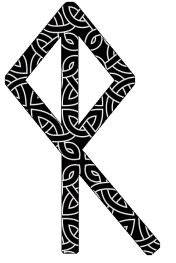




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Viewmont High School's Literary Magazine — Bountiful, Utah — November 2023 — Issue XXV
This issue brought to you by Lyric Brown, Avery Ellinger, and Jorge Medina

Screaming

by Gail Stokes

Heart pounding, running, screaming, crying.
Falling, breaking, terrified, terrified, terrified.
A never ending mess of thoughts and fears.
7 trains, 3 tracks, almost 108 miles per hour.
I can't think, can't breathe, can't live, can't die.
Screaming, endless screaming. It's so loud, all the time,
it won't stop.
It won't stop, it drones on and on.
It can't stop, the screaming blur of emotion and fear and
every bad thing I ever thought.
Run, if I go faster it fades just a little.
It's a background hum, ever present in a corner
somewhere.
Don't stop, don't stop to breathe, don't stop to think.
Thoughts are a trap, if I stop I sink, I can't sink.
Moving so fast, too fast to stop, too much to do.
Screaming, all the screaming is getting louder and
louder.
I can't ignore it; it's fighting for life. Stop, just stop.
Silence.

Two Sentence Horror Stories

by Lyric Brown

Halloween has always been my favorite holiday.
Dinner always delivers itself right to my door.

Carving faces has always been my favorite Halloween
activity. It's a shame they ran out of pumpkins though,
now I have such a mess to clean up...

The Month October

by Avery Ellinger

Hallows Eve is not the only
day the ghouls are left to roam
free. Throughout the month
the dead cause chaos that leads
to barren earth. When the
leaves of trees start turning
red, you know the ghosts have set them ablaze. For
weeks the trees will burn with a ghostly fire invisible to
us. Until nothing is left except a gray husk.



The air grows colder with the presence of the ghosts
that lingers until the very essence of ghosts falls from
the sky. They haunt animals, dragging them into their
den and placing them into a deep sleep that will last for
as long as they are still haunted. The birds spot the dead
and attempt to fly away from them, fearing they too will
be haunted into a deep sleep.

Slowly, they will start to push the sun down faster,
making the nighttime even longer for their devious acts.
Finally, nighttime falls on Hallows Eve. The dead
frenzy, knowing that when midnight strikes, they will
all be forced back into the underworld.

Now everything you know about Hallows Eve has
come true. The costumes and decoration scare away the
already frightened ghosts. Those with nothing to
frighten them are cursed with poor luck.

The clock strikes midnight, and the dead mourn
having to go back to the dark, empty pit that is the
underworld. Instead of their tears falling, they rise
towards the heavens. In time, the tears will fall back
down, extending the length of what chaos they have
already caused. Hence why October is more than just
one special day.

Night Games

by Austin Bresee



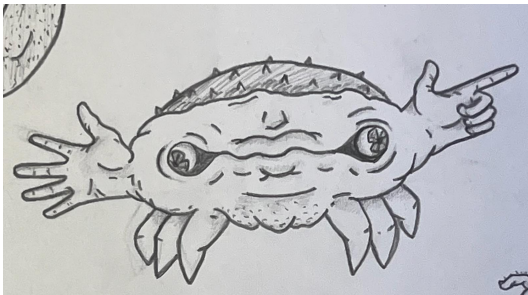
Paul

by Austin Bresee



Crab Fella

by Austin Bresee



L: “Are there any meanings behind these drawings?”

Austin: “No, my mind is just slowly deteriorating.”

The Corruption

by Adee Taylor



A Self Portrait

by Adee Taylor

