

✧ Viking Runes ✧

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Viewmont High School's Literary Magazine — Bountiful, Utah — December 2018

Candlelight

by Joshua Day



It rained outside his open window, the overcast sky lending the city skyline a dreary blue tint. A chill wind invited itself in and whipped at the candle beside his desk. He hated the rain; he couldn't stand being confined to such a small house as his, his father away from home, his mother, though only a room away, even more distant.

The rain and breeze threatened to snuff the flame from the small candle that weakly illuminated the room. Mark therefore arose from his desk and forced the window closed. He took a quick glance about the room—the peeling red paint, the wooden bed with its unkempt sheets, the general coziness of its decor—and sat again, having nothing more to do than to watch the little flame dance upon its wax candle.

His interest in watching the little light soon waned, and he, despite himself, found himself on his feet and looking out the window, smiling sadly, glad for the warm light he had. As he stared pensively at the cold night, he spotted movement on the street below and was surprised to see a pair of poor souls about in the rain. From above, he could tell little of them, and although they were both wrapped tightly in muted azure coats, neither seemed to find any warmth in them. They must have been children like him. They had been running, but he watched their pace slow until they collapsed into a huddled pile in the middle of the street.

Mark sat again upon his desk and turned back to the little dancing flame, but its dance had become small and weak. It quivered, and Mark could think only of those children shivering outside his door. He thought he could feel the cold that buffeted them, and the candle could not warm him.

At last, Mark resolved to act. He stood, took up the candlestick, and, by its light, found his way through sleeping corridors to the front door. He threw it open and, exposed to a sudden blast of chill that nearly snuffed out his candle, retrieved a coat from a rack and an umbrella from an old basket.

The cold wind and rain fought candle's flame, but the umbrella provided just enough shelter to keep it alive. Two long-faced children huddled outside; they felt the warm light upon their necks and turned to face him. Mark found himself at a loss for words, but managed to force one out: "Hello."

The children stared longingly at his light. The younger, a boy of perhaps six, reached out but made no effort to stand. His face had a blue tinge to it, except his rosy cheeks and nose. His hair showed signs of once, long ago, being short and straight. His older sister, not much his elder, turned her eyes from the candle to Mark, her large eyes asking the question her frozen lips could not.

Mark found no words to answer with but nodded and waved lightly. He stepped forward and held out the candle until the girl took it, then trusted the umbrella to her brother. He helped them each to their feet and led them to the door.

The air was chill, but, somehow, he felt joy, a warm flame in his heart that was undisturbed by the wind and rain.



The Price of the Ring Restaurant's Burger

by BrookLyn Prisbrey

"Wait. Why can't I leave?" Tamera asked.

"You're our guest!" grinned a creature seemingly more ribbon than flesh. "You ate our food; you're our guest!"

"Ummmmm..."

"So now you can't leave!"

"I'm confused."

Toadstools sprouted in front of the door. "We are the fey." An expectant pause filled the air. "The unseelie fey."

"As in mythical dragon boats?" replied an enormously confused Tamera.

Everything, even the toadstools, stopped and glanced at her. "No. *Fairies*," replied the creature, in the same way it might call someone a fool.

"Um, I only ate a burger." Tamera forced a friendly tone. "I'm pretty sure I can pay for it..."

"Don't be absurd. When you go to a restaurant with a host, they give you the food before being paid."

"What?" Tamera said.

The creature trampled over her interruption. "You get the food whether or not you pay! But if you don't pay, you can't leave; they make you do the dishes as an alternate form of payment; ergo, you are not paying for the food, but for the privilege of leaving."

Tamera swayed in a way that could be taken as a nod.

"We charge you for the privilege of leaving. Now, the price of your



company is equivalent to your own value, and you are priceless! You can't afford to leave, you're poor!"

"Thank you?" tried Tamera.

The creature danced its ribbons over her head. "The concept is backed by your very own etymology! 'Guest,' as in a 'hoste-' (old french), as in a 'hostage,' as in 'someone kept for security for the fulfillment of a condition.' When you became our guest, you became our hostage!"

"I'm being kept because of a pun?!"

The creature filled the room about her. "We fey not chained by words; we WIELD THEM!"

Tamera racked her brains for anything to do. "But I buy and sell properties with haunted houses on them!"

"So?"

"I have an appointment for a property haunted by Harry Houdini!"

The creature pushed closer as she paused for a breath.

"I'm a real escape agent!"

And then Tamera left.

Prompt Response

The prompt from November was as follows:

You've been involved in a horrible accident that has muddled 2 or more of your senses (you might hear colors or taste sounds, etc.). What revelations do you have about the world around you?

Thanks to everyone who submitted their responses. Here is our top pick for this prompt!

Untitled

by Anonymous

It was a game they played. He would give her the names of the colors he couldn't see and she would tell him what music that color was, so that he could come closer to experiencing life in color. On sad days she would make him playlists of yellow songs to cheer him up, and on long drives they would sing along to hot pink songs.

What an odd pair they made, a colorblind boy and a girl with synaesthesia.

"What about red?" he asked, grinning down at her.

"Let me think about that for a second." She paused. "Better Love by Hozier is red. Also She will be loved by Maroon 5."

"You know I don't like Hozier. Give me better red," he pouted.

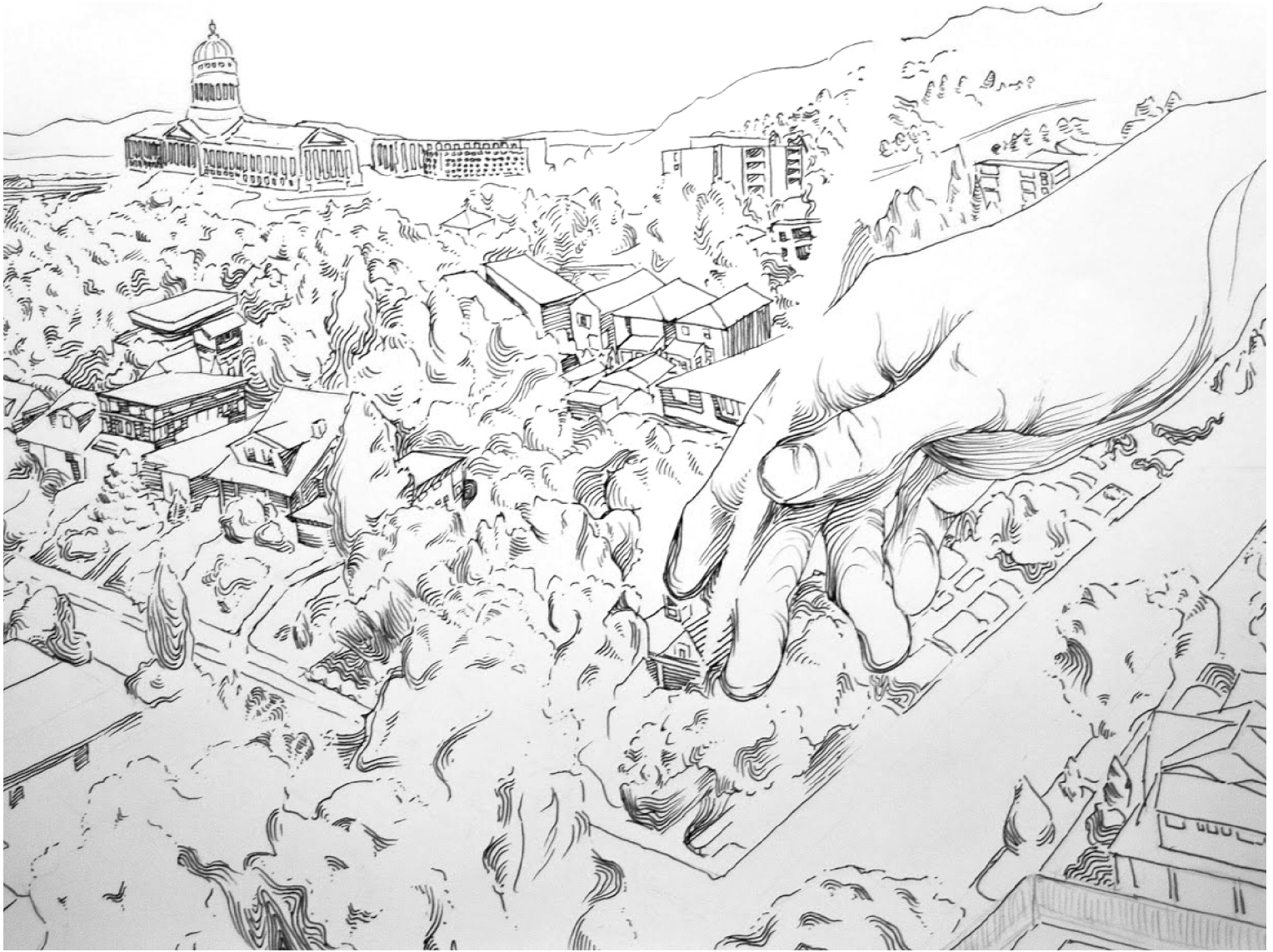
"Feeling by COIN is red, but that's like, a brighter red; Hozier is like wine red. Hozier is drinking music for when you're sad and pretentious."

He tipped his head back and laughed. The sun was shining through the windshield onto his hair, turning the brown into blond, the same way that light turned his eyes from mud to gold. She often felt sad for him, that he couldn't see what color the trees were, or her new yellow sweater, or even what colors he was. However, he always insisted it was fine, that he didn't know anything different, and that she helped him understand color more.

The radio cut to Bowie's Starman.

"What about this?" he asked.

"Bowie is always silver."



by Xander Johnson

Mr. B: Where did you get the idea for this piece?

X: I kind of just wanted to draw my home. So, I live in Salt Lake, and that's my Dad's house in the Avenues where the pencil is drawing, and that's my hand. I was thinking of a different project originally, something that was kind of like the M. C. Escher [Drawing Hands], and I wanted to do something like that with a



map... I went a slightly simpler route because it was a contour line drawing, and I wanted to show my own hand drawing my own house.

Mr. B: How did you get this angle, this perspective?

X: It's a very aerial view of the Avenues, obviously. I went on to Google maps and used the terrain feature. I pulled up the landscape on the computer, and then I held my hand with the pencil in it in front [of the screen] and then I took a picture.

Writing Prompt

Each month we give Viewmont a writing prompt and ask everyone to respond. The writers with the best submissions will be awarded a certificate and publication in the next month's issue of *Viking Runes*. The real prize, of course, is seeing your name in print and knowing that others will enjoy and appreciate your work.

December Prompt

You're sitting around thinking when you have a revelation. Your eyes widen as you realize the implications of what you've just discovered. You wonder why nobody has ever thought of this before—and then there's a knock at your door.

"FBI, open up!"

They're onto you.

What was your revelation? How do you escape?

Submissions should be 250 - 500 words. Send all work to:

ViewmontVikingRunes@gmail.com

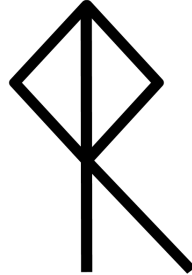
Submit to Viking Runes

How to contribute

Got something to share? Send it in, and we'll consider it for publication in our next issue! Send all submissions to ViewmontVikingRunes@gmail.com, and keep your eyes open for a reply!

Last Month's Puzzle: Answer

In November you were tasked with deciphering the meaning of the *Viking Runes* magazine symbol:



The prize was a \$10 gift card to Chick-fil-A, and the winner was Ethan Baer! He figured out that the header of the magazine contains the English alphabet in runes known as the Elder Futhark. This is an approximation, since these runes were phonetic, which is why the **P** symbol appears for so many letter that have similar sounds, namely q, w, v, and y. Stop here and take a look at the symbol again. Can you figure it out yet?

The rune in the symbol is actually a combination of two different runes.

The **R** symbol is easy. It is what it looks like, "R" as in "Runes." The other half, the **V** is just a **P** that's been flipped. This rune stands for a number of things, as we mentioned above. In this case it stands for "V," as in Viking. You see where this is going, right? V and R?

That's literally it. The symbol means "VR," for *Viking Runes*. Easy, right? The best riddles in life are like that though: they make us scratch our heads for hours and then seem obvious once we've figured them out.

Speaking of riddles, here's your puzzle for December! Good luck!

December Puzzle: Riddles

Answer three of these riddles correctly for a **chance to win a \$10 Amazon gift card!** Check back in January for the answers.

I.

What has wings but doesn't fly,
Whose inside many see before they die?

II.

What tells a story none can hear,
If you listen with your ear?

III.

I molt with the birds but never migrate;
I don't need shelter when I hibernate.
What am I?

IV.

What gets broken
When it doesn't brake?

V.

I cannot break, but I can bend,
Too often I am just a trend.
What am I?

VI.

I do not bleed when punched or clipped
You can place whole worlds on me
And still fit me inside your pocket.
What am I?