

Literary and Art Magazine



soabelle ♡

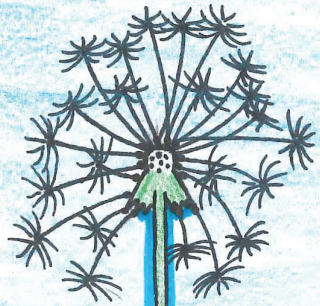


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Dear God,

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

Maritza

Your sparkling eyes full of what seems like life

Beautiful

Powerful

I admire **you** and I want you to know that

You pushed me to do great and continue to do so
And for that I will **never** stop dreaming and achieving

When talk flows off your lips it is **inspiring** in every way
I **wish** you could speak to me all day

I strive to be a strong woman like **you**
But sometimes things happen out of the blue
We are not perfect
but to me you are so near it

You tell me
"You will, You can,"
And **now** I know
I will...and I can
Thanks to you
My inspiration

Your smile **shoots** beautiful and great
Being my sister was **fate**
And I am so **grateful** for that day that came into this world because you were there
waiting to **change** me into a **strong young girl**

Thank you

- Carmen Almanza

Tell Me

You had me at "Hello".
It's like nothing before
Thanks to our friend we know each other,
But please, please
Don't say, "Let's just be friends".

Tell me, do I have a chance?

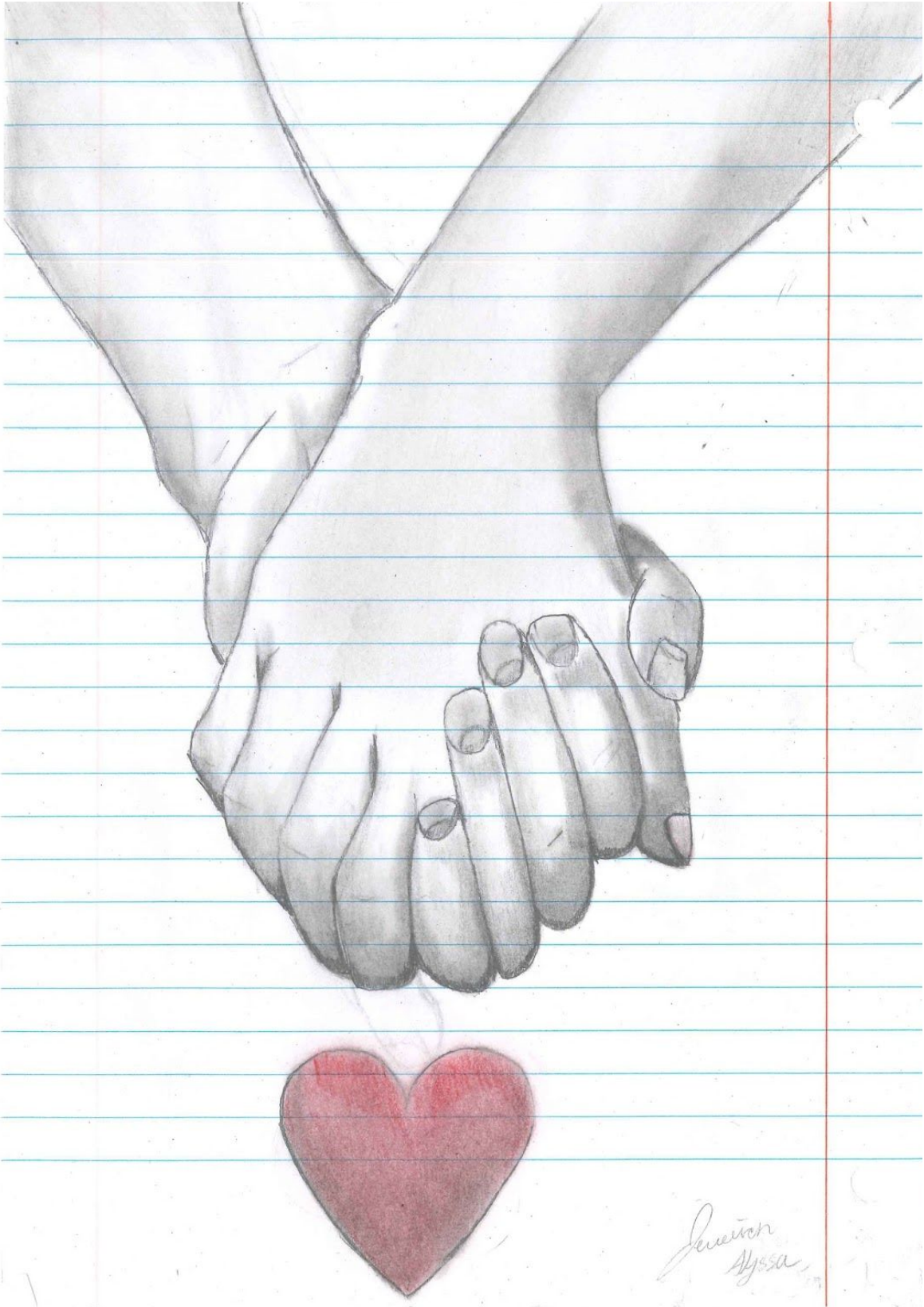
Life is one long scary roller coaster,
But once I met you, it stopped.
Your eyes are a memory that words can't express.

Tell me, are you the answer to my question?

To everybody else your name may have no meaning,
To me, it's the only thing I think about.
You're still perfect even when you cry,
What's not to adore.

Tell me, can you be mine?

- Maribel Espinoza



Just a Dumb Game

"I said I was sorry! How many times do I have to say it?"
She says she's sorry,
But she had cheated.
I had the bombshell dropped on me in front of my best friends.
After I found out, I ran to the bathroom and locked myself inside.
But she followed.
"It doesn't matter how many times you say it, you still did it!"
I call back.
I don't know if I could ever forgive her.
But she's adamant.
"You're being ridiculous, it was just a game!"
It was just a game.
Maybe it was always just a game to her.
"Was it always just a game?!"
I yell back to her, not knowing how she could do this to me.
"You're being such a baby, you know it's a game, you've been playing along with me!"
You've been playing along with me.
How could I have been playing with her, when I didn't even know it was a game?
She yells through the door again.
"Dude, come on, you're over exaggerating!"
This angered me.
I'm not over exaggerating, I'm acting like I should, after learning she cheated.
"I am not exaggerating!"
Tears started to form in my eyes.
"Yes you are! We were just playing Monopoly! It's just a dumb game!"
She says *it's just a dumb game.*
But it's hard to remember what that means.

- Omar Medina



- Mariano Guerrero

Grim Reaper

I have been by your side,
I have been hearing your problems,
I have been watching you change.

I have seen your pain,
I have seen your life through your eyes,
I have seen the change in environment and personality.

But that doesn't mean I have done something to change your life for the greater good or bad.

I haven't made that frown into a smile,
I haven't made those problems disappear,
I haven't made the effort to make your life easier,

I haven't made a change because I can't make the change,
I haven't made an effort because I can only watch, not act,
I haven't changed who I am but you have,

I can only watch and assist but in order to see a change you need to make that change. A change that will not give me the power to make the final choice.

If I made a change in your life....

I will make you be only a memory,
I will make you physically be by my side,
I will make you see others' lives through their eyes.

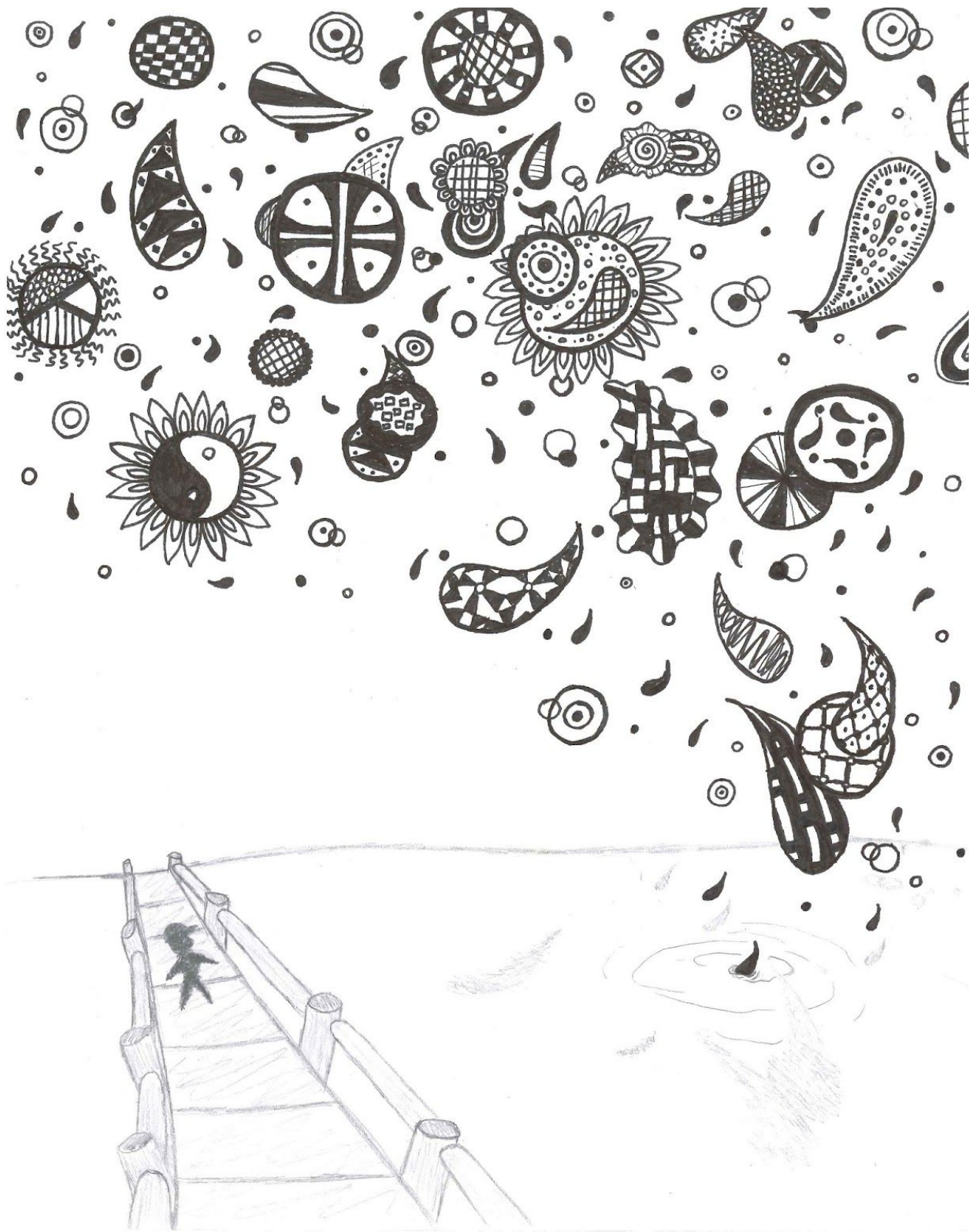
I will make you regret not making a change in your life because you decided to let me make a choice.

- Evelyn Pinedo

Dreams Lead

Dreams can be the absence of a color
In a dream you can be anything
In a dream you can do anything
You can be remembered
Or...
You can be a part of a legend and daydream
But daydreams can be prohibited
Or...
You can move on and not complete a wish
Dreams are limitless
Life stops at a point, dreams don't
But...
Goals are a source of happiness
In a goal you can achieve something great
In a goal you can be something not that great
In a goal people can recognize you
For being that person who did this or did that
Or...
You can fail at goals
You can design a goal that destroys people
Your goals can determine who you are
Goals can determine how big you dream
How big you think
Wait...
By dreaming you can think goals
By dreaming you can plan goals
In a dream you can think about your goal
If you dream you can make a goal
You can be anything
You can do anything
You achieve the greatest things
Because dreaming is thinking
By thinking your creation will be..
A painting that will leave people admiring
A book that leaves people crying
A fashion line that leaves people clapping
A piece of technology that leaves jaws dropping
A poem that leaves people thinking..

- Jamie Lejarazo



- Citlalli Cumplido

I AM SORRY

I am sorry for the discomfort that my presence brings

I am sorry that the way I dress makes you fear for the life of your child

I am sorry that my culture and my religion make you fear for your own life

I am sorry that my hard work and will to succeed fills you with rage

I am sorry that my skin color brings you distrust and discomfort

I am sorry that my culture is so unique it fills you with the need to destroy it

I am sorry that my language is the key that you have used to open the door to discriminate
and openly hate against me

I am sorry for the many things that I and those around me make you feel

I am sorry

But I will not be sorry for being happy that I am all of those things

I am not sorry for the pride in my culture and its traditions

I am not sorry for the confidence in my step for having the will to succeed

I am not sorry for the existence that is known as me

I am not sorry for being the preserver of uniqueness that is known as other races

So yes, I am sorry for all of these things that I have made you feel

But I will never be sorry of the things that I am and the people who have made me them

- Yvett Madera Garcia

The Change

I **am** the beginning

I **am** the end

I **am** the one you call

a friend

a sister

a leader?

Wait,

Is that who I've become?

Or

Who I've always been?

Am I the leader of all nations?

Will I be the change?

The next "IT FACTOR"

Who am I?

What am I?

Who will I BE?

I AM,

I AM THE ONE YOU CALL FREEDOM

- Mireya Rivas

Continue

Because I am different they stare at me... it's like exchanging looks with a statue
That dead, cold stare
I won't let them change me like seasons change the colors of the leaves
Because I am me and they
can't.
won't.
and will not change that

One day they will see me rise like a sunset as they stand below and watch me go
I believe that we are capable of being more than we are
Thing is, we can't let people hold us down like an anchor

I believe in you
Continue to do what you love, be who you are, and believe what you chose to believe
Because that is something they can not take away from you and it IS what makes you
Beautiful
So go on and continue
you are your biggest supporter,
believe in yourself and in what you are capable of because you will and can do great
things
Prove them wrong and be you.

- Carmen Almanza



- Britney Martinez

The Tale of Amelia Rose VonAhn (Part 2)

"Do it, I dare you! It won't make you better than Alice and I." He says gruffly. I put some pressure on the knife. He winces but the cruel smile doesn't fade, I frown. He's right, if I do this, I won't be any better than them...I can't...I can't kill him. I sigh. My phone vibrates, I push the dagger deep enough to make him bleed.

"Keep quiet or I'll push the blade deep enough to puncture your heart." If I learned anything from these two, it would be that they're both afraid to die. He slightly nodded. I take out my phone from my pocket. It's Mark! I flip the phone and press the green answer button. "Mark!" I whisper joyfully.

"Where are you? Are you okay? Why's your house a mess? Why is there blood in your basement? Please tell me you're okay!" There was quiver in his voice and sounds of panic in his voice.

"I'm okay, I don't have much time!" I motioned for Edgar to sit in the chair, still pointing the knife at his heart. "I managed to injure one of them, they're planning to kill you, all of you! Get out of town, take the others with you, I'll stay here.

"No! I'm going to get you out of there!" Mark says fiercely.

"No." I say calmly, "I'm possibly going to die trying to get out of here, but I'm not going to die without taking these two down with me, I love you, Mark." I hang up with tears in my eyes, slowly flowing down my face. "I'm sorry." His eyes widen and I push the knife all the way in his chest. His brown eyes, wide and unblinking, and his heart no longer beating in his chest. I take out the blade and chop his head off, blood spilling on my dark, black, clothes, and my jet black, straight hair. Making sure I got the job done. I put his head on the table next to all of the weapons. I check my phone, 126 calls from Dennis Mark, Jess, and Kim, and 400 texts, god how I love them.

"Edgar?! What has taken so long? Have you done it? Have you killed the girl?!" THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! Footsteps are getting closer and closer to the opened door. I quickly run toward the door and hide under the stairs, sitting in the darkness like a predator ready to catch it's prey. I clench the knife tightly in my right hand as I hear the footsteps on the wooden stairs. Clickity clack! Clickity clack! C'mon! Hurry up! Her and her pink high heels. I frown. Hurry up, grandma! "Edgar?!" She says as she hops off the stairs. "Edgar!" She screams as she approaches his corpse. Alice begins to sob.

I feel terrible, they may be bad people, but nobody deserves this. I won't kill her, I just won't. I slowly and quietly get out from under the steps and slowly begin to go up the stairs. Creak! Oh no. I turn my head to the left to see Alice turning around with tears flowing from her eyes. Her eyes turned to sad and depressed to angry and ready to kill. "You!" She growls. I completely turn around and slowly walk backwards as she quickly started walking towards me and up the stairs. As I reach the top of the stairs, she was on the fifth. I ran inside and quickly slam the door closed. Slam! I lock it then I take a look around. Old, pink wallpaper on the walls, white couches, and white carpet, pretty

normal for the psychopaths they really are and better looking compared to the house they tortured Dennis and I in. Thud! Thud! Thud! I roll my eyes, this again.

"You and that man you call a husband are the same time of idiotic." I say unrealizing I said it out loud.

"Wait until I get through this door and beat you like when you were ten years old! But this time, I'll end you!" Anger overcomes me.

"Oh really? Just like your dear husband? Oh, right, we both know how that story ended." I growl. "Maybe I'll even let you join him!" I stand by the tall white door. I breathe in, and out, letting the anger slowly fade away and sigh. "You're not the only one that is in pain...I just remembered the day," I pause, "the day you two killed my parents." My voice cracks. Absolute silence. "Your husband threatened to kill the only family I have left, Mark, Jess, Kim, Ben, and Dennis. I had no choice but to kill him..." I wait for the thudding to begin once more, for her to tell me that she's going to kill me, but there was nothing except for Alice's heavy breathing.

"Do you-Do you have someone?" Alice asks softly.

"What do you mean by have someone?" I ask, leaning my head on the wall.

"Boyfriend or fiancée?"

"Boyfriend." I say warming up to her, maybe she can change. I smile softly thinking about the image.

"That's good... Very good... He'll feel the pain I feel when I'm done with you!" She growls and a red, sharp hatchet soon appears through the door. She continuously hits the door with the hatchet. I sigh, I guess she won't change after all. I rapidly grab my phone and call Dennis.

"Hello? Amelia? Where are you?"

"I'm at *their* house, Dennis. They're trying to kill me." I say calmly.

"WHAT?! How are you so calm about this?" He says as I walk straight to the barred windows and try to look outside. I quickly walk across the living room and turn left to go into the hallway and run into the first open door on the right.

"I'm in a room, she's trying to get out of the creepy basement they locked me in, hitting the door with a hatchet. I'm calm because...I had...Already...Killed...Edgar." I mumble, but I'm pretty sure Dennis understood what I said.

"You...Did...What?" He says as I lock the door and turn off the lights. I begin to push the queen sized bed from the middle of the room to in front of the door. "Can't you just go through the front door? I mean seriously Amelia, common sense."

"You know I would, but they have barred windows and I can't see where I am and if I'm in the middle of nowhere, you know, she'll catch me and drug me and torture me slowly, until I die." I say as I give a final push to the bed.

"Oh, right."

"Shh." I interrupt. "It's quiet, too quiet, if you want to get me out of here track my phone!" I whisper then hang up as I try to listen closely for the clickity clack of her high heels, crashes or thuds of any kind. I hear nothing, absolutely nothing. Suddenly, a hatchet comes through the door, close to injuring my face. I gasp.

"I'm going to make him live miserably, for as long as I live!" Anger overcomes me.

"Then you won't live." I say fearlessly. I break the leg off a wooden chair in the closest right corner. "Come on! Be the man your idiotic husband couldn't be!" I yell. The hatchet repeatedly makes holes in the already damaged white wooden door. Slowly walking back towards the door, my heart thumps loudly against my chest. Once I got to the door, I hop over the bed. This seems familiar, my kind goes back to my house in my basement with Edgar. I quickly come to my senses when I remembered this is the kind of thing that got me captured, in the first place. I shake my head. Thump! She jumped off the bed onto the brown, square carpeted floor.

"Prepare to meet your end, Amelie."

"It's Amelia Rose, you ugly beast." I take a swing for her head as she ducks. She throws the red hatchet across the room barely scratching my pale face, and sticks on the yellow wall. A stinging feeling on my face catches my attention. Raising my hand to my cheek, a boiling, hot liquid touches my fingertips. Blood. My sight begins to fade, I'm suddenly in a dark room, warmth overcomes me.

"Aaaaahh!" I jolt upright. My hands are smaller than I remember. As I look around the room, it seems familiar. The white walls, the twin bed I'm sitting on, the black medium sized mirror attached to the black dresser.

"Aaaahh! My baby!" Another scream? I jump off of my bed and run for the door ahead. Voices can be heard down the hall. "Please don't hurt us!" A soft female voice calls out.

"Mommy." I softly whisper as I crouch down next to the table.

"Sorry, not sorry." Says a strangely familiar drunken voice. I hide under the little glass table, shivering as my cold feet touch the stone, cold floor.

"Oh, but you will be." A bold voice says next to the woman, I had called my mom.

"Dad." I whisper as tears flood down my cheeks. Crack! My Dad punched the mystery man, whom I had come to realize was Edgar.

"You're gonna pay for that.," Growled Edgar as he began to take many swings at my father. "Enough of this foolishness!" Edgar trips my Dad and grabs a knife from his back pocket and puts the knife on his throat, "I've waited to do this all of my life!" He growls.

"James!" My Mom cries slowly trying to get up as I notice a bump on her stomach. Slowly coming to reality, I realize I'm on the floor, surrounded by a pool of blood. My vision is a bit hazy, but good enough to see Alice standing over me with the hatchet in her hands.

"I thought I ended you!" Growls Alice grabbing me by my collar. "You're supposed to stay dead!" I say nothing, waiting for her to chop my head off, to send me with my Mom, Dad, and two siblings, tears blur my eye sight.

"Just kill me already!" I yell throwing my fists around, succeeding in punching her old wrinkly face.

"Eager, are we?" She throws me back on the ground. "Maybe I'll just kill that lovely boyfriend of yours and let you live in eternal pain and misery." She kneels over me and slices my wrists vertically, careful not to hit a vein. I don't make a sound as I turn my head to the right.

"Why me? Why my family?" As I ask those questions, my vision slowly fades to black.

Beep! Beep! Beep! Beep! Am I in a hospital? My eyes flutter open. Yeah, there's the familiar white ceiling. Sighing, I turn my head to the left to find Mark holding my hand, sound asleep. I smile and take a glance to my right and see Jess with a magazine over her stomach, also asleep. Oh how I love them. My vision soon fades to darkness.

"You're going to suffer, you didn't think that I was going to do you a favor and just kill you and spare your whole family, did you?" Edgar smirks and looks at my Mom. "Yes, she will do." Her green eyes water and tears slowly fall. He moves on from my Dad to my Mom, and makes her stand up. "Too bad that baby will never be born." As she kneels, his silver knife slashes the back of her neck.

"No!" Yells my father, weakly and slowly getting up, as my mother's body falls on the floor and blood pools around her.

"Now." Edgar says walking towards my father's body on the floor. "Where were we?" Blood splatters onto my feet, my Dad's blood. Memorizing his scruffy beard and raven black hair. I try to sneak past the three dead bodies and the man with no success. Edgar eyes me up and down.

"Now, where are you off to?" He asks in a sick sweet voice. Running into my room, my heart thumps aggressively against my chest. I don't wanna die! I don't wanna die...

"I don't wanna die!" I scream. Edgar walks in slowly.

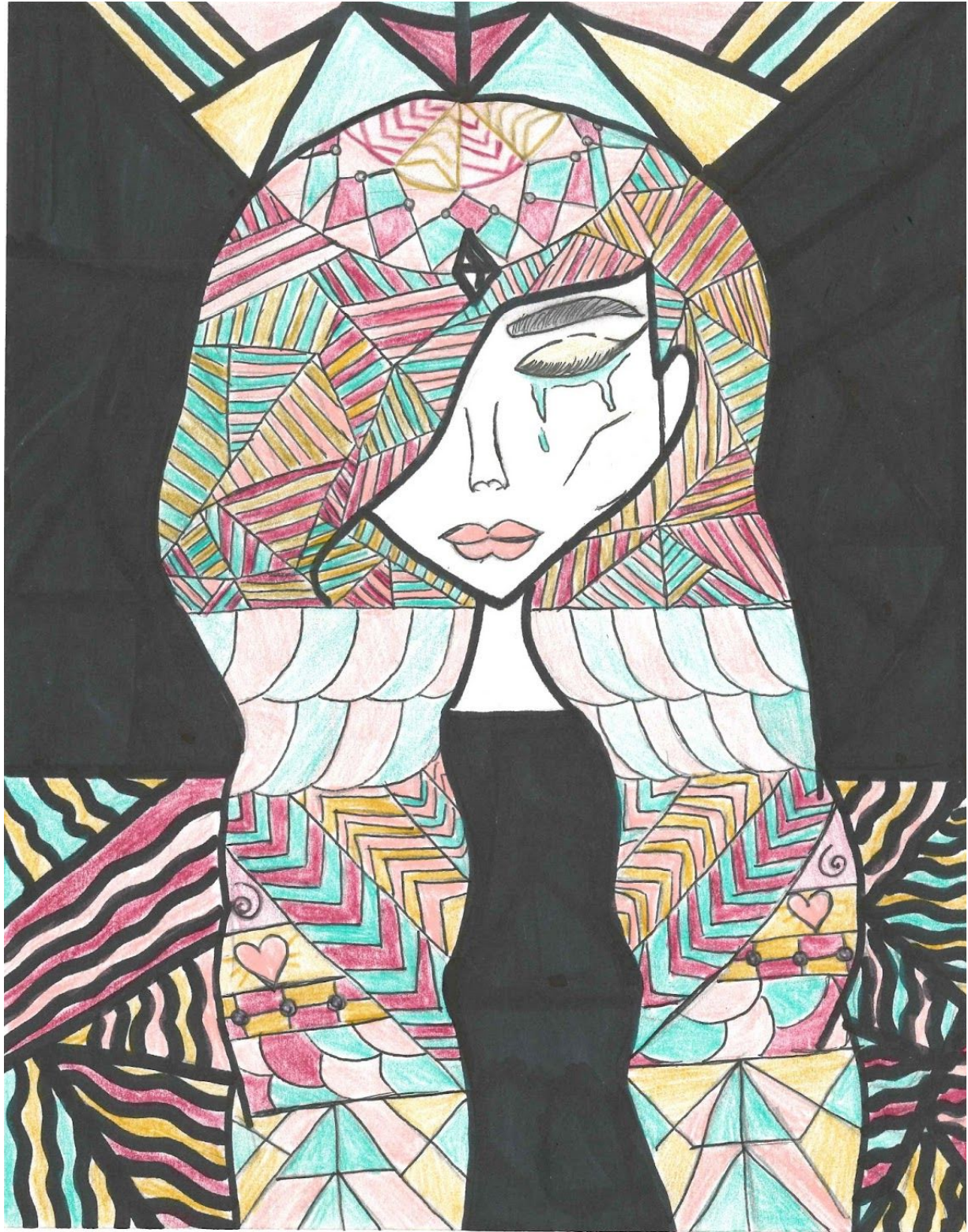
"Now, who says you'd get the delight of being dead?" The image of Edgar standing in front of me fades.

"What do you mean she has to stay here for three more days?! She's been in a coma for the past week!" Suddenly the pain of injuries hit me. I slowly open my eyes and groan as I try to sit up. "What are you doing?" Mark asks as he rushes to my side, making me lay back down. "You need to sleep." He says softly. I try to speak but to no avail. I bring a hand up to my throat and send a questioning look to Mark as soon the Doctor leaves the room. He groans and pulls my hand away from my throat. "Don't do that, love." A few minutes of silence pass.

"Do you know what happened? Before we got there, I mean." Shaking my head no, I grab his hand pulling him closer so I can hear him better. "The police came after a few minutes after we got there." He paused. "She got a life sentence in jail, turns out you're not the only one they kidnapped and killed. When we got there, I had to pull her off of you... There was so m-much blood. Dennis held her captive while I tried to help you. When the police and ambulance arrived, they put you on the stretcher, and said it would be unlikely for you to make it out alive. They found a dead body of a man in the basement... His head was chopped off... Dennis wasn't surprised to see that." My eyes start to water and tears slowly fall down my face. "When we got to the hospital, they had to take you to the ER, after that you were breathing." He chuckles softly. "I was so happy and demanded to see you, they said I shouldn't, and that there was some information that I needed to know. Apparently, you were in a coma then, I demanded to see you. Ever since then, I've been by your side, hoping you would wake up." He smiles, looking at a faraway place then at me. "You ended up waking up after all." Laying a kiss on my forehead, the tears fall from his face onto mine and I wipe the tears away, slightly smiling.

"Yeah." I croak. I'm finally free from them, I always knew that freedom would feel amazing, I just didn't know that it literally feels like a weight was lifted off of my chest.

- Daniella Rodriguez



- Fernando Rodriguez

YOU

With naive eyes I saw you as my freedom
In reality, you weighed me down
Allusion filled my thoughts of you

You've managed to create something,
So beautiful and strong yet so delicate
How could I have let you do this to me?

Something new within me,
Something Never before experience
And I've managed to hate it

I dream with love and fear
Fear masked with the thought of you
How could I have let that side win?

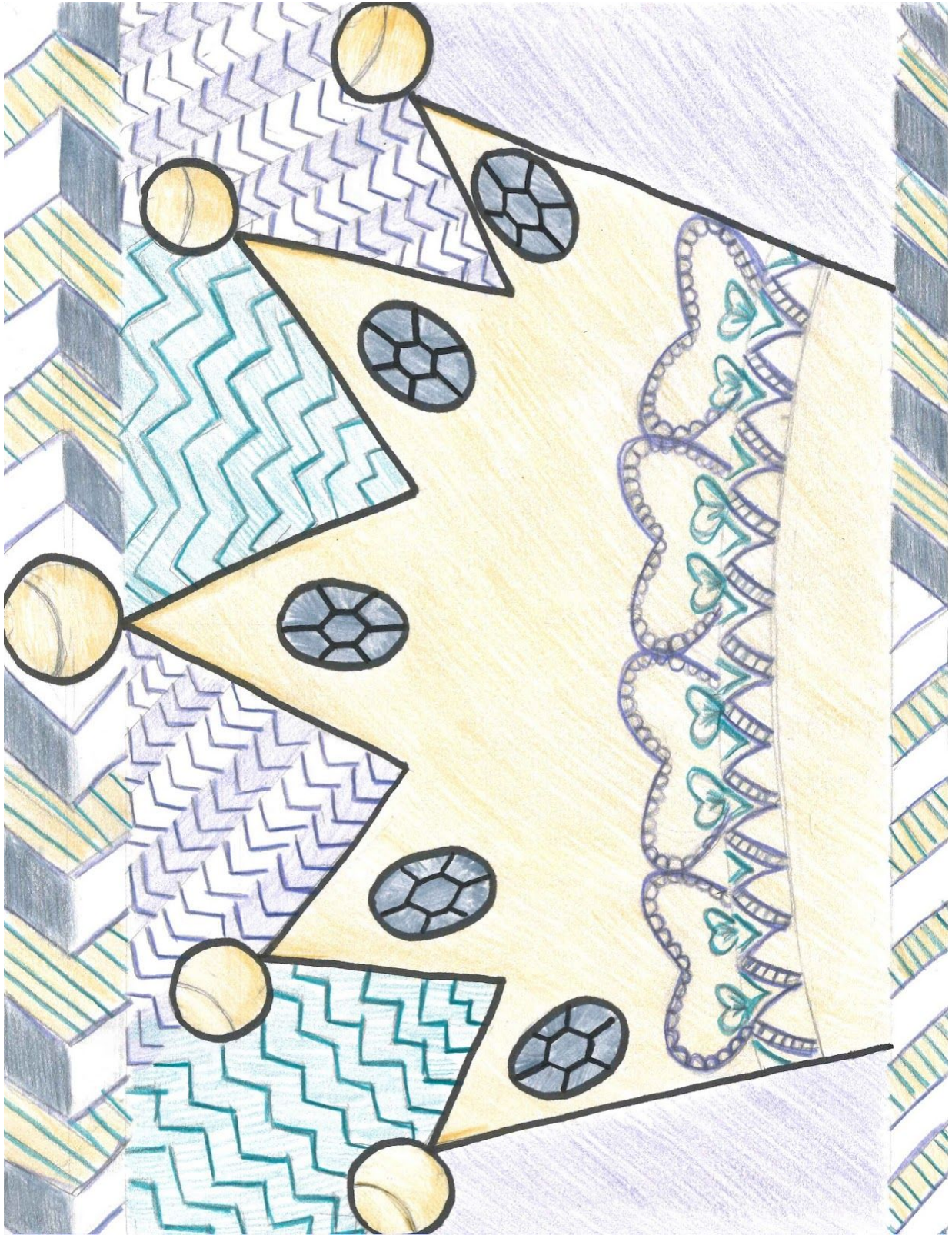
Something is wrong with me
I'm lost in my thoughts
Be sure to find me there

Constant battles with myself
It seems like I'm fine but I'm not
Will you save me from my doubt?

I wish I could say it was bitter sweet
But it was only a wave of pain
Now I carry a scar from your love

Time to set these butterflies free
Along with the memory of you

- Lluvia Ibarra



- Noelia Reyes

To you I name an angel...

To you I name an angel
With wings not of pure
white but ones dipped in
the deepest of dark ink from
the underworld below but
fear this not for this is not a
blight on you but a power
greater than any other
made in my hand so tell me
how is it that your curse is
the blessing I hand you?
Oh marvelous the hue of
ink reveals that you are not
tainted by a darken blight
but one of blazing fire for
this I name you Abaddon
You shall guard the gates
that made you
A sister I find it best to
make one more before I go
To you I say to the same as
he you are now a...
interesting you have wings
of the void that I was born
for that I name you Nova
Mortis the keeper of the
nothing of everything
But no more I must rest or
be it you who take my
place
My children of everlasting
joy and torment

- Ryan Vigil



- Maria Castañeda

I Realized

*In this story Jazmin, is facing a problem, which take her back to her memories. Causing Flashbacks(Start and the end of a flashbacks begin with ****).*

The cold wind is hitting my pale, white face. I walk slowly through the dark streets, not knowing how far I am from home anymore. I start to feel the freezing cold rain falling, crashing onto the dry floor. I remove my umbrella from my side bag, which is keeping all my things safe. I still ask myself, "Jazmin, why did you leave?"

I continue to walk, until I see a food store. I look left to see if a car is coming, no car is around. I step on to the street. CRASH!!!!!!!!!! I feel pain, a lot of pain. Not knowing where it is coming from. I try to stand up but someone is telling me not to move at all. I feel some hands grab my shoulder whispering, I am his now. I don't understand...I fell into a deep sleep.

Hey wake up...Love, wake up, dad is home.

What? Mom is that you? Mom?

Where am I? What am I wearing? This yellow dress itches. Am I back home? I began to walk down the long hall. I turn around as I hear a voice, Dad? What? Where is Mom? He didn't answer and came towards me. His rough big hand ran across my face. His bony knuckles crashed against my bruised face. My mouth began to pour blood out. My eyes let out a storm of tears. I fell into the floor's arms. My mom came rushing in. She stood up for me, while my dad stood down.

The night fell with me, and my dad had realized what he did was wrong. I walked to my bedroom, as I said goodnight. I closed the door and then quietly locked it. I began to cry and write my mom a letter. Not knowing what was next. Then I packed my big side bag. Opened my window. I didn't want to look back as I ran away from home.

**

I was brought back. I began to look around. I was in a white room. I asked the tall dark shape where I was.

He answered, A Hospital.

A Hospital? How long was I out?

Three days, Jazmin.

Dad?

What? But how did he find me. Was I loud when I ran away? How if I was far from home? Where was my mother? I stopped asking myself these questions and asked him for the answers.

So, how did you find me?

Well I am not supposed to tell you...but... she went on a trip.

What?! Are you kidding me?! She would have NEVER, left me with you!

At that moment I realized that I was just like him. My anger took control. I beat myself to sleep that night. I just kept that thought in my head. I knew why my mom left me. The next morning he came back, but with him two other men were besides him. One was young, about 18 and really fragile; one could tell he hadn't hit puberty yet. The other one was big, with a vicious look. He was way older, around 40. When the three men came in I was able to stand up. The older one gave me my clothes, and told me to get dressed. Once I was done and dressed, the younger one handcuffed me. I was confused on why I was being taken away. I looked at the man they wouldn't make eye contact. I noticed his arm covered with bloody new bandages. I hesitated but then asked what had happen to him. In response I was shoved. This time I asked with an attitude. The younger one responded.

Well, um, you did that to him. You attacked him this morning. So he called the police and we are taking you into yet another HOSPITAL.

No, but I didn't attack him. He did that to himself! I am innocent! Let me go!

I kicked the younger one in between his legs. I smiled as he fell onto the ground. My malicious smile turned into a depressed frown, without life, while I hit the floor. As I was shaking, I noticed the other cop with a Taser. He was laughing at the younger one, for his ignorance. My eyes closed and everything went black.

Hey.

What do you want? I thought we were together? But I guess not, I was just a toy to play with.

Jay, it isn't that. You know we were just playing. That was just a game.

No, it was not Ezra. When you are in a relationship you should never play a game like that. Not even kiss your girlfriend's "best friend!"

Jay...

Just don't, stay with her.

Ezra wasn't my first boyfriend, but I loved him like he was the first. That day that he played seven minutes in heaven, he broke me. The next day when I bumped into him, I broke and he hugged me. Told me he was sorry, but I pushed him away and ran.

**

Hey she is awake.

What? Dad, please don't hurt me.

Sebastian, what is she saying?

I don't know Sam; she is half awake and half asleep.

Dad! Where am I?

She's awake!

Okay Sebastian!

Who are you?

Then before the two voices answered I recognized the two men, the cops who had taken me. The bigger and older one, Sam, kept calling the younger one Sebastian. I saw that we were still on the road. I asked if they knew anything about my mother, they didn't answer. So I just sat quietly. Once we arrived, I got off the car and apologized to Sebastian. Sam left Sebastian and I at the front gates of the huge building. Then I began to speak.

So, why did he leave you?

Well I am a security guard here.

So you're not a cop?

No I am, but Sam and I were assigned here to the hospital.

Oh, so what is your name?

Why?

I just stared at him until he got very annoyed and answered.

Sebastian Jasso, but you shouldn't need it"

Why? And hey I am sorry. But I really am scared.

Can I ask why in the car you screamed out to your father to not hurt you? Why?

Why should it matter? I hurt him, right?

I knew they were wrong, I didn't attack my father. He was also hiding something from me, about my mother. I would soon find out. I entered into my room; I noticed my things were there too.

Few weeks passed, I had already gotten used to the room and the people. But I was punished. I got called to the visitor center, as I was walking I recognized Sebastian. I waved and smiled. Until, my eyes met with his. The man who had put me here, my "father" was sitting there waiting. I gave him a disgusted face to enjoy because he was smiling.

Jazmin!! Honey, how have you been?

I just kept the same nauseated stare. When he realized I didn't want his presence, he returned a repulsive look. He masked his hate word with a smile. I was about to speak when he screamed.

Stop It, Jazmin, just stop.

I was puzzled. I didn't do anything. I was going to ask what I had done.

Da.....AHHHH!

I felt two hands touch me and set me on a soft surface. I was falling back when the two hands began to hit my check. My eyes were opening, but closing at the same time.

Hey, hey wake up.

Jay.....Jay...

Jay, happy birthday!! Finally 18!

OMG! I am 18. Ezra, I have to tell you something.

Shoot.

Don't you want to meet my parents?

Um, I mean, yes but will they want to.

Are you sacred? Anyhow I want to meet yours. Plus whatever happens we can get through it.

True, hey I...love...you...

**

Ezra!!

I came back to life, I observed Sebastian sitting on a chair. He was surprised to see me awake.

Hey, you're awake.

Why do you say it like that?

Well you were asleep for two days.

Was I really asleep? Where is he? Where is my father?

I asked with an enraged tone, wanting explanations. He should be the one in this horrifying room, not me. I wanted my mom. I asked Sebastian if I was ever going home. He gave me a heartbroken stare.

Yes, your father will be taking you home.

No. I don't want to go.

I put my number in your phone, so if you leave before you are supposed to. Well you can call me and we can hang out, or if you need help.

I thanked him for that. After that day he became a close friend it turned out we were the same age. Three months passed and I was leaving the hospital. And it had been three exact months since my mom had disappeared. But I could not look for her if I was here. I had to live with the enemy. I got home, the place I had tried to escape from. I felt like in prison.

As the days passed, I was confused to where my mom could have gone. But there was no trace. The only trace found was one of a dirty house. The day kissed the night goodbye, while I slammed the door on my father's words. When he was dead unconscious and lifeless, I slowly opened my door. I was escaping to look around the house. I didn't find anything, until I came to an eerie door. I was about to turn the knob, when the door swung open. It was my father. He was covered in a substance, and there was a black figure in the back. By the shape it was a female. I took a glance at him and then at the figure. I turned the light on; I recognized the women and the substance on him. I hit for the run. I couldn't accept any. The sanguine red on his sweaty shirt, the lifeless body of...

Stop right there, you can't run away from me I will always find you.

Yes I can.

I knew I could out run him because I was quicker. I could feel my feet going numb. I was lost. I reduced my speed until I was just wandering along. I saw a sign that

said one mile to Urieville. I knew where I was. But I just couldn't return. I kept walking. I heard a motor off in the distance. I thought to myself, this is help. I waved, but the car didn't stop. I felt my legs numb, shattered.

Where am I? What is this place?

I look in disappointment at my reflection. I am wearing my pajama shorts with blue fading whales and my tank top. My body begins to move towards the small twin bed. I lie down and begin to write in a navy blue journal:

My heart feels pain.

My body feels dirty.

My hands won't go under the covers, with my legs.

My eyes won't look at my reflection calling out for attention.

I beat myself with hate.

My reflection screams at me to look.

I reach out to touch it.

But, I am forced away from it.

I take a glimpse at the bottom, and see a shadow.

Whispering something to me,

While my reflection was embraced in its arms.

My lip's reflection was glued and introduced to the dark mouth,

Of the shadow.

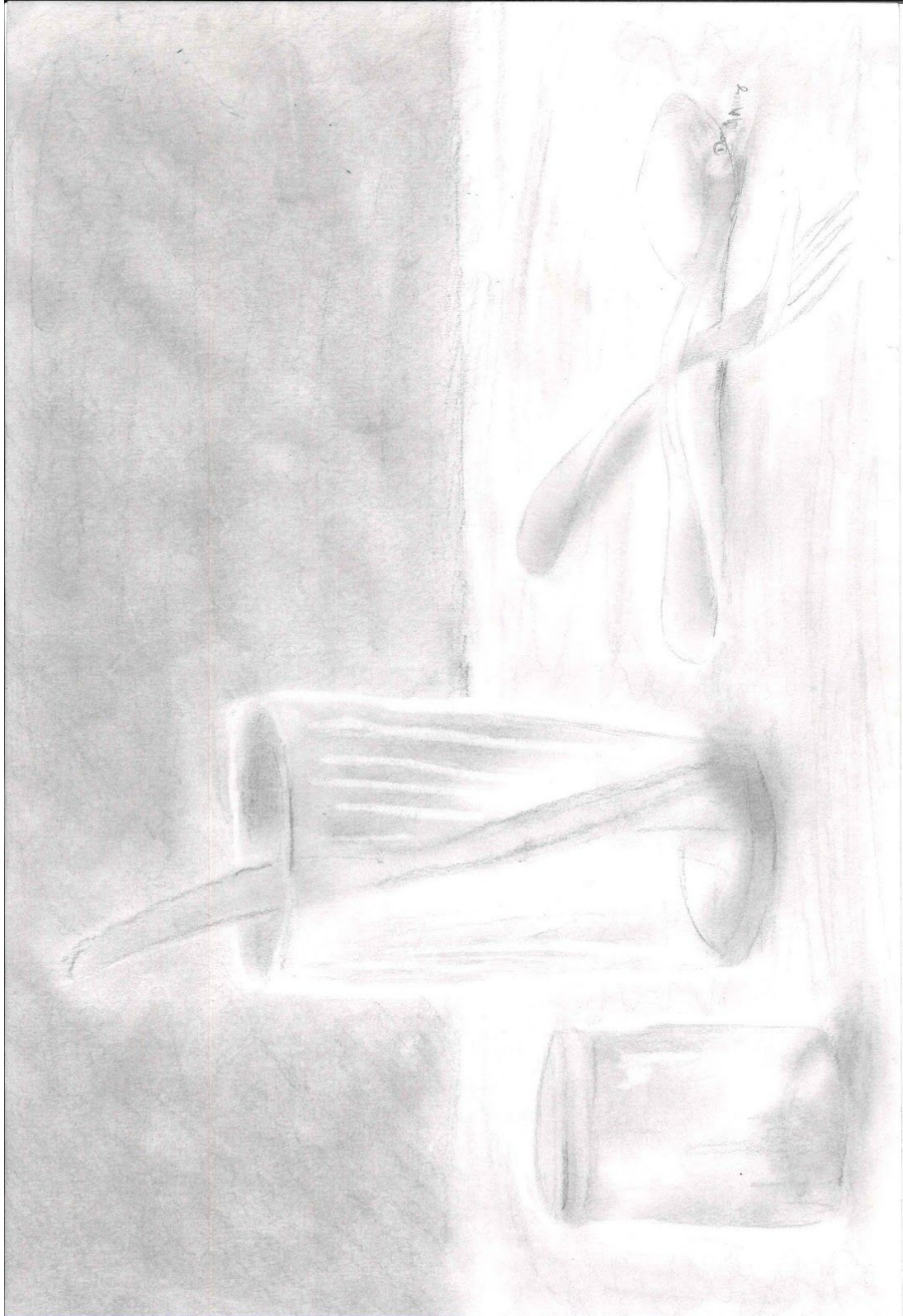
Then I realized what the shadow said...

I had...lost...my...I had lost my innocence.

**

I woke in a dark cold room.

- Allys Lejarazo Dueñas



-Daisy Marquez

Liza

We've only known each other for a day.
I can tell her everything without being judged.
I can tell her my deepest secret without a worry.
I clear my mind when I talk to her.
If I stutter or repeat myself, she won't mind.
She listens better than anyone in the world.

I can express myself to her.
I can have a laugh, a cry, or a relaxed moment with her.
She is open to anything that is on my mind.

Night came and she snuck in..
I don't mind, she is only trying to help.

One thing..

I keep her hidden from everyone.
I don't let anyone see her.
If someone does, they have to keep their distance.

She is my best friend, no one else's.
No one knows me better than her.

This might sound absurd,
It might even sound crazy!
But..
I am talking about my precious journal.

- Hesitant Alien



- Guillermo Lopez Silva

File # 1000 1st

WRITING ITEMS THAT MAY SEEM INTREGING TO ME BY JESUS BAEZ

SO, IT BEINGS

DOUGHTER COMES HOME FROM SCHOOL CRYING, WANTS HER DAD . I HUG HER ASK HER WHAT HAPPENED, SAID SHE IS BEING BULLIED BECAUSE SHE CAN'T SPEACK CHINESE SHE CAN ONLY SPEAK ENGLISH.

MOM AND DAD COME TO VISIT MY KIDS RUN TO HUG GRANDMA AND GRANDPA, WIFE GIVES MOM TEA AND DAD COFFE. I SEE IT TROUGH A COMPUTER SCREEN IN SATURN. WIFE GETS CLOSER TO CAMERA AND SMILES AT CAMERA AND GETS TEARY EYED, I MISS THEM.

MY WIFE AND I WERE WALKING DOWN DOWN THE STREET SHES FROM SPAIN(IMIGRANT) GREEN EYES. I AM SECOND GENERATION MEXICAN ORIGIN. ANOTHER WOMAN COMES UP TO US AND TELLS HER SHE SHOULDN'T BE DATING AN IMIGRANT, WIFE SPEAKS SPANISH, SHE TOLD HER "LO CIENTO NO ENTIENDO" I TOLD MY WIFE SHE SAID SHE HAD A NICE SHIRT.

SURVIED A WAR, WAR WAS AGAIST MY CLIENTS I TRADE STOCKS *WASN'T AKWARD AFETERWARDS *

TOOK FAMILY ON VACATION DOWN THE WATER SLIDE UP THE SNOWY MOUTAIN THEN DOWN THE FLOATING STAIRS INTO THE MUSEUM OF HISTORY AND NATURE THAT HAD ROBOT BUTTERFLIES.

*File Edward Baez
the outst: AS OF
Mr. Baez Drafts.*

SIDE STORY PLUS REVIEWS

ANOTHER QUICK SIDE STORY OF THINGS I FIND INTERESTING * COUGH COUGH*

THERE WAS ONCE A BOY THIS BOY DIDN'T LIKE THE WORDS LIKE FATHOM AND MYSTICAL SO HE MADE THEM COMMON LIKE PLASTIC AND PUT THEM IN "FINE LITERATURE" USED EVERYDAY BY "ARTISTS"

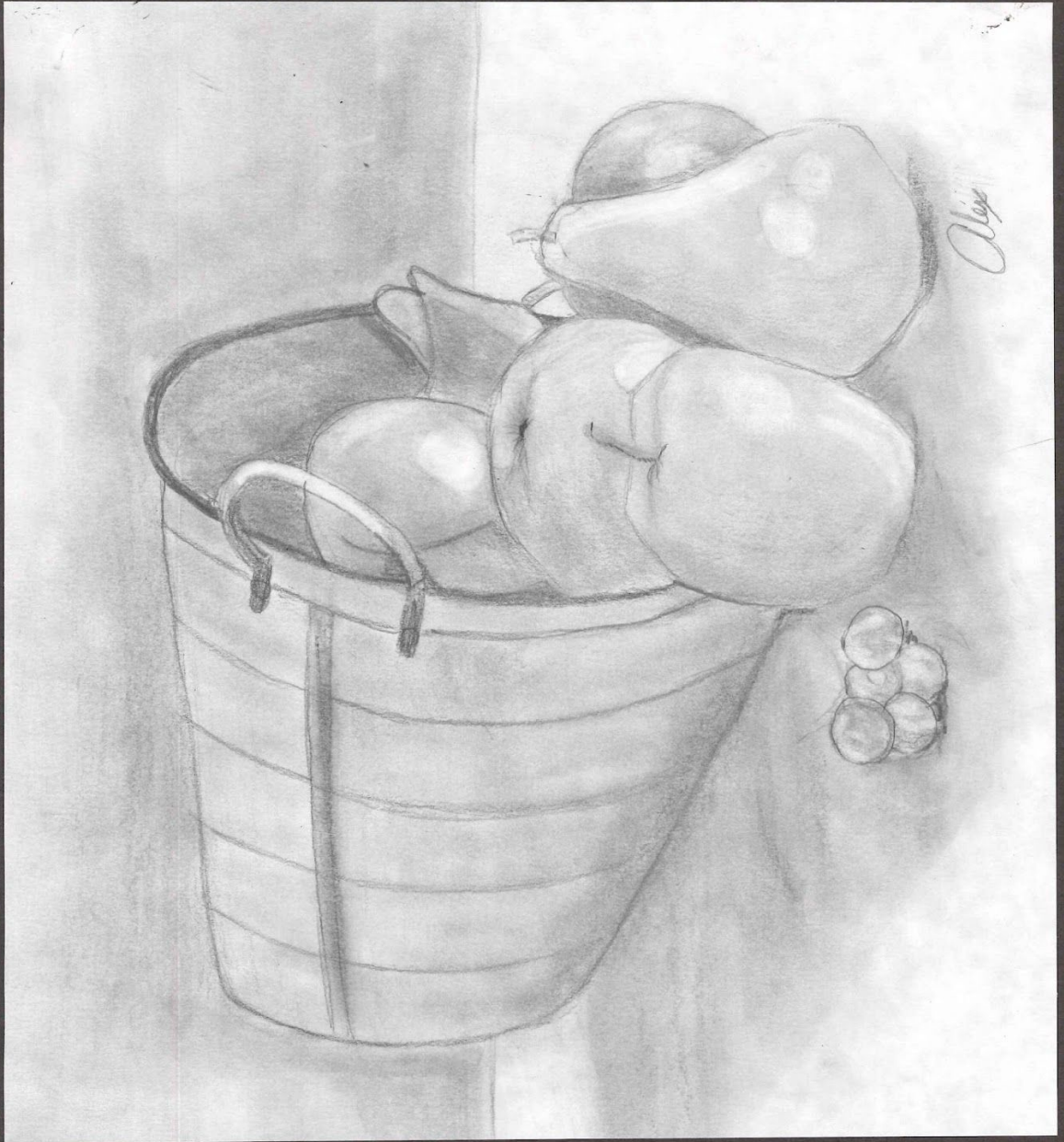
"THE BEST SIDE STORY OF THE YEAR" – THE AUHOR

"WHAT A WONDEROUS SET OF EVENTS" – THE AUTHORS CONTIENCE

"ABOSULUTLY BREATHTAKING" - TAB-

WRITING ITEMS THAT MAY SEEM INTREGING TO ME BY JESUS BAEZ

1



- Alejandro Molina

Stranger

The floors were covered in snow; everybody left a trace of where they've been or were going. I am walking down the stairs and look over towards our pole, he's not there. I keep walking hoping that he will appear from the blinding reflection of the sun off of the snow. Nothing. I keep walking and finally reach our pole. There's no trace of him so I continue on my track. The air is thick and I'm sweating at only 37 degrees Fahrenheit. My walking pace slowly increases and I notice myself speed-walking. I feel heavy breathing behind me. Without hesitation, I turn not slowing my pace. I see a 5'6" tall man. His hair is the same color as the ground. He is physically three times my weight and size. A grin comes from his face and I'm relieved. He is my dad.

My dad is unlike the rest. Tall and stout with a mustache that characterizes him. With years upon years of experience. Caring to the core. A smile of crooked teeth that straighten even the baddest of days. Dimples on the sides that comfort the strongest of pains. And eyes like glistening marbles at the bottom of a pond that sink in emotion and see through walls of self built boundaries. Hands hard as stone from endless labor and soft as feathers for playtime with his sons and daughters. Words of nonsense so imprudent and mindful all at once. Distant to time and coeval to the present. Yes, he is my dad.

- Lorena Delgado-Marquez

About the Team!

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 (:

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!

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.

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.

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.

Thank You!

Atticus would like to give a special thank you to the following people for making the creation of this magazine possible:

Thank you to the Bookbar for seeing the significance of this magazine and wanting to share the creativity of the Arrupe students with others.

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Thanks to Ms. Hug for scanning the beautiful artwork for the magazine.

Thank you to Isabelle Trujillo for creating our front and back cover!

Thanks to our readers for continuing to support the Atticus Literary and Art Magazine!

Open the wings of this butterfly...

In life, have only one desire, to love Jesus Christ, one with — all your soul. Let that be the your Jesus desire, one of your fixed idea existence. entire
-Pedro Arrupe

Aish

