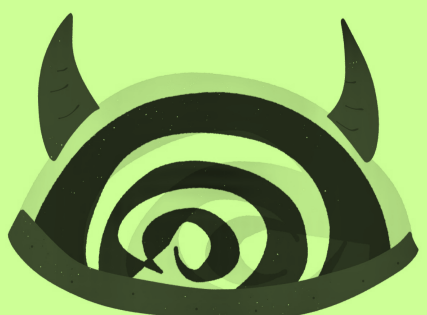
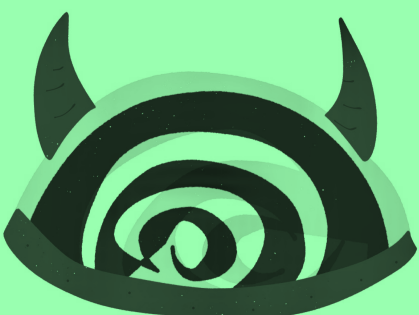
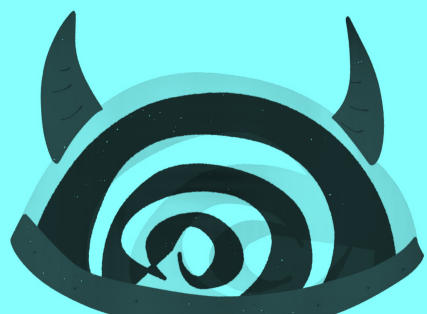
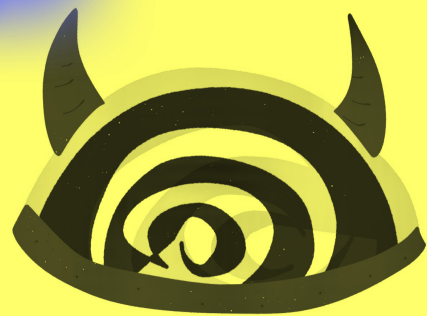


LA JOLLA HIGH

JUNE 2017

THE EDDA

ILLUSION





The Edda is named after an ancient collection of Viking poems and prose. The Vikings of Scandinavian countries collected their poems and stories in The Poetic Edda and The Prose Edda. The Vikings of La Jolla High School have collected their poems and stories from this year in The Edda.

This literary magazine is student-designed and edited.

This year's editor: Meg Young.

© 2017 All rights reserved.

Table of Contents

Encyclopedia of an Ordinary Life.....4
By Renata Bath

House of Mirrors.....6
By Thomas O'Loughlin

Held by Ears.....7
By Meg Young

Untitled.....9
By Maryam Hedayat

Untitled.....9
By Allie Baranowski

Dear Mallory.....10
By Una Smoole

The Island of Lord of the Flies.....13
By Hannah Jimenez

Darla.....14
By Wesley Preis

Cover and backgrounds designed by Meg Young.

Encyclopedia of an Ordinary Life
Renata Bath
Grade 12, Ms. Lecren

Annoying: Annoying are these young boys, who never get older. Looks like we live around a thousand of Peter Pans, who will never get older! Oops, need to go, Tinkerbell is coming.

Blender: One of the best human inventions, but also created by a deaf man.

Clock: If you have ever noticed, the clock is worried about being healthy! During the time you're partying with your friends, this is his favorite time to run and keep in shape, but Monday through Friday, from 7:25 to 14:15, it's his rest time, or better, lazy time.

Doubt: Doubt is just the uncertainty of being right, and being right that you are uncertain. Am I right?

Eat: Is the snowball of feelings... First the desire, second the searching, third the happiness and fourth, always the guilty.

Future: A lot of people get money just saying that they can predict the future, but you also have this power! Get a book and start reading from the last page. Boom! That's future.

Google: I'm trying to think what my grandmother usually did when she wanted to figure out something that she didn't know. Wait, I'll Google to see if I can find out!

High School: I'm a senior, almost graduating and passing through my 4th year in the high school and I still couldn't find the low school.

Imagination: The bounding of all your wishes in a candy land, that seems to be the main part of your brain.

Joy: It's simple, just have your boy, that could be coy, ask him for a toy that you enjoy and go to Roy.

Key: No matter how hard you try, they will always be better at playing hide-and-seek.

Library: A place that makes you feel mature, silent and smart, just for having an animated book in your hand and a serious face.

Map: Instrument that you use to find yourself when you are lost, but how do you find yourself in a lost paper.

Nothing:

Over: Just the beginning of a new chapter.

Pillow: Your biggest friend! The one that keeps all of your dreams, fears, loves and guilt... And no matter what you tell it, it will never judge you.

Quotation: "The act of repeating erroneously the words of another" - Ambrose Bierce. I think I read this somewhere!

Radio: No matter how bad the song is, if you have your best friend, sunglasses, and your car's window open, the radio needs to be loud.

Soup: The only food that moms offer you in a cold weather and or when you are sick.

Telephone: The creation that made 3 main things: gossip faster, Grandma's afternoons happy, and Uber.

Un: A fancy way of saying NO.

Vacation: This is the best word to say, ever! No matter where you are, at an uncle's house or at Disney World, it's always the best sensation telling to your friends that: "I'm on vacation!"

Xylitol: Is the healthy sugar, the one that instead of making you fat, it makes you poor.

Wallet: The object that is always in a full place, but always empty.

Young: The age that you always want to be when you realize that you are not younger anymore.

Zzz: I never get it why people use this zzz... sound thing to show that someone is sleeping. Do this sound to yourself out loud! Does it sound like you are sleeping?

House of Mirrors
Thomas O'Loughlin
Grade 11
Ms. Medrano

A place of wonder and despair.
A place where one can chase their desires around every corner
As long as they pay the fare.
Most will be fooled, they will enter without question or care.
And such, their endeavors will be just as fair.

Everything they could want, all around them, and still they cannot see.
For try as they might, these dreams and fantasies can never be.
And before they know it, they're a prisoner, shackled and never free.
Drained of energy and glee, trapped forever and may never leave.

Now watch helplessly as all these mirrors are shattered
And behold your mind now scourged and battered.
Poor soul, they could not see through this mischievous illusion
And now we've arrived at this most foul conclusion.
Though your mind may never heal,
May truth be kind and reveal.
What is fake and what is real.

The clock strikes midnight with a bellowing chime of an ancient bell.
And you soon realize your now in the house of hell.

Held by Ears
Meg Young
Grade 10
Mrs. Maycock

A cigar in the corner burns slowly, the embers falling off in pieces and turning into black charcoal as they hit the cold steel of the ash tray. A pool of burnt paper and tobacco gather around the butt, sending aromatic sparks into the air of the dimly lit kitchen. Emerald paint peels from the edges of the cabinets, and hugs the copper handles which lie askew upon the restlessly worn wood. Inside the cabinets sits an eclectic collection of antique, yellowing china, each plate and glass telling a story in muted whispers and clinks, their superfluity causing the shelves to creak and sag in a steady, weakening decline. Inside the north most cupboard is perched a lonely teapot, on it painted carefully by long since dirt-turned hands, *auribus teneo lupum*. It sways tentatively as the dust mites squeak in a silent unison, absorbing sound so that all that can be heard is a faint cough in the back of the room, where a table sits lopsided on dying legs. The mouth from which the cough sounded purses its lips, which sit in a state of drought from lack of balm. His translucent skin reveals an indigo vein pulsing in a steady rhythm. Tobacco stains his teeth.

"Put out your cigar!" comes another voice from the hallway beside the kitchen. Her black hair recedes into a tight bun, stretching her skin tightly against her face. An artfully crafted grimace hangs from the corners of her mouth, pulling it down into a sullen frown.

"It's already out!" Answers the dry lips, pointing to the ashtray with a violent fist. The embers cease glowing as an icy draft sweeps through the window.

The grimacing woman takes a seat next to her husband.

"Your cough woke me. It's gotten worse."

"So has your affability."

A shadow casts itself over her pupils as she leans back in a concerned glare.

"I'm just trying to help you."

"You aren't helping much."

"How's that?"

"You disturbed me. I was relaxing."

"And you woke me! I was sleeping!"

A moment of silence rests on their shoulders. After a couple

seconds, the husband sweeps it off wearily.

"I'd rather you not yell."

"Please, I would rather you get up and do something. Put out the cigar--"

--but--"

"For good!"

Her voice escalates to a shrill cacophony.

"Please don't yell."

Suddenly a scream sounds, and it carries itself through the hallways in a grand, horrific parade. The emerald cabinets turn scarlet as they waver and fall, the collection of china shattering across the floor. The smell of tobacco hangs eerily in the air as a single shard of porcelain slides across the tile emblazoned with a single *lupum*. It sits patiently in the gradually silenced space, waiting.

"Did you hear something?"

"No, did you?"

Click. The lamp lights up. A couple sits peering in their bed, trying to see past the border between light and dark.

"Shattering. I heard something break."

"I think it's fine. You're just tense."

"I need a drink."

"No," her hand stops him from leaving the bed, "It's okay, we're alright. We're alright."

He nods, sinking shakily into the mattress.

She beckons once more, "I love you."

"Yeah," comes the guilty reply, "I love you too."

Click. Black again fills the room, and the house returns to its patient state, disturbed only by ghastly shrieks, dancing through the halls in their haunting succession.



Untitled
Maryam Hedayat
Grade 10
Mrs. Maycock

Untitled
By Allie Baranowski
Grade 12
Ms. Lecren

The trees are so green
Glistening, breezy, and bright
Adventure ahead

Dear Mallory
Una Smoole
Grade 10
Mrs. Figge

Dear Mallory,

Remember when we went camping when we were thirteen? I was the one who suggested it while we were eating lunch that warm spring Monday. We sat together outside of the gym on the grass as usual. Your lips were dry and you were applying cherry Chapstick. You considered it, took a bite of your lunch and with your mouth half full of the biscuit I had given you, nodded your head, swallowed and said, "Oh yeah that sounds fun." We set it for that Saturday which was plenty of time to plan. Our parents weren't opposed to it, of course we practically lived in the forest already.

I went to your house to pack up our things. We laid out all of our supplies on the bed first. There were our sleeping bags (yours red, mine black), my rain jacket, the toothbrushes, a tube of toothpaste (the generic kind that you get at the dentist,) a Bic lighter, a stainless steel thermos, a Swiss army knife, a skillet, utensils, lighter fluid, an axe and a tent propped up against your nightstand.

On the floor however, was our food and "fun" things. We brought Cheetos, Doritos, Hostess cupcakes, beans, steak, your favorite magazines, a board game (Risk), and a portable radio. By thirteen we were proper campers, and knew how to stack our supplies in our backpacks and how to plan what to wear.

By the next day we were walking through the forest. At first we were on the main trail, observing how the sun shone through the immense evergreens as we passed them by. You were elated then and when I looked over to you your face was bright and enthralled with our surroundings. About a mile into the trail, we deviated. I told you that I knew the perfect place and you were curious. As we went through this half of the journey, the ground was uneven and we had to pay close attention to avoid the rocks and timber. But I knew our destination.

The spot really was perfect. We settled next to a glistening sapphire lake and played any radio station we could reach. You started setting up the tent as I gathered wood for a fire. I tied my raincoat around my waist and started to look for dry wood. After going back and forth for a few handfuls, I began cutting the larger

logs in half with the axe. Once I got through six pieces and halfway through another, I looked over to you and the tent and noticed a large grizzly bear far in the woods behind you. It was slowly advancing, taking its time. Step by step. I turned back at the log, ready to pry the axe out, but when I looked back, the bear was gone. I left the raincoat on the ground.

By the evening we had created a roaring fire surrounded by stones you had found by the lake. I cooked the steak and beans with the skillet while you skimmed through your magazine. There was a satisfaction with each sizzle as I flipped the steak and the simmer of the bubbling can of beans. You clumsily forgot plates so we had to eat out of the skillet and the can. I remember how we laughed after we both ate scorching hot beans, burning our mouths.

The rest of the night we sat by the fire which somehow seems to make conversations more interesting, eating our stash of Hostess cupcakes. You talked about everything from Mr. Twist as poor excuse of a teacher to your theories of the universe. And I listened to all of it. At some point amidst the night, the fire started to die. There was still extra wood I had left by the axe so I went to retrieve it.

That's when I saw the bear approaching and the fire died. It was immense and its eyes were full of hunger and malice. The bear walked closer and you were paralyzed. Your eyes became pools and your lips were an earthquake. I was outside of myself, looking onto you like a scene from a movie. It was unreal, impossible. The bear then pushed you onto your back, your golden hair became dirtied by the leaves and the soil of the earth. Your tears started to fall horizontally and gathered in your ears. You were a picture lying there, a work of art. Your emotions were in the rawest, purest form. Your expression was unadulterated terror. It was nothing that could be replicated or copied, not by the most successful of comen, or the most celebrated of actors.

The bear reached down to your chest and you were a butterfly. That's when you looked down and screamed for help. Loud at first, confident, but then breaking as you realized it would only be in vain. But you were smart Mallory, the bear was on top of you and there was no running away. It scratched you first, right in the middle of your soft pink cheek. It took its time, scoring a line all the way from your nostril to your earlobe while you grit your teeth, letting out wails through them. The blood merged with the tears on the side of your face and ran down your neck, eventually

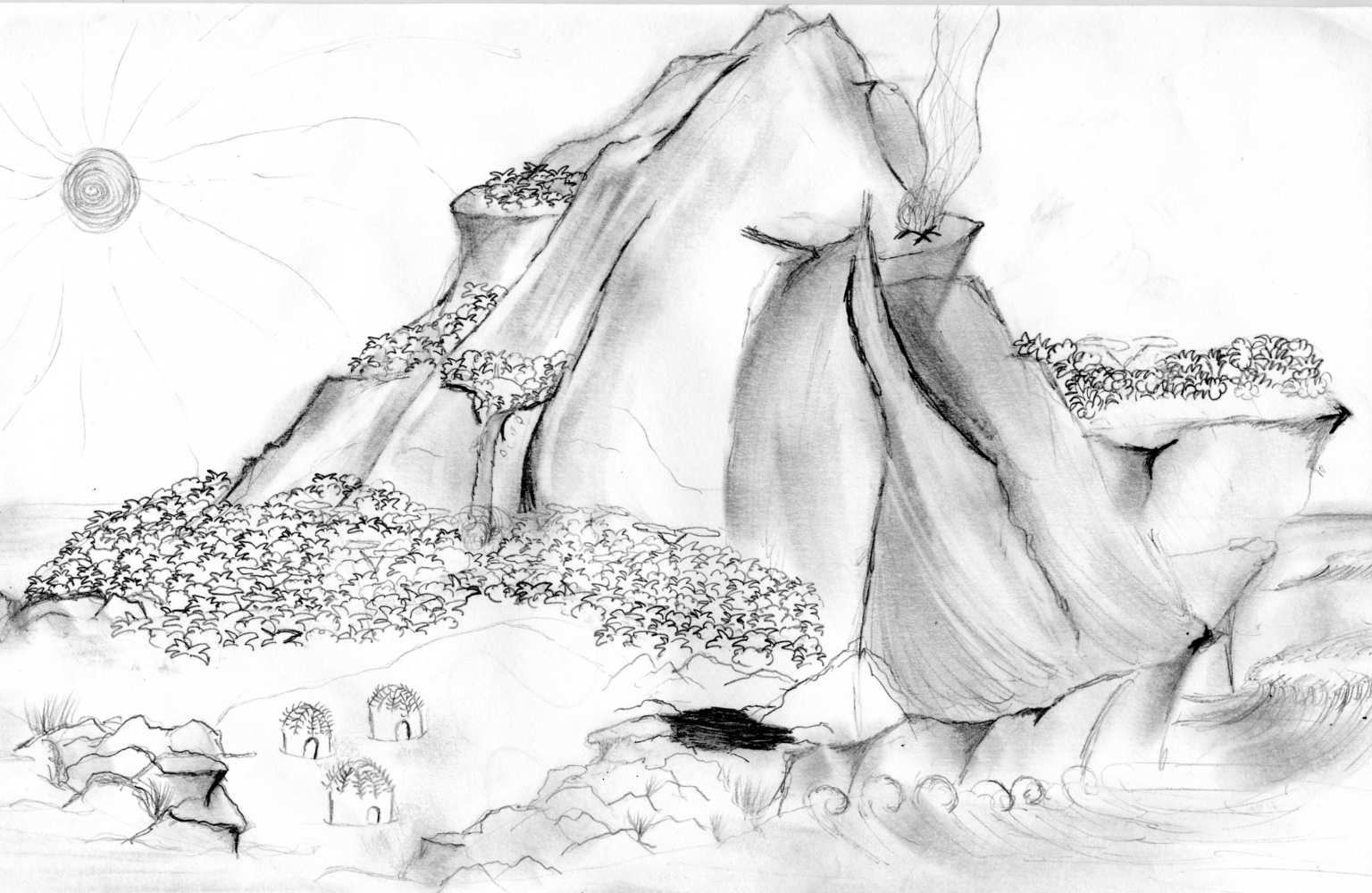
staining your jacket.

What happened next was messy and staggering as the bear turned your fragile body into a disarray of scarlet. You were almost unrecognizable with your face covered with the splatter of the gashes on your forehead and neck. The lacerations continued down your torso and limbs, soaking your yellow t-shirt and blue jeans. But what was the most stunning, above the mellifluous sobs, the crimson wounds, and the intense sentiment between us, was the way your eyes changed the moment your soul was drained.

I went over to the lake and washed my raincoat. All stains slipped easily and the coat was clean.

Your mother was devastated when she learned the news. The entire town mourned you and the police were baffled. This is simply, because no one blames a bear.

With love,
Bear



The Island of Lord of the Flies
Hannah Jimenez
Grade 9
Mrs. Medrano

Darla
Wesley Preis
Grade 9
Mr. Essex

A COLD WIND blows across the bare soles of my feet as I lay in bed beside the man I love. The glowing numbers on the clock to my right flash 2:30 A.M, 2:30 A.M, 2:30 A.M but weariness, to me, is laughably distant. There are greater things on my mind. The restless dog barking across the street, the manicure I'd arranged to get tomorrow, the lovers quarreling down the hall of our apartment complex. I know they'll make up, they always do. I look over to David, still in a state of unconsciousness. The cool lights of the city outside have cast a flickering shadow over his face and he is so, so still. I take a moment to process the relaxed, angular planes of his face, his smoothed brow, his lips, slightly chapped, not unlike those of somebody who'd spent a few hours at a windy beach. Even in this state, they're pulled down at the corners a bit and crumpled up, just steps short of a grimace, as if apprehensive about something.

He looks much younger, I think, when he is able to forget the burden that only cognizance seems to bring him.

We'd met in high school through a mutual friend. He was a senior; intelligent and accommodating and freshly 18. I was a sophomore abruptly thrown into the tepid waters of adolescence; optimistic and oblivious and a fool, such a fool. I'd gone through the majority of my teen years with the notion that somehow, if I didn't believe in love, the universe would give me a reason to. I like to believe David was my reason. When we started dating, it was incredible. I'd found myself not wanting to go to sleep because not even my most magnificent dreams could compare to what I'd found in my time spent awake. We would text each other for hours upon hours about the stupidest little things, but it was never stupid to me, because for the first time in my life, I'd felt worth. I was his darling, "Darla, my darling", he'd say. David loves alliteration. At this hour, if I'm quiet enough, I swear I can still hear him saying it, the way he did all those years ago. We were best friends then. He knew all my secrets, you know, and I knew all of his.

We'd similar goals - I wanted to be a writer, and he wanted to be a journalist - so we were always supportive of each other's academic endeavors. It wasn't until he was planning to leave to college that we had our first fight, if you could even call it that.

"Penn State." He'd said. We were seated on the couch in his

parents' living room. My head was on his lap and he was absentmindedly fiddling with my hair.

"Penn State." I echoed, "Where is that?"

He laughed. "Pennsylvania. Sent in my application this morning."

"Oh." the room fell silent. After a few moments, David was the first to speak up.

"Something wrong?"

"No, its ju--I just, that's awfully far, isn't it?"

"Well, I guess, bu--"

"Why didn't you tell me?" Pause. I felt him thinking.

"That's what I'm doing right now, isn't it?" Another pause. He was still playing with my hair, but his fingers began to feel like a vice. I sat up to look at him. I was getting angry. Can't quite remember why.

"I meant *before* sending in the application."

"Jesus, I mean, I'd assume you'd like, be supportive" What appeared to be a mixture of fear and confusion crossed his face. "This is kinda deciding my whole future..." He stopped then, as if choosing his next words extremely carefully. Abruptly I aborted his thought.

"What's that supposed to mean? Your whole *future*? Am I not a part of your future?"

"Darla, you know that's not what I mean" he reached out to touch my face. I allowed it. "Of course you're a part of my future. I wanna be with you forever, hell, longer than that. I want to be with you until we're like, old as fuck and I use a bedpan and your boobs go down to your knees and then, oh! Then we die, but we get buried together so we can still get weird in the cemetery."

"Necrophilia is like hot though."

I chuckled and swatted his hand away. "God, David, you're such a freak." A few minutes passed in comfortable silence before we both slowly came back to reality.

"But Darla, you know it just won't work out, right?"

"What? No, I've read your writing, they'd be dumb not to accept you"

He leaned back and looked into my eyes, a somber air to his motions. "Not college," he takes my hand in his and limply grasps it. "I mean us."

Oh.

"You don't mean that."

"I wish I didn't, you know I do."

"But you don't." I chuckle, "You obviously don't, David, oh my god, don't be ridiculous."

Nothing.

I clench my hand a little tighter.

“You don’t mean that! Tell me you don’t mean it!”

“Darla.”

“David!” my voice was breaking, and I felt myself begin to shake.

“Tell me you don’t mean it!”

We broke up that summer. He got accepted into Penn State and left a month after. Six months had gone in a whirlwind and I was utterly heartbroken. For a bit, my world had ended.

I’d always imagined the apocalypse to look like what I’d seen in the movies; fire and sirens and buildings falling down and maybe, if I’m lucky enough, some sort of undead human-thing that could swing by, eat my brain, and finally expunge me from this pathetic excuse of a breakdown I had the honor of calling my life, post-David. The end of the world, to me, though, was rather different. There were no burning villages, no cities set aglow by some otherworldly bombardment. There was only the soft flicker of lights in gas station bathrooms at ungodly hours of the night. Just cold, shaking hands enclosed around a comparatively warm glass pipe; grateful, at this point, to hold anything close. Through all of this, though, I feel the most disturbing thing was that things still went on exactly as they had prior. Absolute bullshit. Seasons still passed - fall, winter, spring, summer - again and again and again; a sadistic carousel that hadn’t a care in the world whatever hell I was going through. My friends went out, I stayed in. Occasionally they tried to set me up with someone, anyone, because I seemed so lonely, but I really think it was because I was bringing everybody down. It was dismal. But I went off to college and, for a while, forgot about him entirely. It wasn’t until one fateful day, the August after I’d graduated from Emerson, that everything changed.

Fate seems to be pursuing some kind of vendetta against me, or so I strongly believe. I am aware that, upon hearing this, Fate would likely throw back her head and laugh, because I’m tragically irrelevant in the scope of things. Sometimes, though, remembering this gets quite hard. It was a Thursday, and I had a job interview with some magazine in hopes that I could land some office job where I would spend eight hours a day in a cubicle writing nonsensical articles about fashion or celebrities and strategically planning ways I could hang myself from the ceiling fan so someone from accounting can come find my body swinging around like some kind of big-ass children’s piñata. Olé. I stepped through the automatic doors, the clacking of my high heels immediately muffled upon my making

contact with the carpeted floor of the building. I was escorted to my interview, and greeted with an all too familiar face.

I remember the whole thing with alarming lucidity. Shaking his hand just moments before he realized I was the girl he'd been in love with nearly eight years ago. The way he smelled ever-so-faintly of linen, an aroma that brought such intense nostalgia I could've cried right then and there. The way he took me in his arms, as if to silently say, *"Darla, I was an idiot. I swear I'll never leave you alone again."* His soft smile against my face, my God, it felt like we were suspended in reality. I spent every day I could in the office after that.

I look over to him now. Under the pale moonlight, he looks like a statue carved from something not of this earth and I look to the ceiling for a bit. What did I do to deserve him? Forgiving me for all my foolishness, my short temper. *"It's been eight years"*, I think to myself, *"but I love him as though it's been forever."* I reach out and touch his nose with the calloused pad of my finger. Boop. Outside, the lovers have stopped fighting. Typical. I hear police sirens wailing outside, rushing in, then out, like the tides. I see the red-blue-red-blue-red-blue of the lights coming in through the window, alternating and obscured by the corners of the room. Not far behind them, there seems to be an ambulance making its way through the city. There is something nearly whimsical in the flickering lights in our room. Bright, complementary colors not unlike that of those you would see at a birthday party for a child. What fun!

I never really knew David's birthday until his actual birthday. We had been dating for just under a year, and when he told me it was his birthday, I felt so bad for not knowing, I started crying. Then, I felt bad about crying, so I cried some more. He simply laughed and told me he didn't want anything anyways, and held me until I'd stopped. I never did forget his birthday after that, though. I looked over to him now, and ran a finger down his chest.

"Isn't that right, David? I never ever forgot your birthday after that, did I?" Silence. Typical David, I think to myself with a chuckle. I grab his head in my hands and shake it side to side, a marionette in agreement with myself.

"No you didn't, Darla Darrrrrllling." I say in my best masculine tone, making the "darling" ring on, so as to remember that I am his darling, and he is mine.

"That's right, Davey." I giggle louder at this now, and close his mouth again, shaking my head in amusement. "No siree, no I didn't."

I am his darling, and he is mine.

I am his darling, and nobody else's.

I am his darling, and nobody else is.

Lauryn Rose-Whatever is a cold, backstabbing, conniving bitch who always smells of vodka and tastes about a million times worse. If my path to happiness was a track I was running, she was a big, ugly hurdle with a hairy upper lip and a perpetual cameltoe whom I was faced with the burden of having to see every day. She worked at the same office with David, and Lauryn Rose-Whatever was hell bent on snatching him up like a bird of prey. They would always go out together, much to my dismay. Every time I saw him leaving work, they were going the same way. Now, I was never one to be played like a fool. I decided, one fateful day, to follow them and observe the shenanigans to which they were getting up. I rented a dark, damp, dank-smelling car for cheap and made up my mind that today would be that day. I put on a hat and sunglasses, hopped in the car moments after they took off, and followed them. They looked like partners in crime; Batman and Robin, if Robin was screwing Batman and I wanted to execute both of them. Through the windshield, he appeared to have his hand on her upper thigh. Pig! We then came to a light, and they began talking. I couldn't hear what they were saying, but I like to believe it was along the lines of "Hi Lauryn-Bitch, let me tell you about my beautiful girlfriend who I love and will always be faithful to." This was likely not the case though, because he then leaned over and kissed her. On the mouth. Worst fucking pantomime show of my life. In a fit of rage, I leaned on the horn and screamed at the top of my lungs until they stopped and sped away when the light went. I followed them at full speed, swerving and crying and cursing and not having the heart to stop, until they came to a halt at an apartment complex and parked. I parked a few blocks away, composed myself, and knocked on the closed door.

My face was a mess, but I didn't care. I rang the doorbell and heard footsteps approaching. Suddenly I was reminded of my time spent as a Girl Scout. This time, though, I wasn't selling thin mints at an overpriced \$5 a box. I was selling cold, hard justice, for the fair price of free-ninety-nine. God I'm clever. I was brought back to the present as the door opened and I was met with a woman's features. I felt tears welling up in my eyes and I knew it was all over. There I stood, outside of this house, defeated and sobbing like the pathetic shell of a woman I was. Lauryn looked panicked.

"Oh my God! Are you alright?" I said nothing. A man's voice punctuated the chaos.

"Laurie Love, who's out there?" Immediately I stopped crying. Alliteration. He had a bleeding *nickname* for her. Oh Hell no. I charged her like a bull and swung my open hand at her face.

"You *slut*!"

I woke up on a foreign couch, being observed like some kind of guinea pig. David was looking at me, and Lauryn was holding a cold compress to the left side of her face.

"Oh thank god" David was the first to speak.

"David?" I was extremely disoriented. "David, is that you?"

He sighed. "Yes, Darla, it's me."

"David! Funny seeing you here." I was stumbling now and felt like I had been injected with anesthetic. "Why are yo- why did y- cheating on me? hmm?"

"David, what's she talking about?" A woman's voice bubbled up now, a squealing sow, ruining my and David's reunion.

"Laurie, this is Darla." He began to explain. "My ex-girlfriend from high school."

"Nuh uh, Daaeevid, now! I'm your girlfriend now!"

"No, Darla, you aren't."

"I'm your girlfriend now!" I was upright and sobbing now. "I'm your girlfriend now."

"David, what the *hell* is this woman talking about." the pig spoke the question-less question between gritted teeth and behind the back of her hand now.

"She's insane, Laurie, we aren't in a relationship. For god's sake, I filed a *restraining order* against her." Lauryn looked worried now.

"O-kay you guysss, I can, I can hear you 'nd you're being ruuuude. Boo."

"Darla." David shot a glance my way. "Will you please shut. the. fuck. up?" The room fell silent. In a moment of sobriety, I stepped off the couch.

"What did you say to me?"

"You're in hysterics. Get out of our house before I call the police!"

"No, David. You're not calling anyone." I grabbed a pillow. Lauryn backed away slowly. "You're not calling the police..." Step forward. "You're not calling anyone." I push against his chest, and knock him onto the couch. "You're not leaving me alone again." I'm on top of him now. Lauryn is screaming. I lift the pillow above his head, and bring it down in one swift movement. "You. Aren't" He's jerking underneath me. "Leaving. Me." Laurie runs out of the house, tripping and flailing and wailing. "Alone again! You're not!" Shove the pillow.

“You’re not!” Harder. “You’re not!” *Harder*. Again. “Ugh!” I’m panting and flinging my arms now, a human jackhammer shoving the pillow into his face. He goes still. I lift the pillow from his body and carry his lifeless form up to the bedroom. We lay in silence next to one another for hours.

“You know, David, you really scared me back there. Not to mention, you broke my heart. I always thought you’d be faithful. Tsk tsk. I forgive you, though. How could I not? We’ve been through so much.” I press a chaste kiss to his lips, and drift off into a blissful sleep.

It’s been a week now. We’re in the bedroom still, as like any other night. I cannot sleep though. So here I am, laid in bed beside the man I love. The glowing numbers on the clock to my right read 2:50 A.M, 2:50 A.M, 2:50 A.M but weariness, to me, is laughably distant. We have a big day tomorrow. I need to get some sleep. I look at the front page of the newspaper from today.

WOMAN TO BE TRIED FOR MURDER

“Darla Anderson, 24, is to be tried in court for the murder of David Rosen, 27. Anderson is to be sentenced tomorrow, and faces up to life in prison. Rosen’s wife of three years, Lauryn, states that Anderson is ‘highly unstable’, and ‘should not be directly approached.’”

“‘I just want justice for my husband’ states Rosen, 26, ‘and I know it’s all he would’ve wanted too.’”

I set down the newspaper. Ugh. You simply cannot trust journalists these days, such a shame. I look over to David, still in a state of unconsciousness. The cool lights of the city outside have cast a flickering shadow over his face and he is so, so still. I take a moment to process the relaxed, angular planes of his face, his smoothed brow, his lips, slightly chapped, not unlike those of somebody who’d spent a few hours at a windy beach. I reach out and touch him.

“David,” I laugh, pulling the covers over him slightly more. “You’re so cold.”

fin.

The background of the entire page is a repeating pattern of orange triangles of various sizes and orientations. The triangles are a vibrant orange color with a slightly textured, watercolor-like appearance. They are scattered across a white background, creating a dynamic and geometric visual effect.

The Edda 2017

Thanks for
reading!