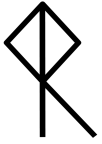


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VIKING RUNES



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Viewmont High School's Literary Magazine — Bountiful, Utah — October 2019

READERS BEWARE! YOU'RE IN FOR A SCARE!



DRAUGR VIK

by Caleb Wheeler

TWO-SENTENCE HORROR STORIES

Had a dream that I got a call from my grandmother saying my grandfather had passed away, and the clock read 3:06 A.M. I woke up to a call from my grandmother and looked at the clock... it read 3:06.

- **KAYDANCE HARDING**

I walk home along the same route each day with my friend, so I was surprised when he started to notice me following him. The others never even realized I existed until it was too late.

The IRS called me yesterday telling me my bank account was being suspended. I'm only thirteen.

- **RHYS HARWOOD**

His lips were flapping against his horrible teeth. The fat rolls from his body oozed onto his victims one by one, deciding his next bite.

- **ZEB RHODEHOUSE**

I woke up to liquid dripping onto my top lip and seeping into my nostrils, making them damp. I peeled my eyes open and it was staring at me, mouth open, ready to be fed.*

- **VANESSA SOLT**

THE LITTLE GHOST GIRL

by Lillian Mills

the little ghost girl
dances
under the streetlight
as the warm golden glow
masks her silver frame
and she starts to hum
and it starts to murmur
just like the crickets do
and a cloud covers the moon
but the stars twinkle brightly
and she keeps dancing.

the streetlight flickers.
she does too.



November Prompt: Giving Thanks

November is a month of giving thanks, so we're asking for pieces that show your gratitude! You could send in an anonymous thank you letter, a poem talking about what you're grateful for, or maybe just write a few lines about the comforts we enjoy in our society. However you decide to answer the prompt, send your work to:

ViewmontVikingRunes@gmail.com

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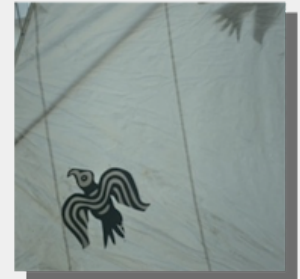
OCTOBER CHALLENGE

Each month we share a puzzle or a challenge for you to complete. Completing these challenges makes you eligible for rewards such as drawings, or first-come-first-serve prizes. October's challenge is a photo scavenger hunt, and there are a few ways you can complete it.

1. Use the clues to the right to find the locations inside Viewmont High School
2. Take a picture at those locations, write in where you found the clues, **or download the HP Reveal app and check out the ghosts inhabiting these locations!**
3. Send your guesses, pictures, or ghost screenshots to

ViewmontVikingRunes@gmail.com
to be entered to win awesome prizes!

CLUES



>Be me
>Be at Joe's house
>Joe who?
>mfw.gif
>Playing Fortnite on the WiiU as Tracer, kind of cringe but OK.
>Joe's Mama slides my fedora to place some tendies and Mountain Dew
>LifeisGood.png
>1v1 some little kid
>He kills me
>Feels bad man
>Call the little normie an Elf
>He replied with "I'm not a gnelf, I'm not a goblin I'm a..."
>Quit before he can floss on my body
>Suddenly Joe's little brother's Thomas the Train starts playing the theme song.
>A hand appears on my shoulder FeelsBoneyMan.png
>Joe's Mama asks me if I ate all the shredded cheese
>Says that I'm a good boy for getting all my calcium, gives me 10 GBP
>Joe's dog steals my tendies
>FeelsBadMan.wav
>Suddenly there's a knock at the door
>Open the door its Toby Maguire he says "Pizza Time"
>Suddenly a Gnome jumps out of the box and screams "...gnome and you've been GNOMED!"
>Literally Die
>Suddenly a screen appears: **Delete World** or **Spectate World**
>Select **Spectate World**
>Hey, you. You're finally awake....
>Gosh dang it Todd you did it again
>Pic unrelated

WOULD YOU LIKE TO DANCE?

- by Anonymous

John fell asleep at the Halloween Ball. When he woke up he felt strange and decided to step outside to get some fresh air. He had drunk quite a bit of wine, and to this he attributed his strange feeling. As he stepped outside, he thought about the girls he had danced with and the one girl with whom he would never have the chance.

Sarah had died exactly one year before in a carriage accident on the way to the Halloween Ball. Sarah and John had been looking forward to the Ball and their eventual marriage. The Ball that year would have been the first time they had ever danced, but it was not to be. He had waited all night for Sarah to arrive. She had come much later, her lifeless body bourn by the young men who had discovered the accident.

John still thought about Sarah often, but tonight it was much worse. So he had drunk his sorrows away. He was now feeling the effects of his carelessness, but the fresh night air had a calming influence on his mind. Still, there was no denying that he felt unwell. A chill ran down his spine as he stepped further from the ballroom. He thought about Sarah as he wandered down the cobblestone to clear his head. All at once, he found himself at a crossroads. With a jolt he realized that it was the very crossroads where his betrothed had met her untimely end.

Fighting back tears, he decided to return to the party. But something stopped him. He looked up and saw a dark figure standing on the side of the road facing away from him. He squinted at it, wondering if he was seeing things. Then he heard a voice whisper, "John."

"Yes?" he replied to the woman, for it was a woman's voice that had spoken. It sounded familiar, though he could not quite place it. It sounded dry and hoarse. "What do you need, madam?"

The woman turned around. John's eyes grew wide as the realization came to him that he was staring into the shadowed face of his beloved—and departed—fiancée.

"Sarah?" he replied, stepping backwards. The world lurched around him, and he almost fell.

The figure stepped forward into the moonlight and looked at him with eyeless sockets staring out from a gaunt and sunken face.

"John," the thing said. "Would you like to dance?"

John's blood ran cold. He stumbled backward. He wanted to scream, but his mouth seemed to have dried up all at once. The thing stretched a skeletal hand out toward him. He heard dusty joints creaking as the apparition moved. The wind whipped its wispy hair and blew the scent of rotting flesh into his nostrils.

"John... would you like to dance?"

He turned and ran, his heart beating in time with his rapid strides. He shot a panicked look behind him and saw that he had not escaped the creature's presence, though it was not running to pursue him. It walked haltingly, like a puppet controlled by an unpracticed hand, but somehow it was able to keep up with John's frantic stumbling.

"John!" the corpse said in a sing-song voice. It placed a fleshless hand on a bony hip and tossed its head to the side with a crack from its neck. Its lips curled up in a skeletal rictus, and a few teeth tottered and plummeted to the cobblestone at the thing's bony feet, making a sound like scattered coins. "Quit teasing me! Let's dance!"

John neared the ballroom and began to cry for help. He burst in through the door of the building and saw a large gathering of people in the middle of the room. He screamed and pushed his way through to the center of the crowd. His foot caught hold of something that sent him sprawling. He picked himself up and turned to see what had tripped him. On the floor was his own lifeless corpse, still clutching a bottle.

John begged the townsfolk to revive his body, but they neither saw nor heard him.

It was no wonder he hadn't felt like himself when he went for a walk: he had left his body, his life, behind him. This cold realization washed over him like a tide, and John accepted that he really was dead.

The thing that had chased him moved through the crowd and grinned at him again. He met its eyes, and as he stared into the rotting flesh of its dead face, the face began to change. Eyes materialized in their sockets and were filled with a shining light. The sunken, pallid flesh regained its color and shape and crept down the bones on her fingers. Her joints jerked into place, and her grin lost all semblance of malice. Sarah was once again the same lovely girl he had known in life, and there she was, smiling at him. John smiled back.

He stepped toward his beloved Sarah, whole now that he had accepted his fate, and held out his hand to her. He bowed, and said:

"Would you like to dance?"

