

Atticus
Literary
and
Art
Magazine
Spring 2020

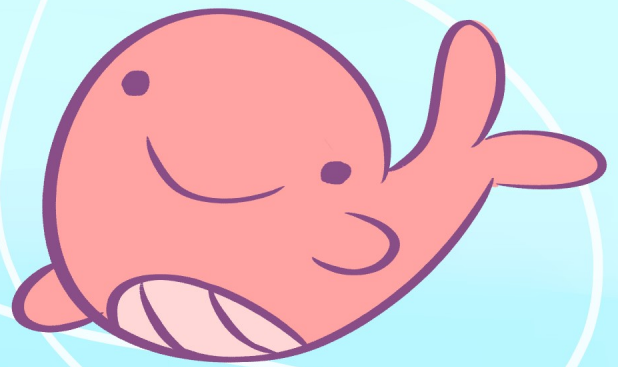


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The Slow Work of God

Above all, trust in the slow work of God.
We are, quite naturally, impatient in everything to reach the end
Without delay.
We should like to skip
The intermediate stages.
We are impatient of being on
The way to something unknown,
Something new,
And yet it is the law of all progress
That it is made by passing through
Some stages of instability ---
And that it may take a very long time.
And so I think it is with you.
Your ideas mature gradually ---
Let them grow,
Let them shape themselves,
Without undue haste.
Don't try to force them on,
As though you could be today
What time will make you tomorrow.
Only God could say what this new spirit
Gradually forming within you will be.
Give Our Lord the benefit of believing
That his hand is leading you,
And accept the anxiety of
Feeling yourself in suspense and
incomplete.

- Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, S.J.

- Jimena Gonzalez Marquez



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Amor o tortura

Dulce como un caramelo, afilado como un cuchillo
Así va nuestro amor
Mi paciencia es delgada como un hilo
No me esta gustando para nada

Me gusto al principio
Se formó un gran cuento de hadas
Me dijiste "al fin me siento vivo"
Puras mentiras me metiste

Pero te amo incondicionalmente
Pero yo se
Que tu eres malo para mi mente
Así que te dejo amor mío

Aunque mi corazón te extraña
Y mis ojos estan rojos de mis lágrimas
Mi amor por ti engaña a mi dolor
Te amo pero tambien te odio

Love or torture

Sweet as a candy, sharp as a knife
That's how our love goes
My patience is as thin as a thread
I'm not liking it at all.

I liked it at first
A great fairy tale was formed
You said, "I finally feel alive".
Pure lies you fed me

But I love you unconditionally
Although I know
That you're bad for my mind
So I leave you, my love,

Although my heart longs for you
And my eyes are red from my tears
My love for you deceives my pain
I love you but I also hate you

- Anonymous



- Michelle Lavoie

Flawed

If you love someone
You accept their flaws.
If you truly love them
They'll be flawless
Similar to when
The moon is bitten every day.
Yet, we still admire its reflective light,
Or when
The sun stings our eyes
Yet we still bask in its warmth
Or when
Some flowers are late to grow
Yet we still love when they bloom
So why
Why is it different
When I'm broken?

- N



- Anonymous

Things End the Way They're Supposed to End

We weren't supposed to happen.

We weren't supposed to end up where we did.

We were destined to be left with the thought of what made the other laugh.

What made us happy.

And what made us sad.

Who did we think we were when we thought we could interfere with what destiny had for us?

It was all supposed to be for fun, a simple joke... right?

But of course, trying to choose one's fate leaves our laugh lingering in the other's life

Leaving the other with a yellow memory that so effortlessly turned blue.

Leaving ourselves with useless information that one day was worth gold

Saying goodbye to constant communication, and saying hello to the multiple references of the other in our brain.

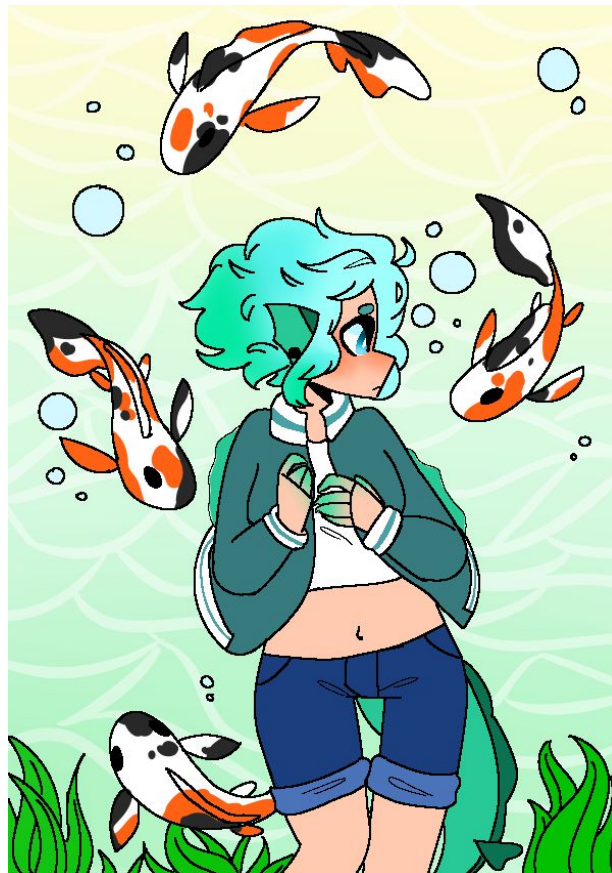
Now we wonder what good does having all this knowledge do to us?

Because every time a reference, a fact, or a memory comes we're left with the constant lesson that one shouldn't try to interfere with fate.

A mistake that one way or the other pushed us away.

Guess that's the consequence of meddling with fate...you're left knowing that things end up the way they're supposed to end.

- Jimena Padilla Ortiz



- Michelle Lavoie

One Night Stand

Act 1:

Before you start to judge me for the title chosen for my poem let me tell you a little about my one-night-stand.

Act 2:

She was the most beautiful person I had ever seen.

She was so perfect that all of her impurities molded every inch of her exotic curves.

Her dark poetic hair flowed down her foreign spine.

Her lips, accentuated her knowledge.

Her venomous words would seduce you towards her.

You would fall in love if you would have laid your eyes on her.

But that's the problem, I did.

I fell in love with my one-night-stand.

Act 3:

When my friends ask me if I am okay and I stay quiet they should already know the answer.

When my parents ask me if I am fine I will tell them to ask my friends.

My friends will tell them to travel back in time and bring the milk carton from 1984.

Grab a picture of your daughter, in a time when she was genuinely happy and plaster her face on the front.

Put missing at the very top, in bold letters to emphasize the pain.

Under the description please put "Come back, I miss you"

Act 4:

She was the most bewitching human to have ever existed.

Whenever I felt uncomfortable in my own skin, all she would have to do is look at me and smile.

I would feel like yelling a plump "screw you" to the world.

We would travel to Target at 3 am and dance in the aisles of wonder.

They would feel hollow, only the echoes of our euphoria were present, as we danced to the tune of our infatuation with one another.

Like I said, she is- no sorry let me correct that, she WAS the most radiant human being to have ever existed.

And her name was self-love.

Act 5:

Plaster my face on every milk carton you see.

Put it in every basket and apologize to the owner for making their load heavier.

Explain how you're just trying to help me find my one-night-stand.

Clarify and spell out every vowel clearly to form a picture in their brains.

Tell them that I sent a message to self-love and all she did was leave me on read.

Tell them I'm still waiting for a response.

Act 6:

We had an off and on relationship as some of you may call it.

Recently it has been more off than on.

Allow me to find the switch and then I will stop whining.

Act 7:

Hopefully, self-love sees this and comes knocking on my door explaining why she left in the middle of the night. Explaining why she left one of her earrings on my nightstand, but not her confidence. I reached over and she wasn't there.

Act 8:

She came back

She explained

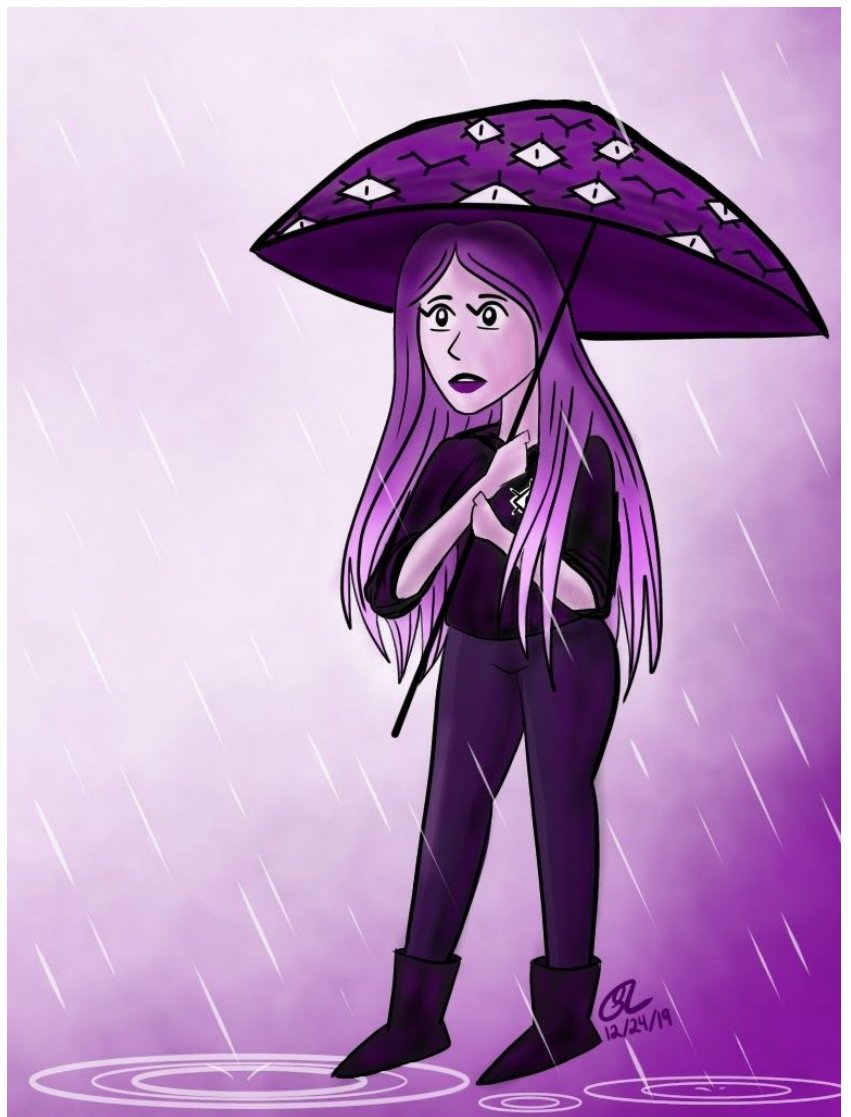
She spelled out her reason for leaving

Towards the end, she got tired of waiting and told me "I'm sorry love, you were just taking too long, meanwhile, I will leave you with depression and anxiety so you know what you lost.

Hopefully, they will teach you a lesson and then when you are finally ready, truly ready. I won't come back

Xoxo I never loved you."

-Gema Prado



- Sophia Castorena

"Here they are planting seeds, and here I am receiving the flowers"

Our ancestors
Our parents
Walked miles
Faced hardships
Conquered dreams
They were told they couldn't do something
Yet found ways to do just that
Succeed at the impossible

Look how far you've come
How far we've all come
In our eyes
In our blood
On the palms of our hands
And the soles of our feet
Are the remnants of the journey
They have traveled so far for
Victory is yours
Don't let them belittle you
Embrace your accent
Your ebony or ivory or in between
Your beautiful shade of strength
You are a warrior
As those before you fought
For freedom, for equality
Your fight for your dreams

Whoever you are
Whatever you want to be
Don't let them convince you you don't belong
Because they're wrong
You belong
So fight for your dreams
And never give up
Let the flowers that have been blooming
Take hold and carry you through your journey
You will do great things
Never doubt your strength
They never did

"Remember the strengths you've always carried
We are fighters - doers
Worthy of our dreams"

- Lesley Zapata Meza



- Eliana Ortega

Shackles

Fear. What is fear? Where does it come from?

Some say it comes from the unknown.

From ignorance.

This is true.

100%.

We fear what we don't know.

What we don't understand.

But the scariest things we fear are the things we do understand.

The things we expect.

The things we are aware of.

For me, this was prison.

Jail, the clink, lock up, the gulag, the cage, prison bars, ball, and chain, etc.

This seems kind of, I don't know, obvious or even a bit weird, right?

Well, that's true. No one wants to be in jail.

But my fear doesn't come from the threat of jail, oh no.

It doesn't come just from the prison culture of assault, judgment, and rape.

It comes from the expectation of jail.

I have expected to be sentenced.

I thought, and at times find myself thinking, that it is inevitable for me to be imprisoned.

Not for committing a crime.

But for the color of my skin.

For the threat, my melanin levels pose.

I find myself with the thought that all it takes is an accusation.

A thing to pin on me.

Or even just fear.

Fear of the unknown.

Fear of those like me.

For my life to be destroyed.

For my rights, my dreams, and my body to be violated.

For my potential to be destroyed.

To be forced to wear the label of criminal the same way I already wear the label of threat.

I am not only black, but male.

Double whammy right there.

I'm a dual-threat.

Right?

Right?

Am I wrong here?

Am I not the aggressive, violent man that dominates the psyche of America?

The man who we created?

The man who people are shaped into, not by nature, but by society?

Maybe I'm not.

But to be honest, I don't expect to be treated like that's the case.

And, yes, I know that this is ridiculous.

No, seriously, this is ridiculous.

Not only is it ridiculous that I expect to be treated in such an unjust manner.

It's also ridiculous that I'm not necessarily wrong here.

It's ridiculous that I even have a point here.

This is ridiculous.

But it's also the case.

And I know that when I am released,

Yes, when, not if,

What will the world do for me?

Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

How can I keep the same thing from happening when now I'm black, male, AND a criminal?

How can I get a job when before you even look at my face, my sentence apparently tells you everything you need to know about me?

How can I do anything then?

How can I do anything now?

Even if I do commit wrong, I won't be able to escape the prison gates after release.

Because it's a revolving door.

It's a dark, dark hole where society throws away its unwanted.

Are there people who deserve to be imprisoned?

Of course.

Are there people who don't?

Of course.

But that's not what we use it for.

We use it not for rehabilitation, but for ignorance.

Our ignorance.

Our ignorance of our fear. Our shame. Our biases.

Out of sight, out of mind, right?

So, I'll go back.

Back to the violence.

Back to the shame.

Back to the mistreatment.

Back to the rape.

...

Say...

Quick question...

Are you uncomfortable?

No?...Good.

Yes?...Good.

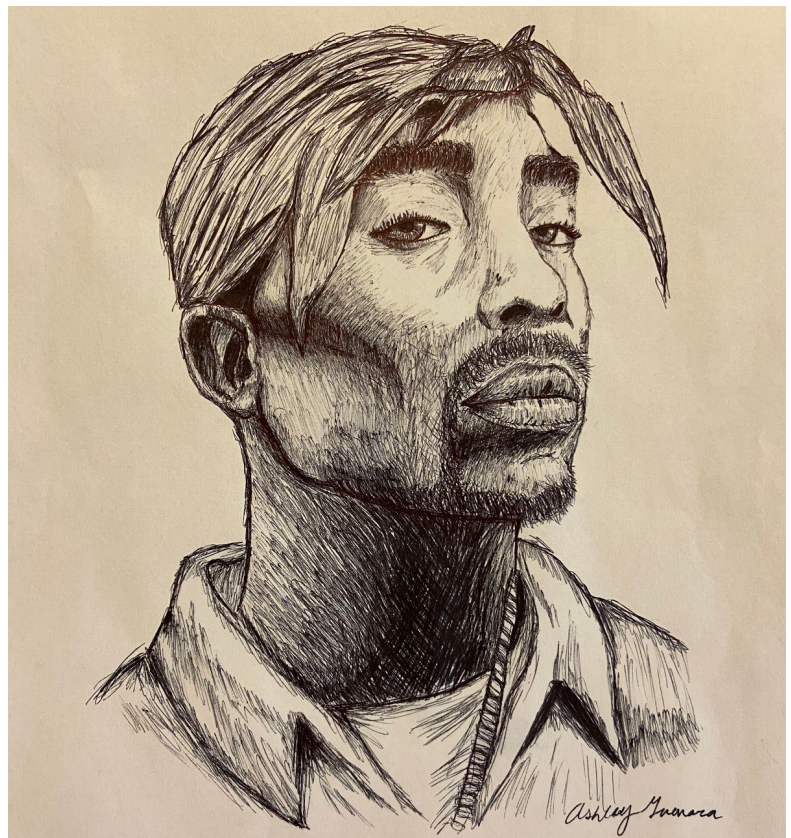
Because you don't need to know.

But I'm telling you anyway.

- Page Winston



- Emily Maerz



- Ashley Guevara

Memoirs of the Regional Transportation District (RTD)

I can feel the roaring begin in my nose, warmth spreads throughout my frame.

Creak, jangle, cool rubber meets broken concrete

And the Denver sun splits the air and fills my eyes.

Squeaking and rumbling through streets

Feathers, sneakers, tires, and light peel away before my path.

"16th Street and Tremont"

I pause for a moment, ready to spring again in hurried agitation.

The gentle patter of steps begins in my center. I can feel their cigarette voices vibrate through my steely ribs.

Yes. This is what I'm made for.

My morning prayer begins.

Fleshy bodies meet metal walls. Oils, skin, perfume, and the lingering smell of life fills my lungs.

I breathe them all in and blow out my heavy, labored breath into the space. They take it, consume it gladly. We breathe in one another for a while.

"15th Street and California"

I shelter them from the wind whipping past as we careen down the street through the maze of metal, asphalt, and exhaust.

I carry them in my womb of faded seats and dust-coated floors.

They lean up against the placental walls of cold glass. They are tired and weary.

Safe in this cavity, they can pretend they are alone... looking down, up, out... I feel their glazed eyes scanning my insides. Faded letters and blinking lights meet their gaze without comprehension.

Eyes do not meet eyes.

Someone starts humming. Tense eyes dart in alarm.

The chamber feels too crowded. My walls begin to shrink inward.

Fidget. Shuffle.

The humming stops. We breathe out, their sighs expanding my lungs.

Rumble. Screech, I halt.

They all listen to my programmed, maternal voice as if it brought meaning to the space.

"15th Street and Boulder"

Their raspy, earthen voices fill my empty air, echo throughout my cavity but do not fall on human ears.

We've reached a rhythm now. Their vibrations are one with my own. Each sways to my gentle rocking.

Their heads nod in unison with each bounce of huge body.

This is my prayer, my mantra:

Bump. His scruffy, scarred chin jolts.

Bump. Her lipstick slides across her cheek to the beat.

Bump. His rattle bounces from his hand.

Bump. Her feet stumble and her hands grip the worn leather shoulder of a stranger.

I give a final roar of pleasure at this and speed across the pavement.

They join in my chant, and I gather their prayers together in my womb, letting them germinate in the warm, living space.

"32nd Street and Tejon"

With a squeal of delight, doors open, again the patter of feet, and they all spill out of me...

Carrying along wafts of each other's prayers as they walk away into the world.

- Ms. Eckrich



- Emily Maerz

Misunderstanding Mindset

We don't all come from the same backgrounds or the same teachers, we learn and meet people who have a similar mindset as us. The mindset we were taught. I'm not here to blame anyone or call out anyone...I just want you to see from a different point of view for once's, in my mindset.

My name is Celine and this is my way of life, and how life views me.

No, the world isn't perfect. But the world is cruel and doesn't accept people like me, people who come from the LGBTQ community. You hate us, you tell us we don't belong here, you tell us we are going to hell, you've been taught that your whole life... You murder us, you give unfair punishments, you're disgusted by us. You just don't accept us. You kill us with your words, your eyes, your hands, your weapons, your authority, you don't care. You don't care at all, because if you did...our misunderstanding mindset would be an understanding mindset, you would

help us, you would stand up for us, you would make justice for US. Instead, you let my brother be brutally murdered, you let my sister's murderer be free and unsolved, you call us faggots, you assault us with no shame. You don't care...you don't address the issues with your family, coworkers, or even your children. You don't care...just open your misunderstanding mindset to this cruel world you live in and...help us.

In memory of:

- Mark Carson
- Marsha P. Johnson
- Brandy Martell
- Marco McMillian
- Rita Hester
- Eyricka Morgan
- Dwayne Jones
- Stephanie Thomas and Ukea Davis
- Coko Williams
- Duanna Johnson
- James C. Anderson
- Marcal Tye
- Celine Sanchez Garcia



- Michelle Lavoie

Where your story ends.

I'm traveling in the dark for what it seems.
One day we'll all have kids.

One day we will have grown up, whatever that means.
We are in the good times don't you see?

Life might move fast and that's okay.
This is why you must live like it's your last day.

Be with your Families and be with your Friends.
You will never know if today or tomorrow is Where your story ends.

- Eddie Avila



- Michelle Lavoie

How Dare You.

How dare you.
How dare you judge them?
How dare you judge the people you do?
How could you do something like that?
How dare you judge the homeless man who has been beaten and bruised by life?
How dare you judge the mother who may not eat at all in order to provide?
How dare you judge the sinner when you are one yourself?
How dare you judge that Latina woman who has nothing to gain from society?
How dare you judge the homosexual who is grappling with inner turmoil?
How dare you judge that black man who has grown used to your stares?
How dare you judge that child?
How dare you judge the elderly?
How dare you, how dare you?
HOW DARE YOU?

How dare you mock and call it speech?
How dare you lie and call it fact?
How dare you take and claim to give?
HOW DARE YOU?

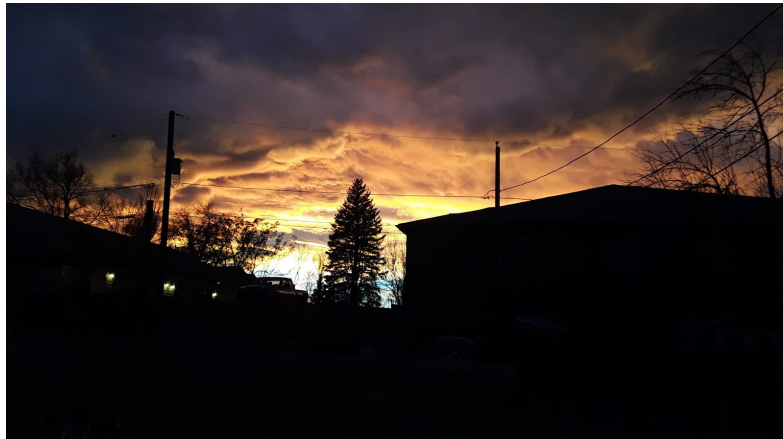
You call your words anything but what they are.
You call it criticism, acknowledgments, opinion.
THEY ARE WRONG AND THEY ARE HURTFUL
HOW DARE YOU?

How dare you judge me?
You don't even know me.

How dare I judge you?
I don't even know you.


How dare I, I suppose.
- Page Winston

- Emily Maerz



STAY AT HOME

KEEPING OUR COMMUNITY
SAFE



STAY AT HOME!
STAY HEALTHY!
SAVE LIVES!



WASH
YOUR
HANDS!



Puberty

My feet grew big
I grew tall with awkward limbs
I developed dry lips
I was anxious
I don't know what this is
Why my peers keep growing inch by inch
But whatever this is
Hopefully I'll get it
Hopefully I'll get in

- Ariadne Sierra



- Michelle Lavoie and Catherine Nguyen

"Plenty of humans were monstrous, but plenty of monsters knew how to play at being human"

-Vicious, V.E. Schwab

Monsters

Not what I wanted. It was
All a mask and for what?
For nothing felt real, like it was
Nothing from the beginning.

Just did what's right
All I ever wanted was love
For what? I didn't mean to show the real
Me. A monster cannot be caged.

-Xavier Carrillo



Michelle Lavoie

Series name: "WORTH IT"







- Daisy Marquez

EYES

Eyes
 Those eyes that cry
 As beautiful as the night sky
 Without them so difficult to see
 The beauty that lies within thee
 Eyes
 Your eyes that open
 The imagination that you just hop in
 So bright that now I'm blind

All I want is to be able to find
 Someone with those beautiful eyes
 Eyes
 They're the windows to your soul
 Into an eternal black hole
 Eyes, so simple sometimes
 Eyes, those who fly with me
 Eyes, they're their own galaxy
 Eyes

- Angel Avila

Tangible

Wait where did he go?
My roommate
He was just here
I couldn't have just dreamt it
Could I?
No of course not, dreams don't feel like 2 years
He felt real
I could reach out and touch him
I could touch his skin and feel his bones
He felt real
He said things no one else did
He understood things no one else did
He felt real
The way he sang and danced
The way he'd joke around in class
He felt real
The way he laughed when you told him a joke that wasn't even funny
Or the way he'd blush whenever someone teased him
He felt real
The way he held me when I couldn't even hold myself
The way he smiled through his pain
He felt real
The way he never left my side
The way he never let me suffer
Was he real?

- Michelle Lavoie



- Aubrey Masdin

The Queen

Once upon a time, a King and his two sons went to war with another kingdom. They died with the rest of their group when they went to sleep. The enemy hid the soldier's bodies while they burned the royal corpses with dead pigs over them. The Queen was devastated and rose to the throne. She changed the structure of her military and won the war that her husband and her sons lost.

Yet, the Queen was not satisfied with the destruction of the enemy empire. She wanted everything to burn: the people, their dignity, their history. The Queen took innocent people from the streets and ordered her men to make a candle out of their bones and to rip their skin so the children of the victims could be fed.

Every attempt to make a candle out of human bone failed, and that meant more and more villages were destroyed to make a single candle. After months of exterminating villages, a candle made out of human bone was made with wax in the inside to let the wick of the candle burn. The Queen was happy but still angry toward the people they conquered. She saw the fire on the candle dance as if it were alive and that gave her an idea. She ordered her military and her people to burn everything that belonged to the murderers of her husband.

When the people who had been ravaged by the Queen heard that she planned to burn them all, suicide became the main cause of death of that noon.

On that night, the Queen was looking out to the world on her balcony. She waited for the first burning light to appear. And it did. After one was lit, another two followed, and another four followed until it looked like the horizon was the border to hell.

The ashes of the burnt people fell down from the sky and piled up until children became lost in the ash. The moon turned red before the smoke covered every blue light in the sky. It looked as if it were black winter during the middle of summer.

No sound was heard that night. The Queen looked down and saw many of her people lighting books and people on fire in the middle of town. She knew that this fire would get rid of anything and everything they ever loved. The deaths of the fire eclipsed the deaths of the mass suicides that happened on that very same day.

After an hour of admiring the view, she reached for her candle, lit it, and placed it on the edge of her

balcony. The candle's fire became one with the rest of the fires, and she smiled and went to sleep with the candlelit.

- Luis Herrera



- Michelle Lovoie

Epilogue

...I'm okay.
I am.
I am perfectly fine.
I...I feel great.
I feel fine.
I feel fine. Seriously.
I'm good.
I'm great.
I...
I'm good.
I'm fine...
I just...
Well..

I don't know.
Can I really say I'm okay?
I mean, if this is a problem for me, then it means I'm not okay, right?
I don't...
I don't know.
And I don't want to make things awkward or anything.
I just...
You and...
I just want to be there for you...and...
I dunno.
I wanna say that's it but...it isn't, is it?

I can't help it, okay. I...
I keep...just...thinking about you, like, all the time and I...
I just--I...
Does--am I weird?
Does that make me weird?
A creep? I don't...

Look, I don't know, okay.
I'm fine, I think.
That's...no yeah, that's correct.
Maybe.
Probably.
I just...wait...
Oh my god...
I'm doing it again!
I'm doing it a-fffffreakin-gain.
Oh. My. Lord.
What the--
...*sigh*...

I'm not...I'm not crazy.
I just...
No, look...you liked them, yes?
Yes.
Do you still?
...No...no.
Okay, then what's the problem?
Maybe I do!
No, you don't.
How do you know?
I don't.
Exactly.
Look, this is stupid. Alright. This...this is dumb.
I can't help it...I don't know.

...I don't think you're conflicted...I think you're just lonely.

...What?

You're just conflating things.

Making an issue where there is
none.

I'm not *lonely*. I'm just...

You're lonely.

No, I--

You're lonely.

I am.

...

...

I'm lonely...

...

...

...

You good?

...No.

Good.

...Why?

Because that's okay.

...Yeah.

...

...

Yeah...

I'm not okay...

But...that's okay...



- Page Winston

- Emily Maerz

One or the Other

Fries over guys

That was the motto

Then love came around
And it blew minds

It was great for a while
The love forever wild

Then the spark sprinkled out...

A broken soldier limped.
Wiped away tears.
And a treaty was kept.

Time became a UFO

Emotions clashed
Thoughts became insidious
The queen of disasters was hired
Opinions were thrown from the unknown

If you truly loved the first...

You wouldn't have fallen for the second

- N



- Jimena Gonzalez Marquez



- Michelle Lavoie

The Essay of the Future

Since many have undertaken the job of documenting the events that laid themselves before the world's eyes in the past years, I too have commended myself to report on these happenings. Whether my version does more justice or whether the telling events had been a mirror of some other crisis, it is still important to recognize a tale of prudence and humanity's everlasting reach to the horizon.

Over many centuries, there have been a vast number of events that marked a watershed for humanity. The discovery of fire from early human ancestors, the rise of organized civilization around 3000 B.C., the exploitation of metals and energy sources, the colonization of the New World, the Industrial Revolution, the Space Age and the digital revolution all marked important advances for humans. The events described here represent a turning point for humanity and its ever-changing desires for fruition in the cosmos. At a time when economic and military expenses lead most drives into advancement in the fields of science and health, the simplest factors of our humanity still mark many differences. For example, when the asteroid-mining industry declared huge gains on titanium, the greed that many corporations had, and also their men for that matter, had created a boom in conflicts over getting to the asteroids. This might have fared better, but tensions created a dangerous environment for many. Tens of workers died in accidents, whether in space or in rushed working conditions. The desire to gain and surpass others neglected the safety and what might be compromised, and so resulted in more losses than benefits. In the years past and in those to come, we as a driven interplanetary species shall learn what really matters in our continuing conquest of the cosmos, or simply New Worlds.

Giovanni Goddard walked many times through the campus of Wyzem's Aero-Industrial Research Laboratory, or AIRL, and each time still was said to gaze upward. Born in 2010, he is considered a pioneer of colonial efforts in space and political spokesperson of legal regulations in the colonies on the lunar and Martian surfaces. At the mature age of sixteen, he witnessed as the first lunar colony was established in 2026 under the name of Lun-151. That same year, a lack of managerial oversight and regulations led to the death of seventeen people on the Moon, in what was described as a breach in the Airseal's air-tight entrance to a common-space Hub. This halted continuation and production on Lun-152, which was to be a second lunar colony, for years. The Plainsill Crater Settlement, where the dubbed Plainsill Disaster occurred, was then heavily directed and monitored by the government and all actions were closely followed.

Until then, space exploration and more so conquest had been wildly popular among world leaders, and not since the space race era of the 1950s to the '70s had there been so much funding and drive. But the Disaster, referred to as a blast to reality, led to a social halt in space funding, and a withdrawal from the ever-booming space industry began. A power vacuum took place, as the race to colonization had given rise to many forms of military advancements: radar, missiles, and satellites were among those popular by warring nations. Without the drive to innovate, many leaders and their nations struggled to maintain a sense of superiority and threat above others. Many influencers drove the need to become a "bigger power" in the world. Goddard knew at the time he wanted to be up

there with the great forerunners and technicians of the future, and resolved to, "never let another human life perish in our journey to touch the stars".

That young man went on to graduate and work at QLab, a private aerospace company that prepared him to later complete his most recognized work. Later being sent to Wyzem's AIRL, Goddard led his team on mechanical advancements that allowed Mar-251 to become the first self-functional colony on Mars. His work and knowledge gave him the expertise he needed to not only maintain the colony and future others, but to also intervene in any affairs that arose. Many issues that did arise were political connotations, and Goddard studied the then-relatively new field of "space law" to allow him to guide the new settlements. Now, Giovanni Goddard was the leading man in outer-colonial development and governing space law. In 2041, after the establishment of Mar-251, tensions began to flare as Lunar settlers began to divide socially; the threat of an independence cry hung heavy above the head of many. What would an independent lunar colony mean for the US? The world? Could it even be possible for a colony to be one-hundred percent self-sustained in another world?

These questions, among others, were at the front of Goddard's mind as he continued his work in AIRL and pushed further through on constituting proper space law practice. The US government had already set many outlines for practicing law on other planets, and many firms were set up. The continued looming threat of a revolution from the mostly American colonies (Chinese colonies came after, with world-wide support coming late) was brought to alarming reality when Lun-154, the fourth lunar colony after Lun-152 and Lun-153 Qiu Dui, began widespread riots in late 2041. Trouble began on November 30th, 2041, when a CommScreen that was communicating news to a common space Hub from Earth was hijacked and sent a worm to other Screens in the colony, which stretched to an area equal to Hawaii. Many screens were later consequently destroyed, and lunar officials found that political unrest was to blame. Many citizens felt that the US and other countries were bearing down too hard on the colonies and that restrictions "governed". The situation was likened to King George's treatment of colonial America, and many adopted this image.

Giovanni Goddard met with the President of the United States many times, often accomplishing nothing. The subject of the distressed colonies hung large, and the President, a man named Charles Madison, seemed laid-back on the issue. There was little to no resistance offered, and the unrest continued. History seemed to have a habit of repeating, and what followed so too should have been seen as was the peak of land over the horizon to late sailors.

Throughout much of the Space Race from 1957 to 1975 that landed men on the moon and continued after, ambition towards building a sustained lunar colony was always present. It wouldn't be until American agency NASA returned to the Moon in 2024 that public support and interest, and more importantly funding, allowed the first colony to be built. More followed, but not for quite some time to the Plainsill Disaster, but what really captured America's vision was Mars. Clearly the favorite, it would take still thirteen years for man to set foot on Martian soil in 2039. Similar to the race to the Moon between the US and the Soviet Union, it wasn't a pure scientific opportunity that led the way. As China and Japan, among others, also raced their space efforts, the US found itself in another race; this time, it was against every other major country with a formidable space program. Military tensions rose

again, as the threat of nuclear warfare and spy satellites seemed large and probable. Under this motivation, the US managed to land people on Mars and gain the approval of what it cost. For colonization, the justification was simple. Popularized by pop culture and the media, society had an image of a catastrophic event wiping out humanity from Earth, and that to survive humanity had to expand outwards and populate more of the cosmos. This was supported and propagated by the famed then, people like Stephen Hawking and Elon Musk. The understanding was that humanity needed to expand and reach other planets, not for scientific achievement but for our very survival. Portraying this situation and paired with threats from other countries, funding rolled in. The people of Earth were going to Mars and beyond.

Political implications had driven humanity to Mars, and now it was going to end their journey. It was a simple factor that led to this downfall, one that can be attributed to much of humanity: the need for power. This factor, ironically, was also something that can be attributed to the grab for space.

On Mar-251, the first Martian colony and the biggest colony founded anywhere (close to 9,000 mi²) riots were the most extreme. The governing countries back on Earth couldn't do much due to the fact that war was impossible and they weren't willing to destroy what they had spent billions on. Goddard, along with his team, resented how rapidly the situation was deteriorating and not much response was happening. One of those notables was Richard J. Piper, a lead worker, and legal specialist. Piper was born in England in 2000 and led a quiet life as an automobile engineer until he was offered a working contract by Wyzem for its International Working Manufacturing Group, or IWGMG, westbound overseas. The IWGMG produced and manufactured parts for other companies, such as automotive and aerospace groups. This establishment was significant because even though it remained out of focus in business affairs, it had vast legal power; it could dictate many operations for its many clients. Piper became educated and later transferred to its legal department.

On January 17th, 2042, Richard Piper and some associates left to Mar-251 for promotional representation and talks. Two weeks later, on the 30th, a calm Thursday afternoon was disrupted as flames and debris shot up sky-high around the docking stations, miles away from the common space Hubs. The reusable boosters that had brought the passenger rocket to Mars had been detonated, causing damage to three other rockets and a building. Attention was brought to the top of the dome encompassing the settlement, as the explosion could have damaged it, causing a potentially dangerous breach. People were placed on emergency lockdown inside the common space and commercial Hubs, and the few technicians there were suited in suits resembling those astronauts frequented. These hadn't been worn in quite some time. The event caused panic and the news rocked people back on Earth: terrorism on Mars? Truly, circumstances had reached an all-time low, as political tensions renewed over what course of action was best.

Third-world leaders, along with other countries' representatives, were quick to suggest options, mainly involving in the redaction of certain space properties and programs. However, the US and China, due to certain troubling negotiations involving trade and power structures dating back to around 2025, opted to instead reinforce the colonies by forceful tactics. No agreements were made between the two and actions were soon carried out regardless of impact. In the summer of that year, 2042, a militarized ship made using IWGMG and AIRL efforts

departed for Mars. News reached Mar-251, and in the coming months, protests against the many governments' so-called corrupt and selfish actions rose to new levels.

In 1939, German forces invaded Czechoslovakia, taking control, and removing Czech officials from power. After no necessary involvement from British or French forces, Nazi Germany continued to an invasion of Poland. What followed consequently led to the Second World War; the opposing forces were in the territorial distance and access to fire was close. But could such events lead anywhere if the distance between forces was millions of miles? Similar points occurred on December 15th, 2042, when American forces touched down on West Korolev, with Chinese fronts soon after, on December 22nd. Jameson Daniels, a militant leader, delivered a now-infamous speech at the crater and landing pad point to a vast crowd of distressed people who had gathered. Daniels said in part:

"Passengers and Sailors of the ever-reaching Mars Colonial Mar-251, the eyes, and ears of many have looked up at the Heavens and seen Your Star; Should cries of injustice and retaliation be heard and seen in response? Due to observed unrest and troubles, we of the United States Space and Armed Forces do exercise our duty to protect and fulfill those needs. This is why, on this day, the 15th of December, 2042, not one year since you were born and brought forth, we are forced to seize and take hold of Mar-251. All men, women, children, properties, and lands are now under unconditional complete control of the United States ..."

In the days that followed, US soldiers and tactics were dispersed around the colony, often meeting opposition and resistance from named modern colonists. It was an invasion of one's own property, yet events unfolded as they would in a foreign nation. Not much outside intervention occurred, nor could it have on Mars. Yet on Earth, the political sphere had grown hotter and more frictional. Protests flourished, demands grew, and public unrest reached new heights. War seemed imminent between opposing countries with space programs, but with the centerpiece being millions of miles away and not immediately reachable, a shaky stance fell. It seemed as if many were waiting for the respective "Poland" to be invaded to do anything significant. And it came, on December 25th, 2042, just ten days after the US and China laid iron hands on their territories.

Christmas morning, artificial snow falling in soft lumps from the roofs above heads was the scene described by Charles Desayun, a prominent journalist on a reporting trip to Mars, that day. The only thing disturbing this serene image was the blinking of electronic lights, the muddy-red of the tarp-covered ground, and the black-and-gray soldiers posted around every corner. Rectangular buildings, no more than eight feet tall, were adorned with the powdery snow and the large top of the curved common space Hub in the distance was barely visible. Above, the clear roof of the dome, allowing view for a tainted, gray-blue second-layer on top. Not the prettiest of views, Desayun recalled. At around 1 P.M., a large mass of units and soldiers quickly made their way from the Eastern Waypoint to the Northern Scalepoint. This was considered the center of the residential district of Mar-251, but was sparsely populated. A crowd had gathered to watch on a large CommScreen how a respective "Poland" was about to be invaded.

On Earth, Giovanni Goddard, along with members of his team, prepared to deliver the speech now being presented to the citizens of Mar-251. They stood around a circular base, with a large outstanding podium at the front

center. This center still stands today, at the Goddard New Research Lab and Museum. The stage was in a vehicle assembly room, where Wyzem and AIRL built most of their air and spacecraft. Cameras and projectors surrounded the place, capturing this moment on a dry and clear Christmas afternoon on Earth. Even though the room was enormous, the number of people in it at the moment still managed to make it feel crowded. One of Desayun's interns, a young woman named Sam Higgins, was present. She would later go on to start her own reporting press and focus on political and space advancements. That press, Higgins NewSpace Today, is still running. Her start, like those of many others, began here on this day.

Goddard began a short speech, stating in part:

"[The Colonies] who should now find themselves in a state of chaos, hear than to these utterances! In hardly a revolution around our magnificent Sun, a great nation has birthed a new generation of peoples, ones who have gone beyond previously imagined. So solemnly, this news falls now: with a new generation, there will now be a new ... [lengthy pause] ... hum, new constitutional rule taking place on the Martian nations. Not a dismissal or violation of the States' Constitution, but merely an altered version more fit for outer-worldly living, ... like your own, citizens".

With the seemingly and apparent removal of independence and rights for Mar-251's citizens, a series of small riots broke out in the coming days. From December 26th to January 4th, groups of people bound themselves to protests in the "streets" of the Martian bases. President Madison made many speeches and talks through the CommScreens, but tensions only grew.

Remarks of oppression and accusations that the President was a dictator were tossed around frequently, as the US was then being pressured by other nations to respond properly to the crisis. Martin Braddock, a philanthropist, and political advisor hosted many events and public gatherings in the US to promote whether such colonies could even be supported and what their independence could mean. Of all his arguments, the most prevalent was that the increasing rate of colonization not only hurt its own development but provided a path for those already powerful and influential to grow their worth, should a malevolent power not arise from the colonies themselves beforehand.

In a thesis published by Braddock, he outlines how as more colonies are founded at an increasing rate, the same rate for corruption grows. More colonies would mean more funding and exploitation of resources and goods, and as demand grew, the rate at which operations were to function would also rise. This idea, which Braddock called the "Furthering Principle", he argued, could provide wealthy influencers the chance to ride along the curve of growth and exploit the growth for themselves. Faster growth could mean faster corruption and more targets, Braddock explained. He pointed to the unrest in Mar-251 as an example of what could happen if his Principle didn't come to be but the effect did. If no major influence were to interact with the surge of funds and exploitation of the colonization, one would arise from the colonies themselves. In a tense and politically fragile state, a leader could arise from the colonies and simply take over. Many advisors on Earth pointed to the rise of Adolf Hitler in the 1930s from a weakened and broken post-war Germany. Hitler was able to use the people's unrest for his good and gain power, eventually rising to a full dictatorship led by him. War just might break out, and it would mean a complete loss of

the efforts by most nations to colonize other worlds. Truly, the world was at a breaking stalemate, and conditions were only worsening. Humanity's turning point was coming, but in the shape of one man: Enzo B. Ostler.

Ostler, born on October 19th, 1995, grew up in a normal household, with middle-class parents and three siblings. He went to Ghanshod High in Michigan and later graduated with honors, and earned a partial scholarship to Sentennial University in Colorado. It wasn't until he was halfway through his time at Sentennial that he started work that gave him a path to AIRL. He was selected to travel to Mars as one of the first on Mar-251. There, he continued to gain influence by simply making his presence known and respected. He soon became recognized for his talent in negotiations, being able to turn trade deals and opportunities his way. It was Ostler who was to turn the tide.

On February 16th, 2043, Ostler rallied together hundreds of supporters at the Northern Scalepoint Bell in a newly made sector of Mar-251. Instead of peaceful protests as imagined, Ostler and the mass took to looting and destroying the buildings and appliances stationed there. Ostler wasn't directly spotted participating in the vandalism, but it's certain that he was present that day, which became known as Restruction Day. It's estimated that around \$2 billion worth of property was ruined or destroyed. Soldiers and authority from both the US and China attempted to intervene, which resulted in three civilian deaths and one soldier critically wounded. He later died at another location. A series of further protests and demonstrations occurred in response both around the world on Earth and on the Lunar and Martian colonies. Emergency crews and soldiers were deployed as soon as possible to Mar-251 where the situation was worse. In the next few days, ten people lost their lives and a further fifty-two were injured. People were rioting violently, and forces were deployed to protect critical locations that could fail the whole base if attacked. Ostler knew this, and also knew both he and the situation would soon come to an end. It was inevitable.

Giovanni Goddard, now a person of high interest due to his influence over decisions regarding the colonies, fled to Europe in early March of that year. He was later arrested and extradited to the US. This was the last account of the great pioneer, as he was last seen being put aboard an airplane on March 10, 2043. When Ostler received news of Goddard's arrest, he broadcast a message from his secret base established and made known by prisoners. Ostler proposed that those on Mar-251 and all the colonies seize one man in retaliation: Richard Piper. He was currently in a protected dome on Mar-251, attempting to return to Earth but finding trouble when a mass of people arrived. A few federal soldiers tried to fight back, but it was useless. On March 11th, at 9:05 AM, Piper was captured by Ostler's now armed and supplied forces of civilians. Enzo Ostler demanded that he be put in charge of the colonies, and was met by even more retaliation from the US. Tensions had truly descended into chaos, as Richard Piper was executed the following day by a group of protestors. Ostler declared no involvement with Piper's death but later claimed he planned it in the case of resistance. Desperately, Enzo Ostler raced to make his mark. Soon more influential and important men and women were captured and killed as well.

March 29th, 10:43 AM, two minutes before the ordeal was terminated. The previous night had been a frenzy of activity within the American and Chinese governments. Possibly the hardest decision in either countries' history was cast, and that morning, at 10:43 AM, the skies went quiet. Communications with Lun-151, Lun-152,

Lun-153 Qiu Dui, Lun-154, and Mar-251 were cut and all images shut off. Nothing could reach the colonies now. At one minute afterward, at 10:44 AM, AIRL, IWMG, NASA, and other such institutions shut down, sinking a stone to the bottom of an ocean. One minute later, 10:45 AM, several failsafe bombs built into the foundations of the colonies went off, illuminating the Moon and Mars as never before. The sky would shine one last time. ∴

- Felipe Garcia

Series name: "PORTRAITS"







- Daisy Marquez

S.h.a.d.o.w

Should I ever need help, should I ever give up.

Hatred of the mind will crawl under it.

Admitting that I am trying to be strong,

Days of the week seem so long.

Others know the feeling, the feeling of never being spoken to.

Would you be mine even if I belong to these demons?

- Eddie Avila

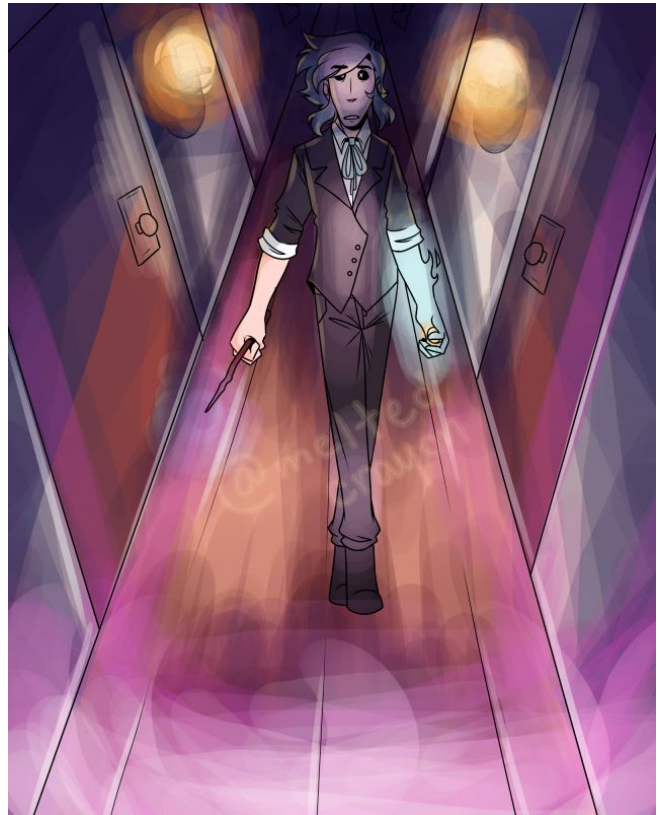


- Mr. Lovinguth

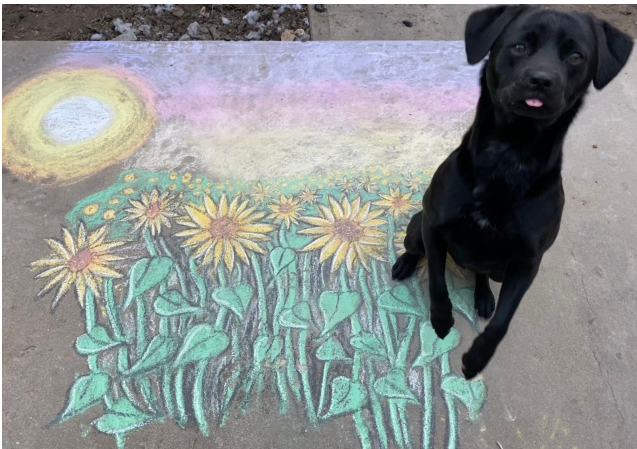
Fruit

I have low iron
I have anemia
And so I get dizzy when I'm on my period
This poem isn't about blood
Nor is it about feeling sorry
It's about realizing how frail our bodies can be
Don't cut me
Don't pick at me
Don't allow me to eat my intestines
I'm like a fruit
I grow
I change
I mold
In due time the cycle of life has demolished me
But I reincarnate
I'm not ugly
I'm sacred and without me
Your stomach and life is vacant
My poems don't make sense
But that's the fun part of living
I can make it up as I go
No one to judge me
My leaves may be thinning
But my roots are still beating

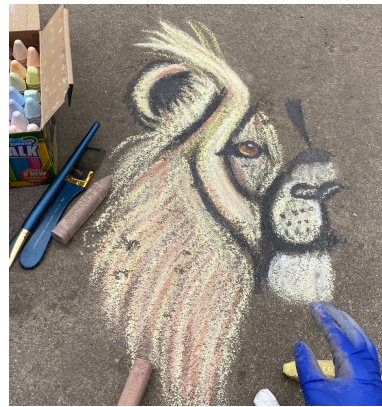
- Ariadne Sierra



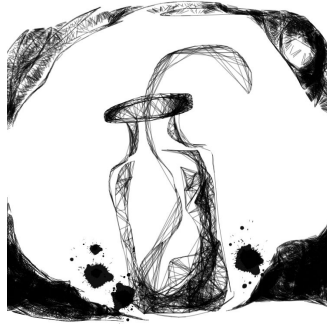
- Aubrey Masdin



- Jade Padron



A Family's Lay



Sitting here, not pipe nor smoke
Hang'th from my mouth
On this frigid second month
I begin to weary at the slighted presence
Of the atmosphere changed hence

A house ever so still
That the air seems heavy with chill
A deafness hangs so, Oh where did you go?
Love! Now, where is my lady 'Bella?

Yes, now I remember, my lady 'Bella's presence
She had requested in the dining room
That smell surely not her flesh but a trick of the sense
Brought on by error of thy nose, and not doom!

Sitting here, not pipe nor smoke
Hang'th from my mouth
On this frigid second month
I begin to weary at the slighted presence
Of the atmosphere changed hence

A child of mine that appears dares carry my love's
mask
She hurries past to her chamber door
And tumbles something near me; a flask
Soon, it shall no more cause her worry nor abhor

She shuts the door with such force
That one shall think the dark not inside but out
She should have seen it coming, of course!
The underbed creature, that will soon cause her to
bout

Sitting here, not pipe nor smoke

Hang'th from my mouth
On this frigid second month
I begin to weary at the slighted presence
Of the atmosphere changed hence

The boy, too, shall have to find his life
For the darkness now surrounding me prevents thine
escape
And the mutt that came by my wife
Engulfed in dark instinct, shall end what came
through my wife

A scratch at his door, I shout madly, "Nay!"
The crack becomes a passage and in it enters
A soft pet and a welcoming smile
It'll be gone, torn to what I dare hope be feathers

My end coming too, I refuse to see
The darkness now enveloping this home
Shall I let myself free
And be left to this now-emptied world to roam?

Sitting here, not a seat so fit for a king
A living room not fit for a relative dead
The house so dark not fit for men of day
Not fit for a family's lay

Sitting here, not pipe nor smoke
Hang'th from my mouth
On this frigid second month
I begin to weary at the slighted presence
Of the atmosphere changed hence

Not fit for a family's lay.

- Felipe Garza

Pasdri's Adventure

Pasdri is on the bus, on her way to work. It is bright and early, the time where the air still feels cold even when the sun is out. She dozes off every minute or so, breathing the same air the ac throws at her and her heart beating to the same rhythm of the song in her ears. She is wrapped by a purple blanket with little white stripes. She enjoys these bus trips every time. Sometimes, a homeless person tells her latest adventures to the bus driver and Pasdri overhears with a grin on her face. Other times, there is a woman that sits next to Pasdri, telling her how her children misbehave but also telling her how she is very proud of them. Pasdri nods and smiles with every conversation. But most of the time, she sits by herself on the bus while enjoying the cold ac and the sunlight shining through the windows and hitting her face. This was the most enjoyable part of her day. She lived for this.

Then one day, she was let go from her job. She received a text message from her job, saying that she was let go. She received the news on the bus trip back home, she froze and stayed in her seat until the bus driver had to kick her off. When she got off the bus, she looked around. She has never been here before and the dark street was very unwelcoming. No life seemed to reside on this dark street. She put one foot forward and received chills all over her body. The bus left, leaving her all by herself. Overgrown trees surrounded her, almost as if the trees were trapping her. Pasdri tightened her grip on her purple blanket and carefully walked to the direction the bus left. Everything was watching her, only watching her. She walked faster and the darkness moved along with her. She started running and the darkness ran right behind her. After running for some time, Pasdri lost her way back.

Pasdri turned and turned, hoping to see someone new every time she turned but she never saw anyone. She got dizzy and fell to the floor. Her hands protected her head from smashing on the glass that was on the street. She sat up and looked around as if to see if anybody was there. She looked at her hands and became confused. She didn't see any blood on her hand nor any scratches. Pasdri wanted to understand what was going on but doesn't know if 'seeing is believing' is working for her. She grabbed a piece of glass and held it up to her hand and slowly stabbed the skin on her ring finger. Pasdri felt the pain of the glass inserting into her skin, but didn't see any blood or any type of cut caused by the glass.

She stood up with rapid speed, as if she saw something that was unseeable and got dizzy for a minute. Her vision has always been blurry but it suddenly became clear. Then, she saw bright headlights going towards her. **Picture by Jimena Gonzalez Marquez** She heard the female driver scream when Pasdri was struck and heard her own skull crack.

Pasdri was partly conscious after the car struck her. She could hear the ambulance siren and the EMTs screaming at each other for help. Everything starts fading away and she realizes something, none of this was real, this was all in her mind. There was no bus, no lady, no homeless person. It was just her in a hospital bed.

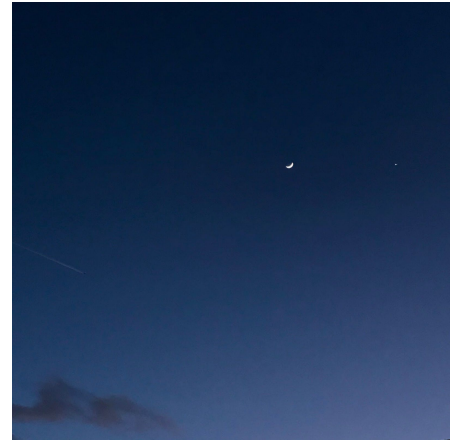
She has been in a coma for years. Her mother visited more frequently than anyone else because she was nearing her death and doesn't have anyone else to talk to. She always told Pasdri what her other kids have achieved and how she wishes for Pasdri to get out of the coma and make her dreams come true. Pasdri's main dream was to become a mother of four, but she only had the chance to have one child. She didn't even have time to raise her only son.

After the mother left for bingo. Her son sometimes came, after he finished work. He told her all the stress he has to deal with, all the different types of people he encounters every day. He even mentions the places he has traveled to with his fiance and how he wished for his mother, Pasdri to be there with them. And how he hopes she gets out of the coma in time to see his marriage, to be present in the happiest time of his life. The son usually leaves after he has cried on his mother's hands.

Pasdri wasn't fully aware of their pain. She was in a bus, heading to someplace, somewhere. We will never find out.

Because the next day, she was pronounced dead.

- Luis Herrera



Axel

No matter what I do
I can't stop thinking of you
It's like you're connected to me
It's like you're heart is beating within' me
I can't stay mad at you
I can't ignore you
I can't change you
I can only love you

You call me beautiful
You say so many nice things
My heart grew cold as the seasons changed
But my heart is thawing since Spring has come again

Your patience is an everlasting time stamp
My words may never be enough to coil around you
To embed you and to keep you near me
But for the time being I will say I love you
For you are what breaks yet glues back my pieces
For you are who I see late at night as I sleep
For you are the morning star peaking through my window with gleam
For you are everything even the smallest of things
My brain and my heart are cluttered by you
But it doesn't matter because I don't need to organize my feelings and parts to know that I truly love you

- Ariadne Sierra



- Aubrey Masdin



- Aubrey Masdin

Staff Spotlight with Mr. Micich

- What's your full name?

Answer: John Connor Ruben Robert Sinatra Micich

- What's your favorite type of pasta?

A: Carbonara

- Glaze or cream cinnabon?

A: I don't like Cinnabon. I've never had one.

- How did you find out about Arrupe?

A: Through the Alum Service Program -- they asked if I had any problem moving to Denver. I did not.

- Favorite color of the sunrise?

The color of the day's promise

- Sun or Moon? Why?

The Moon. The Sun is great and all but the Moon has real power -- it controls the tides, watches over silent rituals carried out in the dead of night, and it lets out werewolves.

- What's your favorite type of comic book?

WHAT A GREAT QUESTION. I love all comic books; each one is a masterpiece of images and words -- the work of so many different master craftsmen: writers, artists, inkers, colorists. Each comic is a work of art.

- Favorite type of toothbrush?

Philips Sonicare Protective Clean 4700

- What do you think of garden gnomes?

I think that garden gnomes are great. We should never forget the gnomes that walked/pranced the earth before the Age of Men.

- If you were represented by food, what would you be?

Seared shark steak

- If you could wear any article of clothing made entirely of money, what would it be?

I CAN wear any article of clothing made entirely of money, and I think my favorite would be a cape.

- What was the last gift you gave someone?

I gave my Dad one of my old books from college for his birthday. It was "In the Blink of an Eye" by Walter Murch, about editing film.

- What would I find in your fridge right now?

Food for 2 weeks including at least 10 types of hot sauce.

- Sweet or savory breakfast?

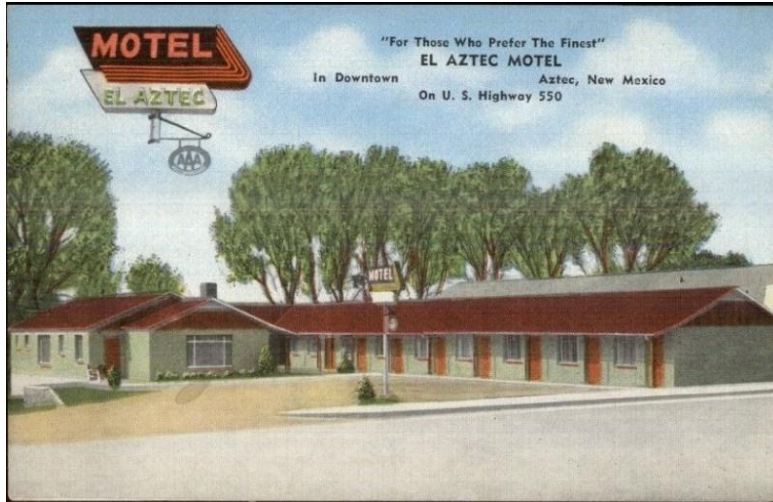
BOTH. Breakfast is the best meal of the day. You can have breakfast at any time of day, too, which is great.

- What's your favorite creative outlet? (writing, painting, drawing, photography, etc.)

I love writing! You can literally make anything happen that you want to happen. If I had a billion dollars, it would be spent making movies, though. That's my true love. What you write in a novel or poem or story or whatever is interpreted by the reader and might be close to what you were imagining -- or maybe not close at all. But with a film, I can show you exactly what is in my brain. It's a type of sorcery, really.



W - E - N - D - I - G - O



by Mr. Micich

Pages Torn From a Journal, Part 1:

Desk Sergeant's Note: The following pages were found in an abandoned cabin in the Rocky Mountains, about 100 miles west of Pagosa Springs. They are the property of a suspect in an active investigation, presumably fragments of the suspect's journal.

[Pages torn or illegible]

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[illegible]...llow lines and as I was screaming down the interstate all I could think about was her. The golden glow that melts off of her hair, the cloud of daisies clinging to her every movement and I know the answer to that question. The answer is that I must see her again. Diane. My angel.

May 11th, 1961

Woke up in a cold sweat again. It's always the same dream, a woman walking across the plains, her back turned to me, vast purple mountains towering over her in monolithic dread. Birds reel in the fog-shrouded distance. I never see her face, in the dream, but I know it's Diane. It's the way you just -- know things, in a dream. It's her.

Suddenly it's raining. Then I look down at my hands and it isn't rain. They're covered in blood. And I wake up.

I must be less than a hundred miles from the New Mexico Border. I don't know what's real anymore.

* * *

STATEMENT OF SAMSON LANGHORNE LEMUEL, PART 1

NEW MEXICO STATE POLICE STATION - CARLISLE

03-03-1962

Detective George Mosby: Sit down Mr. Lemuel.

Sound of chair sliding, loud noise.

(Unknown Male Voice): Place your hands on the table.

Detective Mosby: Thank you, officer.

Sound of door closing.

Samuel Langhorne: Where is my attorney?

Detective Mosby: You've been read your rights. You have been assigned a court-appointed attorney, and I'm sure he's on his way. Most likely be here first thing in the morning. Just thought we'd get the ball rolling.

Langhorne: This is illegal.

Detective Mosby: Oh, no it's not, because I'm not going to be asking any questions. I'm just here, now, to tell you how this is going to work, OK Samuel? You are going to go to jail. You are going to go to jail because you killed someone.

Langhorne: NO! I did NOT kill her!

Detective Mosby: Relax, relax, Mr. Langhorne. Tell me then, why did we find you, the last known person she contacted, passed out in an abandoned cabin in the mountains not thirty feet from her remains?

Langhorne: I didn't kill her.

Detective Mosby: Alrighty, that's probably enough. I could get in trouble for talking about a crime you're accused of without a lawyer here. So let's just get to know each other, shall we, Samuel?

Langhorne: I don't want to talk.

Detective Mosby: Oh, I know you don't want to talk to me. Yet. But you will.

Langhorne: Oh, is that right?

Detective Mosby: Yes. Because I know about the Wendigo.

(Silence)

* * *

Pages Torn From a Journal, Part 2:

May 14, 1961

I haven't slept well in months. Been having these nightmares. About Diane. I remember the day she disappeared. Fourth of July, '57. We hadn't spoken since Christmas and I got a letter from Aztec saying it was a fresh start. A

new day. And she wanted me to be there with her. That night I packed my things for New Mexico. That night I had the first dream.

May 16, 1961

Is this insane? What am I doing here? I don't even know where you are. I stopped at the motel where you sent the letter, where you bought the postcard. The kid at the front desk never saw you before. I'm starting to get scared, Diane. Where are you? You brought me out here all the way to the desert, you wanted a fresh start. Well, here I am.

And I have to tell you -- I hate it here. Why did you pick this lonely place? These badlands give me the heebie-jeebies. I swear to God, I feel like I'm being watched. Feel eyes on me all the time. I've been carrying my camera around, trying to get back into some kind of practice. Just snapping some shots as I walked the night trying to clear my head. Something showed up in one picture, I think it's a smudge? Whatever it is, there was nothing on that trail. I'll go back tomorrow and take another shot, during the day I think.

I can't stop thinking about what that old man in Santa Fe said. It's all just rumors and superstition, I know, but I can't seem to shake it. I hope you're alright.



STATEMENT OF ALAN DAVID CARUTHERS, PARTIAL TRANSCRIPT
NEW MEXICO STATE POLICE STATION - CARLISLE
02-27-1962

Detective George Mosby: Good morning, Mr. Caruthers. Thank you for coming on such short notice.

Alan Caruthers: Not a problem, Detective. What's this all about now?

Detective Mosby: Mr. Caruthers, we pulled you in here today because we need to ask you some questions --

Caruthers: I'm not sure what that means, Detective.

Detective Mosby: Let me finish, sir. We need to ask you some questions about your particular area of expertise.

Caruthers: I assume you mean my knowledge of folklore?

Detective Mosby: Bingo. About a year ago, a case got dropped on my desk for a homicide, young girl named Diane Summers. The crime scene was in a motel, the Aztec, in New Mexico. We never found a body, but there was a note hastily scrawled on a torn sheet of paper. Looks like something scared her into running. Her note mentioned she was afraid of --



Caruthers: A Wendigo.

Detective Mosby: Precisely.

Caruthers: Well, I'll tell you what I know. What I've seen. How seriously do you take this subject, Detective?

Detective Mosby: Well, I don't know anymore. Nothing about this case adds up. My partner and I are not ruling anything out, and a professor from Santa Clara says you're the man to ask about...what is it called again? The study of creatures from myth?

Caruthers: Cryptozoology is not a study of "myths," Detective. If you're not ruling anything out, I would assume you knew that.

Detective Mosby: I apologize, Mr. Caruthers. Please. What can you tell us?

Caruthers: Wendigos are ancient beings. The first recorded sighting of a wendigo comes from the Iroquois people, about two hundred years before the first European settlers reached America. What's described is a humanoid, ape-like creature, about ten feet tall, covered in a coat of long, pure white hair. Whenever a wendigo settles in an area, the weather turns violently windy -- gales, cyclones, and hundred-mile-per-hour gusts are common. This atmospheric disturbance is a distraction; a cover for the wendigo's call. Their mournful wail, disguised by the winds, is tuned to a specific frequency that only their prey can hear. Subconsciously, the unfortunate victim makes their way towards the wendigo. When they get close enough -- well, that's that.

Detective Mosby: Interesting. How far would you say this "wail" can carry?

Caruthers: Oh, well, it's not a wail that maybe you're thinking of. A wendigo's wail, or song, carries across distance, yes, but the it always, without fail, finds a victim. The song of the wendigo carries across distance, yes, but it travels across dreams as well, and the victim will start making its way ever closer to the wendigo whether they know it or not.

Detective Mosby: Huh. Mr. Caruthers, are you trying to scare me?

Caruthers: Why would you think that, Detective?

Detective Mosby: You don't hear that? That low melancholy note? Like a hum, almost. That's not you?

Caruthers: I'm afraid not.

At the request of the commissioner, the rest of this interview has been redacted. It is noted that Detective Mosby suddenly exited the police interview room and ran into the street. While officers on the scene tried to stop him, Detective Mosby leapt into heavy traffic in the street and was struck by a passing truck. He did not survive.

Samuel Langhorne is in custody, awaiting trial for the murder of Diane Summers.

The End...?

