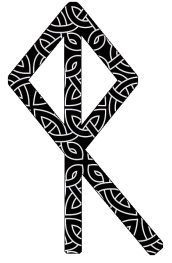




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VIKING RUNES

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Viewmont High School's Literary Magazine — Bountiful, Utah — November 2023 — Issue XXVI
Brought to you by London Huntington, Emma McDonald, and Gail Stokes

Normal – LONDON HUNTINGTON

The shadows that unnaturally follow me through the
house watching my every move
This is normal.

The objects that dance on their own
when the lights are absent in the
dining room

This is normal

The squeaking and creaking sounds
of wood and bones that echo
throughout the halls

This is normal

The screams of agony that are muffled by laughter and
comforting tones

This is normal

The blood that falls elegantly down the walls from the
ceiling in disturbing messages

This is normal

The silence that follows that is nothing less than
unbearable

This is normal

Everyone acting like it is normal.

Is it normal?



Six Feet Under – GAIL STOKES

People mourn for a little girl they never knew
They all cry and wail in a pure bitter
agony

I still stand breathing, watching their
pain

Watching them bury a girl who wasn't
real

They can't really see me, as if I was
the fake

Sitting in dark denial and bittersweet hatred

Refusing to acknowledge my beating heart

My tortured soul, free from their judgment

Free from ghostly chains and endless misery

Watching people mourn for a girl they never knew



Spiders – ANONYMOUS

Sticky silken threads

Forming their tiny webs

Threading in and out of dead flesh

Connecting arm to hand

And face to the bones

The corpse put back together again

Eyes rolled back to place

Fearing the day it revives

Webs dragging the dead back into life

Dreading the moment

Humanity could die

Bones – ANONYMOUS

I feel...trapped

Inside my own skeleton.

I can feel my bones

Bumping into each other

But my bones are...young

Fresh.

I like my bones.

They are what separate me

From the watching flowers

(Because flowers don't have bones).

Flash Horror – LYRIC BROWN

"Hey, Mom? Have you seen the dog?" She shrugs and
pushes a plate towards me. As I look down, I can't help
but scream as I look at a meatloaf that looks back at me.

Christmas Horror Story –

ANONYMOUS

I stood in the clearing
The snow falling before my eyes
At home, presents under the tree
A big man wears a disguise

He puts on a warm red hat
And says hello to all the little ones
The parents don't even care to see
The red marks on his thumbs

The ones that I put there
When I saw him last
He was acting rather strange
And I had to get away fast

His big white beard, you see,
Had stains galore
And his iconic red suit
Fit him no more

Everyone he meets
Awards him with proud applause
But if I know anything
That is not Santa Claus

College – **LYV JONES**

It's so much larger than seven letters
It's applications and scholarships.
It's choosing a major and a career
It's pressure
Lots of pressure

A 4.0 is a must
Involvement in clubs is essential
Sports and music wouldn't hurt too.
Oh, and you should graduate with college credit
Lots of it.

The sooner you decide the better.
Graduate ready to start your career.
Know exactly where you're going to go.
And exactly what you're going to do.
Exactly.

But what if I don't know what I want to do?



What if I can only do so much?
What if I want to enjoy High School while it lasts?
Make friends, do activities and have fun
And not stress

But no, I must have my whole life figured out.
Because I don't have 4 years of my life to go to college
To start the career I'll be doing for the next 50 years
I don't have time to have a teenage experience
Or to experience life

Lies and Leaves – **ANONYMOUS**

The sky shifts in a way that brings out the ever-hiding
side of people
The season of evolution
Some rejoice at the change that allows them to be one
with themselves
Some would rather be suffocated by the resting clouds
that haunt the lands.
The amber glow of the woods
The hands embedded on a still-dusted clock unable to
continue in function
I wait to hear something, but I suffocate in the silence
waiting
I wait to see, to feel, to touch
But the world is just frozen, but my mind remains
thawed.
My vision stabilized, I'm able to see the stilled bodies
around me
there is no more time to wait I must help
but time now has a weight on my shoulders and on my
mind
the wait of time never really passes by
Am I the only one able to recognize our captivity?
When will I surely die?



A SHORT HORROR STORY -

LYRIC JONES

There is no escape.

Not really anyway. You can run and run and run... and you'll never get away.

No matter how far you make it, it will always sink its razor sharp teeth deep into your flesh.

There is no escape.

You can try, but you'll always fail. That's what we've always believed. I refuse, I'm going to get away. I will

I refuse to be just another soul taken by this... thing...

Turning the corner, I take another deep breath, I just need to keep running. It's going to be okay.

It's going to be okay.

I've already given up so much to get where I am, what's a little more? It's okay. It's okay. I hear a crash from somewhere behind me, it's still chasing me. I'm not surprised, just a tad annoyed.

How far do I have to go?

I'll make it. I will. I have to. I'm going to make it. won't be like the others... so many have failed...

My breath is heavy, my chest tight. I don't know how long I've been running, but it's been long enough for my body to be screaming in pain.

Every breath I take feels heavier than the last as my feet pound on the floor, my steps echoing around me.

Ahead of me is a solid door, no window but, I've passed the last turn I could take. Not stopping, I take another deep breath before pushing the door open and running in. I slow to a stop as the door slams shut behind me.

Somewhere beyond the door Is a blood curdling scream followed by snarling.

I don't have much time.

Looking ahead of me, a smile forms on my lips, a relieved laugh bubbling out of my mouth.

It's a door entirely made of glass, I can see the outside world. I did it. I'm going to make it.

Everything behind the door has gone silent and I take off. I have less time than before now.

I can't believe it. I did it. I can't help but smile as my eyes continue to fix on the door ahead of me.

Faces flash in my head, memories from before all this started. Smiling faces of everyone I've lost along the way, replaced by images that will haunt me for the rest of my days. Bloody smiles, empty gazes, cold bodies...



Everything I've lost to get here...

And then the monster behind it all. Images of bloody daws, razor-like teeth, a sinister, evil smile. I've never seen its face in its entirety, just enough to be haunted. This is all a game to this thing. A game that I'm going to win. Odds be damned.

My body is shaking from everything it's been through, but I did it.

Pushing open the door, I walk through it, relief flooding my body...

Only to be back at the beginning of that hallway.

The outside world once again staring back at me.

Turning I pulled at the handle of the door I just walked through, except that it was locked.

Horried, I ran down the hallway again, and again I walked through the glass door... only to do it again... and again... and again...

About the eighth time I ran half way before stopping, crumbling to my knees from utter exhaustion and defeat. Tears streaming down my cheeks I scream in frustration hitting the ground with a tired fist.

Still staring at the door, I watch as something emerges from the shadows, standing in the center of the hallway, blocking my supposed freedom.

No one makes it out... this thing, this monster... it's the master of this game. And why shouldn't it be? It's the creator after all.

Slowly, the monster places its hand on the wall, stepping toward me, its claws scraping against what sounds like concrete.

As it get closer I notice more of its features, I'd say it's about my height, an unnatural smile sits on its face, its empty eyes fixated on me...

Its... weirdly familiar eyes... I'm reminded of a mirror as the monster steps closer. After all... it's like looking right into one, is that how the monster feels too? Like it's looking into a mirror as it stares at my face? Mine filled with horror as I look back up at myself. Hers empty, of all emotion, a malicious, evil smile on her lips...

Tears continue to pour down my cheeks.

I suppose in the end...we are all our own worst enemies...

**HAPPY SPOOKY SEASON,
EVERYONE!**

