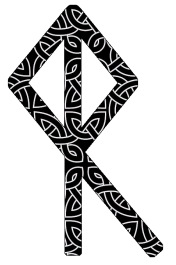




Vikings Runes



Viewmont High School's Literary Magazine — Bountiful, Utah — January 2023 — Issue XXIII

Sentimos / Feeling – FRANCESKA FRANCO



La neblina que se pasea por entre las
montañas
Lo que te hace sentir pesado al
caminar
Te sientes como un oso en invierno
Ese aire espantoso que respiramos a la primera hora de
la mañana
El usar un suéter ancho para estar cálido
Españar los brazos viendo a través de la ventana
Viendo las montañas
Solamente imaginar el frío que hay afuera te da
escalofrío
Pero al ver lo linda que es nuestra naturaleza
Mas nada importa
Solo importas tú
Y tu conexión con ella

The mist that drifts through the mountains
Makes you feel heavy when walking
You feel like a bear in winter
That thick air we breathe first thing in the morning
Wearing a wide sweater to be warm
Spread arms looking through the window
Watching the mountains
Just imagining how cold it is outside gives you chills
But seeing how beautiful our nature is
Nothing matters
Only you
And your connection with her

Dim – persais Kaline

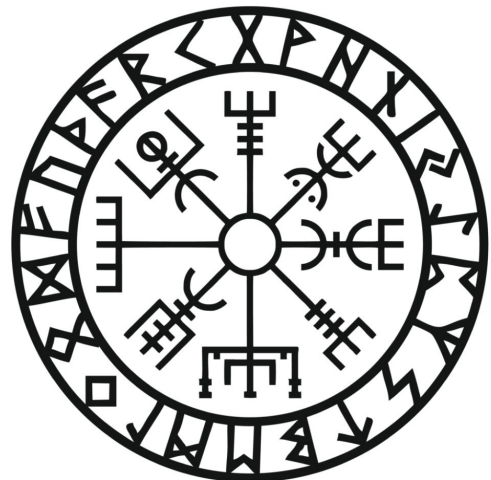
The man looks at me,
Wanting to be free.
He knocks at the glass,
Hoping he could pass.

I can hear his cries,
Especially at night.
I can hear his plea,
When they call him she.

I try to let him out,
But he angrily shouts.
I try talking,
But he keeps bawling.

I saw him again,
Realizing he was my friend.
I held my hand to him,
His eyes were no longer dim.

I felt the cool glass hit my hand,
As he looked at me to understand.
I looked closer to see,
That he was me.



Wilted Rose – Lizz Hardy

Water erodes a face, like canyons, the
dark bags under its eyes.
The things seen at night would leave
you running for your life.
Like Pluto to its friends no longer
counted
Poorly without purpose simply plain.
Recounting the times when it felt without shame.



Yet you picked it up, shattered like glass.

You cut your hands putting it back.
And melted back down, molten with the anger of its
past.
I am treasured like a rose thrown as a last goodbye to a
loved one in the sky.
May you be mine and forever stand the sands of time.

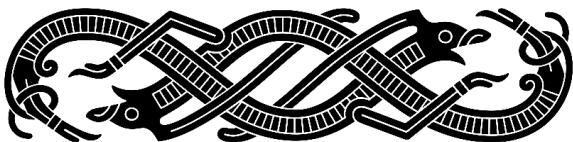
William Stafford Poem (Basically) – Kaden Mander

There was a leaf on my window,
Oh how it sits there,
It sat on my window,
It's just a leaf,



I went down my stairs,
And sat on my couch,
I looked out the window,
There was another leaf.

I opened my door,
And left in a hurry,
I got in my car,
And there was a stick.



Untitled – Madelyn Numbers

I wish I could remember.
I find myself losing memories I
thought I would remember forever,
I feel them leaving my head, tiptoeing
out, quietly and carefully.
I don't want to forget the little
moments from today or yesterday
I don't want to forget what made me smile today
I don't want to forget the funny moments, even the
embarrassing ones,
That in the moment I wish I could forget
I don't want to wake up in 20 years and not remember
what I did today
Today, an ordinary day, nothing significant or special
Just little details piling up, becoming something I don't
want to forget.



Perpetuity – Elle Paxton

"There's no growth in the comfort
zone"
Well maybe I don't want to grow.
Maybe I'm fine where I am right now.
At the beginning of each day, I find
myself wondering what the point is.
I can feel my time slipping through
my fingers.
If only I could choose how to spend it,
but nothing's up to me.
I was born.
I'm growing up.
I'll die.
Just like everyone else.
With nothing to show for it but maybe a car, a house,
some cash, and a couple diplomas.
And I'll be in the ground.
I've been running myself into the ground my whole life.
We've all been.
The textbooks and backpacks,
the pencils and pens,
the pennies and dimes,
merely the instruments with which we dig our own
graves.
But now I wonder if even that is a waste.
Maybe I want to be cremated.



Almost-Original – Abbie McBride

I miss the almost-original
Because there is no such thing as
original
If something claims to be unique
It is lying



And that's okay.
You can take pre-existing string,
A pre-existing pattern,
And still create a new blanket

I miss those.

I miss the stories that are almost-original,
Putting a new spin on the top,
Adding a blueberry instead of cherry

I'm tired.
Tired of the repetition.
The same story, almost word for word,
Only changing to make the audience,
Believe it doesn't have issues
The sirens of story

I'm tired of sequels,
To stories that didn't need one,
I'm tired of writers that don't know how to stop
I'm tired of movies that keep getting remade

If you're over 6 movies,
Most of the time,
That is too many,
(Unless it is backed up with reason)
The characters aren't intriguing anymore,
If you don't adjust the recipe

I miss the almost-original,
Can we bring back the almost original?

Untitled – Angela Silas

I work with that
just that way i can feel something
just that way i can care
do you never feel that
you wake up and see nothing important
i mean there is no need

but if you have an obsession
maybe is a good or a bad one
but it gives you a reason
i used to wake up every morning at 4 am
just to watch a streamer
it was my obsession
Then i stopped sleeping
Just a few hours
Because i liked to go outside and see the stars
Know my obsession are the only thing that keep me
going
But they are not forever
You are the one that left
How long will you be my obsession?

Ariana Rawlings –

The Day I saved the World

I woke up. The same as every
other day really, I brushed my teeth,
took a shower, fought off an entire
army of skeletons trying to take over
the city, ate some wheat waffles for
breakfast and that was about it.



"Wait huh?" - your thoughts.

I assume you are referring to the
skeleton part because it's the most obscure and out of
place portion of the sentence that doesn't happen in
anyone's normal day to day life. Or you are questioning
my choice in breakfast. Both are equally obscure. Let
me start from the beginning.

I put on my Ninja Turtle suit, just like I do everyday
because it has a leg holster that fits my squirt gun
perfectly, and then I ate some breakfast. That's when I
looked outside and saw... Skeletons? Skeletons!
Everywhere! Good thing I was wearing my Ninja Turtle
suit or this could have been absolutely colossal. At this
moment I felt I was ready to do some collateral damage.
I went outside and the streets were flooded with
skeletons. I used my last XP to upgrade my strength and
walked outside ready for the swarm of enemies to meet
their demise. I pulled out my squirt gun and started
pewing every skeleton in sight. Pew pew, pew. It didn't
do anything. I spent my last XP on strength and I forgot
my gun does zero damage. I ran inside.

"What do I do now?" I screamed.

I looked down to my feet, well not to my feet
because my turtle suit made it so I couldn't see my toes,
but I looked to the floor and saw my Nerf gun. I bent

over to pick up the gun. Well, the suit kinda got in the way, I kinda toppled over, it was... Imagine watching a magical superhero with light beaming from behind him and trumpets playing from the heavens as he picks up a weapon of pure beauty. That is EXACTLY what I looked like. Anyways, gun in hand I used a chair to pry myself off the floor and I was ready for battle. I looked directly in the barrel and saw that there was only one bullet, but I just absolutely knew luck was going to be in my favor...

Uncited – Grizz Diamondback

“For a dead man, he sure could run fast,” thought the spirit.

As the darkness came closer, Tony felt like he was running through an alley in a dream. In this dream it felt like he was having a shadow talking to him telling him to slow down. Knowing what the shadow would already say, he asked. “Come on, why can’t you just leave me alone.?!”

The answer was just ear-splitting silence to the ears but was a soft and chilly answer to the heart.

“You know what they say, never ask a question you don’t want the answer to.”

After hearing that, Tony decided that he could not stop the punishment he had coming to him. Since the spirit that was chasing him had somehow caught up and was now standing in front of him, Tony decided to stop running and stand where he was. The spirit was staring right at him, as if he was staring into his soul, with golf ball like eyes.

The entity that appeared right in front of Tony’s eyes looked like as if it was sighing. Messages slowly entered his once sharp mind.

“My dear Anthony, you made a promise. One that you knew the consequences of but agreed to it without second thought.” Now, you are going to have to pay for your mistakes.”

Whimpering like a lost dog, Tony asked. “Are you going to kill me?”

Without hesitation the spirit replied. “We both know that there are things, much worse than death, and I am here to remind you what they are.”

There was a crunching noise and a shout of pain, then silence followed. As Tony was drifting out of consciousness, he thought about how he got to where he was and why he decided to mess with the boogeyman.

Sterling and Sam’s Tubular Adventure – Sterling Summers

Sterling walks up to Mr. B

“Mr. B I don’t know what to do my dialogue assignment on,” Sterling says.

Mr. B looks at Sterling.

“I feel like we have been in this situation before... instead of writing about Cheetos why don’t you write about this conversation we are having right now?” Mr. B says as he turns his head towards the camera in the room, breaking the 4th wall.

Sterling’s face lights up.

“That’s a great idea why didn’t I think of that?” Sterling says.

“After you write about this conversation just let chaos ensue,” Mr. B says.

Sterling turns around to walk to his desk and he stops walking and looks around and notices that he is now in a post-apocalyptic world. He can see there are holes in the roof and walls which let him see the outside world that looks completely normal.



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