



***The Edda 2016***

*The Edda*  
*The Literary Magazine of La Jolla High School*

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

This literary magazine is student-designed and edited.  
This year's editor: Johnny Agbulos.

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## Grace

Once upon a time,  
When God created fire, air, water, earth,  
And three whales were holding up the universe<sup>1</sup>,  
A wise man said:  
“The one who knows history will always be ahead.”

Since the old days,  
Golden mountains of books were raised.  
The bravest hearts are looking for their next feat<sup>2</sup>.  
Enlightened mountains always help them to succeed.  
The way is long, the peak is high, but the prize is great—a guiding star.

There is something one needs to note—  
Every star beam has its own slope.

This grace is saved through the ages,  
It gives light to the blind and opens new horizons.  
It cures as well as honey tisane<sup>3</sup> does,  
It wakes you up with an inspirational buzz,  
Connects all people, encourages all hearts, and can predict a person’s playing cards.

History reveals the truth—  
It explains the mistakes that shouldn’t be repeated,  
It teaches us about our past and shows that we are not the last.  
This science is for an old man and for a child.  
One who knows history, becomes enthusiastic and makes others smile.

<sup>1</sup>The three whales refer to a Russian myth of three whales holding up the universe.

<sup>2</sup>Feat - an achievement that requires great courage, skill, or strength.

<sup>3</sup>Tisane or herbal tea, is any beverage made from the infusion or decoction of herbs, spices, or other plant material in hot water

*Daria Zavyalova, 12th Grade*  
*English Teacher: Mrs. Raulston*

## Perspective

Perspective is a unique thing that every individual has, and everyone's perspective is different than that of the person next to them. Perspective is something you are born with, but it could also be twisted by someone else's perspective to his or her ideals. Some people believe that we aren't born with perspective but are taught it by our parents from a very tender, but I believe we are born with perspective but our parents change our views with their own, trying to force their beliefs on us. Throughout history there have always been men, leaders who have changed the minds of hundreds to thousands of people and try to show them their idealistic world. For example, Adolf Hitler changed views towards the Jews during the depression in order to blame some thing or someone to get everyone on the same mind-set, sort of speak. This is one of the best yet worse ways to bring a big group of people together because of the situation they were in they had to blame something and the people fired up to change but the mistake was trying to blame a group of people and killing them, that is just inhumane and morally wrong. Donald Trump is a modern day example. He has been trying to get everyone's votes by promising near to impossible feats, trying to change what America has been for the past couple of centuries, making fun of the immigrants and the working class and many other residents of America itself. He said, "We won with highly-educated, we won with poorly educated! I love the poorly educated! We're the smartest people, we're the most loyal people", basically saying and admitting that most of his voters are the dumbest people on the planet. Well, I won't get too personal and touch politics anymore, because this is only my perspective. This is my personal view on the idea of perspective, what's yours?

*Israel Garcia, 12th Grade*  
*English Teacher: Ms. LeCren*

## 2016 Survive or Thrive

The ice is melting and water is rising  
But no one will care until they are drowning.  
The trees are gone and cities are made  
But no one will care until it's too late.  
The armies invade and citizens flee  
But no one will care until they cross the Atlantic sea.

We expect change while sitting on chairs  
But nothing will happen unless we care.

So start walking rather than driving  
You will prevent our seas from rising.  
So plant trees rather than printing  
You will prevent oxygen from thinning.  
So work towards peace rather than war  
You will prevent Trump from building a wall along the shore.

How would you want your children to live?  
Its up to us, will we take or will we give?

*Heather Eaton, 12th Grade  
English Teacher: Ms. LeCren*

## War and Peace

We are the kids of war and peace  
Along with the others from California to the Middle East  
Racism that coldly divides this land  
That to this day I still don't understand  
Quiet kid  
Silent rage  
Sublime in my newest age  
Cause I'm not in the winter of my life or the beginner stage  
Any rebuttal to what I utter  
Get box cuttered  
Count the deaths In Iraq, that's a high number  
Killing my brothers under the same sky that I'm under  
Into the deserts of hell, where stars get star struck  
Blown up trucks, mourn the ones who fell  
To the uproar nastier than the Medellin Cartel  
Bin Laden gets picked off by Team Six  
In and out quick and too slick  
Chiraq was nothing to the bigger beast  
Of Syria and the burning Middle East  
The death of an American awfully rare  
Just look out at the rest of the world its no compare  
Nonetheless nobody seems to care  
War against the unknown  
Into the mountains outside our homegrown  
Homes in flames  
Bombs away  
Innocent people meeting Judgment Day  
It traces back to the hectic swarm  
1991, Operation Desert Storm

The terrorizing telecasts and politician schemes  
An old Iraqi farmer with barefoot broken dreams  
A religious man with his prayer team  
It was all a dream in 2003  
Seeing bombs wreck Baghdad on the live T.V stream  
So lets revitalize  
The vital times  
Before the war  
And before the crimes  
Abusing power  
Peace long gone  
First nation to drop the atmoc bomb  
Utilize lifes love  
Cause its stronger than hate  
And its stronger than the Teflon

For my beautiful earth  
I daily dream about that hopeful rebirth  
Of a world in ruins  
No moral codes being shown  
Death tolls up, gun market grown  
We sit in shame  
As the Islamic state grows fame  
More brutally than any gang  
The bodies hang  
The missiles reign  
End the violence  
Disarm your guns  
Put down your knives  
And lets end destruction of the very place that gives us life  
War is a whore  
Love and life are worth more  
Than the wealth Bush, Clinton, or Obama could score  
Stop kickin in doors  
Restore peace within the cores  
My street style and intelligence level  
Makes me much more than just angry rebel  
Our lives value no greater than any other race  
We are one powerful human face  
Against one another we must never be at all  
Civil we must never be at all  
No sky too high  
No sea too rough  
No muff too tough  
If youre alive youre tough, so never give up  
Anything in life left worth doing is worth over doing, moderation is for cowards  
But revenge can only take us so far for Al-Qaeda knocking the towers  
Don't let terror conquer the 8  
Stop the racial hate  
Don't burn freedoms fate  
I give myself to help the rest  
As humanity is put to its biggest test  
One day ill travel this world and observe it with couth  
Disregarding politicians while I physically find me some truth  
Never ever be afraid to die  
To die for peace is to have done right  
Don't let the money fool you  
That's not that lifes about  
Its about the journey  
And what we make of the route  
So if inside you feel hate and war  
Let me bring you peace  
Cause this kids been there, done that, and is going back for more

*Johnny Agbulos, 12th Grade*  
*English Teacher: Ms. LeCren*

## What Lies Within

The Captain, the captain. Oh great and mighty was he. As fast as a Zebra and stung like a bee. His prospering empire, strong and great, never knew it's soon to come fate. Of them all he was the best with none to put him to the test. He was indeed the strongest, especially in the wars that lasted the longest. He fought long and hard from the moment they raised the gate, not knowing he'd taken the bait. His men dropped like flies, never able to make a stand against what rained from the skies. The enemy archers sent waves of flaming arrows into the sky with precision as sharp as that of a sparrow. His empire burned and fell with the sound of the dying bell. Only he was that which remained He lashed out in a demonic rage, like that of an animal that couldn't be kept in its cage. He fought hard by himself with the strength of a hundred men fueled by his fury. He left the battlefield behind him covered in dismembered limbs, impaled and desecrated bodies, lonely heads without a body to carry them, and lifeless eyes left in a daze at the sight of their killer who continued to slaughter their fellow comrades. The once terrifying army that opposed him and his now fallen empire were left in ruin and had frozen in terror because they had lost sight of this horror of a foe, for he had slayed so many men without mercy that he'd stained the very air that now carried a bloody mist across the fray. For three days the captain fought without mercy to avenge his lost empire, he fought for what seemed like endless mirage's of men who were running to their sure death. First he fought with cannons, when he was out of ammunition he fought with arrows, when there were no arrows left to even scavenge from the dead he fought with spears, when there were no spears, he fought with swords, when the swords dulled and broke he fought with stones, when there were no stones in sight he fought with his bare hands. Eventually the captain lost his stamina and strength and instead of killing him, the enemy captured him, beat him, whipped him, cut out his tongue, and tossed him into a well where he was chained to the bottom and would have his meal of raw meat tossed to him from above. The reason his foes did this to him was because he'd slaughtered too many of their own and believed that even death would be too kind for the casualties he'd caused them and decided to let him rot in an old well where he would remain till his final days, this would torture him because he'd be haunted by the memory of his empire being brought to the ground. Over the years the once great captain's humanity eroded away with each breath he took in that well and over time he became known as a dead relic of his fallen empire; which was now but a lost memory in history. A great forest over the decades came to life around the well, as well as moss and cracks covered the now ancient well. People who had to cross the old forest along their journey would always travel with great haste and would run in terror at the sound of shrieking wails and cries of great anguish from the old well, sometimes people would wander from their group in search of the well and would never be seen again and when others would go in search for the missing people all they would find was their tongues hanging by a string on a branch. One day a group of traders were traveling to a town past the forest where they would sell their goods to accumulate more wealth. Within this group of traders there was a father and son that traveled with the group on their way to a ship port, where they would sail to another town too far away to travel by foot. On their journey as much as they wished it not to be, they had to set up camp in the old forest for the night because their cattle couldn't cross the forest without some rest or means of food that had been denied to them because of the traders urges to cross the forest as fast as they could. The men

rested and when they ate dinner, they cowered in fear when they suddenly heard the croaked wail of he, the broken captain who sensed the presence of men in the forest because of his now feral and animal like instincts. When dawn finally came, the boy who traveled with his father wandered to where the well was and out of curiosity went to take a peek over the wells edge to try to set his gaze upon what was kept at the wells core, but was suddenly jerked back by his collar. When he looked all he saw was his worried father who'd been searching restlessly for him. The relieved father said to his son "Peter what the devil were you thinking wandering off like that especially here of all places, you had me worried sick" Peter replied in a very confused tone to his father " Father the scream we heard last night, it came from here right? Yes it did Peter, but still why would you wander off here. I wanted to see what made the sound father, it sounded like it was in pain" Peter's father told his young and curious son the story of the once great captain, but when he heard this Peter grew unsettled and a growing fear began to take grip of him, almost like two arms reached out of the well and were reaching for him. After all was said Peter and his father left the old well, but as they began to take their leave from the well, Peter felt something breathe down his neck. As if he were preparing to defend himself, turned around but saw nothing this only created more fear and uneasiness within him. Now Peter was more eager to leave. This time nothing happened, but only for a matter of seconds. They heard a loud sudden sound from the well, Peter and his father turned around and a large crack was now apparent on the well. Once again they took their leave and this time nothing happened, so they eventually joined back up with the group of traders and within two days boarded the ship that would carry them on their travels, however each day on their voyage peter would stand at the bow of the ship thinking about what his father had told him when he was back next to the well and in the night Peter was troubled by the thought of what he would've seen in the well. Only one question lingered with him for many years "what happened to that man over the years and were those terrifying sounds that were made; his own, but all in all what was it that lied within that damp and ancient well"

*Thomas O' Loughlin, 10th Grade*  
*English Teacher: Mrs. Maycock*

## Privileged People

Take a step in my mind and see the way I think,  
Take a step in my mind and see the way I see,  
Take a step in my mind and take a step with me,  
Take a step in my mind and maybe we'll have peace.  
Brought into this world with a face full of brown,  
My parents weren't welcome because they were new in town.  
You think America would welcome them cause they worked so hard. But they showed up white  
people and they were brought down.  
Told America was the place for success,  
Yet they were denied their immediate happiness.  
Brought into this world with a face full of brown,  
My parents taught me be careful who you're around.  
Don't show up white people and be strong,  
When the time comes we will right their wrong.  
Raised up a mexican meaning to be American,  
I'm proud of my roots and I'm proud of my heritage.  
Thrown into white schools because they're the best,  
Had no idea I was flying into a cuckoo's nest.  
Stereotypes and racial slurs thrown by all,  
But don't insult white people or you'll get a call.  
Growing up brown, white people around,  
Don't say shit or you'll get put down,  
Stereotypes follow me, and I'm all cool.  
But watch out for white people, they'll shoot up a school. Stereotypes and slurs are made for  
everyone,  
It ain't fair white people get to escape from 'em,  
Take a step in my mind and see the way I think,  
White people are what matters, that's dried in ink.  
Minorities are the future, and to that I drink,  
Welcome to a puzzle, I'm a missing link.  
Take a step in my mind, see the way I see.  
Everyone for themselves, no sense of harmony,  
Brought into this world with a right to speak,  
The people's power has shrunk and we are weak.  
Nationwide cliques, form our picks,  
On who should run our nation and who it fits.  
A nation divided by beliefs and race.  
Why would anyone want to come to this place?  
A nation nearing nowhere. No end in sight.  
No matter who is elected we will still fight.  
A nation torn in two under a government hoping to subdue, The unrest is growing a revolution  
is long overdue.  
America, the brave and the bold,  
A nation for immigrants, at least that's the story told.

But America today isn't that great,  
What it's known for is assigning blame.  
Taking no faults, having no shame,  
Our own people is the ones we maim.  
The KKK is back in play,  
And they've been welcomed with their white supremacy way. Take a step in my mind, see the way I see,  
A mexican lost in a nation of white supremacy.  
Aren't we the same you and me?  
Our ancestors come from everywhere, even Germany.  
How low the cost can we make the price be?  
Before we realize this nation isn't made for we,  
The people, people who look like you and me.  
Take a step in my mind and take a step with me,  
A boy walking along sides two types of people,  
So troubled and lost I couldn't be helped by a steeple.  
City Heights calls to me with dangers and risks,  
Stucks in La Jolla with privilege and pricks.  
It's time for me to say the truth,  
Tried to please everyone because I'm in my youth.  
White people and mexicans alike, I ain't for either,  
I'm done with all that, I'm taking a breather.  
I've seen the lifestyle of both worlds,  
La Jollans are as fake as their smiles,  
And the other side just runs for miles,  
Whether it be their mouths or because they're exiles. Segregation may be over but our color is still in files.  
We say we're above that, but it's still how we live,  
Just like a washing machine the whites with whites,

And the colors on their own with everything to give. Stuck in the middle asking where do I belong?  
If I'm white and brown is that wrong?  
Or am I brown inside and out? Without a doubt .  
It doesn't matter to anyone but me what I choose,  
But with every choice there's always something to lose.  
Take a step in my mind and take a step with me,  
Just another boy lost in thought and misery.  
The conflict within me is filled to the top,  
With everything going on I'm bound to pop.  
But, it's whatever right? No one really cares,  
I'll just stay in the middle while everyone stares.  
Take a step in my mind and maybe we'll have peace,  
It's all a matter of perspective you see,  
Can you see? It's not just your P.O.V.  
Keep an open mind and see how others talk,

Keep an open heart and see how others walk.  
Everyone has their own stories, different from yours.  
We should accept everyone with open doors.  
Don't think that means be nice to everyone,  
It just means let them enjoy their own fun.  
We're born different, that's what gives us flavor.  
Isn't that great, all the different lifestyles to savor?  
Just because someone doesn't agree with you,  
Doesn't mean you force your ideals on them too.  
Instead of getting everyone to think alike,  
Think about others before starting the fourth reich.  
Celebrate the differences we all have,  
Because that's the reason the nation is in halves.  
Take a step in my mind and maybe we'll have peace.  
If we set our pride aside and agree with ease,  
It'd be a better world and everyone appeased.  
Accept everyone for who they are, if not you'll never be pleased. Take a step in my mind and  
see the way I think,  
Take a step in my mind and see the way I see,  
Take a step in my mind and take a step with me,  
Take a step in my mind and maybe we'll have peace.  
Whites are the conquerors of the world and want it all,  
This nation is one election away from dropping the ball.

*Jose Jasso, 12th Grade*  
*English Teacher: Ms. LeCren*

## Reality Among Reality

We sit with desire,  
We sit with dreams,  
We sit with determination,  
We have personal goals.

We should sit in fear and disgust,  
That we could eventually combust,  
As a civilization,  
As a species,  
As a whole.

Our children will have to pick up where we left off,  
Their children won't have water to drink,  
Air to breathe,  
Ocean to swim,  
Food to eat.

Their children will have the final lack of hope for mankind,  
Growth, and life.  
The 8.7 million other species we live amongst.  
The species we treat with neglect, torture, lack of admiration.

We think of our own personal futures, not an ultimate future  
Us, humans.  
Self-absorbed.  
Making money, growing a family, making a life for OURSELVES  
Individuality.  
When we should be dedicating our lives to change.  
Sustainability.

We're part of a toxic race  
A toxic mindset  
A toxic society  
Staying at the same pace.

We want, we crave, we're blinded  
By absolute reality  
Not thinking ahead  
Not using our heads.

One day the power will hit,  
We will sit in regret  
We will all sit.  
No room to redeem  
No time to get clean.

*Janet Shackleton, 12th Grade  
English Teacher: Ms. LeCren*