

Literary and Art Magazine

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2016



P.C.M

Dear God,

We Know that we are not perfect, we know that we don't always pray, we know sometimes we lose our temper but thank you God for loving us unconditionally. Thank you for the opportunities you've given us. We appreciate every breath we are able to take. Thank you for those you have put in our paths. May all of us be happy and find peace within our hearts and minds.

This we pray in your heavenly name,

Amen.

- Francisca Almanza



Thank You!

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Life

Impending doom
A life
Of gloom

"What is the point?"
"It does not matter"
"My Life
Soon to be over"

Our world will be
Shattered

No!
Why take this life for granted!

Generations of knowledge!
Einstein
Plato
Socrates
Epicurus
Nietzsche!

Towering mountains
Plunging valleys
Endless oceans
Infinite sky!

It DOES not matter!
Thrive in the void!

Perhaps Life IS meaningless!
Revel in the abyss!

Create a meaning
Whatever it may be
Embrace Life
It is what you make of it.

-Avery Rodriguez



- Carmen Almanza

Self Love

It amazes me how crazy life is. The way that every detail affects the other. A way that the feelings we hold inside eventually come out. We can keep them hidden for a long time, until one little thing pulls the trigger causing an explosion, or we can show the emotion in the moment and not have to worry about the huge explosion. The thing is, we worry so much about being seen weak that we are willing to have this inescapable hug of anxiety around us all the time just to stay proud. The concept we fail to remember is that just because our hearts feel heavy does not mean we are weak. Among all of this, we search for acceptance. We need a physical form to generate the love we are longing for. This love, however, is not something we want from another person, but it's the love we want from ourselves. A love that we are not capable of giving ourselves because we are so busy picking out all of the bad and not the good in ourselves. But along this road of acceptance, we can lose who we really are. We put on mask after mask until nothing of our true selves is visible anymore. By the time we reach the end of the road, and have acceptance from others, we have acquired a mask for every part of ourselves and every aspect of our life, the person who is accepted by society isn't us anymore. It's a fragment of the "perfect" person. We still end up at the same entrance of the road because we still haven't found that love we long for; the love that we can give ourselves. The love to be confident, and be ourselves wherever we are. The feeling of self-love.

-Isabell Aleman

The Woman Who Gave Everything

There was this woman who had many children, -13 to be exact- they lived on the edge of a small village. They were very poor and all the money came from the mother's work. She would wash and iron the villager's clothes and she would send her children to sell snacks at the school. She would clean her neighbor's house, who was the only person who had more money than the rest of the villagers. She was up before the sun and she lay to rest after the sun had gone down. She was kind and very generous. Maybe that's why people took advantage of her: sometimes by not paying her the amount they had originally agreed to and sometimes by not even paying her at all.

. Sometimes they would give her other items in exchange for her work, examples being fruits or vegetables. But what could she do? She did not have the energy to speak up or fight back so she'd say "thank you" and continued to work. At home, she would cut two conchas into six pieces ,and that is all her children had for dinner. No matter how hard times were, she always brought something to the table.

Her heart would break, when she heard her children's stomach growl in the night. She would sometimes not even eat, so her children could have her food. She would take the food from her mouth and give it to the mouth of her child. She would take the clothes off her back, so her children had something to cover them. She would walk barefoot, so her children would not get hurt by the rocks on the road. She endured freezing nights, so her children would not feel a chill.

The women gave everything to her children, but soon the children grew up and moved away. They got a taste of what it was like to have money and soon they had forgotten about their mother. They were too invested in their own money and success, which would not have been available to them without their mother's sacrifice.

After many years the woman was now old and worn down. She moved in with another old lady, and they both looked after each other, because no one else did. The old woman had only one wish, she wanted to see all her children once more before it was too late. But on a December night the woman let go of her dream, and was finally able to rest in peace.

Many years after the old woman's death, one of her children wanted to see how her mother was doing. Her daughter got to the house where she grew up, and saw that no one was there. She asked around and she learned that her mother had passed. It saddened her at first, but then she realized that she would be the first one to get the house. She would sell it, and gain a lot of money but she had to act quickly before her brothers found out. Soon, the house was sold, and would be demolished to make room for a laundromat.

Under the torn down building lay the hard work and sacrifice of a woman who gave everything.

-Jasmine Garrido

Huh?

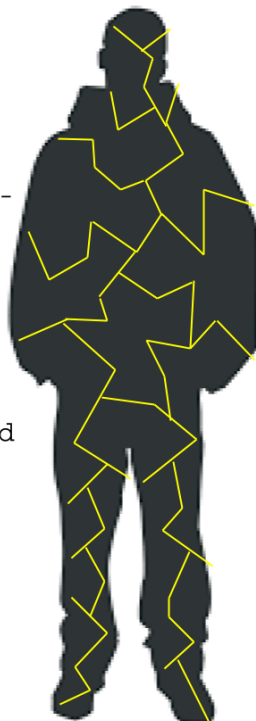
A story about a sharp gem shard. The gem shard falls from the sky into lava. Green falls into a deep orange. The gem starts to consume the orange giving the gem a brighter glow to it as if there was a forest in it, with the sun shining through the leaves. The lava disappears to make the gem brighter and brighter. Weeks pass and a blizzard hits the same place where the gem is, the gem reacts, and gives the snow the same fate as the lava and consumes all of the blizzard. Weeks pass; a little girl walks by this gem and sees its forest-like color and takes it home. The gem begins to consume the girl's room and her home and everything inside it. The gem begins to consume all that it is within its sight: cities, countries, churches, mountains, and oceans. The gem is only left with the surface of the Earth- a flat playing field. The gem begins to form into a sphere with a black dot in the middle of it, and it begins to expand bigger than the Earth. It consumes the Earth, the sun and other planets and then forms an identical sphere hovering next to it. Looking straight at these two spheres you can see all that it has consumed, the gem's forest like color is disappearing and the black dot in the middle of both spheres expands. The webs where the stories hide the things it has consumed are being covered by these black dots in the spheres but it does not hide completely. The spheres begin to disappear and reappear out of nowhere as if they need to refresh. You shine a flashlight to them and the black dots lower in size and the webs are visible; they are full of life and the wonders of space and Earth. She blinks again and her pupils slowly begin to grow again. I poke her eye. There is only one sphere visible. She blinks faster I laugh. She stared into my spheres. We laugh.

-Jesus Baez

Ps. This is pretty funny I hope you had a laugh (:

Kintsugi-
the
Japanese
art of
fixing
broken
items
with gold
seams

-Omar M.



The Shadow Caster's Dinner Party

Those who wake in the hours of light worry not what truly lurks in the dark. The only thing they see is the shadow of the true monster that hides under their bed. For me, I am in a zone of twilight, never truly free, or never know my full horrors until I make a mistake.

Timestamp June 16, N/A

I am at a local town called **REDACTED** in the early hours a young boy by the name of **REDACTED** had stayed up too late and decided to pass out on the couch. Until he was aware, the boy had been transmitted to an inverse realm as he slept. As he came to, two other individuals had been taken to this location as well. One female adult and one teenage female. (Names are still unknown and the accuracy of their gender is still debated given that all that was recovered was the hips.) The three of them begun to question each other, then a fourth fifth and sixth materialized, all stunned, all asking questions. The ages and genders varied though the first one to land there the boy had taken charge. Listen we are all confused but there is no reason to panic we need to calm down and take in the situation. So first we need to declare our names. We will be given numbers after this, I will go as number one, these too will go as two and three you with the red hair you are four. The curly hair will be five and the one with the jetblack hair will be six. After making these the established names for all of us, a door appeared 30 meters from us. At first we thought that nothing of it until the voice of our first dream had awakened the fear in our hearts.

- Ryan

Spreading love through glass reflections

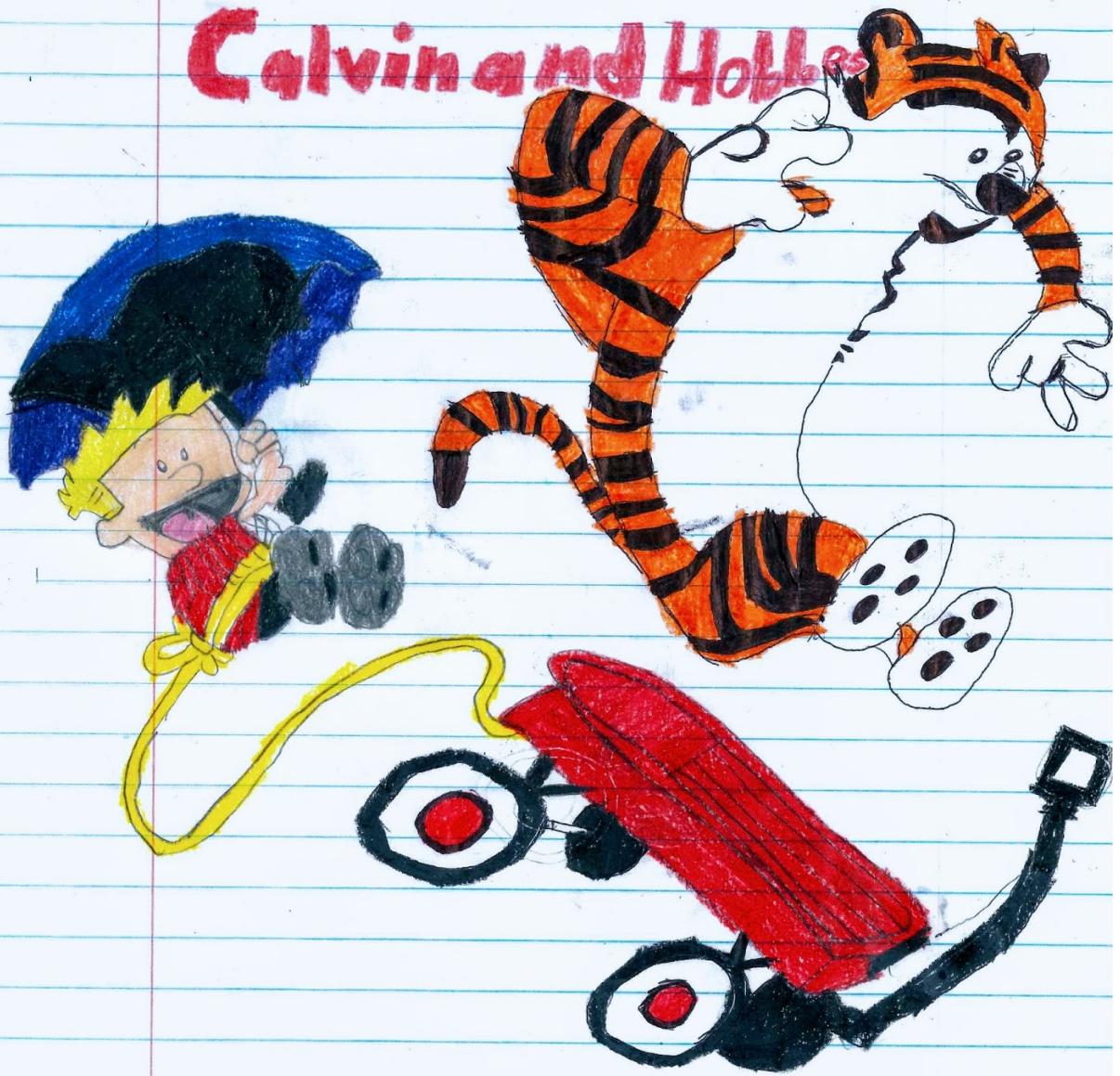
Spreading love through glass reflections. Oh my darling you think it's pure perfection. The broken pieces of your heart say "the world isn't good enough for you" and you think, "I'm only here to fill up the empty space". You say you aren't good enough, but oh my dear how much you are. If you say you don't love yourself. how could you care so much for others? My love, your heart is made of fragile stained glass. When you let the sun shine through it's like, your love shining out to the emotional and sensitive, bringing them joy and appreciation. You tell me you live to see the smiles of others. The Sun has shone through your heart repiecing every broken stained glass piece from before and now I can hear your heart say "This Is Our World Let's Be Love!" Now see the world Smile, -Ohhiworld!



My Stained Glass



Calvin and Hobbes



by: Sebastian
Reese

Untitled

Every time I look at you my heart jumps of joy.
The clouds coward away each time you come out .
I fly by you every day,
To tell you how much I love you.
I become jealous when I see others flirting with you,
And trying to take you.
And if I could I'd built a kingdom full of riches.
To fill you with luxury.
I would take you to a field of flowers,
So your beauty could stand out.
Yet as the night came in with pride,
You fell in love.
Today was the day I was going to make you mine.

But you fell in love,
With someone else.
And your growing love for me was
taken away by the wind.
To a pile of the lost.
Then I realized my love for you was
in vain.

-Allys Lejarazo Dueñas



Sebastian Reese
8th Grade

- Sebastian Reese

Closure

It's bittersweet, really. This is the last time that we'll talk. The end. The worst part about losing someone, someone who you thought you'd never lose, isn't losing them—at least not for me—it's the lack of closure. What was once had—will never again be had. This will forever remain a loose thread—a strand of string never tied together in a knot. I believe closure is something every human needs. Due to this lack of closure, there will be so much over thinking. Over thinking, caused by the lack of closure, and lack of closure, heightened by over thinking. The over thinking leads to theories. Dots with no correlation will be connected and it'll make sense. When you think you're fine, a memory will strike. The memories are ghosts. The ghosts will open doors on their own. Windows. They will haunt, but eventually they leave. The tide of time will wash the ghosts away and the sand will be your drawing board once again—maybe that's why the tide is there. The tide is there to tell us that no matter what we draw in the sand—it will be washed away. If you do not want something washed away then you must pick a better platform for your creation. Our creation was never on a good platform, and this realization is an integral part of my closure. The closure within me that I could not get externally. Not everyone I care for will stay, and that's okay. The ghosts won't fade right away, and that's okay. It's fitting that this piece of writing, itself, won't have closure and that's okay. At the end of our lives, we'll never really get true closure itself and that's okay. We'll be okay.

-Leo Lopez

Room 18

The air always turns cold around Room 18 at the Capri Inn. Guests at the motel did their best to avoid the room, as it gave everyone goosebumps, even the employees. And very few people knew the story behind that specific room, mostly employees.

One day a man, by the name of Timothy, decided to see why the strange chill was there. He looked closely at the door. It was like any of the other inn doors, dark oak. The inn had been around for a very long time the door had an old lock, that it could be see through. Timothy felt around the ancient metal lock.

A cold breeze flowed through the keyhole. Curious, Timothy peeked in the keyhole to see inside the room. Inside, the room was just like the rest of the rooms at the inn. There was a bed, a dresser, a short leather chair, and a small nightstand with a lamp and an alarm clock. There was even glass door to the balcony. There seemed to be dust on all the furniture, as if no one has cleaned for years.

And of course, there was the ghostly figure sitting on the bed, their back to the door. It was a woman, judging by the long hair, which was flowing as if wind was blowing through it. She was completely white, even her hair and clothes. She was transparent like a ghost.

Timothy was scared, yet intrigued at the same time. He wanted to go inside the room and see the woman, but he didn't know what would happen if he did. In the end, he chose not to enter the room (this is what ultimately saved his life). However, he did decide to come back at a later time.

For every day he was at the inn (when he was on break with his family) Timothy went back, to check on Room 18 as much as he could. Every day, the woman was in a different position. One day, she was looking out of the window. The next, she was facing the mirror on the wall next to the door. Every time she had her eyes closed.

When she was facing the door, Timothy was able to see that the woman was young, a bit older than he was, college age. And she was extremely beautiful. He also noticed that she had a large gash on her neck, and what looked like ghostly blood flowing from it. Upon seeing the gash and blood, Timothy took a break from looking into the room.

Soon, it was time for Timothy and his family to go back home. But Timothy wanted to take one last look at the ghost inside of Room 18. During the packing frenzy, he snuck back to Room 18, and took a quick peek inside the keyhole.

There was a red tinge to everything in the room. It was as if someone had put a red filter on the hole. Another thing that Timothy noticed: the woman wasn't in the room.

Frightened and wanting answers, he went to the front desk, and the asked the pretty girl running the inn what the deal with Room 18.

"Oh, yeah, that room scares the crap out of everyone. It's said that the ghost of the first patron's daughter is in that room. Apparently, she was really pretty, and every man who came to the inn wanted her to bear their children. She was harassed so much that she slit her throat, so she wouldn't deal with it anymore.

"Room 18 is supposedly where she committed the act, and it's rumored that she's still there. It's said that when you enter the room, she screams like a banshee and slits your throat, thinking you're another person there to harass her. That's how people say her mother was killed, when she went in to clean. Now everyone's afraid to even go near the room, and no one has been inside it since.

"She's also apparently completely white, and transparent. But that's not the scariest part. The scariest part is that she always has her eyes closed, but on very rare occasions, people have seen her with her eyes open. And her eyes, get this, are completely red."

-Omar Medina



- Sebastian Reese

The Stars Shine Bright but to Me They Have No Light

The street lights start to turn on, the clocks start to mark 9:35 pm I walk away from what the people call school. Why was I there I really do not know. The clock marked 9:45 I tried remembering my way home since my mother couldn't pick me up. I had no way to contact her so I sat down and decided to call a day and lay right there. In the cold I didn't know what to do; then, a mime with his makeup on appeared. I said, "Hi", knowing he wouldn't answer. He smiled not showing his teeth; a fake smile but it seemed real to me. Then he asked do you want a ride. I know I'm not supposed to take rides from strangers but I did anyways. The clock marked 9:45. I tried to fit in his car but my stuff would not fit, so I mushed it in. I started telling him my address and he got me home I was surprised that I arrived safe right into my father's arms. I said thank you he said no problem. The next morning my mom knocked on my door she said it's Friday get to work, so I put on my clothes and hit the road. While I was walking a man walked up and said hello. With a confused face I asked who are you? He started to laugh like if what I said was a joke. He said, "I'm that mime from yesterday." He asked again with his fake smile, "Want me to take you wherever you are going?" I got on and got to work right on time. The day was busy but pretty much fun. When I was out, the mime was there waiting for me. Then I asked him for his name. He said it's Harrison, Harrison Levin. He made an offer to take me out to eat, and I could not resist. We ate and laughed and told our life stories, but after that moment I realized having fun was a wrong turn. I told him it was late and I needed to be home he agreed and decided to take me and I course I got on the car. I asked if he remembered my address he said yeah and showed me he wrote it down. We started down

the road when I noticed he took a wrong turn. I told him that was the entrance and he said I know. This time he smiled a big white smile showing his teeth not his other fake smile. I got worried and closed my eyes but pain filled my head. I opened up my eyes and saw some signs I recognized but then I opened my eyes wide, and we weren't near my house. We were not in the car I was laying on the ground I looked down to my body and saw a big thick cut. I looked up; the street lights were turning on so I guessed it was 9:35. The last time I could breath I saw the stars but I closed my eyes and they had no more light.

-Jamie Lejarazo



- Citlalli Cumplido

No Name

Many to describe
Her, He, It, What?
No name, no way to figure out
Brown eyes?
Long curly hair?

Not like me but anonymous
Who is no name
Her, He, It, what?
Every way to me you are mine
My Best Friend

I know I know who you are
Memories flowing through me like electricity
Her?!
Her eyes,
Her smile,
Her crazy laugh,
The determination
My best friend will be remained

With..

No Name


-Mireya Rivas

THE BROCCOLI INCURSION

a story by Salvador Olvera

It was a regular day in Arrupe Jesuit High School...

So class, because methane is a heavy gas, the oxygen fills the top part of the can, which makes the fire get dimmer and dimmer...




9:55

Doo-Ramm!

9:56

Good morning students! This is a reminder that today is pictures Day. Hope all of you have dressed nicely. And don't forget to bring your form.

Um... I think that was bell, as well. Your homework is to finish your Analysis. You are dismi--



AAHHH!

HURRY!

Let's get out of here!



Dismissed...

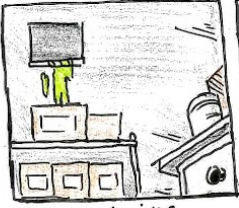
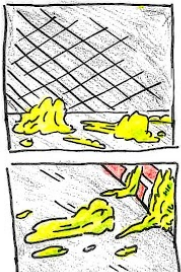


6 HOURS AGO...



A mysterious object has fallen from the sky. It has landed on the back side of the AJHS Building...

Roof

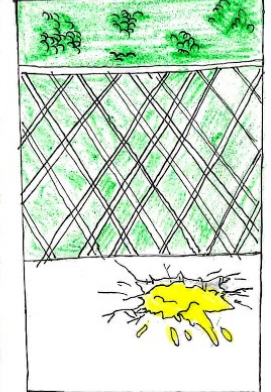
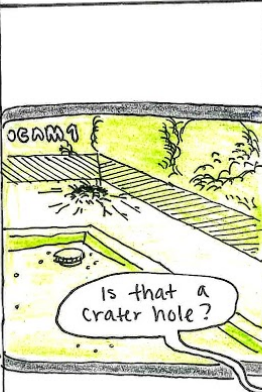
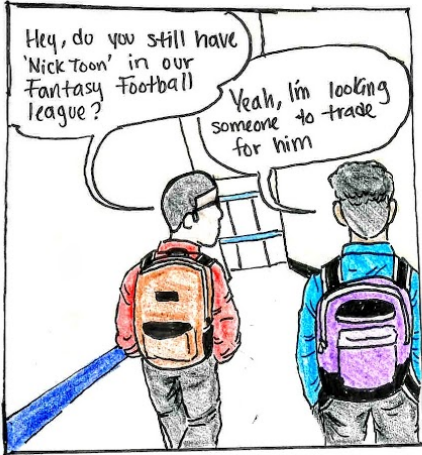



The mysterious substance has crawled inside the school. Looks like it has entered the kitchen.

The Broccoli was covered by this unknown substance, and the substance rested for the night, as they were ready for tomorrow. Because this goo was green, it was easy to blend in with the Broccoli.



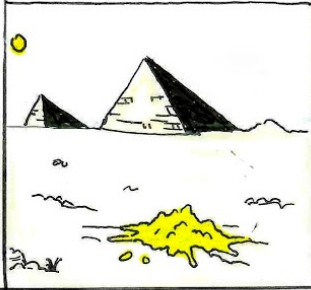
6 HOURS LATER... (NOW)



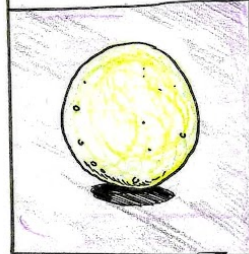
Mr. Graham was looking through his surveillance cameras and was watching last night's footage. He noticed that there was a crater hole near the courtyard...

He was worried that the crater would contain the item he would be most worried about...

Mr. Graham read an article about this organism being spotted in multiple locations. The creature, reportedly, has many unique abilities.



Created from the deep roots and grains of space meteors, this organism turns to crystal spheres with green goo inside when it is in contact with fire and oxygen.



...When broken, the organism becomes functionally aware and tries to feed for survival.



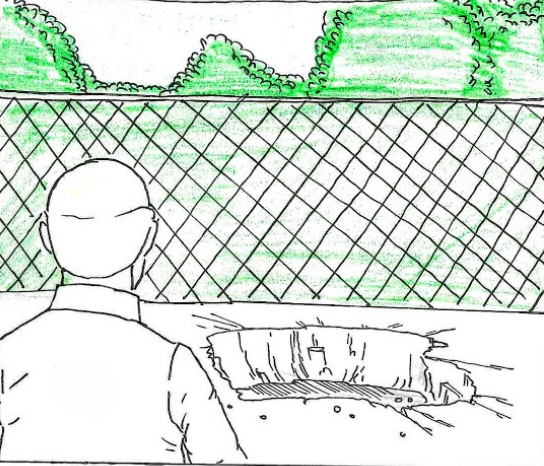
The organism can turn into anything it sees, and feeds on the hair of its victims.



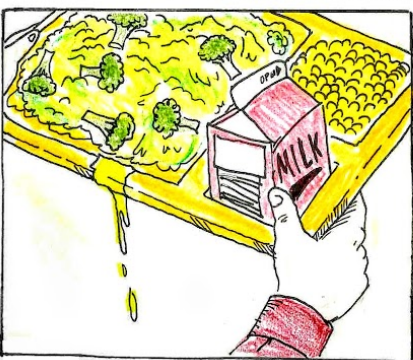
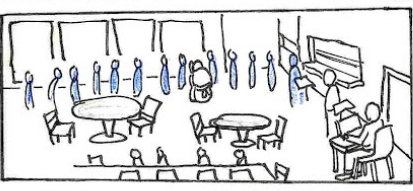
I need to go check if the creature is still outside before it's too late!!!



And indeed, it was too late.

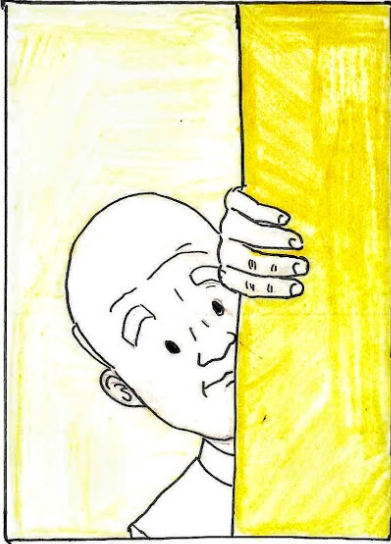


LATER...



AAAAHH!!!





THE ALIEN INVASION HAS JUST STARTED, EATING THE HAIR OF THE ABRUPE STUDENTS!

WITH THIS INVASION, THERE ARE MANY QUESTIONS TO ANSWER...



SOMEONE HELP!!

WHAT IS GOING ON?

MY HAIR!



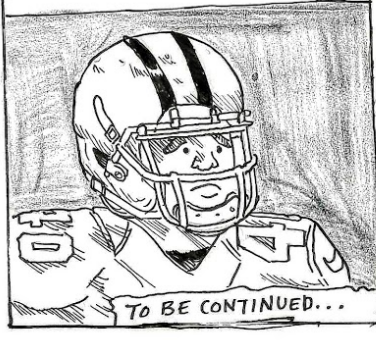
HOW WILL MR. GRAHAM SAVE THE SCHOOL FROM COLLAPSING?



CAN DAVID REDEEM HIMSELF AND EARN THE RESPECT HE FINALLY WANTED?



WILL THE BROWNS EVER WIN A FOOTBALL GAME?



TO BE CONTINUED...

The Tale of Amelia Rose VonAhn (Part 1)

I'm running away from *him*, I can't believe he found me, after all of this time he found me! I take out my flip phone and put it on vibrate, after watching all of those horror movies like *You're Next*, I'm not going to risk my life over a dumb phone call. Almost there! Just a few more steps! I quickly get out my keys. Yes! I'm here! I quickly run up the steps and unlock the front door, I shut it tightly and lock it. It won't keep him out, but it will buy me some time. I run forward to the kitchen then turn to the left, unlock and open that door, lock the knob, go to the other side of the door next to the stairs and close it, locking myself out. I begin going down the carpeted stairs and I hear a thud. I don't have much time! I get to the bottom of the stairs when I hear another thud, louder this time. He still isn't in the house? Pathetic. I open the door at the bottom of the stairs very quietly and carefully, I close it and lock it like I did with the other two doors.

"Ameelliiiiiaaaa!! Let me in!" his hoarse, drunken voice calls out. Ugh! His voice is so horrible, it should be called abuse just to hear him speak. I hear glass shatter. Crap! I quickly text Mark not to come here. I turn off my phone after that. I hear a loud thud and footsteps on the gray ceiling. I sigh, he's in the house. CRASH!! BOOM! Everything is crashing down. I wince. Tears start flowing down from my eyes, NO! I'm not going down without a fight! I hit my hand on the gray wall leaving a hole.

"I'm down here you pathetic, controlling, idiotic, horrible coward!!!" I yell out. I hear loud footsteps and other things crashing down as he begins to stomp to the door.

"Coward?! ME?! HA!! You don't look good yourself, Princess!" he growls.

"Well, I changed my mind about hiding, now come over here and fight like a man!!" I yell fearlessly. More footsteps, closer this time. I gulp, here he comes. He must have sensed my fear. His footsteps approach me faster and the drumming in my ears is getting louder and louder...I shut my eyes tightly and BAM!! I slowly open my eyes, I'm not dead? I take a look around, nope. Still the same gray walls, still the same gray carpet, and still the same me. If I'm not dead, then what's that sound? I hear a groan. What an idiot! He ran into the door!

"Hahahahahahaha!!" little did I know, the laughter would not last long.

"You little brat!" he slurred.

"Come in here and fight! If you can even stand back up!" I snorted. Yeah, I'm hysterical. My thoughts were interrupted by a thud. I take another look at the white door. Oh god, not this again. I slowly head for the black leather couch on my left. I sit on the couch to await his majestie's dramatic entrance. "You know you could get a knife and possibly cut your way through the wooden door, right?" I say impatiently. His footsteps slowly fade away as I get off of the leather couch and head into the open room on my right and grab the machete hanging on the, lime green, wall right next to

the door. I knew this day would come. I begin to walk out of the room and close the door as I hear loud footsteps above my head. I walk into the kitchen on my left, next to the door leading up the stairs. I head straight for the fridge, grabbing a cherry slushie from the freezer and heading back to the door, pointing the sharp tip of my machete toward the opening of the door.

"I'm baacckkk!!!" his drunken voice rings out as his footsteps get closer once more. I take a few sips from my slushie. "And I'm ready to make your life into pain and misery! I'm going to rip your head and arms out limb from limb!"

"Dang! That's a little harsh, don't ya think?" I say as I see half of a knife sticking out of the white, tall door. I wince as the shiny, silver blade continuously stabs the door. He was able to make a hole big enough in the door that I could see his big, red, bloodshot, evil, brown eyes. Some memories of one of the many dreadful nights come flooding back. Memories of being locked in that cold, damp, dirty room once again, being starved for days, not seeing sunlight for weeks, trying oh so hard to get out of that dreadful house...

I come back to a punch to the face, shocked as I find myself on the floor with my cherry slushie, spilled all over the carpet and my machete lying right next to me. I take a quick glance at the door to find a big enough hole to fit someone's hand through and reach for the lock. He was actually able to get through, I'm kind of impressed, but not really; I mean it was MY idea. His angry, bloodshot eyes lock on my soft green eyes once more. This time, I'm not going to run away, I'm going to finish what was started. I quickly get back on my feet and punch his big, crooked nose. Blood starts rushing out of his big, now broken nose, and now onto my beautiful gray carpet. I strike once more and punch his stomach. He falls to the floor, groaning in pain. I kick him repeatedly with my black converse shoes until he stops reacting to the pain I was causing him. As his blood continues to stain my carpet, I kneel down beside him and grab his wrinkly wrist and put my thumb over his vein, nothing. There is nothing in that body except the remains of a monster. I grab my phone from the floor where I fell and turned it on. BAM! I fell once more, there was the monster I almost left for dead, right in front of me. "How?!" was all I could manage, for my breath was knocked out of my chest. When I fell, I slowly put my phone in my blue jacket's inside pocket.

"You weren't able to escape us then, and you won't be able to now!" He then picks me up by my collar.

"No, how? Your pulse...stopped." I pause wheezing for air. "You were **dead!**" I throw another punch, aiming for his right eye and missed. He got a cloth out of his nasty, swamp colored green, bloody jacket. "No!" He put the stinky, white cloth over my nose and mouth. I...Can't...Breathe...Sleepiness quickly comes over me, I made the biggest mistake, I closed my eyes.

I woke up in a big, creepy, and dark, basement...tied to a white, plastic, chair with a black and white bandana around my neck. Eeeewww!! Is this filled with sweat and blood? Gross! Wait, what if this isn't their blood? Is it mine? Or worse...? I frantically try looking around for an escape or

any others. I see... nothing, absolutely nothing. I gulp. At least I don't see anybody else in danger or any bones. I try to move around with the chair. THUNK! Oh god, that was loud. I stop and look ahead of me, a mirror. I have a bunch of bruises on my cheeks and nose...and forehead. A few cuts here and there on my pale, white skin. My green eyes, they look sad and fragile ... *I've seen those eyes before...* There's blood everywhere and I'm in a dark living room, with flashes of light. There's a woman with green, sad, fragile, scared, beautiful eyes, and jet black straight hair. She's trying to tell me something as I'm hiding under a table, she smiles at me...then a blade and a man...

"Aaaaahhhh!" I start panting and look in the mirror. I'm sweating...a tear has escaped my left eye; a sign of sadness. What happened? What was she trying to tell me? I have a feeling that I, that I know her...I feel something vibrating in my pocket. My phone! I sigh in relief, phone calls may get you killed in horror movies but they can also save your life. The rope burns my skin as I try and reach my jacket pocket on my back.

"Well, well, well, look who's finally awake?" A female voice rings out. I stop dead in my tracks and turn my head toward the voice.

"You!" I growl. The woman that had made me suffer for five years! "I'll kill both of you! If it's the last thing I do!" I struggle against the ropes.

"Says the girl tied to a chair." She rolls her eyes as I struggle against the bondage. "You won't escape this time, girl." She says with disgust as tears escape my eyes, I **need** to get out of this horrid place!

"You starved Dennis and I for weeks! You hit us until we almost bled to death! Why did you choose to have a baby and adopt a kid from a foster home?! Why did you treat us so badly?! Why did you choose me?!" I sob as she slowly walks closer. Her nasty, old, wrinkly hands take hold of my face. She takes her pointer finger, thumb, and middle finger to cup my cheeks.

"All in it's own time, dear." She spits in my face. "I knew you wouldn't be able to defeat Edgar while he was drunk," she begins to say as she walks away from me, turning me toward a white, foldable table with many types of weapons on top, all dirty with blood. She begins to pace in front of the table, "I knew you would underestimate him." She pauses and stops in front of a nice, shiny blade with a black handle. "You were always clumsy and predictable, never able to do things right, and now," she chuckles, "now I hear, you're a grade A student at a high school!" She laughs and begins to walk closer to me, with the blade in her hand. She puts the ice cold blade against my already bruised cheek. "What you did to Edgar and I was unforgivable, after we gave you a better life compared to that foster home, after we helped you forget that horrid day you saw your parents die!" A stinging sensation overcomes me.

"How did you know I saw my parents die?! That was supposed to be confidential! That much I do remember!" I yell forgetting about the stinging for a moment. She smirks, my eyes become

wide as I realize... "You!!!" I growl. I was too focused on my anger I didn't realize the many vibrations my phone gave off.

"No, not me ,dearie. Well, technically it was me, but it was Edgar who did the deed. Oops! I said too much." With another smirk on her nasty old lady face, she walks away, with the bloody red blade still in her hand. She begins to walk up the stairs from where she came. SLAM!

She had left me alone in the dark with my even darker thoughts. Once more, I feel a vibration. I try and grab my phone and I...SUCCEED! I try to free my right arm from the rope. I begin to see the rope slowly getting skinnier, this is going to take longer than I want it to. I try and turn to the right with the plastic chair. I look once more at the mirror. Could that woman with green eyes like mine, could she be my mom? I sob quietly. I want to get out of here. I begin to cry with a lot of tears streaming down my face, with every second my crying became louder and louder. THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! Loud footsteps above me are coming closer.

"Shut your mouth!!" A booming voice I know really well rings out. I sniff.

"What if I don't?! What are you going to do? Are you going to kill me exactly like you did with my parents?!" I yell adding anger into my tone of voice as well. The door opens, shining light peeks into the dark, lonely, dirty basement. He walks down the steps with a huge smirk on his face, holding the same bloody blade Alice had.

"No, I have something better for you." He says as he walks closer to me.

"Then what is it? C'mon! Spit it out, old man!" He turns my chair to the left so I face the table and the stairs. He carefully takes the edge of the knife and cuts my wrists vertically.

"I'm going to find all of your little friends, slowly gouge their eyeballs out, bleed them to death, and let them drown in their own blood..." He cuts my left arm, leaving gaping holes in my skin.

"Aaaahhh!" I scream. The pain is too much! He leans his face closer; his old, dirty mouth nearly touching my ear.

"Then, I'm going to eat...their...hearts..." He whispers as his black mustache touches my face. He cuts my right arm, deeper than he did with my left arm. I hit him with my forehead. "Gaah!" He screams and stumbles a few feet away from me.

"You're...A...Monster!" I say through gritted teeth, ignoring the throbbing on my head and the blood slowly slipping off my arm and onto the floor.

"I've been called many things, Monster now being one of them. I must say, my dear, I'm curious if your heart will taste like your mother's or father's." He smiled cruelly as he watched me cry

and struggle against the ropes. Working my legs and arms against the ropes, SNAP! I did it! My arms and legs are free! I'll be free! I punch Edgar on his nose once more. Yes! He's blinded! I punch his gut and quickly grab the knife from his hand and point it at his heart.

"Make one mistake and this blade will be in your chest." I say, fiercely. He regains his sight and he smiles cruelly.

-Daniella Rodriguez



Where Was I?

I arrived late to my appointment.

"Where were you?" I was asked.

Where was I? I asked myself in astonishment.

I wondered if I should've said what had passed.

I was lost, deep in the rainforest of the Congo

Exploring so much I had let the time go

However, if you're exploring, you're not really lost—much

Exploring is exploring—and should be treated as such

I was haunted in a reality, that not even in dreams could I escape.

A terrifying land of dangerous landscape.

And I could barely achieve

The great victory that is was to leave

I made new friends—known near and far

And I was the first man, to ever land on a star.

Whatever my story is, and where it is that I was

I am here now, and that's all that matters because

I experience new things, whether I'm late or not

Adventures are in my future, and I'll give those a shot.

-Leo Lopez

My Untold Story

Once Upon A Time...

Every story has its beginning
It's ending
A happily ever after, never "doubts"
Love may be continuous
But what a battle
I, YOU, WE, are one

Stories end with love, not fight
Every beginning has its end

My Untold Story hasn't been started
Where will it go?
Who will write it?
Wait,
How will it start?

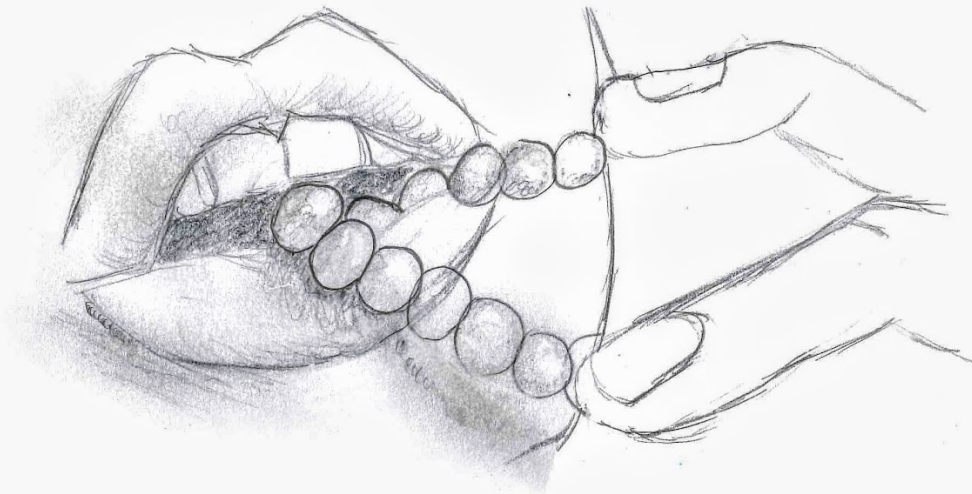
My Untold Story?
The End?

-Mireya Rivas

Title: 5 minutes before class.

P. 14

The United States ^{is a woman in it} wears pearls
with a glance, others go into
a glance from her. Itches achieved Jesus
from those glancing. She may Baez
like to take others fame but
that's all she deserves as fame
only come to the criminals and beautiful.
So it's up to you if she'll make
you her! or she'll have you
coming for more...



I Am

I am a slave of my past.
Chained to my secrets in a room full of regrets.
I try to reach the light.
But I am pulled back,
By my angry lies.

My heart bounces back
And forth.
With no purpose.
My common sense is no longer in control
(pushed out by my anger).
I lied to myself
Everything was going to be okay.
Then my chains began to freeze,
Now I can't move at all.

I collapsed on the cold hard floor,
As I began to cry and pray.
For it all to end.
But nothing happened.
There was a knocking...
Then some screams...
The voices kept whispering to open.
I yelled for them to go.

The things I had let go of and gave up on.
The screams became louder and louder.
I tried to ignore them,
The things I had let go, to forget.
But I began to regret.
Asking for a second opportunity.
The voices wouldn't stop.
And now it was me asking for a second opportunity.

I am a slave of my past.
Chained to my secrets in a room full of regrets.
Crying for help.

-Allys Lejarazo Dueñas

I walked to school before sunrise...

I walked to school before sunrise. I had taken the early bus and it was right in the middle of Autumn. I got off at my stop and walked alone, as I often do, now that my bike is broken. The sun was not near rising point. The sky was purple but shadows moved. In the cold weather my senses were heightened, I could feel a presence behind me. I turned, and to my surprise no one was there. Then I heard the click clack, click clack, click clack, click clack, click clack of horse hooves. I turned to my right and to my surprise there was someone—a man riding on his horse, dressed in colonial attire, on his horse with a heavy satchel filled with letters—letters from a widow. I then saw a white bonnet—and a young girl, about nine years old wearing it. She warned me about what was up the road. Evil spirits, she claimed. I blinked and she disappeared.

With caution, I made my way towards school, only to see trees grow rapidly from the ground and take the place of homes and other buildings. Cars no longer passed me, but horse drawn carriages, with their clicks and their clacks. Owls were perched on trees and the sun showed no signs of rising. The sidewalk, without warning became dirt. And next to me, instead of road, there were Aspen trees, for miles and miles. I walked and walked the dirt road—but there were no signs of buildings anywhere. I would see shadows moving through the trees. But I couldn't tell who or what it was. Lastly, in front of me were four dark shadow figures—I believe these were the evil spirits the girl warned me against.

The spirits did not speak much—but somehow I could tell what they were thinking. It wasn't unnatural, but it was human. I had to decide which spirit I wanted to go with, and at this point I worried that I may never get to school. Finally, one of the shadow figures revealed herself to be the girl, from the earlier—with the pink bonnet. Her reasons were unclear—but within all these shadow figures I did not feel evil. I did feel fear though—but perhaps that was just in the fear of not knowing who they were. All of the shadows wanted me to go with them—but ultimately, I chose the darkest figure. As I walked towards this figure, the trees seemed to be sucked back in by the Earth. Buildings rose from the ground—the road that was once next to me re-appeared. I began my transfiguration. It started in my hands which disappeared, until eventually I was gone. I could no longer move but my consciousness remained in the same spot. This is not a curse, however. I now see the people pass by. I see the area grow. I am at peace. The trees will once again grow and things will return to the state at which they once were—but until then, my consciousness will stay in this very same spot, living in the moment; seeing parents walk with their children, an owner and her dog on a jog, a teenager and his friend text—until that day comes.

-Leo Lopez



Untitled

I am not in control.

My feelings took over my body.

Allowing my hate to once again be in charge,

Of my sick heart with pure hateful evil.

As there being a war, my emotions, bouncing everywhere.

As my penetrated heart is creating oceans of blood.

My mind tries to stop it all,

But it fails and shuts off.

Leaving my feelings in control.

-Allys Lejarazo Dueñas



- Anonymous

Dreams

"Don't ever be scared to dream because everything is possible no matter how bizarre. I was and still am a dreamer and that's what made me become the person I am today." -Jared Leto

People think of dreams and fantasies as being a career or even something like a fairy tail. Dreams and fantasies aren't always that. Dreams can be many things. They can even be to have a better life for one's self. Maybe to even have perfect straight As and a 4.05 GPA. There are many who are afraid to dream, to have fantasies in fear of having it crushed or even be impossible.

Nothing is ever impossible. Don't let people drag you down from what you want to do. Even if that person means a lot to you, don't listen to what they have to say about your dreams. If it's going to make you happy in the future, then that's what matters the most. Don't live up to people's expectations. If you do, then you're not going to live life happy. Instead you are going to be so stressed out and worried about making others happy that you won't be.

Live your dream. Be happy with your choice and go after it!

-Hesitant Alien

The story of my life
Chapter 1. Only A Chapter

My life was simple. My life wasn't that bad until I had to make a decision which was the worst one I've ever made. Hello my name is Bella I am fourteen years old and just started high school. Before high school I had to make a simple decision who I should live with. My mother, her new husband, my half sister, and her kids. Or my father I didn't think this decision would even work because my mother had full custody of me. But we all learn from our mistakes. I asked my mother if it would be possible if I could rotate back and forth from her house to my dad's because I would miss her. I was lying but I thought it would be the easiest thing, at this moment I wasn't sure what I wanted I also didn't know what my mother would say. My mother and father were divorced and I only wanted both of my parents to be happy. My mother said, "That's a wonderful idea, why didn't I think of that?" I was going to say something but it would have come out as an insult so I decided to not talk and put on a fake grin. Of course it worked my mother's face looked as bright as the sun, especially when the sun hit her copper hair, her round face held the light perfectly. My mother's facial expressions matched mine. I am medium sized, with dark brown medium length hair, and pale skin. Mostly everybody made fun of me because I am white, pale. My father is tall, black hair, round face. My father and I look alike but, so do me and my mother but my old friends told me that my face was round, but now it's getting "better" whatever that means but hopefully it's not a bad thing. My old friends moved to somewhere out of state. It doesn't matter though I think I could manage but I like it when I am alone and I found a group of friends at my high school. Arrupe Jesuit High School is

where I go the only part I find weird is that you can't bring your backpack into any classroom, unless you're a Junior or Senior which is bad for me because I am a freshmen. But I have a strong vocabulary for my age. My friend who I have known since Kindergarten came to high school with me and is in my group of friends. Since i've been moving back and forth to my mom's then dad's I have been struggling like a person struggling after a wave hits you after you try to catch a breath but you can't and get pushed under. I have two F's that is all that concerns me. I haven't gotten any F's until high school I know that I will have to try my hardest. But life itself seems to be getting harder everyday.

...

It is November now it has been three months I have been in school and the rotation system with my mother and father isn't working but my life has gotten a little bit better. I really like work no bullies, no feature. My life is very peaceful at work. Sometimes I wish I could work here everyday. My home life is bad like sink or swim, choose one but I wish I could live a life of peace and happiness but I doubt it will end or start that way. This Saturday is the Freshmen retreat on November 12th we get to meet other freshmen, at first I wasn't very excited but now I'm starting to like the idea of it. People at Arrupe are very welcoming but I like it there including all of my classes but I especially like English, Global Studies, Physics, and Theology. My story isn't over, this would only be the first chapter to my life story, hopefully one day it could be more than a chapter.

- Midajah Martinez

Temptations

Oh such a delicate figure
With a woman of such great purity and innocence
The evil that I can bring within her
I can probably awaken that darkness inside her
Expose another side of her
I may be her father but it is for her own good
I may be speaking in blasphemy but it is what I am asked to do
My conscience is all what controls me
That darkness I dwell inside
I suddenly expose it
To my daughter
To her lover
She must give in into temptation
He must see the side that isn't that beautiful
He must also give into the temptations
Yes temptation
Isn't what this is about?
But what temptation you may ask?
The temptation to drink a foreign liquid
Well to her
A liquid that is rather bittersweet
Especially for a girl who is pure
Turn her into what she is supposed to be
Let the boy make sacrifice
For the girl he presumes to love
They are under my control
Let my final words be
Even with the slightest temptations
Cause destruction
Purity and innocence to turn into evil
Cause to go to desperate measures
And lead something of a tragedy
A tragedy you ask?
It already occurred
May another tragedy be added on the list.

-Alejandra Perez Dominguez

Beauty Within and Without

Driven by success, failure, and hope.

I am from Denver,

a place where the light doesn't shine everywhere.

From dark alleys to lighted streets,

Denver has it all.

Engaging to some only because of its pleasure;

marijuana was legalized only to bring the increase of population.

Nevertheless, its beauty remains

with mountains to the West that glow at sunset.

Deep in the mountains you can see the twilight but in the city only the light bulbs.

Valued much because Denver has it all

from hot summer days to snow-blizzard days.

Denver a place that values diversity,

giving opportunity to all skin types.

Within this diversity is found my family-

* * * * *

Equipaje that came from Zacatecas accompanied me at the age of three

My father found and made a home here in Denver at the young age of 15.

Later bringing his family with the hope that they would succeed,

and his sacrifices wouldn't be in vain.

River flows and banks remind me of my family.

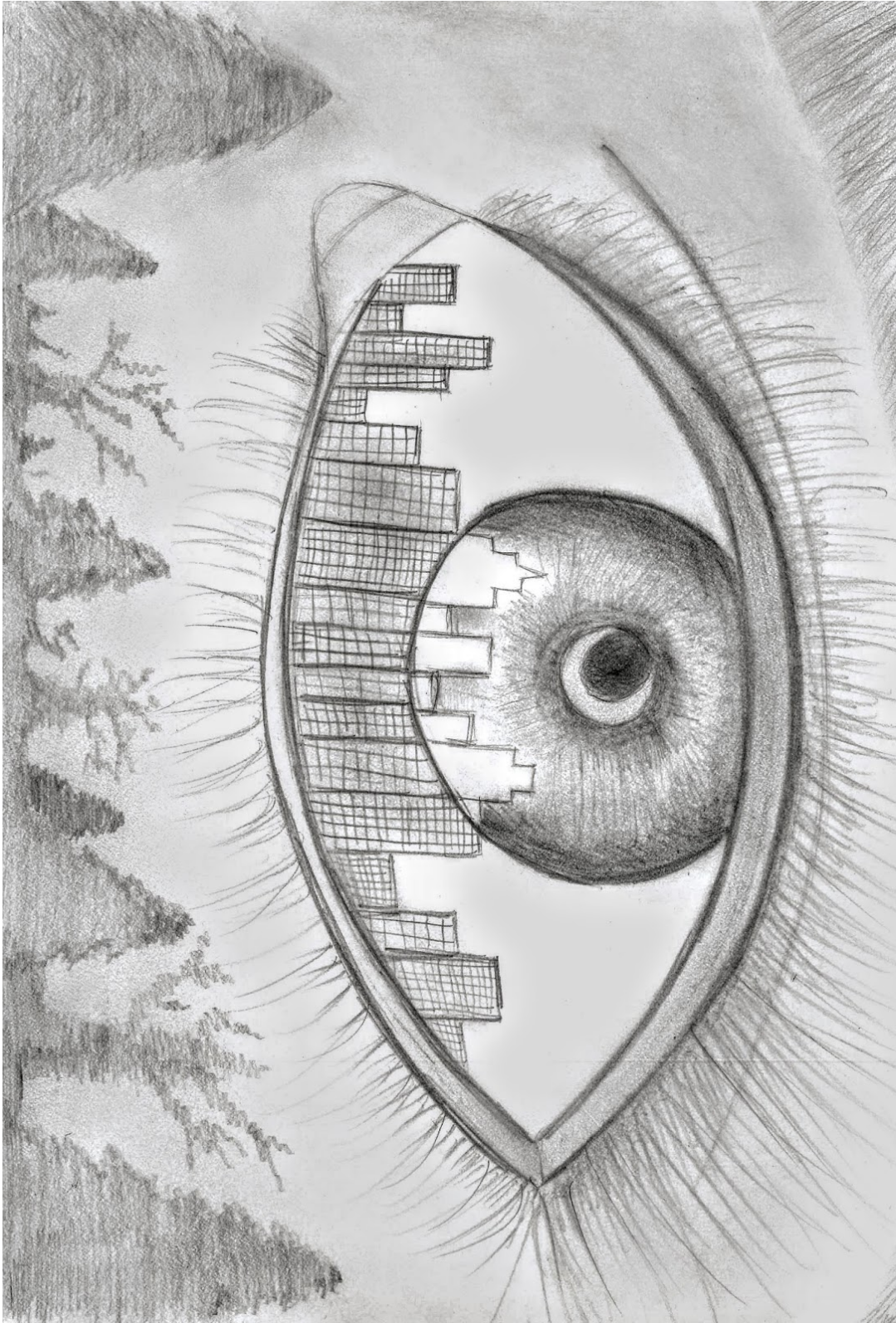
They all came from one place,

but have followed their separate ways.

Some have sank and gotten stuck, while others with vigor continued.

That is where I lie...

-Lorena Delgado-Marquez



- Lorena Delgado-Marquez

Goodbyes and Hellos
Dedicated to the Class of 2017

Now is the time to say our last:

Goodbye, to all our friends, our teachers, our mentors.
Goodbye, to all our classmates, those we love, and those we don't quite love.
Goodbye, to all our high school stresses, the tests, and homework.
Goodbye, to all the detentions, the 7ths, and troubles we had.
Goodbye, to all the good times, our spots, our moments.

But it is also the time to say our first:

Hello, to all the new experiences we'll have, good or bad.
Hello, to all the friendships we will forge, and the moments that come with them.
Hello, to all the new stresses that the future has in store for us.
Hello, to all the possibilities that we hold at our fingertips.
Hello, to the world that we will change with our decisions.

So now's the time to say our last goodbyes and our first hellos.
Our last goodbyes to the world we leave behind,
And our first hellos to the world we have ahead.

- Anonymous

Meet the Members of the Atticus Literary and Art Magazine!

Avery Rodriguez

Hello. I am a Senior 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.

Leonardo Lopez

Who am I? I am a Senior 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.

Omar Medina

Hey what's up everyone! I'm Omar, part of the Class of 2019. I'm a huge Doctor Who nerd, and Harry Potter nerd, and Sherlock nerd, and Supernatural nerd, and a bit of a nerd just in general. You will pretty much always see me with a book, and most likely reading. I also really enjoy writing a lot, and am currently working on like 5 different stories at the same time (yeah, it's a lot). I hope you all enjoy this edition of Atticus.

Allys Lejarazo-Dueñas

I am Allys Jazmin Lejarazo-Duenas, born February 8th, 2000 in Mexico City, Mexico. I am a sophomore at Arrupe still this is my first year here at Arrupe. I do like to play sports, but not watch the games. Since I rather feel the rush through my veins, than seeing the rush in someone else. My secret passion is not the love for sports, but my love for writing poetry. Having the sensation of creating something full of strong or weak emotions. I didn't really like to share my writing with others until I heard about Atticus and what was the mission of Atticus. And now I can see my words soar through the sky and across others lips all because of Atticus. I want to thank the members who got me to join and they know who they are, also the whole club for making this first experience the best.

Lorena Delgado-Marquez

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

Genesis Vela Garcia

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

Alejandra Perez Dominguez

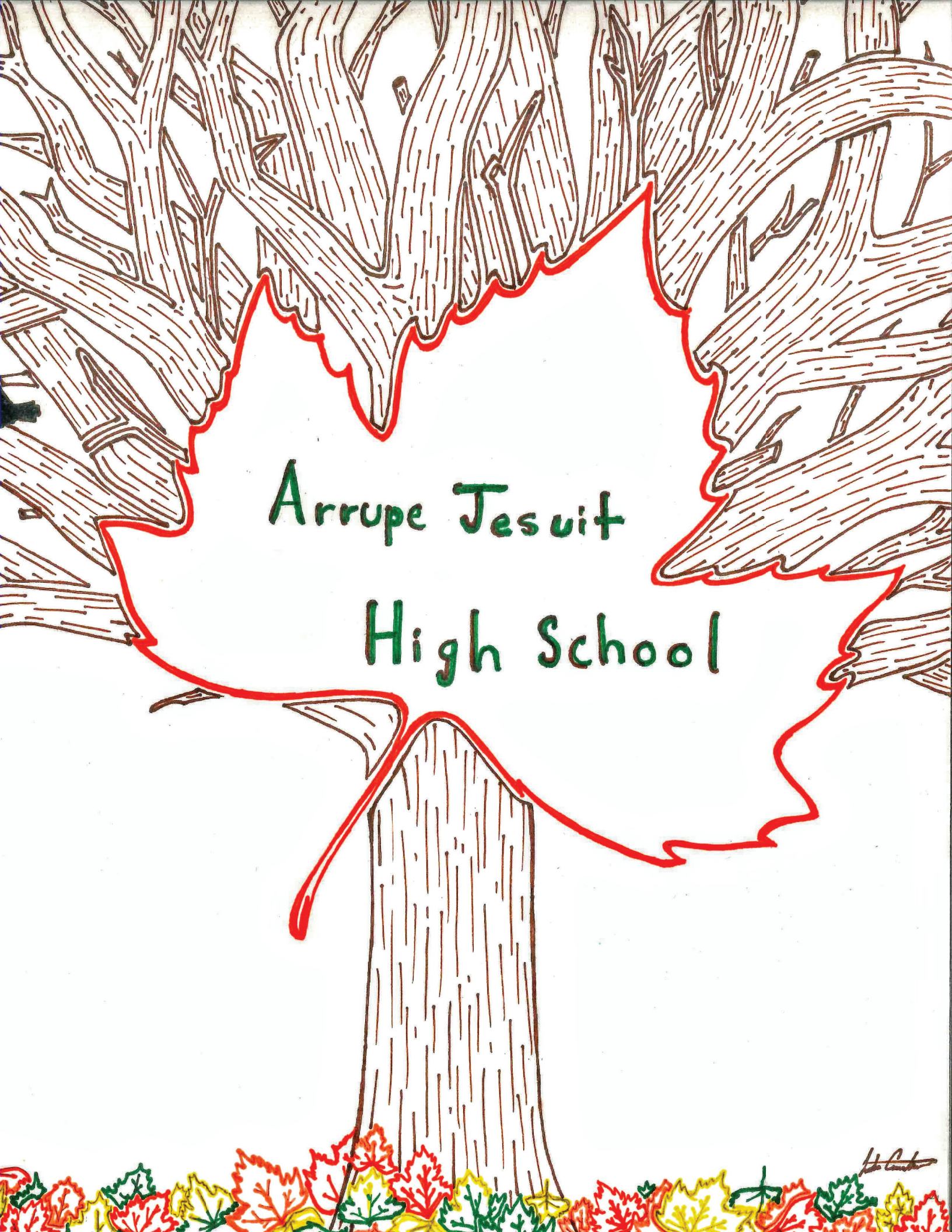
Hello everyone!! My name is Alejandra Perez Dominguez and I am the editor-in-chief of this amazing magazine. I love to write poetry, draw, and play competitively in video games. I am known to be that "one short senior who loves anime and is smart" in the narrow hallways of the school. This magazine welcomes everyone to express themselves in a way that is appropriate to them. Writing is something that cannot be taken away from the human soul and something that cannot be changed. One's writing and artistic style is very different. It is to be respected and to be cherished. I will leave you all with this quote by our namesake of this school:

"Fall in love, stay in love, and it will decide everything"

It is up to you to determine what it means. USE YOUR OWN IMAGINATION!!! Thank you for reading this issue of Atticus.

Francisca Almanza

Oh Hi There, My name is Francisca. I'm a 15 year old person sophomore who loves to see the world around her smile. I live to see the happiness of other people. I was born on February 9th 2001. I love to watch Anime, Write, and do photography. I believe that all forms of art are beautiful in their own way. I admire Seamus Heaney, Edgar Allan Poe, the Peace poets, Mark Twain and many others. I'm an ambitious person which is why I'd consider myself a Slytherin. Stay positive, Keep Smiling & (Be)lieve in (you)rself! Talk to you later :)



Arrupe Jesuit
High School

John C. ...