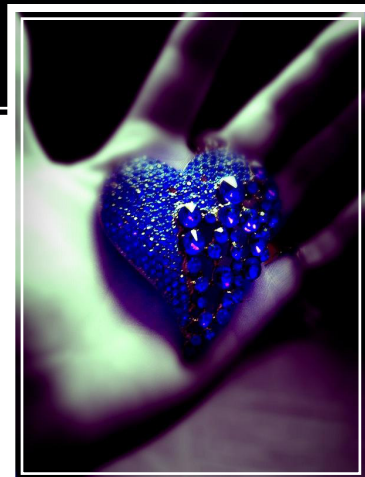
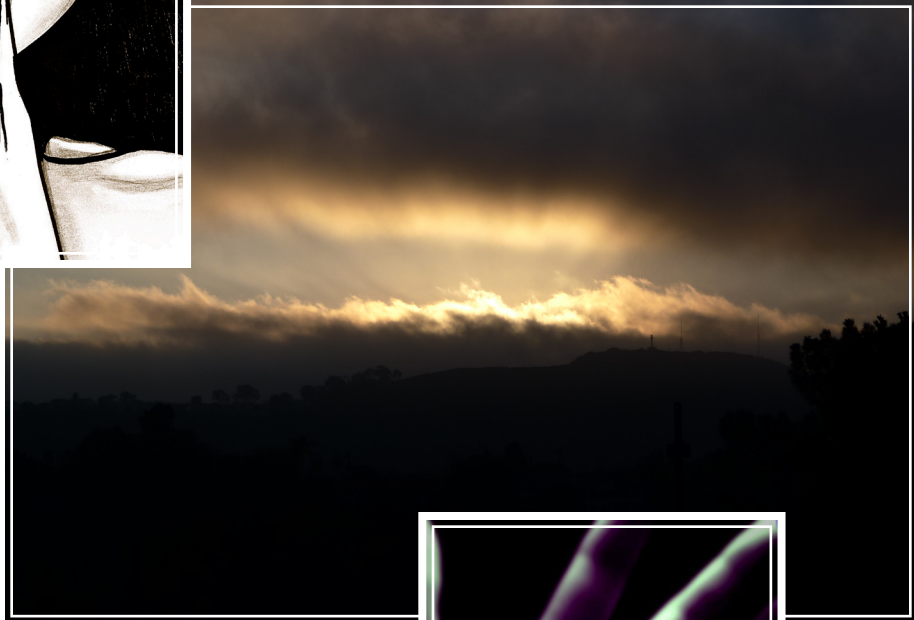


The Edda

La Jolla High School's Literary Magazine



2013

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The Edda Literary Magazine of La Jolla High School

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 Literary Magazine*.

This literary magazine is student designed and edited.
This year the magazine was edited by an editorial board from
the Writer's Workshop class.

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The Cycle

by Alexander Kurta

The city was abuzz with light and information. Civilization crammed into tightly-packed apartment buildings. How anyone still managed to sleep through the endless noise coming off every block was a mystery.

A roaring, squealing beast passed his window. The third floor reverberated with the noise, as it penetrated the air, made the cycle around his apartment, and left out his window. He sighed. The third floor was not a good place to be if a person expected to rest.

He was fair, or at least he used to be. Now he was an aging shell of his former self, his hair tinged with depressing silver strands, and his eyes showing forty-eight years of fatigue. Of course, at the age of forty-eight he was still young, the average life expectancy being at around a hundred. But the years had not forgiven him.

He got up, as usual, at 7 o'clock. His body punished him for such a foolish decision, but he trudged through the sleep-deprived morning. He filled himself with heavily processed foods, and washed them down with drug-liquids to get over the tiredness. Then, he put on his grey trench coat, got his gun, and went down to his prosaic job at the police station. A new day began, and with it, new crime. New riddles to be solved, new answers to be uncovered. Not that it mattered anymore; it was all the same now.

"Good mornin', Tom."

"Same to you, Bob."

"Hey, listen, there's finally a new case for ya, Tom. Looks like some sort of psychopath killed a woman of twenty yesterday. All the info is on your desk."

Now this was interesting. They hadn't had a psycho in a while. Perhaps this investigation was destined to break the monotonous grind of his day-to-day life? He sat down at his desk and read the file.

"Multiple lacerations, but that is not the main cause of death. Bruising on the neck suggests choking, with some kind of wire. The corpse was found in an alley, with an inscription, written in the victim's own blood, on the wall above. 'The end is the beginning, and the beginning makes the end.'"

A riddle. A roadmap to the labyrinthine mind of the murderer, a path in a forest of mystery. But what exactly did it mean?

A month went by after that first report. There were no more leads. The killer was

a phantom, a shadow. Nobody saw anything; nobody heard anything. There wasn't even any DNA at the scene of the crime besides the victim's own. He had appeared and struck, and then vanished, never to be seen again. Then, exactly one month later, another folder showed up on the inspector's desk. Same report, the victim was a female in her early twenties, found dead in an alley. Again, there was a message. This one was new. "The spider weaves its own web, a tomb for itself. Come, join."

After exhausting his riddle-deciphering capabilities, Tom left his office and drove over to the scene of the second murder. He immediately saw the message, its stain upon the wall in the process of being meticulously removed by workers. The message was toying with him, aimed at no one in particular, yet aimed particularly at him. Then, he saw it: a note. A note left behind in a trash can. His name was on it—his name and an address. He got in his car, and galloped across the streamlined streets with the power of three hundred horses.

The house was dark and abandoned when he arrived. Inside, he found another, yet unreported murder. Soon, the wailing machines would arrive with flashing lights to rip the place apart. He cherished the time he had, and walked around the house. In the hallway, he found it—another message. "The wolf chases its own scent." As with the last place of murder, there was a note with an address. He called in the murder, and left the house to drive to the next address.

He arrived there as night fell. The modern apartment complex turned out to be a mere three blocks from his own house. Following the address, he found a perfectly alive woman, the occupant of apartment 105. He called this in as well, and made sure to place cameras and tripwires at all entrances. Whoever this killer was, he would soon be revealed.

It was 2 AM in the suburbs. The woman was stirred by the commotion of the police, but managed to go to sleep nonetheless. Whatever the threat was, the police would catch it before anything bad happened, or so she hoped. In a cold breeze, the inspector opened the door to her house and entered. She awoke to see him standing over her bed. This wasn't the ordinary inspector. He looked... different.

"Everything seems... odd," he said.

"What are you talking about?" she inquired nervously. "I've not seen any hint of the killer all night."

"The blind have no need for eyes."

Suddenly, Tom the inspector lashed out with his graying limbs and suffocated the woman, her struggle for air an artful display in his twinkling eyes. Just like that, she was dead. He reached around for his knife, sliced open her delicate frame, and, using

the blood of the victim, wrote on the wall "It's at an end." He proceeded to promptly exit the house.

Just then, Tom woke up. Light penetrated the bars on his window. It had been twenty years since his last victim gasped for air, and this was the finishing act of his decades-long play. He picked up his knife, and made the final incision. With his dying breath, he wrote a message on the wall.

The prison rattled with the noise of panic as the alarm bells rang. All of the guards hastily made their way to cell thirteen, to find the prisoner dead. One guard looked on amongst them, stupefied by the name on the wall. His name. "The cycle," the message said, "it never ends."

Tom looked over the files. It had been two months since his promotion from a prison guard to an officer of the law. His jaw collapsed on the desk in front of him. On the desk lay a beige folder. Inside of it, only one picture. A picture of a corpse, a woman of about twenty, laying in an alley. Above it, written in blood, "The end is the beginning, and the beginning makes the end."

Out of the Blue and Into the Black

by Jordan Stanley

The clock strikes zero as the shuttle lifts off. Johnny Rocket does not know if he will ever come back, but he does it for his country and her pride. Time stands still as he sees the pale blue sky for the last time. Through the miniscule window on the prow of the shuttle, he can see only a smallish yellow glow breaking through the sky. Then, a bang as the solid rocket boosters abandon the orbiter, plummeting back to earth. Johnny Rocket has seen his last of the blue as he traverses into the black. Suddenly he sees the beauty of the universe first hand, millions of stars shine bright, all bothering him to look and see. He has now been in flight for 8 minutes and the external fuel tank has fallen off and exploded in the atmosphere. Painters sit on the ground recording the heroic flight of Johnny Rocket, as he steers his shuttle towards Mars. It is a shame he will never stand on its surface. Johnny has traveled for nine months and the tension builds. The moment of truth arrives, he hits Mars' orbit and slings around the planet. He has missed his mark. His tin can floats through space, forevermore.



Photograph by Grace Ko

S-E-N-I-O-R-S

by Andrea Vega

Serious

Let's be serious,
with the new knowledge we have,
it is time to go

Exciting

Very exciting,
a new chapter will begin,
of what we will be

New World

A new world has come,
where we use the things we learned,
lets show what we've got

Imagination

Imagination,
ours has grown over the years,
I am really scared

Over

It is soon over,
our last year as high schoolers,
in La Jolla High

Rocky

We've had rocky times,
but those tough times helped us grow,
into new people

Success

To have our success,
we much have an open mind,
conquer our limits

Black Hole Wanderlust

By Kaylee McNeil

The floor was drenched in vodka. David stepped backwards lightly and heard the squeak of his torn sneakers on the alcohol-soaked tile. His eyes were full of anger but his heart was filled with fear. His mother clenched her jaw in rage which paralleled his own, but her deep red cheeks told him that her emotions were fueled by hard liquor and not by logic.

"You good-for-nothing little shit," she shrieked. She kicked at the fragments of broken glass on the floor, her eyes locked with those of her son. As David continued to step back cautiously, her clammy hands searched the counter next to her, palms smacking on the linoleum until she found the handle of the old black frying pan, stained with grease and cracked from years of use. She pushed off the counter, pan in hand, and made a direct line towards her son, growling with fury.

David turned from her as he dashed for the front door with legs that were nimble and quick. His hand turned the doorknob when he heard a loud thump, the heavy sound of a body hitting the carpet. He spun around to see his mother hoisting herself up from the floor and onto one elbow, looking dazed. The frying pan had flown a few yards away from her. David froze; he was no longer in a vulnerable position. His mother's body lurched lightly, her messy red curls falling in front of her face, and he saw a dribble of vomit roll down her chin and onto her white t-shirt. It was pathetic. He paused for another moment before throwing the door open with a bang and storming outside into the biting cold.

He paused momentarily on the landing, feeling the still, cool air stinging his bare arms. He had lost his last jacket and had not gotten enough money yet to buy a new one. The sky was cloudless and black, with bright white stars which glared down at him. In the distance he looked out at the hills, covered with flashes of distant headlights and luminescent fast food signs. He heard the rush of the cars on the nearby road.

Untitled

by David Beary

When our eyes met for the first time,
I knew I wanted you to be mine.

There was something special, we both knew,
We let our guards down and our feelings grew.

We both fell so hard and so fast,
We thought our love would always last.

No one could stop us or get in our way,
Our love was strong and forever it would stay.

Your soft touch, your lips, where to begin?
I opened my heart and let you in.

Haiku

by Aaron Mellby

We make criminals

by glorifying their deeds

on our T.V. Set

Good Day to Fight

by Buu Nguyen

The day's not bright nor do the flowers bloom,

As the centaurs fight, fight to their doom.

The centaurs fight... the centaurs roar.

Poor old centaur, crashing to the floor.

We'll never know if it's real or play...

But OH SH** THAT ROCK'S COMING YOUR WAY!

LOOK OUT!

Penshuanda

By Chris Janda

It's very rare to watch the penshuanda hunt for fish in the mysterious waters of eastern Asia. It's one of the hardest animals to find. This animal is a mix of a penguin, shark and panda. They can travel on land and in the water. So they can be anywhere at anytime!

Only the strong can hunt this animal. They are getting rare to find because it is hard for this animal to mate with other penshuandas to make smaller penshuandas. The people that are crazy enough to hunt this animal are making it extinct because they are becoming masters at hunting this animal. The people that hunt this animal have to be excellent trackers on land and in the water. The penshuanda can travel on land because it's part panda. But it can also travel in the water because its part penguin and shark. It can move rather fast in the water.

Canvas: Inspired by Alfred Sisley's painting "Snow at Louveciennes"

By Alan Mackelburg

Dusty shades of dull accent

The wind that chills

Foreboding sky and heavy snow

The figure there

But lack the boldness and the boundries

Little more

Any colour true would show

Than just a silhouette

Or any perfect line as though

Who dreams to one day share

A single breath of icy wind

The spanning emptiness

Across the canvas there did blow

With one and only one who cares

Impress an image ever more

And one whose eyes in which to stare

Of loneliness and cotton snow

And one whose company to keep

The dry lips of sadness

And one to finally lay beside with him

Gently press against

When God lays him down to sleep.

The mouth that blows

Untitled

by Tiffany Chables

Together until
The end of time is what we
All say and hope for

Always, forever
These two words connect and bind
Only on paper

Yes, sometimes we may
Indeed find one to stay with
Lovingly till death

When they are found, fly
Amongst the liquid rays the
Sun and moon offer

So that even if,
For just a moment, you soar
Held down by nothing

So when Death's shadow
Falls upon you, you can smile
Unregrettably



Artwork by Christina Aliev

Shape Poem: Coffee

By Jessica Zuniga

D D D
e e e
l l l
i i i
c c c
i i i
o o o
u u u
s s s

One sip will do the trick ma'am.
Another sip will give a sensation. C a
Starbucks and the Coffee Bean, ut
Greatest coffee shops ever invented. io
Nothing beats coffee every morning. n
When you stay up 'til five in the morning be
To study or if the enemy insomnia ac
Kicks in, you don't need to worry. er
A coffee in the morning, l u f
Will be your
G r e a t e s t
Best Friend.

Alien Invasion

Witten in the style of Kurt Vonnegut Jr.

by *Timmy Cundiff*

The year was 2038. Planet Earth was still trying to recover from the war, if you could even call it a war. The aliens had come to earth and basically slaughtered the human race.

Now aliens ruled the planet. They had wiped out most of the earth's population. They mostly ruled the planet from their ships. They didn't come down to the planet very often. They really only came down for the planets' resources and people. Nobody knew what they did with the people because once someone was taken, they were never seen again.

Josh Masters survived on his own. He was 38 years old. Before the invasion and during the war against the aliens he had been a topnotch Navy Seal. He and his team had brought down a lot of alien ships during the fighting. They had a lot of success in the war, but one bad call made by Josh had cost him the lives of his whole team. It wasn't long after that the planet was defeated. The aliens had dropped bombs that leveled half the planet. The United States had been completely wiped out including the government and the military. That was all the rest of the planet needed to be willing to surrender to alien rule. There were still small groups of people fighting the aliens but for the most part their efforts were useless

Josh couldn't blame anyone for surrendering. If they hadn't, the planet probably would have been wiped out. Josh and his wife and son had left the United States before the bomb was dropped so they managed to survive. Not that anywhere on the planet was safe or nice. Everything was ravaged by war.

Shortly after they left the United States, Josh watched his family get taken from him, so he truly had nothing left to live for.

It was a gloomy day. It seemed like most days were now. He really didn't know what to do with his life at this point. The only reason he continued to live was because he just couldn't bring himself to kill himself. He had lost track of just how many times he had put his gun in his mouth and just couldn't pull the trigger.

He walked along the streets. He thought about his wife and son. He missed them so much. He had been married for thirteen years to Elsa, the most beautiful woman in the world. His son was eleven years old. His son was such a smart kid that was going to

have such a great future until the aliens took it from him. Josh had loved them with all his heart. He hated himself for not being able to protect them. He remembered watching them get taken and not being able to do anything about it. He had screamed at the aliens to take him instead but they were already long gone. They had been taken from him nine months ago. His thoughts were interrupted when he heard an explosion and saw an alien ship fall out of the sky. It crashed to the Earth not far from where he was standing. Josh pulled his shotgun and ran to the ship. It took him about five minutes to get there. When he arrived he saw that seven aliens had survived and crawled out of the wreckage.

He cocked his shotgun then walked at the aliens and began firing at them. He had killed six of them before he realized that he hadn't been shooting aliens. When he got closer, he looked at the faces and saw that they were human. He couldn't believe it. He looked at the last human that he hadn't killed and he became even more shocked. It was his son. Josh dropped his weapon and embraced his son. He didn't get the reaction he was hoping for however. His son picked him up off the ground like he weighed nothing and dropped him. He took a syringe and injected Josh with it. Josh didn't have any time to be shocked before he blacked out.

When he awoke he was in a massive, dark chamber. He was surrounded by a lot of aliens. They all pointed lethal looking weapons at him. Only two didn't seem to be paying attention to him. Those two were bigger and uglier than the rest. Josh assumed they must be the leaders. They conversed in some unknown language before they stopped and looked at him.

They stared at him for a while until one spoke to him in English. "You will serve us," he said.

Josh began thinking about all the people he had lost. His wife was probably dead, He had watched the aliens kill all his friends, they had killed most of the Earth's population, they had brainwashed his son into serving them, forcing him to turn his father over to the alien leaders, and they expected Josh to serve them. Rage built up inside Josh. He hated the aliens, absolutely hated them. There was no chance he was going to serve them, and at this point he had nothing left to lose.

"You can forget it!" he screamed

He charged at the nearest alien. All the aliens began shooting at him. Most of the shots missed but Josh felt several of them hit. He knew there was no chance of him surviving but he had a plan and nothing was going to stop him. He tackled the alien he was going for. He wrestled the alien on the ground for his weapon. He finally punched the alien and took the weapon. The aliens were running at him still firing at him. More

shots made impact. He fell onto his back knowing that he was about to do the last thing he would ever do. He lifted the weapon and fired. The shot hit the alien leader right in the chest. Josh was hit by several more shots and he went down. His life was over.

The alien leader looked from his chest to the dead human and smiled. Smiling was a very human thing that he really didn't understand. His race didn't feel much emotion so they really didn't know what happiness was. This one leader had been trying to figure out emotion though. He had been trying to understand humans since they first came to their planet. He tried to smile at things that he thought should make him happy even if he didn't feel it.

The wound in his chest quickly healed.

He turned to his second in command and spoke in their alien language, "inject him."

His second in command obeyed. He took a syringe and injected the human. A minute later the human's eyes opened, all his wounds healed up. He stood up. The alien leader walked over to the human.

He looked into his glazed eyes. The human's memory of his past life gone and ready to be filled with new memories.

"You will serve us," the alien leader repeated.

The human dropped to his knees. "I will serve you," he said.

The leader turned to his second in command with a smile and said, "Humans are so predictable; they will all be serving us in no time."

Let Me

By Cynthia Mendez

Let us be who we want to be,
Let us see beyond the sea,
Let's go beyond the sky,
Don't let us go by.
Let us be someone, let me be me.

Life

Dante Hedayati

Life is...
So delicate,
So fragile with much haste,
Treasure every second of life,
Gently.

Untitled

By Shafer Bark

Sitting in this class
Thinking about better times
Uplifting and calm
Makes the time go by quicker
If only it were Friday

Scotty Rock

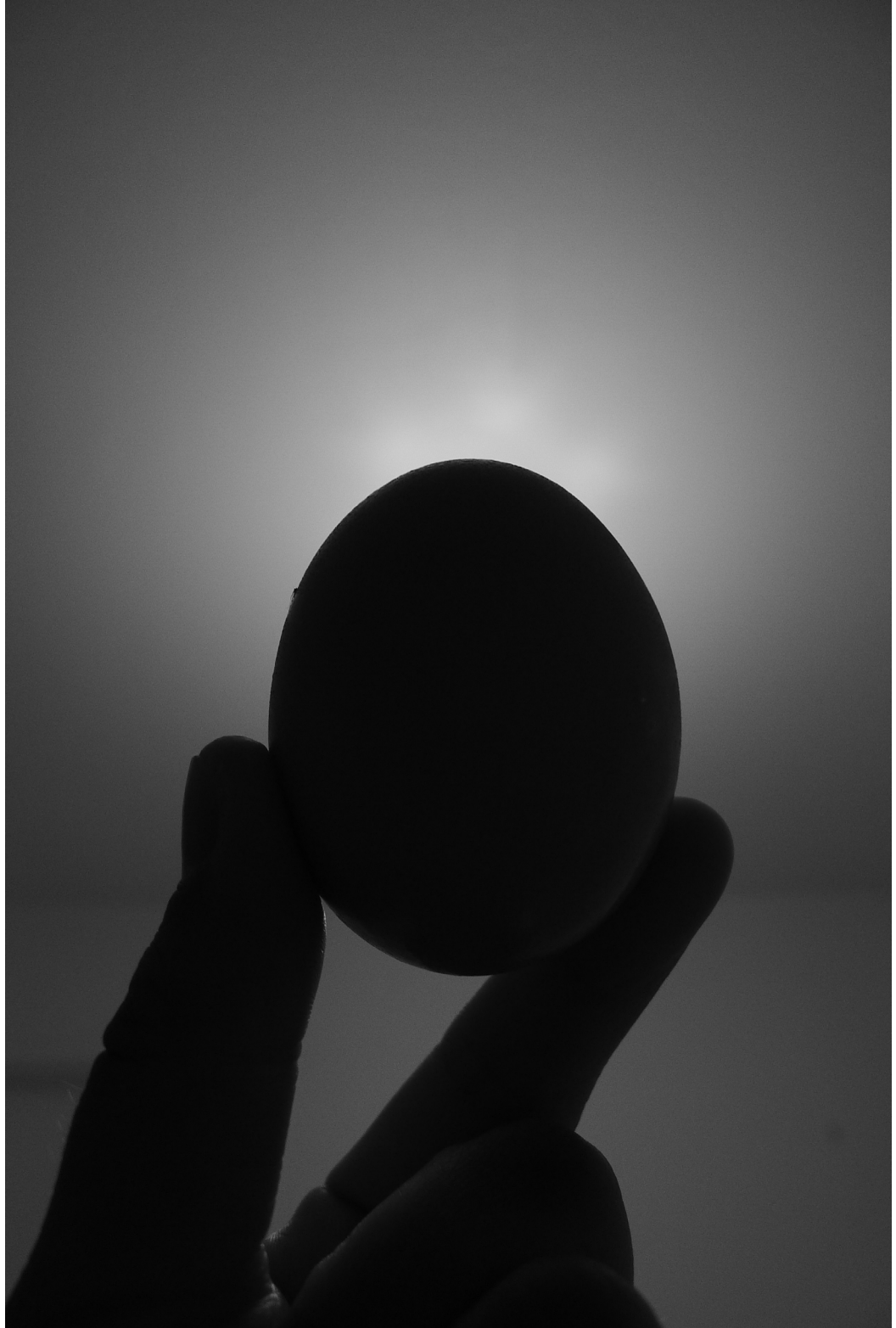
By Myles Dalton-Steinhardt

Distance a mystery,
With nothing near.
No insight to the future,
Just a ton of fear.

Everything around,
Seems so bright.
So many options,
Choose one that's right.

With each path carved,
What will we do?
Minuscule decisions change
Everything, for me and you.

A choice that you may have,
Stay strong like a block
"Do you and rock on,"
From my dude, Scotty Rock.



Photograph by Emily Dinnerman

The Red Geranium

By Erin Riley

I sat at the kitchen table with my two granddaughters on either side of me eating my homemade crème brulee. Janelle was ten and Cosette was twelve. Janelle and Cosette loved listening to stories I told them about the days when I lived in Paris; so I was not surprised when they asked for me to tell a new story. Memories began to flood my mind and I couldn't stop thinking about July 16th, 1950.

I had been living in Paris for about three years and was head over heels in love with the beauty of the city. The buildings, alleyways, rich foods, and boutiques, finally filled my life and did not compare with my previous visions of what I imagined Paris to be. I lived in a one bedroom flat atop a bustling café down below. Paris was a lively city and I never failed to find happiness wherever I went.

It was 3:00 pm on Friday July 15th and I was rushing around trying to finish the laundry so I could jump in the shower. My boyfriend of two years, Gabe, was picking me up at 6:00 pm to take me out for a night of spontaneity. Finally I was out of the shower and getting started on my hair. After dousing my curls in hairspray I began doing my make-up deciding it was going to be a red lipstick kind of night. After dolling myself up I slipped on a white skirt with a blue floral print and a loose black tank top. I strapped my black flat sandals on and reapplied my lipstick once more.

As the clock hit five minutes to six, a knock rang against the solid wooden door. I opened the door and was greeted by a hug and a kiss from Gabe along with him asking, "Are you ready to go, love?" I nodded, grabbed my purse and we were out the door. As I climbed onto Gabe's slick black vespa a smile came across my face. Ever since I met him I've had a new perspective on life and he has made me a better person. He has showed me the true meaning of love along with endless support and commitment needed for this relationship. We have built each other up through words and actions and Gabe has been the only man to bring me endless happiness.

After a ten-minute vespa ride we arrived at La Crémaillère, a small restaurant located in the seventh arrondissement of Paris. La Crémaillère was my favorite place to dine. I

enjoyed the outside seating along Avenue de la Porte Brunet, a small cobblestoned street with an atmosphere that was the pinnacle of French culture. The patio had strung lights overhead and simple white hydrangeas as the centerpieces. We were seated at a table for two and ordered a bottle of house wine to start the meal. Sipping on our wine and engulfed in conversation, I had almost forgotten how hungry I was until I saw the waiter coming our way. I ordered the roasted duck with lemon herb sauce. The flavors were sensational as they hit my taste buds and the duck was cooked perfectly and paired well with the wine.

Our stomachs were full and the night was still young. Tonight felt different, an amazing different, than most of the nights when Gabe and I would go out of our way to have a night to ourselves. We always made the most out of everywhere we went and soaked up each other's presence like we had been caught in a drought; finally reaching a water source. As he grabbed my hand, leading me out of the restaurant I sensed the attributes I would always cherish: his humor and charm, his intelligence and passion, and his laid back lifestyle.

From the restaurant we headed to the Eiffel Tower; even though it is a major tourism attraction, it still evidently holds the best view of Paris. Gabe and I decided we would race up the many stairs to see who could reach the top first, but we both tired out after what was most likely the five hundredth step. At the top of the tower we both marveled at the city around us; the twinkling lights, dark night sky, and a view of serene beauty captured our gaze. The countless of times Gabe and I came up to the Eiffel Tower, had never amounted to this specific time. For once I was truly taking in every little detail and noticing what my life had amounted to. Gabe and I shared a few kisses before climbing down the endless steps to start making our way back to my flat.

Before heading up to bed, Gabe and I stopped in at the café below. I sat down on the green velvet sofa while Gabe ordered two dessert pastries and two café au laits. We drank our coffee and ate our pastries quite rapidly and then talked for a good two hours, each of us completely consumed in the other's words. The conversation we had on that green sofa told me his heart was in the right place.

The café started to close up shop around midnight and we knew it was time to get some needed rest. We were both tired after a long night roaming around Paris and I couldn't wait to fall into a dream-filled sleep. Gabe kissed my forehead and said, "Goodnight,

my love,” and we both started to drift asleep. All seemed right in the world, and as I closed my eyes I knew that the night couldn’t have gone any better.

The piercing sun was what woke me up the morning of July 16th. The warmth it brought to my skin had me waking up with a smile. As soon as I could smell coffee filling up the room, I saw Gabe walking in from the kitchen readily with a cup of coffee in hand. He placed the cup on the nightstand while whispering, “Good morning, love” as he kissed my cheek. Gabe grabbed the newspaper and told me he would be out on the veranda and to the right sitting at my wooden chairs. He told me when I was done waking up to come join him. I yawned a few times before getting out of bed to start making my way to join Gabe. I grabbed my coffee cup and turned to head out onto my veranda.

I took two steps forward before stopping in my tracks from noticing my favorite flower, red geraniums, in a pot sitting right on the veranda floor outside the door. The sun gleamed down on the red petals and I stood in awe as I saw a sparkling reflection stream out from the flowers.

Untitled

By Gabriella Lee

Beneath the sunlight a couple walked hand in hand. Together they told stories and grew more and more affectionate. As the beaming rays of light eased off into the sunset the two laid down in the grassy field. They had placed a blanket beneath them and gazed up at the starry sky.

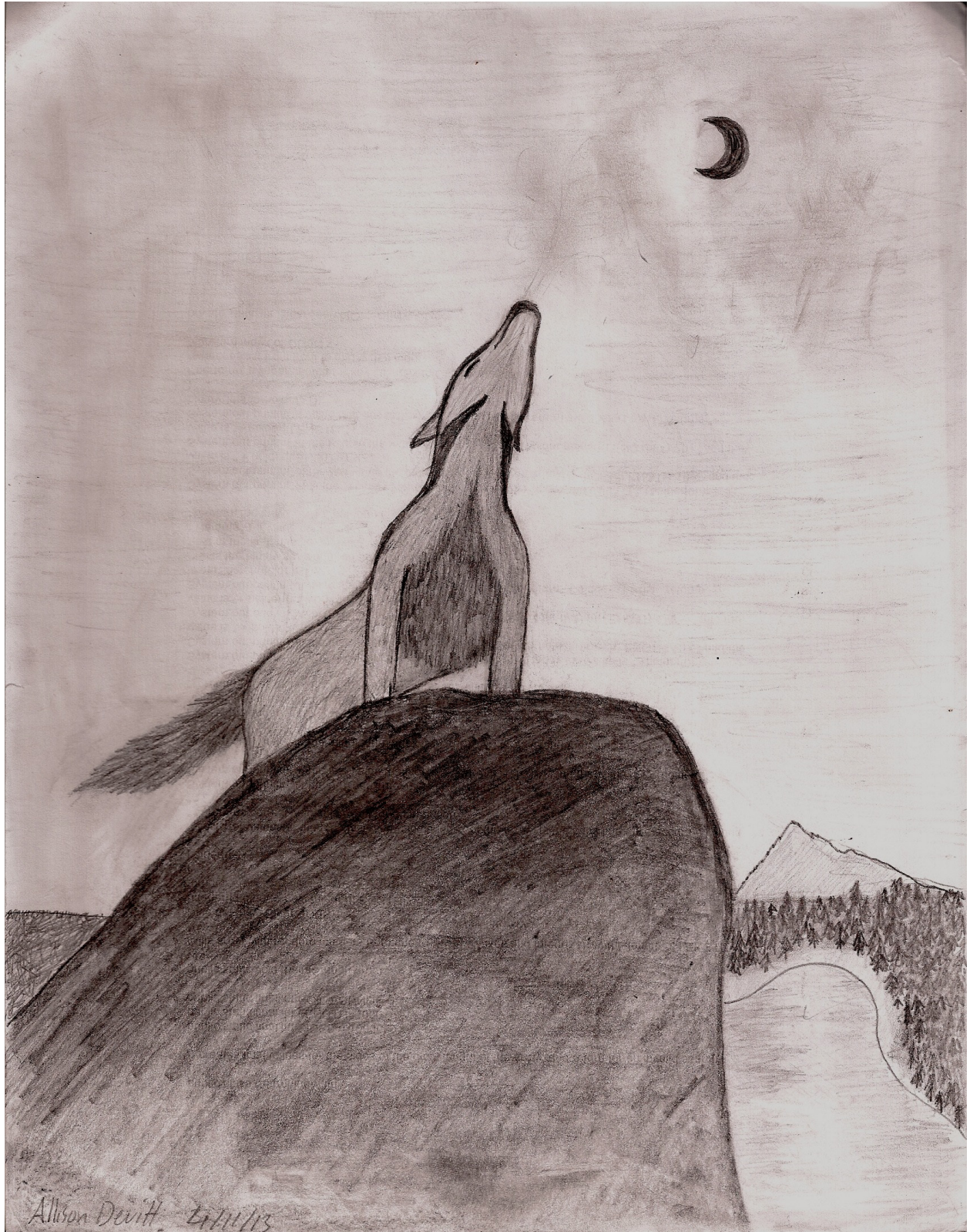


Photograph by Emily Dinnerman

Butterflies

By Alexandria DiRocco

It's because we spent a summer apart.
It's because our senior year was about to start.
It was because of your big brown eyes.
And it was because of those stupid, insistent butterflies.
It's because you knew exactly what to say.
You kept me looking forward to seeing you every damn day.
You got mad when I didn't give in.
And because of that you wouldn't let it really begin.
It's because you found someone new.
Then all of a sudden, I stopped hearing from you.
It's because we'll be hundreds of miles apart.
But for some unknown reason, you'll somehow always hold my heart.



Artwork by Allison Devitt

Fear

By Orly Arakanchi

Last night I had a feeling
A sense that I felt drilling,
All I did was wonder
At the same time ponder,
What is this feeling?
That keeps on reeling?

Was that a noise?
A foreign voice?
That inspires me with a sense,
Myself trapped in a fence.
But I cant stop to think,
This parchment struck with ink.
That I found taped on my door,
That sent tears down to the floor.

What did it say? You ask,
That foul uncanny mask?
The feeling that I felt so near..
Fear, Fear, Fear!!

Regret

by Amy Geurts-Barreto

You pursued me
I took my time
You made me laugh
the memories we made
I want to forget
Forget the laughs
Forget the love
Forget that I met you
You pursued me
I should have taken longer

Ghirardelli Square

by Waverly Richards

In San Francisco, Ghirardelli Square fascinated tourists because of the unique vibe they experienced there. Domenico, otherwise known as “Domingo,” Ghirardelli was the first one to establish this chocolate factory during the Gold Rush, selling chocolates to make money. Little did Domingo know that his creation of the little chocolate factory would turn into the Ghirdaelli Square of entertainment that many locals and tourists visit in the Fisherman’s Warf area in San Francisco (Visitor Info).

Without Domenico Ghirardelli and his creation of his chocolate factory, Ghirardelli Square wouldn’t be where it is today. Domenico, a coffee and chocolate merchant was born in 1817, in Rapallo, Italy (Ghirardelli Heritage). Growing up, Domenico had a strong fascination in business, and later put forth the actions to achieve his interests in his creation of his chocolate factory. In 1893, Ghirardelli bought the Pioneer Woolen Mill so that the city could be developed into the astonishing creation it is today (History of Ghirardelli Square).

Early in the 1960’s, The Golden Grain Macaroni Company bought the Ghirardelli Chocolate Company (History of Ghirardelli Square). Quickly after this, the square was for sale. The Chocolate Company was later moved across the bay to San Leandro, upsetting many people like William Matson Roth and his mother, Mrs. William Roth. Because of the company’s new landscape and lack of uniqueness, in 1962, William Roth and his mother put forth the action to actually buy the Ghirardelli site (Visitor Info)!

The Roth’s kept the bricks on the buildings, making the square as unique and historic as it is today. The Roths also completely changed the Squares structure, and made it similar to a little town, full of entertaining places to eat and shop. The City of San Francisco made the Ghirardelli Square an official city landmark in 1965 and it was also granted on the National Historic Register status (History of Ghirardelli Square).

Ghirardelli Square today is an awesome place to visit because it includes all types of shopping, fine dining, wine bars, spa facilities and live entertainment (Visitor Info).

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Blue

by Carla Gomez

Blue is the color of the sky,
blue is the color of your eyes.
So clear and so sweet,
I truly hope they're mine to keep,
forever, days upon days
I know there are ways,
To keep our love true
because I will forever love you.

I Exist

by Isabel Hardy

I exist
For I am the first drop of water,
Telling you it's going to rain.
I am the forgotten ember,
That burns down whatever is in my way.
I am also the drop of water
That clenches the thirst
For that child dying in Africa,
But I am also the first ember
To make your S.O.S. sign seen.
I am a destroyer, I am a savior.
I am the difference.
I am change.

My Cure

by Jesenia Lopez

The bright sun, the beach, the breeze
The sunshine in my eyes, the ocean, letting time go by
The sound of crashing waves, water reaching my knees, sand between my toes
Arms extended, eyes closed, hair flowing in the wind
Thinking as the sun sets, the blue sky, the starry night
The sky, the stars, the cure
MY cure



Photograph by Emily Dinnerman

A Love Haiku

by Liliana Becerril

Comfortably numb
I remain to your absence
No more tears, promise

Graduation Speech

by Trey Saxon

Faculty, staff, administration, friends, family, and most importantly class of 2013 good afternoon. It is my greatest Honor and privilege to stand before you and speak on behalf of my fellow graduates. I would like to start off by saying my life has always been guided by quotes, this quote by Steve Jobs has helped me survive my high school career and will hopefully continue to help me and all of you survive our future. "Your time is limited, so don't waste it living someone else's life. Don't let the noise of others' opinions drown out your own inner voice. And most important, have the courage to follow your heart and intuition." Since then, I have been taking each day one by one and grabbing every opportunity that came to me, just trying live in the moment, I was using high school to have a great experience, plan for my future, and most importantly create unforgettable memories. But a lot has happened and changed since the days of being a freshman. We have grown into the young adults we are today. We must focus on what we want most out of our lives. So that in the end when we have reached our potential, we can look back at our lives, with a satisfactory smile knowing we lived our lives not essentially to the fullest because sometimes that may be asking too much, but we must at the very least live our lives being grateful for the experiences we have had and the friendships we have gained. The future holds amazing opportunities for us. We must do the honorable courage in chasing our passions. There will be road blocks throughout our life, but they are not there to stop you, they are merely there as a reminder to overcome your challenges and never give up on your goals. When a caterpillar meets an obstacle on its way to becoming a butterfly it was meant to be, does it sit there and give up. No. it finds a way to get around, under or over whatever is standing in its way. I ask you to overcome the many obstacles you come upon over the course of your lives. Although the hard and difficult journey of high school has come to an end, we start a new chapter in our life a chapter that we know our friends family, and members of La Jolla High School have prepared us for. We must remember that our life experiences will live beyond our selves, to our impact on the world, and those we love. I am proud to say I as well as my fellow graduates are happy to begin our second chapter and happy to say we did it. We graduated high school.

Thank you,

Stone of One Thousand Truths

by Kenneth Martey

In the African Sahara desert there was a young powerful lion by the name of Mamba. He was the most athletic of his age group and most of the younger ones looked up to him. Whenever Mamba was sent on a hunting group with the others he would often outrun his peers and catch the prey.

One day as he was walking home from a long day of playing tag and duck duck lion, he overheard some of the councilmen elders speaking of a sacred stone.

"No, we must not tell anyone of this! If the others hear of this our race as we know it can be wiped from the existence of the world," roared Isaac

"But we can't wait for someone to stumble upon it. The stone must be destroyed," huffed Xavier.

Mamba was intrigued by this argument. He had never seen the councilmen argue like this. He crouched low under the tall grass as if stalking his prey so he wouldn't be seen.

They continued to argue.

"Maybe if we get a rescue group together we can send them to Mt. Gargantuan to retrieve the Stone of a Thousand Truths," noted Herman.

"Foolish! The stone lies on a patch of earth in the middle of the burning lake of fire. To jump across would be dangerous," replied Cyrus.

King Jordan had been sitting quietly at the head of the meeting listening patiently; he now rose to speak.

"Yes, this is what we shall do. Assemble the fastest runners and the longest jumpers to meet with me at dawn. We shall depart at the next Solstice."

Mamba was excited to hear this news. This was the challenge he had been waiting to hear. "I'm going to get that stone," Mamba said to himself. And just then he departed.

When he reached the bottom of Mt. Gargantuan, Mamba took a deep breath and started the long trek up the mountain. When he reached the top, Mamba was exhausted and sleepy but he knew what had to be done. He peered over the ledge to where the

rock was sitting and then all of a sudden he felt an unusual feeling in the pit of his stomach. "This is kind of a big jump" he grumbled. "But I didn't come here for nothing." So he backed up for his running start and then exploded forward, but with every step the uncertainty grew and by the time his feet left the ground he wasn't sure he could do it. And sure enough Mamba fell short and missed the patch of earth by a foot. But before Mamba fell into the molten lava, the Angel of Grace swooped him up and placed him on the other side of the rock.

"Oh thanks for saving me! I would have died!" shouted Mamba.

"Young lion, you need not to thank me," said the angel in her graceful voice.

"You know you could have made that jump if you had believed in yourself. I have been watching over you for awhile now and you are one of the strongest among all lions."

Mamba was humbled to hear these words. "Thanks, Angel of Grace. I appreciate your wise words of wisdom."

And with that Mamba went back to his starting spot, with his heart full of courage and once again lunged forward and lifted off the end of the rock on to the patch of earth where the Stone of One Thousand Truths lay. "Job well done, I shall now carry you to your village where you can show the king that you have retrieved the rock," said the Angel.

And so that was the story of the young lion Mamba and how he captured the Stone of a Thousand Truths.

Love

by Thomas McBee

Love is always kind
Love always overcomes hate
Love will never fail

Untitled

by Joanna Li

It's midnight, and the whole house is quiet save for your pencil scribbling on paper. Notes on hyperbolas and parabolas and strewn all over your desk.

"Graph the equations and find the domain and range of each function."

1. When $x = -9/12$

They are both feverish and slightly drunk, their bodies tangling on the couch.

"Wait, wait, do you have a..?" She whispers the question amongst quick gasps, trying not to ruin the mood.

"No, but, it's only once. We can't be that unlucky."

She hesitates, but his hands are already pawing at her dress and it's too late to go home.

"Oh, screw it."

And then it is butterfly-wing kisses, hot heavy breaths against her neck, and clothes strewn around the floor that they end up picking up in haste the next morning.

2. When $5x+4=14$

The toddler patters around the grass, trying to chase his toy truck. His parents sit in silence, the stifling air stagnate around them. It was supposed to be a fun, family picnic to fix their marriage; their therapist had suggested it.

"I don't want to do this anymore." He has said the statement several times before, in several situations and several variants of it. But this one has the ring of finality to it.

She fixes her stare at something in the horizon. "So, what? Just gonna leave us?" Her words come out forced, bitter.

"No, I..." He sighs. "I'm sorry, okay? But you know it's not going to work out. We only got together because of a mistake--"

"A mistake? You call our son a mistake? That night you were the one who said--"The

mother is interrupted by a loud wailing. X is on his chest, having tripped over the truck. "Will you shut up?!" She screams at the boy, whose crying only intensifies.

And then it's loud shouts and things flying through the air that miss their target miserably. Everyone is staring and they are thinking things in their minds that will spill out of their mouths when they go home. X cries and cries and cries and in the end his mother gets up and says, "You can leave if you want to. But you're taking the boy because I sure as hell won't."

3. When $x=4^2$

X is in the prime of his high school years. He's not the most popular guy, nor does he have girls flocking to see his band play. But he has friends, and his teachers like him, although they don't really know him. He has a girlfriend, $x_2 = 4^2 - 1$. Sometimes he always feels like he can never really connect with her, but he really likes her, and they have so much in common.

One day he goes online and torrents the whole series of *Euclid's Elements* and saves it in a secret folder in the computer. He spends the whole day looking at theorems and postulates until his father comes home. He gets found out anyway, two days later, when the computer is attacked by viruses. X decides to just go old school and buys a copy of *Elements of Algebra* from the 7-11=-4 down the street.

His father looks at the locked door and sighs. Boys and their hormones.

4. When $10x=210$

X is no longer with X_2 ; they broke up his junior year of high school when she cheated on him with his best friend $y=16$. Apparently she gave him a right angle, so X dodged the bullet there.

He's living the college life right now. He spends most nights in shady bars crowded with college students and stumbles back drunk to his dorm. Oftentimes he goes to class hung over, ready to draw supply and demand curves and calculate price elasticities for tobacco.

One night bar crawling he sees a girl with fiery hair wearing a dress the color of fresh lemon zest. He goes up to her and buys her a beer, with the remark, "Hey gurl, what's your arcsine? Is it 90° 'cause you're the one."

She laughs, and she ends up taking him home that night. Her name is $Y=X^2$.

They both decide to skip class the next day, and instead lay in her bed the whole day talking about parallel universes and nonsensical situations and that guy from the Quizno's commercials. He finds out she's a big believer in star signs and she slowly eases out shards of his childhood embedded in his chest.

It's the first time he feels comfortable with someone.

5. When $X+Y_2=0$

He adjusts his tie for the umpteenth time. The orchestra plays cliché wedding tunes in the background, and with each chord of *Canon in D* he doubts his decision more and more. Then-

The doors open with an obnoxious boom! and the guests stand in unison. He turns and is blinded by the sunlight spilling into the church. She walks down the aisle, her father by her side. X feels his heart slow down as she swishes towards him, her lilac train trailing behind her, daffodils stuck into her perfectly coiffed brunette hair.

"Will you, X, take this woman, Y_2 , to be your lawfully wedded wife?"

He says yes, or something. He said something. Maybe it was I do. He doesn't register the events of the day and the "most important day of his life" ends up being a smudged white in his memory. All he knows is that he was happy, and it went according to plan, Tim Burton would have been proud.

6. When $X+Y_2=2$

He holds out a trembling finger, and gently strokes the baby's nose with the back of his index finger. "Boop." He whispers the word, and smiles as the baby's face twitches in response. This is his child, minor X.

"What should we call her?" Y_2 utters the question with a wane smile on her face, her voice filled with tired triumph.

"How about Angle? An acute angle."

Y_2 chuckles softly. "And she's our angel."

7. $Y=X^2$

His phone is ringing. It's his father.

"Your mother is dead. Cancer." X's father goes on a little more about what kind, and when his mother had passed away, but the words don't register.

X feels numb. It's as if someone injected an overdose of a sedative into him, because he knows it's supposed to hurt. He knows he's supposed to cry, to grab at his chest and grieve. But he barely even remembers her. A pair of cradling arms when he was a baby, and that pale, wiry woman at his graduation. Hell, she didn't even care to come up to him.

He walks through the day in a sort of robotic daze. Feeding Angle, kissing Y₂ goodbye, it's all programmed into him.

He is on the street, and sees her. *Her*. It's his mother. Thin, with auburn hair. She looks so familiar, her back a perfect arch.

"Mother?"

She turns. It's not his mother. Far from it. It's Y.

"X...." His name comes out of her mouth cushioned in air, almost as if she gasped the word out.

It feels so good to hear her say his name again. He drinks her in. Her appearance; the bold Ariel hair now chopped neatly at the shoulders. Her voice; lilting.

"So... coffee?"

X doesn't go home that night.

$$8. \quad X_2 + Y_2 = -1$$

From behind, he can see her fidgeting with something in her hands. She is shaking, her breaths coming in short, wavering stabs.

"Y₂? Are you all right?" He sets the tea down next to a vase of poppies, and approaches her slowly.

"This," She turns away from the windows, and holds out a pair of gold earrings.

"This. Whose is it?" She is staring at the stained carpet, her usually soft spoken voice delivering her choked words choppily. "Are you..." She swallows audibly. "You're

not... cheating on me, are you?" She faces him squarely now, mascara and tears mingling in waterfalls down her face. "X?"

He reaches out to hold her. "Y₂, I..."

"Don't you touch me, you scum bug!" She pushes him away, and he staggers back from her unexpected strength. She breathes in, and fixes an emotionless stare at the ground.

"I know it's Y. I know you've been seeing her. I shouldn't have married you, knowing you never loved me."

"Y₂... I do love you. It's a mista-"

She cuts his stuttering off. "I'm taking Angle. Please don't try to see us."

9. X-X

Empty bottles that once held benzene litter his room.

He has cans of dihydrogen monoxide stacked near his bed for easy access.

Time passes in jumpy intervals when you're chasing dragons one second and tweaking the next.

Y doesn't call anymore. Her husband was suspicious. It doesn't really matter anyway; X can't remember how it feels to love someone anymore.

10. *Sin(X)*

He cannot breathe. It feels like there's a boa constrictor around his neck, or perhaps his mother's deft hands strangling him to stop him from crying.

He knows it's an overdose. Maybe it's the Fibonacci or the new primes his dealer gave him.

He can smell the dead in the air, and see medical staff in hospital gowns rushing around, or perhaps it's the amusement park staff in ghost costumes. His father brought him to Eulerland for his eighth birthday. It was the first time his father didn't forget.

He sees a little girl. She looks like someone he loved a long time ago. She is being carried by a crying brunette. X has seen this woman's red eyes before.

There is a sharp pain in his arm.

He gasps.

Now it fills his entire body.

The brunette is suddenly by his side, and she snaps into recognition.

“Y₂...” His words come out in a weak whimper.

I'm sorry. He wants to say. *I did love you, and I still do.*

But the pain consumes him and steals his words right from the air.

He inhales, and X-hales.

“Remember to check your answers and show work.”

You draw a sad face extending through all four quadrants to turn it in the next day. She gives you an F, along with detention and you spend your lunch picking up garbage.

Busy Week

by Misael Marron

What a busy week I have ahead
Econ, English, and Math class
I'm gonna have to clear my head
If I wanna do good in class

My senior exhibition
In seven days is due
It must have good transitions
That I don't know how to do

Since this is my Monthly Draft
One thing more I don't have to do
I might include a graph
On March 5th my work is due



Photography by Emily Dinnerman

No Other

Inspired by my love Tracy K. Hernandez

by Michael Delgado

Love what you do love what you feel
For you know the moment is real
A passionate kiss
Oh so I missed
Your eyes begin to flutter
For so there will be no other

The Music

by Andrew Lautanen

It is a powerful force,
one that surrounds
And engulfs its victims
in harmonious sound.
Yes the music is great,
for it can change your mood
From sad to stressed
or a happy dude.

And it has given me
a much needed escape
From all these troubles
that bind me like tape.
For all the bad things
that happen now,
Make me stronger, this I vow.

And so I unleash the music in me
To teach hard work and harmony,
And how the future will be okay,
If we practice every day,
Because no one can take
the music away.

Oba

Inspired by the film *Avatar*,
written and directed by James
Cameron

by Lea Papas

Outcast:
Where he's going
and what he's seeing
Has never been visited
or witnessed by
Anyone else.

Betrayer:
Who he's with
and what he's doing
Has never been known
or attempted by
Anyone else.

Alien:
How he's here
and what he's learning
Has never been accomplished
or discovered by
Anyone else.

No One Sees

Inspired By: "Plum Grove"

by Felis Lopez

What is that over there?
It does not matter, no one cares.

This war has gone for too long
No one thinks this is wrong.

Many souls have been lost,
But no one seems to know the cost.

Children play around
Not knowing what can be found.

Photograph by Emily Dinnerman



The Last Hour

by Marissa Abbott

As I lay here, in this warm creek, I finally feel as if my life has reached equilibrium. It has just stopped raining, and the sky has cleared. It is sunset now. I am surrounded by big beautiful, vibrant colored flowers. I feel so tranquil. I am not sure why I feel this way. I am covered in mud and weeds and a small amount of fresh rain water is running down my body. Why is this soothing to me? This isn't what I like to do, but my body loves it. These flowers are so beautiful, they almost look fake. Every time I look at them I get lost and my mind runs into a trance. It's nice to get away from the real world. I live in a bundle of stress. Laying here has made me realize life isn't that bad. I feel that my mind has entered into a state of euphoria. I feel that I can do anything. I am invincible. This feeling is undeniable, and it is really hard to explain. I am getting goose bumps. I feel cold, but it's just my mind moving a million miles a second. I can't get the feeling of this rush to go away. Why am I starting to shake? What is going on? It feels like someone is brushing my face with ice. My feeling of happiness is starting to fade away. Why? What did I do wrong?

Black.

The colors have disappeared.

My name is Ophelia, and I died a peaceful death. The water had risen without my knowledge, and by the time I could begin to move, it was too late.

Rattle and Noise

by Sierra Beeson

A tin box full of pennies
Sits rattling on the floor
There is chaos inside
Rattling, crashing, colliding of
Its contents. The noise rises
From a low din, to a hum, to a roar
Outside, the streets bustle
As people live their daily lives
Organized chaos ensues
Chattering, laughing, shouting
Comes in waves and pours
From mouths, echoing off the building's walls

The Wondering Soldier

by Christopher Mesa

A room, a trap, where one's life slowly ripples
Three visions of time, patience of many, acts of only little
Life with regrets, mistakes from the past, always trying to escape
Sitting alone, on the old bed, unwanted, summoning that this was his fate
A blurry window, an uncertain choice, a future, he can never tell
A wounded soldier, not from blood but tears, as his life slowly fell
Full of wonder, efforts to try, instead he just read
The forgotten dishonored POW, carried life through, regretting, wishing, he was dead

Life Is...

by Mia Kelliher

Life is a bookcase. A shelf is necessary for the structure of a bookcase, while relationships and bonds are the structure of your life. But you can arrange a shelf just as you can those around you. In life, there are an array of paths to follow, just as in a bookcase there are a variety of genres to choose. You control what book you pick up to read or how it is perceived in your mind. The paths that you take in life are the books that you choose from a bookcase. There are books and stories to read about that consist of engaging plots and adventures within them.

You can read any book that you desire: any genre, any story, and even any character. Life is the same. There are decisions you make and experiences that you encounter. What you take from it is what defines your life. Throughout life there are some times when certain things seem predetermined and bound to happen, while there are other times when choices need to be made by you. Bookcases contain books that have limits and guidelines to them as well as books with stories that contain endless imagination. With the path ahead of you and the book in your hand, you can either love it or hate it, but you have the opportunity to change it.

Love

by Tracy Hernandez

A tall, muscular, smart, courageous man from that moment I saw him my heart just ran
People laugh because nobody knows how I feel
Yes, we may be seventeen
to not understand
But, he will be in my heart that's where he'll stand
This feeling is great, wonderful, marvelous and real
Nobody may not want to see us together , that's kinda sad
Haters're going to hate, I'll say that it's just too plain bad
Even though my parents don't have the heart to accept him
The way they see him is different than from how I see
My future with him is perfect
no need to decree
The way that I see him he's sweet and awfully prim
Forever, always and infinity he will be with me
Perhaps later on in life we will construct a family tree
I tell him, you're in my heart and he said, that I am in his
The man above made this possible
What anyone thinks
is highly improbable
One day we will make it official into true magnificent bliss

Untitled

By Dominique Overturf

I'm so done with you
Please just

Go away
I'm moving on
With my
Life

You
Would always say
I love you

Before
When we were dating
I would tolerate all
This

I feel
Confused
Upset
Angry
You were gone
Now
You're here

I'm glad you're gone

I hate you
I've
Moved on
I don't want to know
What happened to you
After
You
Broke up with
Me

Please just
Don't
Go away

Life
Has no meaning
Without
You

I love you
I never said that
To anyone else

Before

This
Is me trying
To tell you how
I feel
Hurt

Upset

I'm here
I miss you

I love you

You've
Moved on

I
Broke up with
You

Do
Not try to tell me
You're actually changing
I know that will never happen
But when we were dating

Happy
Without you
I'm never coming back.
What you're doing now
It kills me

Happy

Without you
I hate you
I'm sick of you

This is why
We
Are
Never
Getting
Back
Together

I'm trying to fix
What I said I would
Do

But when we were dating
I said I would try to
Do stuff to make you
Happy

It kills me
Every time I see you
Happy
With someone else
You're better off

Without me
I love you
I miss you
But you don't
Feel the same

Which is why
We
Can

Never
Get
Back
Together

Unexpected Surprise

by Thomas Friedrich

Above your voluptuous hair, floats a halo,

So kind and warm it bring comfort to me,
Through your crystallized eyes I see no foe,
Lost in them, you are all I see,
I love the faces you make,
When you laugh, live, and smile,
Your lips smooth and full like a lake.
The meeting of two bodies of water bring a rile.
The hourglass figure you contain, ever so deadly.
I fear for my safety.
I love thee with every possession worldly,
Until my last breath I will love thee,
The only problem is you are more like a sister or a dog pup.
There is no easy way to say this, I want to break up.

It May Be Too Good To Be True...

by Fernando Navarro

I personally believe that if something sounds too good to be true it usually is. Nothing is perfect. There is always a catch. That is what life has taught me. There are countless examples that support what is “too good to be true.”

Now we have all seen those late night product commercials where a person buys one product, they will get three free. The first red flag should be that the company is willing to get rid of three times more merchandise than what was intended. Odds are the products failed in the marketplace. The product on your television screen is made to look outstanding and the solution to ALL of the person’s problems. But when you get the four items in the mail, they usually are cheap in quality and don’t work. And to top things off the company that sold you the product still gets to pocket your \$19.95 plus shipping and handling. Don’t let Billy Mays fool you! If it sounds too good to be true, don’t touch it.

We cannot have everything in life. As I like to say, “They can’t all be winners.” After all, one of the seven deadly sins is greed, and most of the too good to be true proposals involve some sort of greed. I believe that people should not push their luck when trying to go the extra mile. If something sounds too good, people should be very speculative until they have proof and confirmation that it is in fact true. They should not trust anyone.

I first began believing in this particular concept at a very early age. When I was five, my mom who was always very dramatic began to tell me more about strangers. She told me exactly if something seems too good to be true, It probably is. She gave me the example of encountering a sketchy character offering me free candy. Her advice opened my eyes to the fact that receiving free candy was too good to be true and to run away from that person immediately. She also told me if that sketchy person had a beat up van, don’t get in the van. Now, years later, we both laugh about the example. But it was the initial conversation that helped me believe my point. It helped me understand that things could be too good to be true.

I believe that if all people realize what I am talking about, the world would be a better place. People need to stop trusting people until they have all the facts...



Photo/Artwork by Montana Ruderman

Damn Ocean, You Scary

by Shane Colvard

The sea holds many secrets, it holds life, and takes life. In the poems, "Supplication" by Constantine Cavafy and "Break, Break, Break" by Lord Alfred Tennyson, the sea is the main subject. Supplication is a somber piece about a mother who holds hope for her son, who unbeknownst to her has perished in the sea. In Tennyson's poem, the narrator is inspired by the sea, he sees much life surrounding the water, he sees fishermen, hears children at play, and the crashing of the waves on the rocks. At the same time he is reminded of the ships, life, and voices that have been taken under the waves, never to come back to him.

The central character in both poems is the sea. Both poems describe the sea having claimed life, in Cavafy's poem; the mother holds blind faith that the sea will return her son to her. While Tennyson's knows that the sea both takes and gives life. "Supplication" is an observation of how the mother sees the sea, while the narrator has a broader perspective, and sees both the beauty of the sea, the life it has. As well as understanding that the world has lost to the sea, the stately ships, the touch of hands, the sounds of voices, and days that will never be returned.

Reading and analyzing these two poems have made me think about how people's life affects the way they perceive things in the world. I have always seen the ocean as a beautiful thing; it's refreshing, and recreational. While someone else, like Tennyson, may see the beauty of the ocean, but they also see what the ocean has taken away from the world. It all comes down to the individual's perspective.

Smiles from Aloha

by Brady Ruyschaert

Settling down and putting words on a piece of paper is extremely difficult under certain circumstances. Mix in emotions or experiences and the drive turns into a swirl of remembrance being documented in your own words. One particular event occurred today that changed my perspective on writing. It was about 3:30 P.M. and the swell was in full force with the tide just bottoming out. This undisclosed location sits on a shallow reef shelf with sharp oyster covered rocks cluttering the inside part of the wave. The line-up was cramped with my best pals who all together, were sharing perfect waves one after another. Ecstasy filled the water as the biggest set of the day finally approached us traveling thousands of miles from a far away storm. Believe it or not, surfing has rules and one played its part perfectly right then as we took turns sharing the waves, one by one. Sitting in what's known as "the spot" I was more focused on not blowing the ten-foot wave rather than making the wave. Carefully, I took off under the lip straight into the barrel. Execution is key when surfing waves with consequence. Streaming through the eloquent barrel while also scoping my exit, my mind was cluttered with excitement. After prevailing through the spacious barrel into the channel, my best of friends hooted and hollered sharing aloha. One wave in one session is all it takes to satisfy you and can inspire writing without being difficult. Writing, like surfing, can exhibit new thoughts or ideas; all you have to do is open it and explore!

Fundamental Forest

by Dogukan Ozdemir

Far beyond the woods
The wild animals and the shadows,
The water and the mud,
The falling leaves and
The shadow of a shadow
Brushes against me,
While I'm walking in the woods.

The vision of the forest,
For a moment,
Shines on my life.

The heat of the sun warms my heart up,
It is so beautiful and bright
I cannot tell
Whether if the forest is on fire
Or the sun shining its beautiful light
To the forest.

Spring

by Steven Real-Sanchez

Today is sunny
and tomorrow is rainy
what season is this?
Trees grow, the flowers open
sun rain wind it must be spring.

I Wonder about Downhill Skateboarding

by Ted Edman

October 28, 2012 around 6 pm, two fifteen year old boys were downhill skateboarding in Chula Vista without helmets. They came around a turn and a car raced toward them, not expecting the skaters. The second skater lost control and ended up in the car's lane. He was hit by the car. Badly injured, a nurse who witnessed the accident performed CPR on the boy. The boy was pronounced dead at the hospital around 6:27pm.

Accidents like this makes me wonder if downhill skateboarding should be allowed on public roads. From when someone buys a board to when nearly ending up in an accident, couldn't a voice scream in the person's head: "This is dangerous!".

Most individuals are very happy when they get their first downhill skateboard. They just want to start riding it straight away. As they examine their boards they will find a sticker. The sticker is red and has a picture of a helmet and reads "Be safe. Wear a helmet." This should be the first advice to wear a helmet.

Later, when their parents see them they should know the laws and what is safe for their child. The laws says that anyone under 18 years old should wear a helmet while riding a skateboard. They should also have some common sense when it comes to what is safe for a young person to be doing. Speeding through a turn and ending up in the wrong lane should be a red flag which warns your kid about the danger to not be safe.

When they actually get to riding their board, fellow riders should encourage safe riding. There are two main rules: Wear a helmet and stay in your own lane. These rules are as natural as wearing a seatbelt when you travel in a car. With the world we live in, there are thousands of videos on Youtube.com about downhill skateboarding. People who are not wearing helmets in their video get feedback about the importance of wearing a helmet.

If you are going to be involved in an activity or event you need to know what you are actually doing before you start. You need to know about the dangers before you encounter them. Within downhill, cars are something we need to look out for since we

do share the road with them.

The consequences that hit a person who does not take precautions are spread to other downhill skateboarders who will take the blame. Skaters who are safe and know the risks are forced to live with the aftermath of an incident. It makes their sport frowned upon by the community causing it to become banned. The safety precautions which are expected from skaters cause accidents to be accidents, not a kid being stupid and reckless.

The boy who died would have given anything to still be alive. He made a bad decision and it caused his death, leaving a sad friend and a driver of the car, whose lives will never be the same. Accidents like this make me wonder if people can be active in downhill skateboarding without getting hurt.

Trusty

by Julia Showalter

A dog is like the companion that anyone
would dream of,
Loyal and trusted and always stays
by your side,
A boy once said
when he adopted one, "Everything finally tied",
It was all he needed, and
feelings grew of love.

The Soul

by Carla Martinez

Down, down, down into the darkness of the grave
Up, up, up as her soul floats towards the light
As her body is swallowed by the darkness
She floats until she reaches the top and the white light blinds her
But her eyes adjust and can see everything clearly
The white light wasn't what she imagined
Around her are people dressed in black
She recognizes everyone, but a group of people catches her attention
Both her mom and dad crying their eyes out
Her brother holding back the tears
And her little sister looking around, too young to understand
She brought misery in their lives, the day she decided to leave
She can't go back in time
What she did was irreversible
And now she has to "live" with that

What is Paradise?

by Cameron Baggett

"Aloha!" That was the greeting as I took my first steps into the sand of Maui, Hawaii. It would be an understatement to say this place is beautiful, scratch that this place is orgasmic. This place has everything to offer: the perfect water temperature, the infamous Kalua pork, the hot sand, the misty air, the cool breeze, and of course the beautiful Hawaiian women. As I walk towards the beach the sand kisses in between the crevice of my toes ushering them towards the safety of the cool water. Ahh pure bliss as my feet hit the water and I dive in. I swim and I swim and I swim as if the ocean is going to dry out, and then I float. As I float across the water all of my worries and stress float away into the unknown abyss and I think to myself now this is paradise.

A Night: Written in the Style of Edgar Allen Poe

by Tyson Youngs

The solemn darkness slowly crept into the day. Cold, shivering, unsympathetic winds of winter fought off the happiness that summer had once brought. I not only adhered to the phantom glows that so blackened my heart during this time—but also the unwanted visitors that dwelled around my forest cabin. They ignited fires and erected tents that sheltered them temporarily from what the night had to offer

I have always had a problem with others in my space. Ever since I murdered my brothers as an infant—which I do not regret—I’ve always felt the need to retreat to my ways of emptying the world of those who brought bitterness to me. I started by first avoiding those who I did not wish to see in my normal townhome. I felt crowded by the deficient minds of commoners, so I then withdrew myself from society. When I realized that even these extremes were not enough to block out the people who I did not wish to see, I built a log cabin as far away from anywhere as possible. Arrogant beings began to intrude into my area of dwelling, and I resolved the issue by eternally ending the beats of their hearts.

I take great joy in how I end the lives of those who don’t respect my privacy. I customarily arrange what form of pain I will inflict on the next person that temporarily dwells in my place of living, but on this particular day—a cold and dreary one at that—I decided to let my imagination run free. I fancied a wooden stick that lay on the ground, and carried a bottle of whiskey with me. As I hobbled towards the darkness of the night guided by the sounds of the intruders, my heart rate began to rise, but not from fear, but rather because of excitement. The unsuspecting visitors were steadily approaching their expiration date, and were unknowingly standing on their place of perpetual rest.

As I stammered over to the pack of kids—who were now staring at me—I think they began to feel the cold clasp of death creep down their spines, past their legs, and to my avail, into the ground where they were stuck, fearing the fear that I would do something to end their lives quickly and relentlessly. To their dismay, I was not going to end their fright quickly, but contrarily; I would end it slowly and ruthlessly, not deliberately, but simply leaving them to mother nature’s will.

Still petrified by the idea of me coming even closer, the kids couldn’t even be-

gin to think about moving. When I had reached a point to where I could catch one of them even if they darted away, I began to sprint. The first boy I hit was about 5'10. He was low enough to where I could forcefully smash his head on the downswing with my whiskey bottle. I then continued my sprint in pursuit of another boy who had begun to run to what seemed like—from a distance—a horse, but I wrestled him down and stabbed him unceasingly with the remains of my whisky bottle. At this point the two girls had fled to a hiding spot that was not so much of a hiding spot as much as an entrapment. I cornered them, and they both screamed helplessly—as if it were going to help better their predicament—while I eerily crept towards them. I pushed them both down without difficulty, grabbed the first girl by the throat, and jabbed my foot into the neck of the other. As they whimpered for help, I stared deeply into their eyes and saw helplessness and sorrow divulge itself from their crescent-like shape. A moment of pity never crossed me, and I ruthlessly stabbed the stick into the first girl's mouth and pushed it until it penetrated through the back of her throat. I then proceeded to stand her friend up to do the same thing to her. I then, once again, pushed the girls down, but this time instead of shriveling up into a fetal position, they collapsed like ragdolls. I left the bodies there to decay amongst the elements, and I stammered off into the darkness, back to the pristine shelter of my humble abode.

