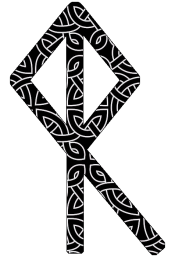




Vikings Runes



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Brought to you by: Matthew Stringham, Maddison Skeen, Scarlett Prisbrey, Marshall Page, Maya Naylor, Brayden Burningham, Taegan Turner, Katie Carpenter, Redd Andersen, Austin Brimhall, Addyson Wing, Ammon Woolstenhulme, Laney Rives, Alyssa Charlesworth, Sarah Love, & Lyvia Jones,

Actual, Real Events From Mr. B's Classroom

By Anonymous



Time

By Lyric Brown



Time is such an interesting thing.

Seconds seem to take centuries, hours pass by and all of a sudden it's a year later and you're wondering what happened.

All of a sudden you go from being lonely to craving alone time.

One moment you're five dreaming about being 16 the next you're 16 wishing you could re-do five.

When you're small ice cream is a treat you sneak from the freezer on a hot day.

Now it's a treat I hardly ever crave. It's one I go buy on my own and enjoy in silence.

Make up was once something you watched your mother do and now it's something you spend hours perfecting yourself.

Time is a funny thing, isn't it?

Automated

By Anonymous

Will this be to stay or to-

"One pulled pork sandwich, regular sized drin..."

"I don't care what you said"

Do I look that much like a McDonald's iPad kiosk?

I take your order then you pay

Your food appears all the same

"Have a nice night"

A pre programmed farewell, no more

A simulation of life and of want.

Your order was finished, what more could you need?
 “That costs extra, sorry no I can’t, it’s policy, I’ll see
 what I can do.”
 Apologies, I should have read your mind.

I have no life, no hobbies, no choice or personality,
 No *real* person would choose to deal with you

You're right, you know, how did you find us out?
 We're all just robots, like the birds-
 We live to serve you, please, go first

Watching a TV, But Without Verbs – Joel Hadley

I feet house. My body couch.
 TV. TV good. I Garfield. Garfield
 haha. No Garfield. Shop Channel.
 Ring \$1,000. Expensive. Remote
 broken, battery. Closet batteries. I
 feet closet. I hand battery. Triple
 A. Feet to couch. Battery remote.
 Spongebob. Spongebob yay.
 Patrick and sandy. OK now time for z. Zzz time. No
 eyes. Goodnight.



The Dog with the Hat – Joel Hadley

The dog in the hat,
 Would walk around town,
 The people who saw him?
 Nobody would frown!
 They'd give him a top hat,
 Propellers and more,
 The hats on his head,
 Were never a bore.
 Hopping on four legs,
 Walking downtown,
 Till' there were too many hats,
 On top of his crown.
 They tossed and they tumbled,
 They tipped to the ground.
 The dog tried to catch them,
 But they all fell down.
 The city was covered,
 He thought he was in trouble,
 So he went and he hid,
 In all the hat rubble.

But, the townspeople found him,
 He thought he'd done bad,
 But everyone loved him,
 Now they all could wear hats.
 So the dog still walks around,
 Wearing a hat,
 And so the people,
 The dog knows just that.

Two sentence horror story Bones – Maya Naylor

The neighbor’s dog had a habit of
 burying its chew bones in my yard.
 I pet my cat while I watch, and
 wonder why all my others ran
 away.



Uncicled – Gail Stokes

You said it was going to be less
 painful this way, and it was
 But now you’re all alone and I can’t
 cheer you up
 You said it was all going to be okay
 now, but that was a lie
 Now you’re left behind and I can’t
 run back to you
 I can’t jump onto your bed at night
 when I don’t like the kennel
 I can’t climb onto your lap every time you sit down
 You said I’d be happier but I’m sitting here watching
 you cry
 I want to go back to you, I want to go back one time



“FEET”by – Mikya House



I want My little guy - Addison Wings

I want...

I want you to be okay

I want you to not be in pain

I want to grow old with you by my side, but the mass of your spleen and your bloody nose that will not clot says otherwise.

I want to hear the clicking of your nails against the floor when you take laps around the kitchen when it's time for dinner and I want to feel you come up to my legs and start licking them when I'm done working out.

I want the mass on your spleen to stop growing and your blood to clot so we can find out if it's cancer or not.

I want to meet your past owners and ask what the hell was wrong with them because they had to have known something was wrong with you but instead of figuring it out they just dropped you off at the shelter and didn't think about what would have happened if a family that didn't know what they were doing adopted you.

I want you to know how lucky I am to have you

I want you to know that I gave you the best life I could in our way too short 2 and a half years together

I want to have more time with you

I want you to be happy and I want you to know that words and actions cannot describe how much I love you and how much I will miss you when you're gone.

I want you to know that you'll forever be my little guy -
For Zeus my lovely little guy <3



My little guy - Addison Wings

My little guy

I think about you all the time

And now I wonder if you really did love me the way I loved you.

Did you really enjoy going for longboard rides or when it was just in the car while I played my music,

But alas, I can't

I'm stuck right here

In a world that feels like a roller coaster

One day, dreaming in the clouds

The next buried six feet under

and you had your head out the window?

Did you understand me when I signed Good Boy to you

one last time as we said goodbye?

The things that keep me up at night are the things I wish I could ask you.

I wish I could ask if you really enjoyed going to Starbucks and I wish I could ask you if you liked going on runs with me even though you were an old man, you seemed to like going because your face would light up anytime you pulled to go faster.

I know you liked butt scratches because you wouldn't let me stop once I started

And I knew that you knew that I loved you with all my heart.

These are the thoughts and the questions I want to talk to you about because a random poem about dogs sent me into a spiral.

A Love That Never Ends - Addison Wings

A dog with curly hair

A dog that looks like a bear

A dog that likes to lick your face

and a dog who likes to race

A man's Best friend and a love that never ends.

The dogs with 3 legs

The dog with ears put into braids

The dogs that can't hear

The dogs who are constantly in fear

The brave little dog who protects at any cost

and the big dog who got in a fight and lost

A man's best friend and love that never ends.

Back in Time - Lyvia Jones

I wish I could go back in time

Make the clock hands move left instead of right

Back to when I was on top of the world

And knew my spot on the team was secure

Back to when my confidence was sky high

To when it was still just a game

At times it seems like I'm throwing the ball into the ocean

Other times it's more like tossing it into a glass of water.

My heart beats rapidly when my footsteps into the court.

Dissect every decision
 Punch myself in the gut for every small thing I did
 wrong.
 But two deep breath and a few words from my dad
 Put my head back on my shoulders
 Remind me I can never be perfect
 And that everything is still a work in progress
 I don't have to be the best
 It's still just a game



I overthink every play.

and light the wood. To my surprise, it still lights up. I
 scoot back, sit cross-legged on the floor, and reach my
 hands to the fire. The warm feeling rushes over me, a
 relief, and a feeling of comfort while I sit and watch the
 leaves come through the window.



The Small Cabin- Karlee Draper

Deep in the forest, there's a small cabin that I don't
 believe anyone lives in. The outside looks majestic. The
 vines going down the house, the red bricks against the
 green, and the little snow that's around. When I slowly
 open the door, it almost doesn't open. When you walk
 in, there's a slight chill that wasn't outside. It's colder
 and different than I expected. There's almost nothing.
 The chairs are old and dusty, as if they hadn't been sat
 in for years. I run my finger through the dust, a thick
 layer comes off almost like mud on my finger. The rug
 has dust to but along with the dust there are many
 leaves scattered on the ground. I begin to look up and
 realize the window was left open. I walk over, trying to
 shut it, but It's not budging. It's almost like there's
 something in the way, but when I get a good look
 there's nothing in the way. I decide to keep looking
 around the house and I see a fireplace. I wonder if it
 works, I ask myself. I bend over to open the door. I
 open it; there's still wood in it I see. I grab my lighter

FOOD!!!- Anonymous

The time ticks by slowly.
 My stomach screams for food. It feels like this class is
 never going to end. And the lunch line is way too long.
 11:22.
 11:23.
 11:24.
 11:25.
 People around me are trying to figure out what the
 sound is but can't.
 I hope.
 Oh my gosh. My stomach aches and groans. Food! It
 screams. FOOD!
 11:29
 11:30
 11:31
 My stomach just made another noise when IT WAS
 DEAD SILENT!!!
 11:35
 11:36
 11:37
 I stare at the clock watching the last number change
 every minute.
 11:45

11:48
Closer
11:50
CLOSER
11:54
ONE MORE MINUTE!
11:55
FREEDOM!!!

The Monster- Katie Carpenter

There is a monster who follows me everywhere. He's big and pitch black with a body made of shadows. He feeds off my energy and saps my creativity.

There is a monster who constantly looms over me. No one can see him but me. He sits on my shoulders and weighs me down. He makes my life too difficult to handle.

The monster struggles to enter my room. I am safe while I am in there. But I cannot relax when I know he is just outside my door.

He makes me exhausted. He makes things I used to enjoy boring. He makes me wish I didn't exist. Sleeping is the only time he does not torment me.

No one understands when I try to explain. "Just do the things that make you happy!" they say. "You don't look like you have a monster following you." They expect me to function as well as they do. But they don't have a monster following them.

I've recently discovered that I am not the only one. Others have their own monsters too. I speak with someone who believes me. Who gives advice to make things easier. I swallow pills. The monster gets smaller. Weaker.

There isn't a monster who follows me everywhere. I learn what it feels like to be happy once again.



Sports in Sun - Austin Brimhall

The wind blew on a hot summer day
The ball bouncing in my hands
It says what I try to say

It's getting closer and closer.
Hoping to make some bands
Plan to win with all my might
This sport is my new life
Watching me play is such a sight
Practice daily through toil and strife
On that hot summer day
The basketball flies through the air
Making the shots in the hoop
But no one cares
Cars pass by, but no one stops to see
Could this all be just a dream?
The ball drops, on that hot summer day



To Those Who Want to Know Me - Addyson Wings

To those who want to know me
I am a sinking boat, And I am a kite that soars high in the sky
I am a delicate rose, But the vase I live in is filled with unclean water
I am constantly in pain, But I tell myself I'm fine
I am emotionally mature for my age, But sometimes I can act like a little child
I let others know that I'm not ok, But after I tell them I act like everything is fine
My heart thuds like I'm running a race in the blazing sun, But I'm freezing cold because I cannot keep weight on my body
So if you want to know me just know that I'm a walking contradiction.

I'm Good at Poetry - Laney Rives

This is poetry.
English classes will analyze this for centuries.
Teachers will ramble about metaphors,
While children wait for the sweet sound of a bell.
Maybe there was no hidden meaning.
The author was simply just a sociopath.
"The sky was blue."
What does this even mean?
The world may never know.



AP pottery- Rachel Andrews

These works are still in progress and are only a small look into what some of the AP 3D Art students are working on this year.

Making Salads – Sarah Love

Making salads, trying them all
Liking some a little, others not at all
Happy as a crew, we all have some fun
Picking up as we go along
Making salads simple as can be
However not always very tasty

Uncitled – Lyv Jones

Banana Muffin, Banana nut
He looked at me and said “what?”
I looked at him and said “I don’t know”
Banana Muffin, Banana nut.



Writer’s Block – Laney Rives

I sat staring at an empty screen
My mind was blank, the same old routine.
Sitting and spending my afternoons
Writing something for Viking Runes.

Waiting for the words to come to me
Desperately hoping for an epiphany.
But just like always, the words never came.
The document simply stayed the same.

But then, an idea, a sudden shock.
Why not write about writer’s block?
Would it be too meta, too on the nose?
To write a poem about my lack of prose?

But it’s too late now, the poem has been written
I can only hope the reader’s been smitten.

Recipe for a BORING Main Character – Laney Rives

3 cups of “not like other girls”.

1 teaspoon of not fitting in.

5 tablespoons of “having a difficult life” while living comfortably in a large suburban house and having homemade breakfasts every morning.

¼ cup of having no friends while everyone secretly loves you.

1 cup of dead parents.

2 tablespoons of plot armor.

A pinch of personality (optional).

Mix until there is a slight flavor, but it is still very bland.

Knead in 2 sticks of clichéd love interest for 3 minutes.

Pour into perfect circles then pretend they are misshapen and horrible.

Bake for however long you spend working on this character (which won’t be very long) at 350 degrees in a non-traditional oven.

Take out before it is fully cooked, as you want the character to be half-baked.

Cut into tiny, rather unlikeable pieces to spread into all your next novels.

Enjoy!

Untitled – Reagan Duerden

In a world of colors, so vibrant and bright, there lived a friend with a heart shining light. They spread love and kindness wherever they’d go. Bringing joy to others, a delightful show.

With words like magic, they lifted spirits high, their laughter infectious, reaching the sky. They embraced differences, celebrating each soul, making everyone feel special and whole.

Spiddy D. Spider – Maya Naylor

(shel silverstein inspired)

Spiddy D. Spider strolls the same path every day,

He doesn’t look where he’s going, because nothing’s ever in the way,

A stip and a step,

His legs move without fret

Left middle

Left back

Right little

Right slack

Stipping and Stepping

And starting and stop!

Stuck was left middle

Now in quite a pickle

There on the path

Spiddly felt wrath

For here was a glue trap

That was never on his map!

Spiddy D. Spider was stubborn with pride

So instead of stopping he took one more stride,

Now right little joined the stickle

And left back was added to the stack!

Right slack was last,

Trapping all the rest fast.

Spiddy pulled and he tugged

And he rolled and he lugged

He pulled with all his might,

But he was still stuck tight!

His legs would not budge

He was stuck in glue sludge

After picking and pulling, Spiddy began to tire

And he told himself it wasn’t really so dire,

The glue was warm,

The sky showed no storm,

So Spiddy laid down

Wiping away his frown

Spiddy D. Spider

In fact grinned, a little wider

Fall – Alyssa Charlesworth

The leaves creating a tapestry of red, yellow, and brown,

Nature's artistry all around,

Painting the sky, the grass, the ground,

The true colors of fall are found,

The cold air with a brisk wind in your hair,

The sun still there but it doesn’t compare,

The days grow shorter and nights grow longer,

Fall is here, and nature is altered.

Untitled – Alyssa Charlesworth

The night was dark, the shack stood alone in the forest. The moon was shining bright, but the clouds clustering together made it unseen. The door squeaked when you opened it, and the floor creaked as you walked in. The smell of dust flew around the room. The paint peeling off the walls, and the furniture ripped and torn. The sound of the wind whistling and trees rustling filled the air. The breeze was cold and sharp passing through the shattered glass windows of the shack. The curtains tossing and turning as the breeze enters the shack. The night was young and there was much to come.

Dog Eating Homework – Ash Wing

After 2 hours of sitting at the kitchen table, crying and soaking my math homework in salty tears, I was finally done. I got up to go dry my face and cool down. I got my dog a treat and gave him half, leaving the other half on the table. I walk to the bathroom and soak up the tears. I turn the music in my headphones all the way up and grab a snack, then I see it...The most cliché excuse is the thing every student wants but dreads at the same time, as the thoughts push the music out of my head. I scramble for my camera and try to get a picture so someone might believe me. All the possible ways that my teacher would respond bounce around my head. The question of, what do I even say? Will my teacher think I'm lying? Is this picture even proof? Is it bad if I want to punt my dog across the room right now? All that work, all those tears. Now just something my dog thought was a snack.

Created by –

Kamree Day, Jack Dinton, Titan Longson,
Cayla Stout, Mary Carr, Brooke Peterson



I want sprite – Karlee Draper

I want sprite
I feel like having sprite
I hope I get Sprite
I remember yesterday I got Sprite
I am going to get Sprite
I remember when sprite exploded on me
In other words I really want Sprite
People may think it's an addiction but I can assure you it's not.



Is water wet? – Avery Ellinger

Is water wet?
No.
Why not?
Water can't be wet, it's water.
But there's water surrounding it.
So? That doesn't just make it wet. The water has to be attached to something other than water to be wet.
Says who?
I say so.
Well, since you aren't a professional in this you can't just make up rules about how water reacts.
Then how do YOU know that water is wet when you're not a professional either?
I studied the water is wet field in college and now have a Phd in water-is-wet-osophy.
...what.
So what I say will always be right compared to your "facts."
I thought you said you worked in the medical field!
Water-is-wet-osophy is recognized as a medical science.
Then what the heck do you do at your job?
I come up with points to prove that water is wet, and finally unite the world once more.
Then is there a water-isn't-wet-tology?
No.
Well then why not?
Because 28 studies have shown that the people with higher IQ say that water is wet.
Oh yeah, and where are these studies?

You can find them on the Water's Wet website, look it up if you don't believe me.

I don't care about your stupid studies they're probably all incorrect. I know water isn't wet because there's no way WATER could be WET.

Well, because of water's cohesion property, water will stick to its self, and since anything that has water sticking to it is considered wet.

Nerd lol. (he then walks away)