



FEBRUARY 2022

Viking Runes

FEBRUARY 2022



Viewmont High School's Literary Magazine — Bountiful, Utah — February 2022

What it Means to be Smart - Alec Farnsworth

"Some of the greatest minds were called crazy
But eventually the skeptics will doubt themselves.

The next revolutionary pioneer
Could be right under our noses without knowing it."

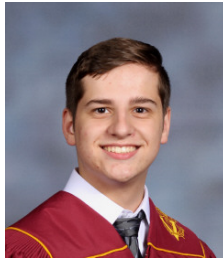
"Just because someone doesn't fit your standards,
Does not mean that they deserve any less.

A person's intellect

Isn't dependent on someone else's idea of perfection,

But rather the capability to stand out from the crowd.

To stick to your guns regardless of what others say"
And yet, even with this sort of truth presented,
I was still given a failing grade.



Aotearoa Settlers - Britton Cox

They rolled in on a storm with their big *wakas* made of unfamiliar wood and strange materials.

While the sky was blue, the space above their heads was gray and war-like. Our recent treaty with the *Tokomaru* gave us the advantage of numbers, but they carried strange weapons that were made of glinting rock and emitted fire and pain.



Kōkara promised that our *poumatua* would protect us from the men of white.

Fighting began and ended like season rain. It was there one harvest, gone the next. .

Simplicity and Complication - Belle Geiselmayer

Simplicity is small

Complication is vast.

Simple is safe and sound

Complicated is scary and overwhelming.

Simple is boring

Complex is exciting.

Simple is comfort

Complex is new.

Simple: It's right there

Complex: you must dig through

Simple is the comfort zone.

Complexity is a place of growth.

And while we contemplate which is best, let us remind ourselves,

Simplicity isn't only great and isn't only horrible,
And nor is complication.

We simply determine that complicated is inevitable.

We complexly determine the common presence of simplicity.

They both thrive.

Both eat at our hearts and our minds.

Though, if we stop seeking for

Complication in simplicity

And simplicity in complication,

We might find the peace we expect to find

When seeking to compare the two.



Where I'm From - Abelenne Ulibarri

I am from salty air and long walks
From closets under stairs
From games with blankets
From unbreakable fear of buttons to hate of spiders
I am from late nights reading
From raging water with shiny fish
From trees and singing birds
From slides of static plastic
From fireworks late at night
I am from endless days on the hot turf
From long bus rides and hard bleachers
From losses and victories
From 45s and doubles
And bruises with dropped tosses
From my flower pillow that I am from first
I am from many places and many that have
long passed
But will always be remembered

A love poem - Thomas R.

Your color is a crisp tan
at first touch I was your fan
When I am feeling down you are
there
Due to this I think about you
everywhere
I'd suffer hell to have you near
The pain that comes when you
aren't here
This love is painful at a glance
I'd keep you close if I had the chance
I love you subway chicken bacon ranch.



ARTWORK: In Another Lifetime by Jade Morgan



Where I See Myself with Writing in Ten Years - Anonymous

Thinking about my writing in ten years feels like thinking about what I'm going to be doing when I get out of high school, I have no idea. Where will I be? What will I write about? Who will I write about?

What comes to mind when thinking about where I see myself with writing in ten years? I think of myself, a desk in front of me, brainstorming ideas for my next book. I can only hope that by then my book, "Where it all begins, and ends," will be published and highly successful. I think of myself writing books about real-life things and real-life experiences. I hope that when I write these books, I keep in mind that writing the good parts of life also comes with writing about the bad parts.

I imagine myself writing books especially for I long to be the girl I once knew and loved,

teen-aged readers. I would write books for this age of readers because I do think that in ten years this age will still be the age I understand the most. My books will hopefully be used to build teens up while also showing a side of life and reality. I am very understanding of the struggles that kids my age have to face and I hope that in ten years I will still understand.

One thing that I know I want to focus on a lot in my writing is the experiences I have had in mental facilities/ hospitals. This is something that feels especially important for me to write about. Not because I have had terrible experiences, but because I have learned to grow and become something I never thought I could become. I want to lessen the stigma of mental health problems and disorders. I want to show people the impact that getting help can have on a person.

Where I see myself writing in ten years may not be where a lot of people see themselves writing in ten years, but I am confident that the things I want to write about and publish will be helpful to a lot of people. I know that the goals I have are going to require a lot of work, but I also know that I am willing to put in that work knowing that a book I write could save a life.

MOURNING:

(to feel regret or sadness about the loss or disappearance of something)

Some days I feel like I'm mourning,

Other days I feel like I'm at peace.

I miss the girl who jumped
across rooms with excitement.

The girl that could inhale meals,
and get seconds without any thought to it...

The girl that ran and laughed,
the girl that didn't cry when she walked into school.

The girl who saw the doctor,
maybe once a year.

Other days I feel acceptance and peace

Hope for the future,

Hope for a solution

Hope for relief and respite.

I have accepted that that girl is gone forever.

She will remain a character,

in the movie that is my memories.

Mourning implies a sense of moving on I think,

and so, I continue to wake up,

and hide behind a smile.

Waiting for when I can stop mourning my old self,

and simply start living.

Where do I even begin?

At a loss for words

I sat there

Wondering how I could explain this

When I couldn't even understand it myself

Everything so new

Everything so unknown

I can't look at you and tell you the truth

Because the truth is too hard for me to accept

So, I look at you and say it as it isn't,

And go on with my day.

Solo Flight - Evan Shirts

I sat in the cockpit of a
Diamond DA-40, feeling
excited and nervous and
completely overwhelmed.

This was my first solo flight, a
test to see if I was ready to fly
alone. I sighed. There was
nothing to be worried about. I

had a walkie-talkie with my

instructor in case of an emergency, but more
importantly, I was ready. I had dreamed about being
a pilot for most of my life, I had done the work, I
had prepared.

I calmed my nerves and pushed off the
emergency break, causing the plane to slowly start
rolling down the taxiway. I looked up. It really was
a beautiful day to fly. The sky was a vibrant blue,
the clouds were puffy but showing no sign of wind.
The idea of today's flight was quite simple. It was
just a standard traffic go-around, meaning I would
take off, fly one thousand feet above the airport,
ed to the community frequency, then repeated the



and turn around in a rectangle to land where I took off.

As I approached the runway, I checked the flaps again and lowered the throttle. I kept one hand on the stick and one on power, and made corrections constantly to keep myself on track with the runway. Soon I cleared the landing threshold, and my surroundings began to blur again as I got closer and closer to the ground. At 10 feet above the surface, I pulled the nose up to land on the rear wheels first, a maneuver called “flaring”. instruments one last time to see if everything was nominal.

“Alright Derek, I’m ready and feeling good.”

“Awesome! Should be nice and easy.” replied my instructor. “Just remember, don’t overthink it, you’ve done this a hundred times. You got this”

“Thanks,” I laughed nervously. “See you in a few.”

Quickly glancing at the windsock, it hung slumped and unmoving, affirming my guess that there wasn’t any wind today, meaning I wouldn’t have to correct for the breeze. I reached down and set the flaps, and armed the auto brakes in case of emergency.

I breathed out one last time, stared down the runway, and pulled the throttle knob all the way back. The engine roared, the propellers spun faster and faster, and soon enough I was thundering down the asphalt. My adrenaline was pumping, and I realized how ready for this I was. Instead of being worried, I focused on the challenge ahead and prepared for takeoff with new determination. I pushed the stick down to keep the plane from taking off before it was ready. As my peripheral vision started to blur, the computer speaker announced “V1” meaning we were going fast enough to lift off. I pulled back on the stick, and suddenly we were airborne.

I love the feeling of leaving the ground. One minute you are restrained to the earth, and the next you are free and flying. Its so magical to me. The sudden weightlessness and the ground dropping from underneath you is exhilarating.

“Instruments are green, turning crosswind” I call-

ed to the community frequency, the repeated the message to my instructor. I raised the flaps once I reached the appropriate speed, and started rolling to the right.

The next 15 minutes went generally uneventfully. There wasn’t any wind so his turns were even and simple. I checked my instruments regularly and enjoyed the view. It was spectacular

Finally I turned off base and approached final. I radioed the tower, and got clearance to land. The PAPI lights showed I was at the right height and descending correctly. I smiled despite myself as I set the flaps again and lowered the throttle. I kept one hand on the stick and one on power, and made corrections constantly to keep myself on track with the runway. Soon I cleared the landing threshold, and my surroundings began to blur again as I got closer and closer to the ground. At 10 feet above the surface, I pulled the nose up to land on the rear wheels first, a maneuver called “flaring”.

My Life – Elsie Buck

My tight shirt
Blue benches in my old chapel
Sunlight piercing the cold water
A young girl twirling, my sister.
A tipped mason jar
My gray skirt
Empty hangers
Piles of shoes
Words floating through the air, softly sung
Rumpled blankets
Chants said to the time of a jump rope
Laughter, giggle fits.
Freddy, Sally, and George
Missing pockets
Soccer played in high heels
Letters sent, letters received.
Swords, jackets, bees
Workers, drones, dogs
Contacts, glasses and gloves.
Flowers thrown on a vault
“Kick me” one said

