

# The Edda Literary Magazine 2012





# The Edda Literary Magazine

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*The Edda* published by Writer's Workshop  
Teacher: Carole LeCren  
La Jolla High School  
2011-2012

750 Nautilus Street  
La Jolla, CA 92307

<http://ljhs.sandi.net/faculty/clecren/writing/>

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*The Edda* (both Prose and Poetic) are collections of Viking stories, poems, and legends from the early medieval period.

La Jolla High School's mascot is The Viking.

Thus, we named our literary magazine for a collection of stories, poems and artwork by Vikings.



Kelila Krantz



# Ashengray

by Jaco Beneduci

By greyest silk the sweeter sand,  
A blaring rash upon the land  
In sleeping ash a beauty gray  
The gift of fire died away.

This ailing breath of powder fine,  
Remnants of a heart of mine  
Are still as tracks that lay beneath  
And gentle as an airy seethe.

Ash of day, gray-land awe;  
Flour of the fire draw,  
Sweet serene, gray-ling's grace;  
Memoir of a fire-place.

A feathered wind wails away  
Monochromous in ashen gray

# Ray

by Allison Devitt

"So what if Life's Inane  
It passes too swiftly to be Sane"  
What the dawn break past the clouds  
Mourn it's dousing in the ocean's waves.  
Look not past the fading beauty  
See more than a single moment





# Hands

by Chloe Robinson

Hands show age, wrinkles, age spots, or both. Hands type and write and express our identity. They can be used to signal peace, “I love you,” or the opposite with the flick of one finger. Hands shake other hands in a clasp of friendship or greeting. Our hands separate us from animals. With them we have built this amazing world. They carry out what our brains can only imagine. There are some things on our hands that are baffling. The feeling on your hands after touching a lot of books is like you soaked your hands in knowledge, dried them, and now all that’s left is a residue. It’s like the words leaked onto your hands, only giving you part of the story. Fingerprints are an anomaly--showing uniqueness and difference in billions of people. Every divot on fingernails seems like a mountain if you look close enough. Without hands, where would we be?

# The Color of Craving

by Eliana Pransky

Hunger is a big black hole.

Impatiently waiting is orange.

Smelling the food is maroon with desire.

Food on your plate is red hot.

Yellow with excitement, fork in hand.

Taste on your tongue is neon color.

Cold water down your throat is blue.

Soft pink with satisfaction.



Emily Dinnerman



# Time Travel

by Declan Halloran

Is it worth it to travel back in time to witness a single event? I mean, if we learned how to time travel, and most likely we would learn to travel back before we go forwards, would it be worth it to go to the past for one single event and be stuck in that time period, and never come back to the present? You would have to grow up at your current age starting from the day you go back. Not to mention you would have no money, clothes or home, unless you prepared yourself very well somehow. Would it be worth it to leave everything behind and grow up in a different period that is unfamiliar to you? A lot of us always say that we would much rather grow up in different times, but would we want to leave absolutely everybody and everything we know behind? I don't think a lot of us would think about that. Or what could happen is that we wise up, and figure out how to travel back and forth through time, so we wouldn't have this problem, and I've been ranting on something absolutely pointless, and now you wish you could get this last minute back. Well for now, you can't. But maybe in the near future you can.





# Net Neutrality

by Oliver Melvin

The term net neutrality, the idea that Internet Service Providers (ISPs) and governments should not place restrictions on the internet, is unheard of by most people, but it is an extremely important topic. The internet will only continue to grow in importance and use. However, future users face the possibility of having a closed web where ISPs have an inordinate amount of power. The internet is an extremely powerful medium for freedom, but there is alarming talk to change all of that.

First, I would like to address piracy as it is a major reason why powerful groups such as the Motion Picture Association of America (MPAA) and the Recording Industry Association of America (RIAA) support internet censorship. I would also like to note that the effects of piracy are near impossible to determine and a point of contention. While the MPAA and RIAA's claims of enormous losses seem extreme, one cannot prove that piracy has in fact helped through promoting media. Regardless, censoring the internet is a terrible way to combat piracy that will hurt legitimate business more than pirates. Those determined to pirate will find a way around counter measures, they always do. Instead many legal websites will feel the pain of censored internet. Social websites could potentially suffer if users casually post copyrighted material, such as clips from movies, without malicious intent. This is a very crude method that has a negative effect on too many users. I propose that piracy should be combated by looking at causes (Digital Rights Management, distribution, prices, etc.) and changing business models as appropriate.

Additionally, policing the internet as laid out by bills such as the Stop Online Piracy Act (SOPA) and the Cyber Intelligence Sharing and Protection Act (CISPA) stifles innovation. Companies like YouTube, Facebook and Instagram would never work if companies could be held accountable for unproven claims that are users were infringing on copyright. As long as these companies comply with valid Digital Millennium Copyright Act (DMCA) notices they should be free of legal issues. However, if companies become responsible for actions of others and must strictly police their site, there is a huge barrier to creating websites. Anything social or involving users contributions would have a huge barrier to market because of the extra employees needed to police content. The last thing our economy needs is an artificial barrier for startups. The beauty of technology startups is that they can begin with little funding and blossom to very successful companies that create a lot of jobs.

However, net neutrality extends beyond intellectual property issues. Another reason to support net neutrality is the fear of two-tiered internet, as discussed by Comcast, Verizon and others. For example, Comcast caps their internet packages at 250 gigabytes (GB) per month and also offers cable television. 250 GB seems like a lot, but with a large family and sites such as Netflix, that compete with cable, it is not too hard to hit. One could reach the conclusion that caps were introduced to prevent people from dropping their cable plans entirely. This seems even more plausible after a recent announcement that Comcast's own steaming service would be exempt from bandwidth caps. The official reason is because the streaming is still through a set top box, but it is very clear that Comcast is just looking to use its power to give itself an unfair advantage. If the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) had net neutrality laws, this kind of behavior would be illegal and everyone would have an even playing field.

Proposed regulations of the internet have the power to destroy our rights on the web. The web is a great medium for freedom and it would be a terrible turn of events if it turned into a segmented network. SOPA and ISPs have proposed programs to remove content online without proving that it is infringing on copyright. Similarly, whole web sites could be black listed simply by being accused of hosting illegal content without due process of law ensuring the site is in fact in violation of the law. The scary part of these bills is that they are so ambiguous, that these abuses are not prevented. Net neutrality is important because it protects the interests of the people y keeping an important medium free of censorship. Net neutrality does not protect piracy or other illegal activity on the web. Rather, it prevents regulation of the internet and leaves the existing American judicial system as the proper way to handle wrong doings.



# Vice and Sin

by David Corrales

What will come around?  
Be it from the ground,  
Or pound for pound;  
Be it sound  
We will be wound  
To see and be  
Around.  
In this life or the next  
A hex or not,  
Never knowing  
What to expect  
And be exempt  
From this world  
With vice and sin.



Emily Dinnerman



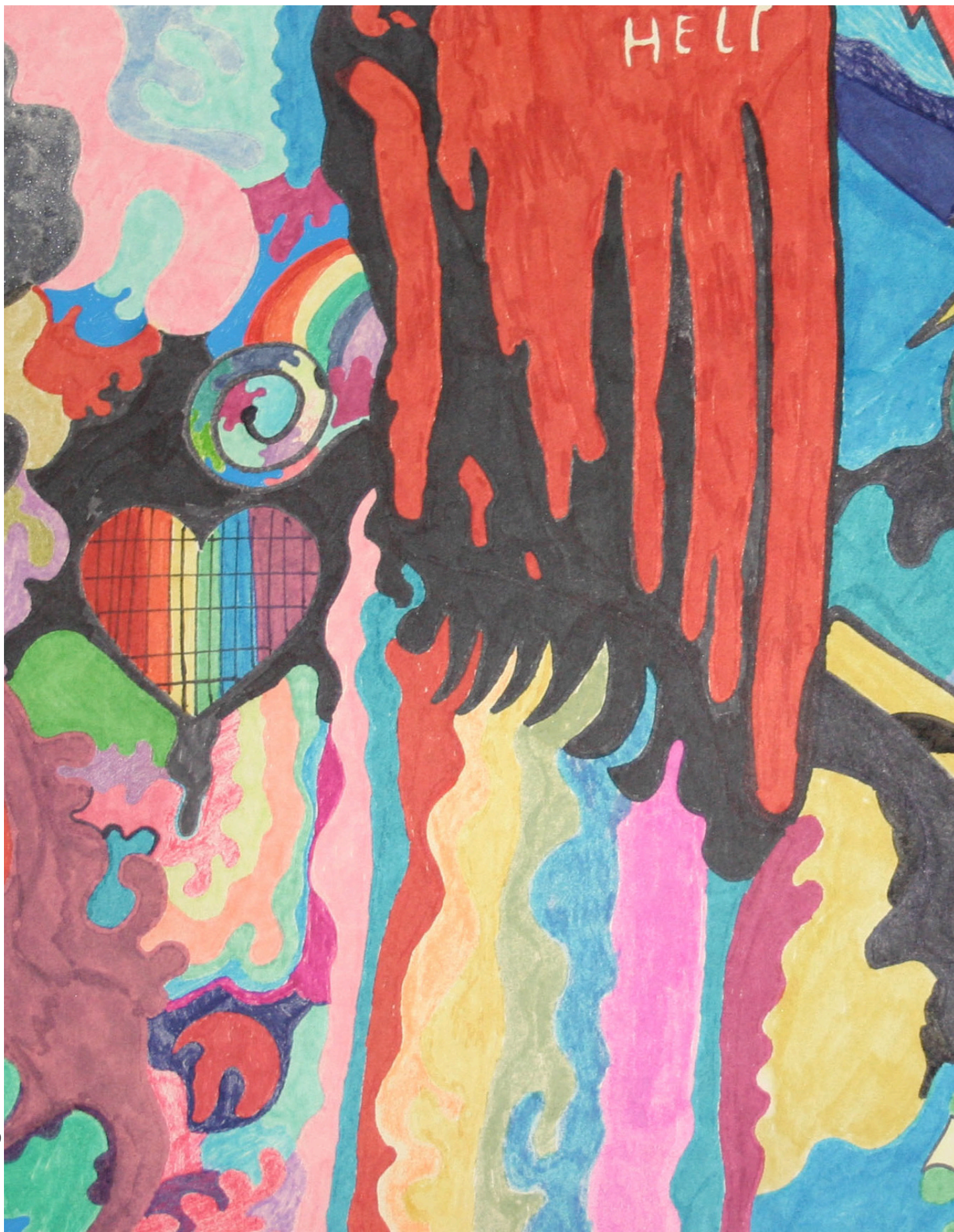
Emily Dinnerman

# Love

by Jessica Richmond

Love is sweet.  
The look in her eyes,  
the smile on his face.  
The minty kiss,  
and sweet sensation.  
His hand brushes across her face,  
and hers runs through his hair.  
The smell of rain,  
creeping through the cracked window.  
Their song on the radio,  
“I won't give up”.







# The Ghost Fiddler

by Jaco Beneduci

So slings the fiddler on every string  
As do heart-beats, darkness inkling.  
To livings ears, his song does sting  
But to dead, the tune is twinkling.

Minstrel of moonlight masquerade  
Whose bridge-strokes bring a privilege  
Soothes forth all shades of black parade  
Which makes the day to life abridge.

This soloist in rags of white  
A coat of doves; a shroud of moths,  
With chilling drone the stars incite  
To moon above, like lightest cloths.

.

His shrillest stroke of shadow's call  
With deathwatch as his metronome  
Plays the waltz of crescent's ball  
To euphony of the leavelets tome.

Like the warlock's blade, the violin mocks  
The wraith whose haze no wind can blow  
And by tapping finger of every clock  
Comes the gallop of the fiddler's bow.

# Lost too Deep

by Vincent Cheng

I am laying here realizing that I'm in this way too deep  
Softest skin and hungry eyes keep me from falling asleep  
Images of easier times roll by as I lay awake  
What could have been, what should have been, leaving my heart to break  
But take it away just as you did with many others too  
Repetitively and quickly just as the ocean is blue  
But I stood in and weathered it hoping for the one day  
You would cure all the problems and take all the pain away  
For my heart has seen many winters but very few springs  
Many fierce storms and everlasting droughts among other things  
But never before has it been filled with such great love  
But never full enough to drift to the heavens above  
Then you left my heart broken, lost searching without a cause  
Wondering and waiting I guess love has no more laws  
Sadly though by now you have moved on many times over  
While my heart still aches suffering from this love disorder  
So here I wait hoping one day to finally move on  
I surely hope by then all of my heart wont be gone  
But by chance if it is gone I surely, truly do know  
Loving you was truly worth all of the rain and snow



# A Better Place

by Elisa Brooks

The old man tried to sit up, struggling to support his weight with his thin, veined arms. The sunlight streamed in through the window across from his bed, blinding him. The old man reached over to the wall to the left of his bed, pressing the red button. Within seconds, a nurse walked in.

“Hello Michael. And how are we doing today, sir?”

“Draw the shades. The damn sun is in my face.”

The nurse walked over the window and pulled the curtains together.

“How’s that?”

He grunted at her and continued his struggle to sit up. The nurse walked over to him and gestured with her hands, asking if he wanted some help. The old man grunted, signaling that she could help him. She grabbed him under his arms and gently pulled him up. The old man was very thin now and it troubled the nurse that it was so easy for her to move him now.

“Is there anything else I can get for you, Michael?”

“Hand me my journal. And could you get me some damn coffee?”

“You know you are no longer allowed coffee, Michael. But would you like some water or some juice?”

The old man made a face at her and mumbled under his breath about wanting coffee. He sighed and laid his hands by his side.

“I guess I’ll have some juice. Got any apple juice around here?”

With a smile, she replied, “Yes, we do. I’ll go get you some.”

She walked over to the dresser, grabbed his journal and laid it on his lap. She walked out of the room and softly closed the door behind her.

The old man grunted again as he watched her close the door. He took a long, deep sigh and closed his eyes. He sat there silently for two minutes. When he opened his eyes again, they were clouded with sadness and grief, emotions that he usually did not allow to surface. But in his room, by himself, the old man allowed himself a few moments of emotion. But as quickly as they had come, he pushed them away with an angry shake of his head. He opened his journal to the spot where the pen lay between the pages. He looked out the window for a moment before looking back to the wrinkled

pages and began to write.

This place gets worse for me every day. Sure, my room is nice. The bed is soft enough, the light wood floors and the soft, red rug. The wooden dresser in the corner looks to be as old as I am though I've told them there is no need for it. I barely have any clothing. The food is never awful but they still won't give me any damn coffee. I think I miss that most of all. But I don't belong here, I shouldn't be here. I didn't have the strength to go on anymore and my blasted family put me in this home. I am always restless. I am always lonely.

I had the dream again last night.

I can't get their faces out of my mind, my wife, my daughter, screaming in agony as I ran to them, their faces coated in blood. They desperately tried to crawl out through the windows of the car. If I had been faster, if I had been with them, I could have saved them. But the car exploded before I even came close.

In my dream, I reach them, I grab onto my wife's arms and try to drag her out of the flipped car. But the car explodes, killing us all. And then I wake up.

I wish I had died with them, I wish I was with my darling Kate now, my beautiful daughter, Alice. She had only been 17 when she died.

And now I'm an old man, 35 years it's been, 35 lonely, bitter years. I feel death coming though, I feel it breathing down my neck. I know that its time. Time for me to join my girls, my beautiful, lovely girls.

A tear dropped upon the page and the old man snapped out of his writer's trance, shocked by the small circle of water bleeding into the page. He slowly reached up to his face and was shocked to find that the tear had come from him. He wiped at his face, disgusted with himself for having let them come to his eyes, for letting them slide down his face. He put the pen back between the pages, slammed the journal together and threw it to the floor.

The old man was tired. He was breathing heavily now. He laid his arms at his sides, laid his head back and shut his eyes. His eyes were still closed when the nurse came back into the room. The old man's eyes snapped open and glanced at her, his eyes showing anger for disturbing his peace. The old man raised his head and shifted in the bed. The nurse walked to his side and held out the tall glass of apple juice to him. He took it and instead of drinking, stared at it, as if not sure what it was doing in his hand. The old man sighed. The nurse smiled at him, reached into her pocket and pulled out a



long crazy straw. She set it in the glass and grinned.

“I got you a crazy straw. Maybe it will put a smile on your face today, Michael.”

The old man grunted again and slowly put his cracked lips to the straw. He took one long, slow sip and watched the juice flow through the complicated straw. He brought his head back, stared at the straw for another moment, and then smiled. The smile was just barely there, the smallest curve at either end of his mouth. But to the nurse, it was a world of difference. She knew that the old man was unhappy though he never would share his story with her, why he had ended up living at a nursing home. The old man, as a rule, rarely smiled. This was the third time the nurse had ever seen it.

“See Michael, I knew you would like it.” The nurse smiled at him and patted his hand.

The nurse saw the journal on the floor and went over to pick it up. She held it out to him but the old man just ignored her. The smile had vanished from his face and he was staring at his hands resting in his lap.

“Don’t you want your journal, Michael?”

“I don’t want to write anymore, I’m done. Throw that damn thing away.”

The nurse glanced at the journal in her hands, unsure of what she should do. But the old man was stubborn and she didn’t want to argue with him. She walked out of the room and shut the door behind her. The nurse stood there for a few moments, curious to know what was written in the pages of the old man’s journal. She decided that if he was going to get rid of it anyways, there would be no harm in her taking it home to do so. Or possibly reading it before she did.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next morning, the nurse slowly walked down the hall, not as happy as she usually was.

She had spent the night reading through the old man’s journal. It had been an emotional night. Every single one of his entries in the journal was full of grief and of longing for death so that he could be reunited with his wife and daughter. The nurse had never known that he had had a family, let alone lost them in a car accident that he had witnessed. Each word had been dripping with his sorrow and the nurse had felt it and had shed many tears for him and for his lost family. But as sad as his writing had

been, the nurse had seen a silver lining. Though the old man wished for death, he truly believed in the afterlife, in heaven. The old man believed that once he passed, he would join his wife and daughter again in another life. The nurse had smiled at that.

But the nurse had woken up filled with sadness. As she walked down the hall towards the old man's room, she tried to think of more ways she could bring happiness to his life again. But what made her sad was the blatant fact that the old man would not be happy again in this life, not without his loved ones.

The nurse let out a breath and placed a warm smile upon her face before opening the door to the old man's room.

"Good morning Michael, how are you feeling today? It's a beautiful day out."

The old man did not move or answer and instead continued to sleep, his back to the nurse. She walked over the window and opened the curtains to let in the sunlight.

"Come on, Michael, you are usually up by five! Let's you and me go for a stroll today through the park, I brought the wheelchair."

When the old man did not respond again, the nurse went to the other side of the bed and bent down to look at his face. The nurse found his eyes closed but suddenly felt that something was wrong. She became very silent and tried to hear his breath but was only met with more silence. She quickly flipped him over onto his back and put her fingers to his neck. There was no pulse.

The nurse slowly backed away from the bed, a tear rolling down her cheek. She went to the wall and pressed the button three times, a signal to the other nurses and doctors that there had been a death. The nurse went to the bed to say a final goodbye and as she moved to hold the old man's hands, she found a crumpled paper in his hand. She slid it from his hand and opened up the paper. The paper, the nurse saw, was actually a picture, with three people sitting on a couch laughing at the camera. In the middle sat Michael and on his left and right were his wife and daughter. As tears rolled down her face, the nurse felt a smile upon her lips. The old man had been sad and bitter here, stuck on the earth and away from his family. But now, she knew that the old man was with them now. She knew that he was happy and in a better place.



# Love Lost

by Jessica Hillman

The intertwining of our fingers,  
The touch of yours that lingers.  
The movement of your trace  
Along my oval face  
Puts me into a heavy trance,  
I'm trying hard to keep balance.

I start to wobble,  
About to topple,  
And wake to find myself in bed,  
Alone and confused in the head.

So it was just a dream  
That runs through my bloodstream,  
Of desire and want,  
That will forever taunt,  
The remains of my loss,  
That I'm left feeling lost.

# I See

by Daphne Cottrell

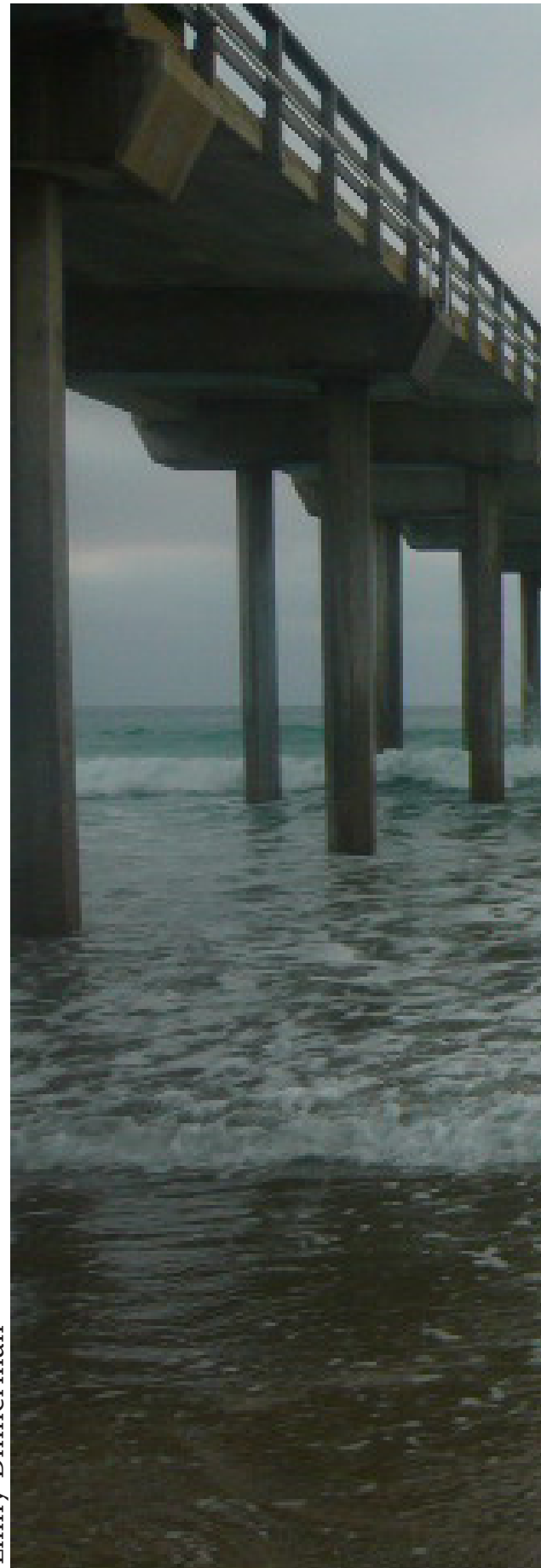
I see what others see;  
they see size, race, and age  
that makes them see through a lens of rage.  
I too can see color, but only on a page  
for when I see people I am color blind.  
I see their habits, their quirks, their souls. Are they kind?  
There must be enough of us out there who care  
but we are rare and sometimes  
the world just seems unfair.  
I see hypocrites in politics tics  
tick tock tick tock  
don't waste too much time watching the hands of the clock tick tock.  
I see starving children in Africa  
while girls are starving themselves in America.  
I see our phones keep getting smarter and smarter  
while our minds are like dumb and dumber  
dumb de dumb Dumbledore can't help us anymore.  
Who do you think you are?  
Who are you going to be?  
A doctor, a lawyer, a hippie?  
But if some are right and some are wrong  
how should we know what's going on, on, and on?  
I see people worry.  
Worry about finances, romances, and second chances.  
I see insecurities everywhere  
but I find security in my friends here,  
my family there,  
and my universe everywhere.  
I see that my future is bright but my past is abstract  
and I cannot draw lines between the good and the bad  
of what I have had.  
Sometimes my vision gets blurry,  
but I always see hindsight in 20/20.

# Impression Ocean

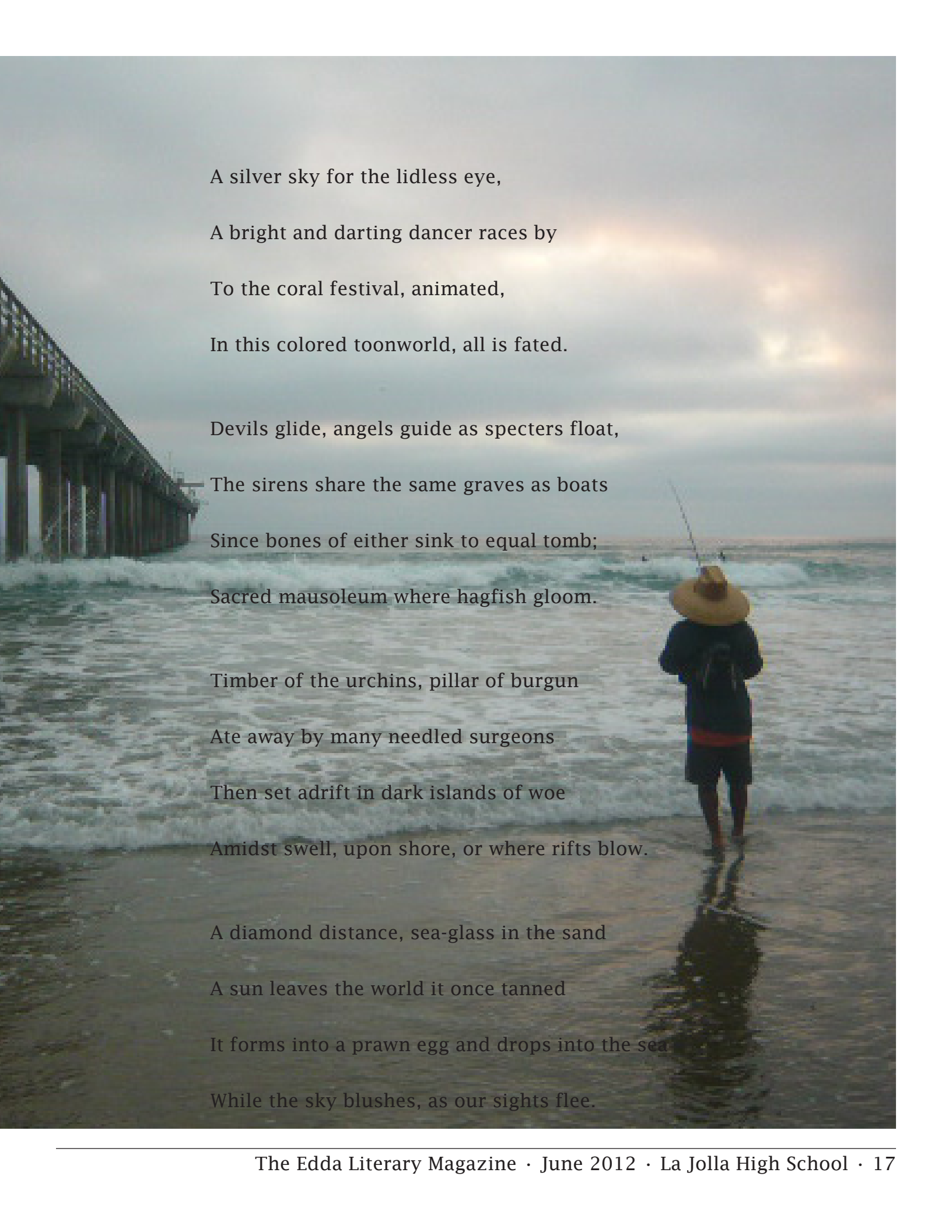
by Jaco Beneduci

The earth and sea, one eternal embrace,  
One grace, a premarital coastal trace  
Sighs of swells, water's whisper, strokes on shore.  
The work of waves: the ocean wanting more.  
  
Every wash upon the rock: all sea-by stones  
Are subject to the carving of ocean crones.  
As time permits, she crafts beneath the lather  
In the depths, her great jewels will gather.  
  
Azure bed-wights of abysmal plains  
The cyclic currents of joys and pains,  
Could begem the shattered and smooth the coarse  
To ordinate this bedlamic force.  
  
In her deepest moods come the ocean dead,  
Phantoms in the wake of darkness lead,  
Ghosts that bleed fluorescent light,  
And make the chandelier of blue twilight

Emily Dinnerman





A photograph of a person fishing on a beach at sunset. The person is wearing a wide-brimmed hat and dark clothing, standing in the shallow water. To the left, a long pier extends into the sea. The sky is a mix of soft pinks, oranges, and blues, with the sun low on the horizon. The water is calm, reflecting the colors of the sky and the person.

A silver sky for the lidless eye,

A bright and darting dancer races by

To the coral festival, animated,

In this colored toonworld, all is fated.

Devils glide, angels guide as specters float,

The sirens share the same graves as boats

Since bones of either sink to equal tomb;

Sacred mausoleum where hagfish gloom.

Timber of the urchins, pillar of burgun

Ate away by many needled surgeons

Then set adrift in dark islands of woe

Amidst swell, upon shore, or where rifts blow.

A diamond distance, sea-glass in the sand

A sun leaves the world it once tanned

It forms into a prawn egg and drops into the sea

While the sky blushes, as our sights flee.

# Love Hate Relationship

Katiana Harvey

I don't write poetry.

My words don't make sense.

They just make me sound dense

.

I mean, I can rhyme a word here and there

But have you seen me with rhythm?

It's quite a scare.

My poems are a jumble

Just like a football fumble.

They have no pattern or order.

They are just a bunch of words scattered around.

To me, poetry is a big mystery.

When I try to write it, it's like I'm stuck in a very tall tree.

That's probably why I never try,

Because when I do, I just want to sit and cry.

Please don't try to analyze this.

It doesn't mean anything.

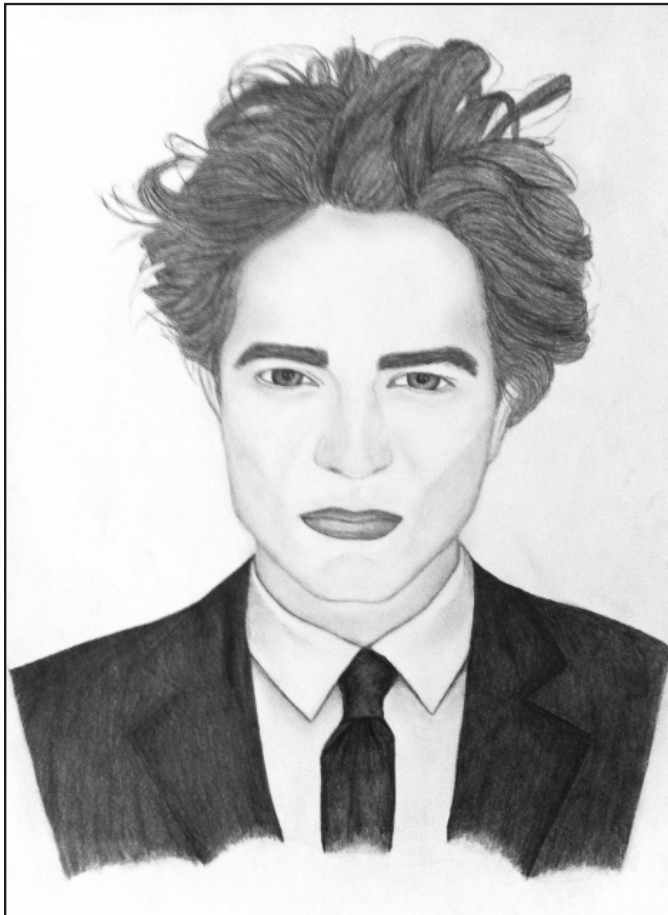
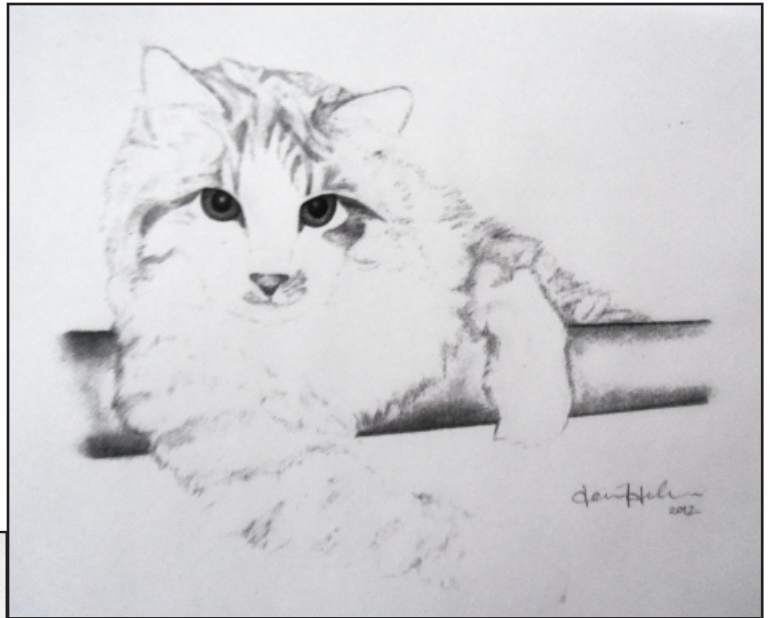
Maybe someday I will write something great.

But tonight at eleven-thirty is no time to create.

# Drawings of...

Jessica Hillman

“Punky” the cat



Robert Pattinson



Leanne Nicole Hillman



# Gossip

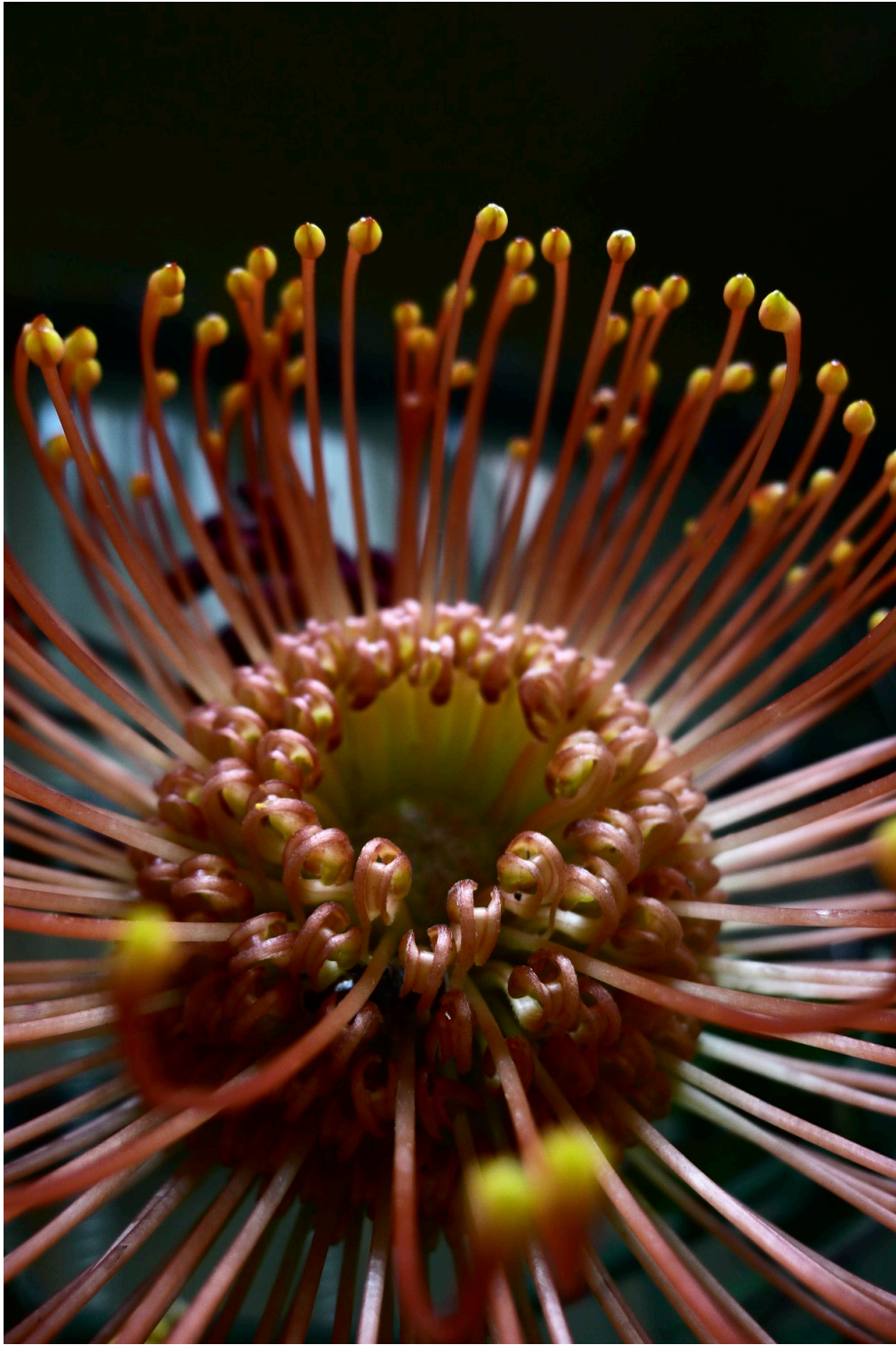
Lindsey Heap

I believe in a thing called mud  
It's dirty and lovely and rises above  
All that's clean and all that's worthy  
Skank or virgin you'll still get dirty

The Sun Doesn't Love Him  
The sun doesn't love him  
It burns his skin red  
Roller coasters don't love him  
They squish his legs  
The airline doesn't love him  
They gave him a window seat

Geniuses don't love him  
Because he always outwits them  
Serious people don't love him  
Because he always make them laugh  
Magicians don't love him  
Because he always figures out their secrets

But I love him  
And I hope that is enough



Emily Dinnerman