowing with silence.

Yet again I remember

Silence

Isn't

Bliss

- Echo

When You're Passionate About Something

When you're passionate about something,
You can't find a way to shut up.
In fact, it's impossible!

When you're passionate about something,
Your heart beats so fast you feel as if you're going to explode.

When you're passionate about something,
It makes you laugh and cry.
Heck, it helps with your frustrations but can also cause them.

When you're passionate about something,
You can't let it go

When you're passionate about something,
You're at peace,
Yet, you're concentrated.

When you're passionate about something,
You work hard,
You put every little piece of your soul into it.

When you're passionate about something,
It's not just a word in the dictionary,
It's not just a hobby,
It's not just a note, a chorus, or a bridge,
It's not just paint,
It's not just a sport,
It's not just a pencil or a pen.

It's something magical.

Because being passionate about something is about living your best life.

Being passionate is about loving and giving.

Being passionate is about being yourself and if others can't see that, too bad. They just have to miss out for a while before they realize, the world is so bland without passion.

- Daniela Rodriguez

To Be Kind

To be kind, or to not be kind.
Whether 'tis nobler to suffer
The misfortunes and sufferings of the world.
Or to take action against the world's troubles
And attempt to end them.

To be nice, to be kind--
And by being kind try to end
Broken hearts and many agonies
That all humanity undergoes.

To be rude, to be mean--
To add to the cruelty. Ay, there's the rub,
For in the suffering of others
So do we ourselves become more callous

For who would become a slight beacon of hope
In a sea of darkness and evil
Doing a thankless duty to be compassionate
And spread goodness to others.

Who would bear the role of being courteous
To face the harshness of life
But that seeing smiles and rays of hope
Emerge from peers and enemies.

Thus being kind, while mostly gone unknown,
Does present a sense of warmth, a sense of belonging
And knowing, that although it is only but a small sliver
Of kindness, it may grow and carry on to many others.

- Omar Medina

Dreaming

There is this gift that is given to us

We aren't really sure what it is and when you reach out and grab it, it slips through your fingers

This particular gift will grow and grow, no matter how little you feel or how lonely

you are

It's always there

Sitting in the corner, waiting for you

Whispering in your ear, telling you to come closer

We are trained to jump and jump as high as we can

Reach for the stars and you'll touch the moon

We were never shown how the most incredible milky ways and stars and galaxies are all there when we close our eyes

Our lives revolve around what makes us feel passionate

How we move on our feet, how we use our voice, the way we express ourselves with art

It's all part of a feeling we all share: desire

When you wake up in the morning, do you sit and think for a minute about why you should get out of bed

Do you remember all of the hardships that you faced the day before

Do you wish that you were still sleeping

I do

I feel it all the time

I wake up and wonder why me and not the people that don't get to see the orange sky at sunrise or the frost on the trees

Well, I'll let you in on a little secret

We don't get to know

We don't deserve it

But what can never be taken from us lies under skin and bones

There are barriers that don't allow for it to escape

Our minds cannot be captured and cannot be detained

Your freedom to dream about the mountains in the desert or a warm piece of bread as you sit on the sidewalk, is unstoppable

So, I encourage you to let your mind wander and let yourself escape into the abyss that is dreaming

- Sara Vieyra



- Aubrey Masdin

"To play or not to play"

To play **or not to play** - that is the question:

Whether 'tis to pass time and enjoy the honor of getting play of the game

Or to take responsibility of doing chores

And not playing video games with the boys

To grab the controller, to adjust the headset

And going through the hassle of arguing over which games seems fit

Rainbow 6 Siege, BO4, Fortnite, Apex Legends, GTA5, Mortal Kombat, it never ends

But after all that nonsense, the joy of doing what you are good at and love is what I recommend

To stream, **To** ignore the outside

To game, perhaps too much. **Ay, there's the problem,**

For in the back of each of our minds, lies a burden

The burden of homework due the next day or,

Chores that have not yet been done, for that is being responsible

For who really wants to stay late in school?

The awfully hot and crowded 7th period room

The angry stomach screaming and whining for food

The F you will be getting for that assignment

The abnormal sleeping schedule

The occasional poetic rant from Mr. O' Hagan

And the disapproving eyes from teachers whomst are guilty of giving 7th's to many irresponsible students who claim that they "forgot" their homework

Who would heed the extra and mandatory hour in, what most of us feel, Hell

To stay and get home a bit later or face the consequences the day after,

But that the horror that something may not be done

The unknown faces, the extra hour, the angry stomach

It's worth it

It's worth the endless deaths and the stress reducing games

It's worth the many "one more game" dialogue

Thus the chance of getting la chancla isn't as bad

The brief blissful feeling of winning a game

The blood rush, the relief of that intense moment, the cheering of your friends

And the occasional 3 viewers supporting you

It's all a moment in which doesn't seem important to others

But in my eyes, and in each gamer's mind, it's good to feel alive

- Brian Mariscal Marquez

Abomination

Horrifying.

It's just...horrifying

Treacherous.

Organic somehow.

Really...it's just strange and creepy.

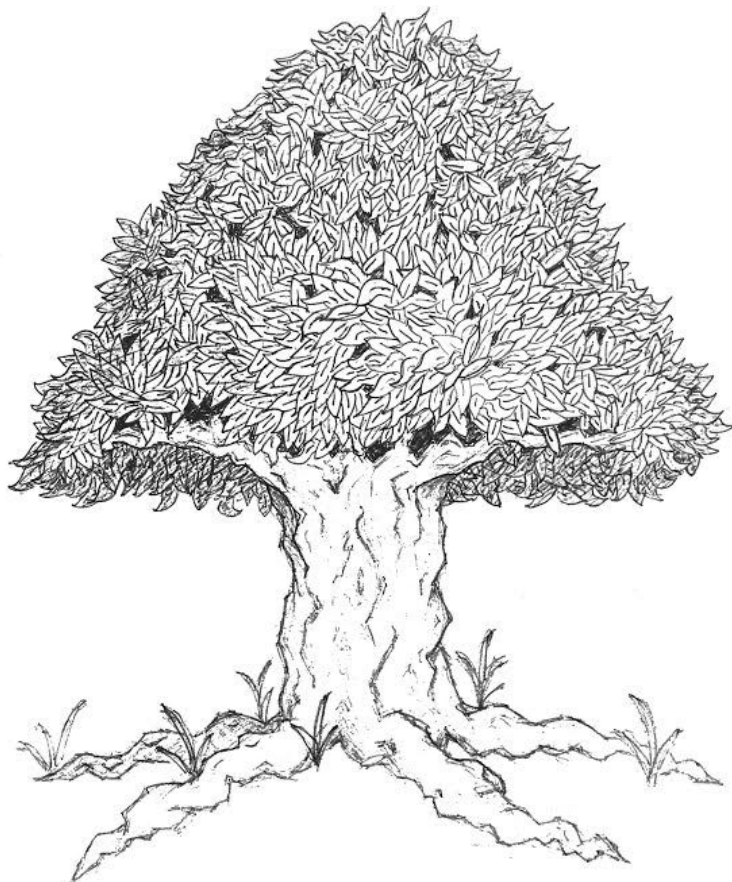
Maybe it...

It wants a friend?

Somehow, it just doesn't seem that way.

Somehow...it just doesn't.

- Page Winston



- Mr. Volpe

Empty Tears

To cry is to feel,
to feel is to be hurt,
but why is it that every time
I've cried my tears feel vacant?

Aren't tears supposed to
have some sort of emotion or meaning
behind them?

My body feels the pain,
but my inner being doesn't.
At least not anymore.

What's wrong with me?
Is this the new norm?

I get hurt, but I'm
not surprised anymore.

My body feels like
a robot.
A shell that my soul
decided to inhabit.

This empty shell
cries the
tears it cannot feel.

- Echo

Things That Make Me, Me

Skin,
Tissue,
Blood & bones.

To many people, I am just that. Not human, just pieces of what makes one.
Being an extrovert is not my thing.
So, what is?

Is it music? The way I get lost in the melody, lyrics, and rhythm? The way I always find myself lip-syncing, humming or singing along?

Is it writing? Whether it be poetry, short story, or even a letter of sorts? The way I dive so deep into the world I'm creating? The way I try to put other people into poetry? The way I lose and find myself at the same time while typing the emotional piece?

Is it being without a father? The way he tries to buy my love? The way he always breaks his promises? The way he tries to break the ice? The way he makes me feel about myself?
Is it having a strict mother? The way she pushes me to do my best? The way she gives me hope? The way she makes me laugh? The way her workaholic ways lead her? The way she does her best? The way she raised me?

Or is it being a sibling? The way I always make an effort to keep in contact with my sister and failing? The way I have more academic success than my older sibling? The way she doesn't realize I love her without the gifts, without the tough girl act?

Bones,
Blood,
Tissue & skin.
These are not the only things that make me.
I am human,
I'm the least favorite granddaughter of my grandmother,
I'm the granddaughter of my grandpa.
I'm the daughter of a workaholic, single mom,
I'm the sibling of a soccer player
I'm the aunt of two marvelous kids.
I'm a writer,
a singer, I'm a musician,
I'm lots of things.
I am simply me

- Frenchiest Fry

"To be depressed or not to be depressed "

To be depressed **or not** to be depressed - **that is the question:**

Whether 'tis easier to replace me,
To take everything that is mine
Or to leave
And, have everything going as normal

Give me what is mine and all of it-
No more excuses
I can't control everything you are doing
Leave me alone
I don't want you

To ignore, **to** leave it
To not do anything. **Ay, there's the problem,**
For not doing anything I don't know what to do,
My friends not being there when I need them
Feeling a little ill,
Not wanting to eat

For who wants to be friends that are not there
The friends that tell you;
You are fat,
You are annoying,
You are stupid
We don't like you
We are better without you.
Sinking in breaking every part of my body
Drowning with every tear that tells me,
Why are you even here?

Who would cause this to happen,
To put someone in so much,
But that is the cause of personality,
The one that is guilty of every action taken.
I need to not say this,
They are not what you need
You deserve someone better
Where can I find the perfect friend?

Thus I believe I am the one that does not have to
change
I have to be myself for what makes me happy
Be patience with the time, the time will come,
Be understanding to those who want you for you,
To know when the moment is going to come.
And build my personal likings in a friend that
will be there forever.

- Arianna Garcia



- Paola Candia

Its with an "I" not with an "E"

That saying stayed with me
"Umm, okay?" I said
I was going to put "rid" not "red"
But whatever. I might as well get rid of you.
I'm just glad that you aren't here
Because if you hear this, you would get mad at me.
Or that's what I think.
Oh how time flies
It felt like yesterday that you took me to the
bookstore
I wonder what would happen to us
You'll probably convince me to attend the
same school
And I'll probably say,
"Nice try, but I'm OUT"
And out the door we went.
With our own little struggles that became
internal for me,
But it's whatever.
If I had the guts to invite you,
I want to say sorry, but honestly who knows.
To completely get rid of you or to not
But for now, to me it's with an "E" not with
an "I"

- Nicol Roque

SCastorena
2/20/19



Cotton Candy (Pink Diamond)

- Sophia Castorena

To remember

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

Whether 'tis to remind oneself of the past
Combined with all emotions,
Or to escape one's memory,
Becoming hollow.

To recall, to recognize-
Leaving you to be slightly delighted
but more dumbfound,
Trying to remember,
only leads to wanting deep slumber.

To remember, to recall-
To re-live, bitter events. Ay, there's the rub,
For forgetting gives a sort of peace,
Losing the experiences and everything around it.

For who wishes to look back on conflict
Wanting to be perfect.
The feeling of getting anxiety
Because of the society.
Why would anyone desire such thing?

Who would forget their experience,
Losing a part of themselves with it,
But that indeed is terrifying
Although it is only a thought.
How else would you redeem yourself,
Without facing fears with a dash of self-discipline?

Thus make memories that are memorable.
Focus on the ones that are joyful.
Study the remaining to learn
To love and to be confident.

- Alisa Tran

Your three faces.

I believe not in your first face; as it does not show to which your soul has been made. I trust not your second face, for I know the reasons behind the painted smile. I know to which you have convinced yourself that they only hate the sin, although they must love us, sinners. Yet, I find myself entrusting a shadow of a face; you show not to the world, you show not to the ones that call barring over you. But yet I see only you. I see the face beyond the shadow. I see doors behind your eyes. I see an abandoned garden inside your head. Memories yell from a shallow well. The snapdragons spread lies and the roses have lost their color. Your lips whisper me secrets under the apricot lights of our small cave. They come out in sweet lullabies, like fresh lilies, white and pure, I can see their beauty. Flashes of neon smoke dance from your lips when you speak in the coded literacy of your minds inner thoughts. But I hate it most when they ask you to speak in spells. They don't see it, but the ash drips from your mouth. I see all of this yet, it is still only your hands I reach out for.

I do not trust your first face, for it is one you show only to those who care not of the words written on your wrists.

I do not care for your second face, for it is the one you mold into place to protect those who just don't understand. Chaos must come before any completion makes sense.

But I care, desire, and deeply immerse myself in your third face. For it is not perfect. It is real. It hides a garden of beauty but, one that has been lost in the storm and is still waiting to be found.

- Raquel Yates.



- Sophia Castorena

2 AM

We are two shattered individuals,
always having to ask for forgiveness
for the pain inflicted upon us.

We believed we were
the problem
when we were
the solution.

We don't open ourselves
because we have been
shut away for too long.

We were scared to
start learning how to
love ourselves because we
taught ourselves
to need their approval.

We forgot our worth
when we unintentionally
gave them all the power
over us.

You see,
we are two broken spirits
where in the process of getting lost
in the hatred of those that
"loved" us,
we found each other
with the love we gave each other.

Together we created a
love so distinct, we
let our past fears rot away
while we planted
a new future in each other and
nurtured it with our passion.



- Paola Candia

- Echo

White Lies

Fake smiles
And Bloodshot eyes.
You tell nothing but tiny white lies.

Promises
You failed to keep
There were days when I couldn't sleep.
I wasted all of my tears on you
I have never been so blue.

I didn't know you then
I was just wondering when
I would see you again
All I wanted was a hug
But you gave me a pen.

Year after year
I wanted to see you
But year after year
you were cooped up
With your beer.

You never truly cared
Never wanted to.
So now, I reject you.

You come around again,
Begging
And pleading.
I gave up on you
Just as you left and gave up on me.

Now, here we are.
Going around in circles.
I'm trying to assimilate
But I just can't relate.

The gossip,
And fake smiles.
I decide to live in exile.
To be one of you
Is to be a venomous snake.
I never want to be that fake.

Don't you see?
You will never harm me.
I built a wall around my heart
Just so I won't need it to restart.
You already hurt me enough
But thanks to you, I've become tough.

Mr. Bloodshot eyes.
You tell nothing but little white lies.

- Frenchiest Fry

To be a student...

To be a student or not to be a student--that is the question:

Whether 'tis recognition for my honest work
And the satisfaction of its completion,
Or to spend a life's limited youth,
Dreading the idea of due dates and tedious assignments.

To attend each class confidently
Prepared for the day's lesson
Carefully processing the the words floating across the classroom
Nodding my head in understanding
Feeding one's brain its thirst for knowledge
'Tis I will remember the notes I recorded--
Striving for that A+ I shall earn.

To not study, to sleep
To sleep, perhaps I will try my hardest on that test tomorrow anyway. Ay there's the problem,
For in my test the next day, I do my very most best
But I still cannot earn that 1 point that would get me that tough A
I'll slowly become discourage
Eventually, I give up
Maybe graduating with a few F's would not be so bad
I struggle staying interested anyway.

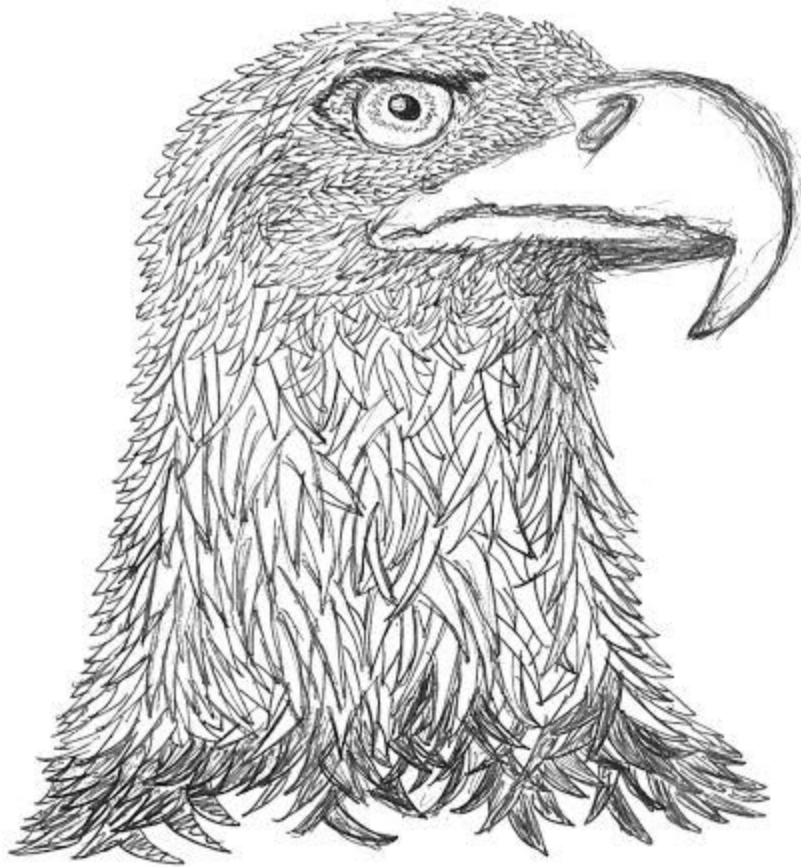
For who really wants to hear their name called out on that final high school moment,
The scholarships I earn following after,
The smiles from teachers who actually care,
The pride from my parents who actually were there,
The friends we've spent hours actually studying,
And the smooth diploma handed by the principal who was actually proud to have me
Blissfully looking into the crowd
I wonder,
What would have happened if I had not worked so hard in high school?

Who would really understand that I might have been capable of those 'good grades',
To see me for who I can be,
But that recognition was never really awarded to me,
The graduation date has long passed
The pressure of bearing a child at 18
The loneliness of a dropout after a minimum wage 12 hour shift

While stressing what my child's next meal will be,
Wishing she did not ask
'Mommy why doesn't my daddy love me?'
Instead I painfully wonder
What would have happened if I had worked so hard in high school?

Thus the chance of today's ideal path to success,
And thus the reward that is expected to receive is a comfortable life
Is much more obstruct for others than realized,
And the little thought of the impact each adult has on the youth
With this regard,
Our paths alternate oh so quickly
For how am I able to journey on my own correctly towards the rest of my life
If my brain is not yet fully developed until the age of 25 or so.

- Melissa Villalpando



- Mr. Volpe

Death and Life

In a big calm forest where the noises of the animals were heard as music all over the place, there lived a boy named Santiago. Santiago was not a normal boy, no, he had a superpower that for him was a curse. A girl named Navaeh always visited that forest because it helped her remember her mother. One day Santiago had noticed this and began to observe this girl. At first, he had not seen the girl's face but when he turned around he was surprised to see so much purity and splendor in one person. Every day at 3 o'clock Santiago hid among the trees to see so much beauty. It had been months since Santiago had observed the girl and still did not know the name of his beautiful angel. One day he had realized that she had fallen asleep and wanted to get closer to her so he climbed up a tree. Meanwhile, Navaeh had fallen asleep on the grass. When trying to approach the beautiful girl he fell off of the tree, that by the way was very tall. When he fell, a scream escaped his mouth. Upon hearing the terrible scream the girl woke up scared. She decided to ask "Who's there?" But nobody answered her. Then she decided to ask again, but this time a little louder. "I will ask again, who's there?" At first a little hesitant but then he looked out and said, "I am the person you are looking for." The girl was shocked to see the boy's morbid appearance. She asked him, "What's your name and why are you here?" He replied, "My name is Santiago and I live in this forest." Intrigued by his appearance she decided to tell him her name. "I am Navaeh." When he heard her name he was even more in love with her. "Well, Navaeh tell me more about you." And with that, they began to know each other more and more. Little and little they fell in love one with the other. She always visited him at the same time but every time she wanted to say goodbye to him with a hug he rejected her and she did not know why. He wanted to explain why but he could not until it was the perfect day. She reached her 17th birthday and she visited him as always. He pulled out a necklace from his pocket, "I want to give you a necklace that will protect you from me." She was confused because she did not know what he was talking about. "Why do you say these things?" Then he started explaining everything. "I have the gift of taking life with touching something, you see I am not death, but as a young child to be taught a lesson I was cursed with this "gift" so that I would not be able to touch anyone or anything anymore. A painful lesson that would teach me to be more appreciative of what I have. Let me show you." In the tree there was a squirrel. He touched it and fell to the ground, left without life. She was scared and wanted to move but her body was paralyzed. "Please do not go, I'm not going to hurt you." He raised both of his hands and showed her the necklace. He went over to put the necklace on her carefully to not touch her. Very carefully he put the necklace on her and when she saw that she had it on she gave him a hug although, she still feared him. "Now you understand why I can not touch you?" She just shook

her head. After a long period of silence, she told him. "That does not matter to me because I love you." He was surprised because no one had told him that before. It was very strange that a human being fell in love with someone who could possess the ability to take life and that death could conquer life. She decided to kiss him, but when he saw what was happening he rejected her. She became sad and asked him. "Why do you reject my love?" He looked into her tear-filled eyes and replied, "Even if you have the necklace on, I can still kill you with a kiss.." She gave up and let out a long sigh, her eyes filled with tears. Then they sat down and continued talking. She looked up and between the trees, there was a man with what appeared to have a gun. When Santiago looked at him the color of his face left him leaving him even paler and more terrified for Navaeh. He stood in front of her to protect her. "Who is he?" She asked peering over his shoulder. "He is an enchanter who has been trying to kill me for years." He began to laugh at the enchanter because of the silly idea he had, but when he saw that the pistol was made of very powerful magic and that it could kill him, he remained silent. He started to raise the gun and fired his shot. Without thinking, Navaeh launched herself in front of Santiago. Santiago let out a cry of pain from his mouth and saw with anguish the body falling inert of his beloved Navaeh. He dropped to his knees and picked up her head. With so much tenderness; he caressed her fragile and icy face. The enchanter had disappeared only leaving his laugh on his trail. It was too late and he could not save her. It was time for her to say goodbye to the world. He approached her and told her. "Au revoir, mon bel amour." (Goodbye my beautiful love). And touching her tender lips, he gave what was for him his first kiss and for her, her last.

- Echo



- Stardust

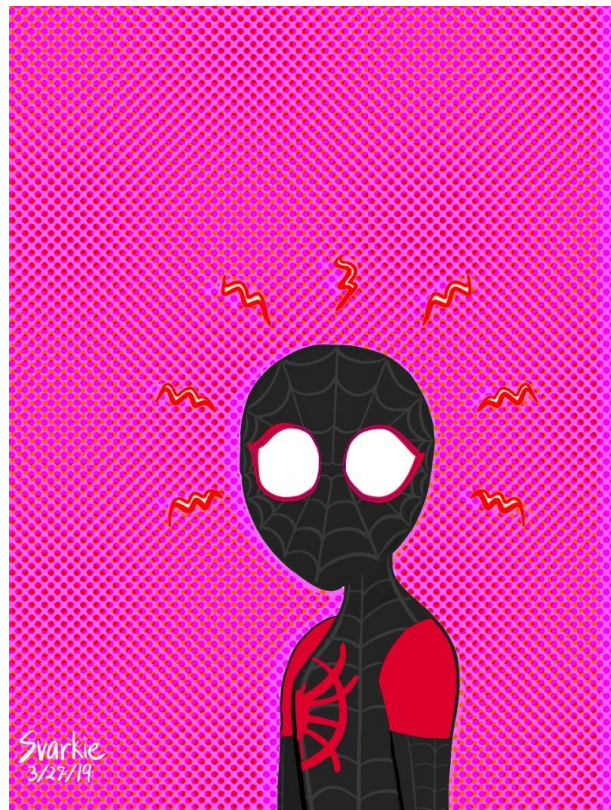
Without You

I have lived my whole life without you.
And out of nowhere, you waltz back
expecting me to feel something for you?
I don't think so.
Because everything that I have done, good, bad, and ugly
that was all without you.
I have done things that I am proud of,
things that I am not so proud of.
But all of it was me, not you.
So again, you think you can come back like nothing?
I think the hell not.
I have become someone I can be proud of.
Someone others can be proud of.
Someone others can look up to.
And you want to know the best part of all that?
I did that myself.

Without you.

I have become a man.
A man who has made mistakes,
and who will continue to make mistakes.
But, at least those are mine to make.
Not yours.
Because as far as I know,
you have never even given a damn about me.
So now I don't give a damn about you.
Because I am here,
Good or bad,
By my own choosing.
By my own will.
By my own actions.
Not the actions of a person who was never there.
So, in the end.
Don't think that you can come back,
and act like you know me.
Because all I did,
all I will do.
That's all done
Without you.

- Omar Medina



- Svarkie210

Summer Time

The sky was clear
Everyone was in cheer
The flowers were shimmering and flickering while jiggling
The birds were giggling some tunes
I was watching some cartoons
Enjoying the summer afternoons

Everyone has fun in the summer
I go outside and wonder
Watching cars pass "Hey, look there's a hummer"
So brightly brilliantly vividly yellow
Intensely bright like the sun

I walk and observe all the people in sight
The kites making flight
Now it's midnight we're in the tenebrosity of the night
Everything so dark
Except for the moonlight
The days going by exceptionally brisk
I'm watching cartoons, summers ending in an instant not very distant

Summers come to an end, time to make new friends
We welcome the newcomers joining us at school
Everyone had fun in the summer
Summers over now, what a bummer I utter
Now the metamorphosis happens and we flutter
Like butterflies

- Abel Diaz



- Paola Candia

Exhaustion

It is mentally, emotionally, and even physically exhausting when you have found someone who loves you more than you love yourself and you try to love them in a way they deserve, but your mind won't let you. You haven't even learned how to love yourself which makes it harder. There are people who don't love themselves, but put in all their effort and still learn to love others more than they love themselves. So how is it so hard for you to do the same. They ask you what's wrong and you are ashamed of saying the truth. The truth that you don't know how to love so instead you say you don't know. You gave up trying to explain why or how you feel because even you don't know how to. You are constantly scared that sooner or later they will leave you because you know that it's only a matter of time.

- Blue



- Paola Candia

Hark.

Hark. An animal's abstract applications are not academic or abuse. **(When an animal acts on its instincts, it's not being evil or cruel. It doesn't know better.)**

Hark! Because bumbling belligerent babies bark and bark. **(Babies are loud, you guys.)**

Hark! Cookie cutter camps and candied campuses can't communicate. **(Academic facilities are often the same and often have trouble communicating with and understanding their students)**

Hark! Diligent dads work dog-tired due to your deeds. **(Fathers work hard too, you know. They do it all for you.)**

Hark! Enough edgy education! Epiphanies come easy! **(Enough awkward and distant education. It's easy to get lost and focus on one thing)**

Hark! For thy fiendish fools frequently forget the follies they fancy. **(Those who do wrong forget that they did wrong and continue to do so)**

Hark! Greedy giants get got soon enough. **(The greedy in power will eventually fall)**

Hark! Happy horrors happen to hardly harbor harm. **(When we are scared for our entertainment, what scares us often can't harm us.)**

Hark! Identity is an idea. Imaginative illegals shall ignore your ignorance. **(People can identify as whatever they want. When you shut down illegal immigrants, they will rise up against your ignorance)**

Hark! Jealous judges are just jokes. Jurisdiction is not always justice. **(Biased judges are pathetic. What they sentence and their authority isn't always just.)**

Hark! Kids kiss and kill. They hold keys to kingdoms of kindness yet, kick each other instead. **(Kids are more competent than we think. But at the same time, they're still dumb and don't know better)**

Hark! Lies label and lack true language. Lack truth. Lately, there has been no laughter. **(Don't lie and rumor. It makes everything worse for everyone.)**

Hark! Mothers are going mad! We must manage malice and forget how to marginalize. **(Women and mothers in general are having a hard time. Lets stop pushing people down.)**

Hark! Negligent neighbors are not necessarily native to this nation. **(Culture shock is a thing. What you perceive as being stupid may just be confusion.)**

Hark! Opalescent oceans and offensive oaths both obey the same occasion. **(Things that seem completely different from one another are often connected in some way)**

Hark! Paint. Paint, for your painful paragraphs, package pain page after page. **(What we create expresses who we are and how we feel)**

Hark! Quit it. Quit quoting those who don't qualify. Quit quizzing and questioning. **(Stop with the appealing to authority fallacy. Just because someone with authority says something doesn't always mean it is just true.)**

Hark! Radicals rarely reveal what's real. Reach, don't react in rage. **(Those who believe they are fighting for change often aren't because we attack each other instead of communicating)**

Hark! Soon, satisfaction shall stay safe. Save simplicity. Save scenery. **(Treasure how simple your life can be at times. Treasure what you take for granted)**

Hark! Tell the truth, talentless. Teacher! Teach! **(Be honest about who you are, don't lie about what you can do. We need teachers to teach)**

Hark! Up upon the underdog, the unique unite. **(Those who are pushed aside unite for the greater good.)**

Hark! Victory is valuable. Violence is a vessel for vengeance. For vanity, not virtue. **(We enjoy winning. We fight often for our own selfish reasons)**

Hark! Watch what the waters want. Wait for the wealth, for war is weak. **(We care too much about what everyone else does. Be patient, do act immediately in aggression)**

Hark! Xenophobes are xyloid. Unchanging. Still (Those who are afraid of immigrants often will not revert from their ways)

Hark! Your youth of yesterday yearns for you. (Your grandparents want you to be there for them)

Hark! Zeroes zip and zoom. They claim, "Zooks!" (Those who believe they are nothing vie for attention)

Hark.

Hark.

Hark.

Listen.

- Page Winston



- Raquel Yates



- Sebastian Reese

Welcome

You don't know what's going on.

Last you remember, the car's headlights were rushing right at you.

And now...this. A white tunnel. Or is it a hallway?

You're not sure. It's all too bright.

"Oh! There you are!"

You see a boy, about your age. He's walking towards you.

"I was looking for you. Not sure where you'd turn up, but here you are! That's what matters."

He's not helping you in your confusion. In fact, he's making it worse.

You urgently ask where you are, and what this place is.

"All in good time, follow me please, then we can start your orientation." he responds.

You have no choice but to follow him as he walks off.

He's walking fast, you have to speed walk just to keep up with him.

"So," he says. "What's the last thing you remember?"

You tell him about crossing the street to greet your friend before realizing the car was speeding towards you.

"Oh yeah, lots of people go that way, but it's actually less common than you think."

Less common? you think, puzzled about what this strange boy is talking about.

"You look confused. Don't worry, I'll explain everything very soon. Down here," he responds.

He turns left at a corner of a wall.

Trying to keep up, you start to notice how weird this boy is.

He's wearing a black cloak, flowing down to his feet, where you glimpse black dress shoes.

He notices you checking out his clothing.

"Yeah, the get up is a bit weird. This is basically my uniform, so I kind of have to wear it. Comes with the job description. Right here."

You turn to a lone door. It's also white, like the hallway, but you see the doorknob is pitch black.

"Oh yeah, here, let me get that for you. Sorry, I'm the only one who can open this."

The boy reaches out a black gloved hand, turning the knob and pushing the door open.

You enter, and glance at a large pitch black scythe sitting in the corner.

You're standing in... an office? The room itself is white, while all the furniture is black.

"Ok then," the boy says, taking a seat at the obsidian desk. "Now I can answer your questions."

Suddenly your mind is blank. You don't remember anything that you wanted to ask.

"Too many questions that you forgot, huh? Totally normal, happens to everyone."

He stands, and gets a file from the filing cabinet behind the desk. He reads some papers inside.

"So you said the last thing you remember is a car racing right at your face?"

You nod as he sits back down.

"Well, I have a bit of bad news. That car did hit you. In fact, it hit you so hard, it killed you."

You say nothing, and blink in confusion.

"I am a Reaper. It's my job to collect souls from Earth, souls like yours. You're dead."

The boy gives a small, reassuring smile, even though you feel far from reassured.

"Welcome to the afterlife."

- Omar Medina



- Aubrey Masdin

I Sometimes Have Dreams

i beg, i beg and i please, all these inventors of unpleasant things.

i see a pattern of reality in my future.

Sometimes my thoughts will reach a
stand still.

im heartless in a few ways, i believe i have a few days. to change my pase of stand
still.

the world isn't great, the reader isn't perfect, but neither am i.

(I feel better about myself)

i **sometimes** reach a stand still, of happiness and thought.

silently i've been eyeing the horizon. death and i **have** been acting like islands.
even if my past was brimming with screaming, with some kind of anxiety,

I still sometimes have **dreams**. though when i open my eyes it's not as nice.

(I still feel lost and incomplete but I'll get by)

*something jotted down: favor my work, ignore its flaws, they won't maneuver minds.
they won't bring out the worst in a person.*

Written by: -[&].]i[_

Meet the Members of the Atticus Literary and Art Magazine!

Honorary Mention for Atticus Members with no bio:

Paola Candia, Angelo Durbano, Lesly Guzman, Rich Kibozi, Natalie Maka

Alisa Tran

Hi! I'm Alisa, a Senior with a serious case of senioritis. (0-0) I joined Atticus because the people here are awesome and also it's a nice stress reliever. I love playing heavy story based video games! My favorite game is Persona 5! (>.<) I also like: God of War, Kingdom Hearts, Nier Automata and Life is Strange.

Daniela Rodriguez

Bello! I'm a junior and being a part of the Atticus family is a great blessing. Being able to share my writing with others is amazing. <3 I joined Atticus because writing is a way to be my true self. I typically find myself watching Doctor Who, reading a book, rewatching Star Wars, or fangirling about something I like.

Nicol Roque

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

Omar Medina

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

Allys Jazmin Lejarazu-Dueñas

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

Diana De La Rosa Santiago

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

Gema Prado

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

Sara Vieyra

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

A painting of a forest path leading to a lake with mountains in the background. The path is a narrow, brown dirt trail winding through a lush green forest. The trees are tall and dark green, with sunlight filtering through the canopy. In the foreground, there are large, grey rocks. The path leads towards a calm lake in the distance, which reflects the sky and the surrounding landscape. The sky is a mix of blue and white, suggesting a bright, slightly overcast day. The overall style is impressionistic, with visible brushstrokes and a rich color palette.

Atticus Literary & Art Magazine
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Raquel Yates