



*Rugged* is a collection of artwork and writings created by students of Bishop Dunne Catholic School.  
**Winter 2016**

Cover photo by: Katherine Shipp



# RUGGED

**Bishop Dunne Catholic School**

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Photo By: Arvin Oquindo

Dear Readers,

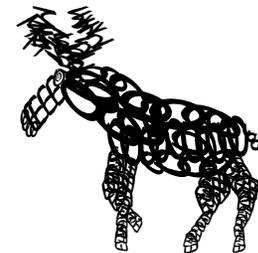
In this issue of *Rugged*, we are pleased to highlight the creative works of several Bishop Dunne students. The juniors and seniors of the Creative Writing Club, working with Ms. Brinkley Maclin, share some of their poems and short stories. Some of Mrs. Marta Popiel's freshman students also share their poems.

The Advanced Art and Photography students of Mrs. Allison Ramirez and Mrs. Gloria Nieto offer their original pieces from graphic design and photography projects. These students use a variety of techniques and materials to achieve exciting visual results.

Finally, this issue introduces a piece of fan fiction by freshman Sean Jurek. Sean's piece is the prologue to a longer work; we hope to see more of his work in the future.

Thank you to all of our contributing writers, artists, and their teachers. Thank you to Ms. Venieca Kusek for layout, and to the English department teachers for editorial assistance. Happy reading and viewing!

Melanie McGarrahan Gibson  
Editor



By: Sai Lammata



## Winter Rubin Leos

A world of white, devoid of color and emotion that makes people smile. Gone are the brilliant blooms of flowers that people stop to admire. The trees lie barren with their leaves strewn underneath the snow. Even the animals that were so active and free now lie shut away inside burrows, waiting for the warmth to return.

Most people start complaining about the weather and the temperature. The standard, “It’s too cold to go out, the snow is too high, there’s ice that you can slip on,” and the other plethora of excuses people can make. Most people prefer spring and summer since it’s warm and the world is “alive with color.” They don’t know how to appreciate the beauty of winter.

The delicate snow forming a soft blanket for the ground. The icicles glistening as they wither away slowly, but not before giving a beautiful sight as they wrap around the roofs of houses and tree limbs. The snowflakes descend to cascade the land daily, making sure the blanket is fresh for those who tread out. Foxes and mice struggle for survival as they dress in white, trying to hide from each other. Wolves trudge through thick layers of snow as they chase down game to survive.

But all of that is far beyond the city streets and parks where people skate. Past the slopes where people ski or snowboard down the snow bundled faces of mountains. Here inside the city park, as you walk on a slightly frozen road near a thinly frozen pond, the wind cleaves through your layers and sends a chill down your spine, but nothing you aren’t used to, living up north. As you walk you can’t help but think that the best part about the winter isn’t the snow or ice, or even missing out on college.

The best part is the quiet, the fact that the world slows down and you can appreciate things you usually wouldn’t pay attention to. It’s nothing but the snow and wind as you walk, leaving a deathly silence in your wake as the snow rustles underfoot. The perfect reminder to enjoy the little things in life, and pay attention to the details.



By: Emma Barclay



By: Esteban Delgado

## Grandfather: Dirt Roads

Heath Kuykendall

“Our roads were all dirt when I was young.”

This is one of his favorites. How all the roads to and from the farm were nothing more than patches of land that had been driven over so many times that grass no longer grew in the rocky ground. I’ve heard it a dozen times before, but it’s always good to let him recollect his youthful days. He loved them in more ways than I think I ever will.

“We didn’t have this fancy concrete all over. We was poor. And who would want to pave an old country road anyways?”

I always imagine him stroking his beard during these long pauses. He does, too, I think. He never could grow one. So instead of trailing his fingers through wispy white hairs, he strokes the baggy skin below his chin. It might not look as dignified, but he doesn’t care.

I guess that’s why I look up to him. He doesn’t give a damn what other people think of him. I doubt he even gives a damn about what grandma thinks of him. Maybe that’s why she married him though. Because she cares far too much about what others think of her. They balance each other out in a way.

He’s composed his thoughts again and takes his signature stance. He leans back slightly and moves his hand out towards me, as if gesturing me to lean closer, like we’re two kids with some big secret. I know that that’s not actually what he’s waiting for, but I lean in all the same. He speaks quietly when he talks about his childhood on the farm. I know why. I don’t remind him though.

“When it rained, our roads were just mud. Dad’s truck couldn’t get through, and our horses always had problems too. So we had to walk into town when it rained. Good exercise.”

He says this last statement with a slight chuckle. He had eight siblings when he was young, so I assume on those muddy days they pushed and shoved each other into the filthy muck and laughed just like he is now. I think he still misses them. I can’t tell though. He’s lived through eighty years of difficulties. He’s good at staying emotionless.

He’s stopped to take a breath. I’m worried about him. He’s been sick for the past few weeks. I know he’s eighty. For a human male, that’s impressive. But I don’t want him to leave yet. I’ve got more questions.

He’s talking again. I need to stop thinking for a minute and listen instead. His breaths are just a little bit shorter than they were last time. Has he always sounded this hoarse?

No thinking. Only listening, while those old dirt roads are still vivid in his mind.



Photo by: Katherine Shipp



Photo by: Katherine Shipp

Glacier Hue  
Olivia Griffin

From sepal to stem growing thorny hinges  
The rosy bud expands several inches  
Growing in fragrance and perfected beauty  
This beginning of life reached full maturity  
Winter frost came during the stormy weather  
The giant petals sank like cheap plastic leather  
Icy texture amongst the thorny stem  
The sight appeared to shine just like a gem  
Valuable scenery throughout the frosted garden  
The rose frozen still began to harden  
The rose's icy sheet shattered like a glass vase  
Suddenly water droplets begin a high speed chase  
A rush of smooth skin  
It ran across the thorny stem  
Slight prick as the skin touched the stem  
Drawing blood  
Alarms went out for flash floods  
Pain enhanced the still silence  
A new experience for exaggerated violence  
The blue skies become coral, peach, and blood red  
House lights go dim as people go to bed  
The talented birds bring their songs to an end  
Dreams go wild within the extravagant mind that loves to pretend  
But once we wake up, it all happens again



Photo by: Katherine Shipp

You Are My Mother

Jake Robb

You are my mother so tried and true. You do so much for me that I cannot even write it all down for the list would be too long. You have patience far beyond that of others for having the patience to deal with me. You are that glimpse of sunshine on a cloudy day reminding me of all the good and clearing away the clouds to show me the brighter side of things. Your resilience gives me a flicker of jealousy hoping I could one day attain such a quality. Your strength knows no bounds. Surely if I went through your hardships I would stumble and fall, but you, you would not simply just get up. You get up and run. I hope someday that I will be able to run just like you. I hope that one day I will be at least a fraction of the person you are because having just that fraction is more than enough to radiate all the virtuous and righteous qualities that you have. You are my mother so tried and true.

The Cowboy's Last Ride

Chris Ivie

He sat on a stool  
All eyes on him  
His cowboy hat covered his eyes  
He stared at the guitar  
Then, his eyes emerged  
His eyes were filled  
Filled with the wonder of the land  
Of the house he was brought up in  
The job of growing crops and raising cattle  
All just to feed a wife and two kids  
He thought about what would happen when he would be called  
Called to live the life after this one  
He put his fingers on the fret bar  
His strumming let out a heartwarming tone  
He then lead his head forward  
Not knowing it was his last breath  
He let out a sound  
A sound as if it was reassuring  
He smiled as he closed his eyes  
He fell forward with a last word  
The word was God  
Everyone stood up  
No screams came across heartfelt room  
But a simple clap





Photo By: Arvin Oquindo

Vulnerability  
Chris Ivie

So my English teacher told me to write again.  
I thought to myself  
“What the heck could I write about now?”  
I thought for ever  
I could write about my autistic brother  
But I have already done that  
I could write about Drugs, Sex, and Money  
But that isn't me  
I could write about how my family and I fight 24/7  
But that would only make things worse  
I could write about how I wanted to commit suicide  
But I also wrote about that  
So here I am  
Thinking about what I can write  
I just know one thing  
I can't write about something that's not me  
And now that I think about it  
I am only vulnerable.

The Reality of 50  
Katherine Lopez

your skin resembled the corn husks  
that you've worked with for so long  
and generations clasped  
your wrinkled hands  
and danced the dance  
to music that brought them home  
but only brought me to the border  
your voice caresses  
us in a tongue I don't understand  
but with the same tongue  
that started my future years ago  
it's the language of romance  
it's a language I never cared  
to understand  
until now



Photo By: Tremayne Bell



Photo By: Katherine Shipp

## **Hope**

*Alejandro Estrada*

*I will probably never be Kendrick, never be Cole,  
but I will forever be Jando; my soul will never be sold.*

*I never looked up to the imposters  
eating steak and shrimp and lobster  
while these kids are getting murdered  
the second they walk across the border.*

*But no matter your color, everybody struggles.  
Everybody lives through pain, so don't feel like they are above you.*

*I don't cut grass and I don't speak with an accent, but my  
grandfather did  
and I may listen to Gladys, The Temptations,  
country and a little bit of rock 'n' roll  
but my pops told me, "Jando do your thing; see how far you can go,  
and I pray you overcome any struggles that you're in;  
their hating success is just as deep as any revenge."*

*And yes we are all stereotyped but stay strong because what they don't realize  
is that we are all just hungry and searching  
for some meaning in our lives.*

*The following is an excerpt from The Genius, the first in a series of fan-fiction novels based on the well-known DC Comics Batman universe.*

*This prologue takes the initial leap into a city overcome by the destruction brought on by the fall of its greatest hero, the Batman. In the aftermath of his disappearance a sinister force threatens both the innocent of Gotham as well as an alliance of his oldest enemies.*

Prologue:

6 MONTHS AGO

Something was amiss that frigid Gotham night. The Batman's keen senses could feel it. It was as if the very air exuded the sensations which plagued him. Ill will and despair weighed heavily upon him, increasingly so as he exited his Batmobile and began the trudge towards the dockyard lighthouse.

The storm which had loomed was now unleashing a deluge. But the Batman was not one to falter. His feelings of dread reached a crescendo as heavy rains spilled down his flowing black cape and chilled him to the bone. The iron bolts which held the door had long since rusted away, and with little effort he forced them apart.

Stepping into the dank confines of the condemned lighthouse, the Batman received a much needed reprieve, allowing his mind to focus. He closed the door and bolted it in place as best he could. He retrieved a small flashlight from his utility belt and followed the thin beam of light. As he stepped forward, his forearm collided with a metal cylinder atop a workbench. With reflexes as sharp as one hundred knives, he intercepted it, narrowly averting attracting attention. Something was off tonight; he knew it. Perhaps it was the undue strain that stemmed from recent events, or maybe it was the storm playing games with his mind.

Either way, he wouldn't have ordinarily permitted such a mishap.

The Batman had come to this desolate place on such an unholy night in the culmination of a yearlong effort to identify the perpetrators of recent events. First had been the record lull in criminal activity his city had boasted for many months. Almost every thief and fanatic had disappeared from the criminal radar. There still remained the occasional heist perpetrated by his more ostentatious enemies; however, they too were becoming infrequent.

Then, several weeks ago, unknown assailants conducted a well-orchestrated assault on the Arkham Asylum for the Criminally Insane. The target was clearly the assassination of the asylum's most dangerous inmates. However, the cunning top-level prisoners used the distraction as an opportunity to escape. The Mad Hatter, Poison Ivy, and many others were released into the city, his city. Despite the Batman's best efforts to incarcerate his enemies once more, they had proved impossible to find.

The Batman was reminded of a similar incident when the master strategist Bane first arrived in his city. He emptied Arkham in an effort to break the already overtaxed Dark Knight. The chaos that followed was disastrous. The Batman vowed that the situation today would be resolved as quickly as possible. So it was that the Batman followed the only solid lead he could discern from the viscous murk of information on his Batcomputer. Although his original intent had been merely to investigate a condemned lighthouse, he now found himself entangled in something of greater malice. For, from what he could tell in the poor lighting, the cylindrical canisters before him housed highly toxic gases. The reason for their being there soon became clear.

Before him was a bulky apparatus being fed poisonous vapors by several industrial hoses. This, the Batman realized, was a highly potent gas bomb. Its stores were near capacity. Once full, this device would be primed to release its contents upon entire cities. The Batman set to work disarming the triggering mechanism of the nightmarish weapon.

Taking a moment to catch his breath after several

nerve-wracking minutes, the Batman suddenly felt the cold barrel of a handgun at the back of his cowl.

“Hello, Bats,” came an abrasive, jeering voice.

“Joker,” he replied flatly, his mind already brimming with fifteen risky methods of disarming the madman in the close quarters.

“So,” continued the malicious jester, relishing the Batman’s animosity at being caught unawares, “what brings my old buddy to this soggy corner of lil’ ol’ Gotham? Here to throw a wrench into the workings of my plans, are we?”

The malefactor jabbed the barrel of his weapon even deeper into the back of his “buddy’s” head. The Joker was enjoying this. The Batman decided to take the path of calm interrogation, hoping to beguile the clown into a point of vulnerability.

“I want information, Joker,” he stated, struggling to contain his rage. “Who attacked you at Arkham? Why did they want you, Ivy, and the others dead?”

The clown laughed, his raspy cackle echoing throughout the lighthouse. He found this, as he did most things, part of some sadistic joke to which only he knew the punchline.

“And what makes you think I should know, Batsy? Sure, I dip my fingers into a few pies but I’m afraid I know only as much as you do, and I was there! Oh that is rich! Now that says something!”

The Batman felt the pressure of the gun barrel lessen, which meant the careful appeal to the Joker’s egotism was working. The Batman had only to keep this up a little longer. He furtively reached for any sort of nearby instrument, but the wily Joker realized his deception. He suddenly thrust the barrel of the gun deep into the base of his victim’s skull, forcing him to drop the metal screwdriver he had finally managed to get hold of.

“Oh you are too funny!” the Joker cackled.

The Batman snarled.

“But I’m funny too! In fact, this next one ought to blow you away! What do you call a pathetic little bat who can’t — ”

It had to be now, before the Joker could finish the twisted gag and fire off the killing shot. Suddenly gripping his



By: Tremayne Bell



By: Isaiah Valdovinos

attacker's gun arm, the Batman yanked and twisted it, sending a wave of pain spiraling up the Joker's arm. The clown stopped laughing, but before dropping the handgun, he managed to fire off a single shot. It penetrated one of the gas canisters.

Within seconds the room would be filled with deadly laughing gas. The Joker's snakelike form allowed him to worm himself free before the Batman could deal a decisive blow. He whirled around and saw his enemy in the glow of his flashlight. The Joker turned and ran up the spiral staircase. His features burned in the Batman's eye: The color of his skin, made ghost-white by the chemicals he'd been bathed in long ago; his messy, dark green hair; his wide toothy smile, yellowed teeth embedded in ruby red lips. The Joker wore a long trench coat of deep purple with dark pants, a green vest, and a white oxford shirt with a loosely secured string bowtie. He giggled madly. The Batman lifted his cape to cover his nose and mouth to keep out the gas filling the room. He was not going to let the Joker escape.

While his quarry's long spindly legs carried him effortlessly up the stone stairs, the Batman's movement was hindered by his restrictive armor. The Batman cursed himself as he tripped on the steps and was reminded of his uncharacteristic lack of concentration. After what felt like an eternity to his sore muscles, the Batman found himself facing a closed trapdoor. He could hear the Joker's homicidal laughter. Wasting no time, he thrust his armored gauntlets forward and allowed the momentum of his stride to carry him through the rotted door. Slivers of wood flew in every direction. The poisonous laughing gas had already begun to dissipate, and the remaining wisps were too weak to harm him. Hastening after the Joker's purple coattail, the Dark Knight stepped out onto the circular balcony and into the hurricane. All he could see through the downpour was a gloved hand fingering the auxiliary control panel, yanking the main power switch into position. Blinded by the sudden onslaught of light, the Batman was momentarily helpless. The Joker cackled as he swung a heavy crowbar at his victim's chin. The

Batman fell to his knees. He tasted blood.

"Now doesn't this feel familiar?" the Clown Prince of Crime roared. He raised the crowbar and connected with a second blow. How the Batman would have liked to fall into the sweet relief of total unconsciousness. But he recalled his duty, remembering the promises he'd made to the people he loved and to his parents. His head was swimming, but he rose. His anger rekindled.

"You couldn't leave me be, could you?" challenged the Joker. "You had to drop in and spoil my fun, didn't you? It appears that I simply must teach you a lesson!"

The Joker struck once more, but the Dark Knight was ready and blocked the strike. In one fluid movement he yanked the weapon from the Joker's hand and sent it flying over the handrail. Coiling his other hand, he struck the Joker's elongated nose, savoring the impact and the subsequent cry of pain.

Pressing his advantage, the Batman gripped his enemy and slammed him into one of the lantern room's windows, shattering it. The Joker's face now wore a hideous scowl. He leapt to his feet and clawed at the Batman's face, forcing him back against the railing.

"You lunatic!" the Batman shouted. "You'll kill us both!"

The Joker's manic leer returned as he and the Batman went over the edge. They fell, twisting and turning. The lighthouse stood on the edge of a cliff, above the churning black coast. Their forms were sure to be dashed against the outcroppings of rock and swallowed up by the waves. The Batman could not reach his grappling gun amid the Joker's hail of punches and kicks. Seconds later his entire world went dark. The last thing he saw was the malevolent smile of the killer clown.