

# voices

fall 2021 digital zine



WEST VALLEY COLLEGE

**On the Cover:**

**The Cowboy**

hanl schumaker jo

**The Singer and His Song**

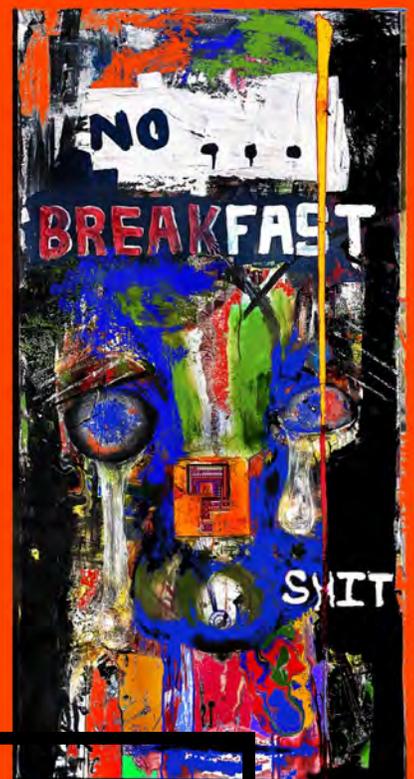
reagen day

**Mantiss**

hannah nevitt

**The Lakes**

maci caltagirone



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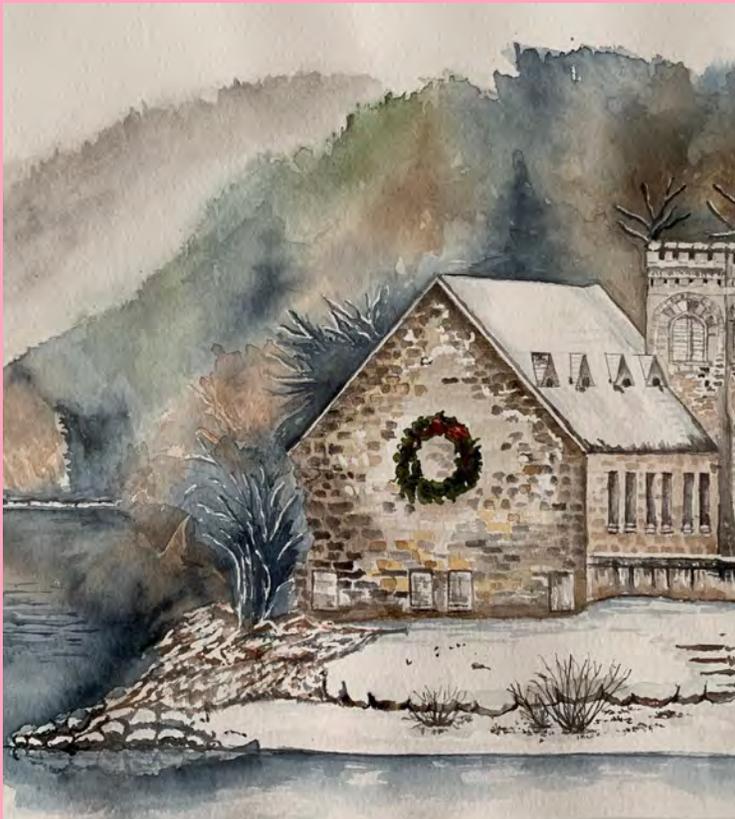
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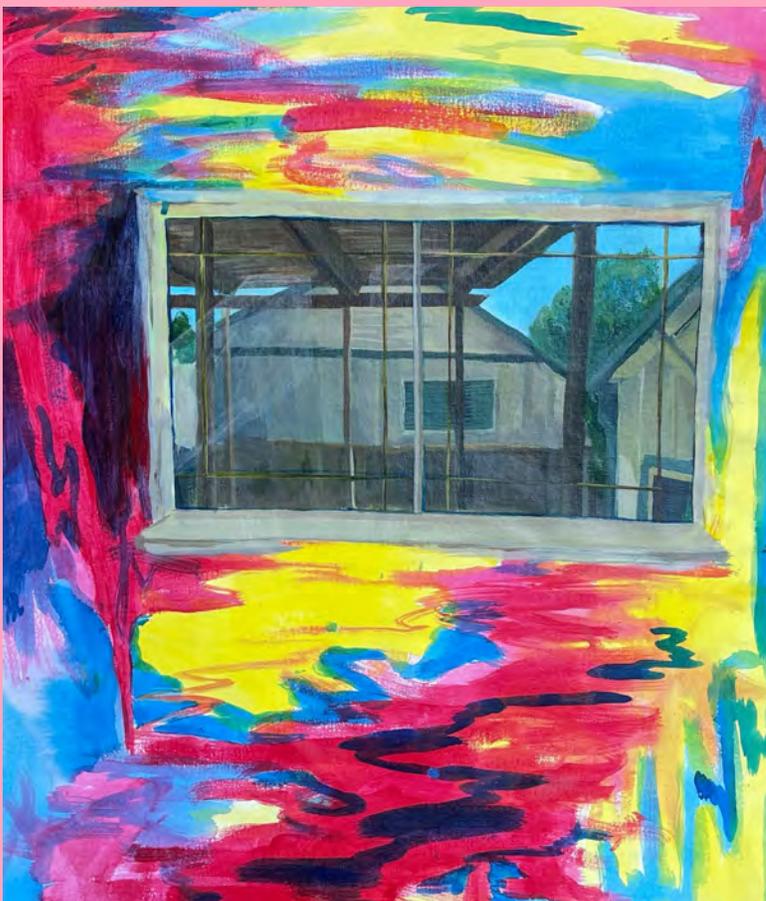
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# The Singer and His Song

REAGEN DAY

Out of the darkness  
The bee slithers  
Toward his  
Beloved.  
His fair  
Angelonia,  
She can't  
Withstand  
Isolation  
From her  
Husband.  
"I will save  
You!" He  
Cried tears  
Of sorrow.  
"I will take my  
Breath and lyre  
And muse my way  
Through the gates of hell."  
Oh how his euphonious voice  
Moved the King and Queen.  
All hell stood still and wept as  
Orpheus sang. Talos did not reach  
For the water he could not drink.  
And the Erin's cried in their sleep.  
Even Sisyphus paused to take a peek.  
The mortal man bore his pain to the  
Face of Death. And a wish that was  
Granted might have been a wish better  
Kept. For there was one circumstance that trailed Death's breath. "You must

Voice reason to sing."  
Life, and gives my  
uminates my  
Whom ill-  
It is you  
Fair, Angel!  
"Oh sweet,  
and said:  
With a grin  
Looked back  
He always  
When he did,  
times he, and  
Dance ahead. Some-  
times she would  
Side, but some-  
They'd stroll side by  
And always shared a laugh.  
Half. They walked along the banks  
He finally found peace with his other  
But now he was in the underworld  
Him then, and they tore him apart.  
From his bleeding heart. Thrace took  
Her down. Again at a loss, he sang  
He neared the exit, temptation ripped  
Fought the urge to turn around. But, as  
Your tail." So one foot after the other, he  
"Don't worry," He promised, "She'll be at  
Walk straight home, and never look back."  
You must



# Mantiss

HANNAH NEVITT

# The Lakes

MACI CALTAGIRONE

The light crept upon my neck  
The birds chirped in the nearby brush  
Left foot, right foot, left foot, right foot,  
Retracing my steps back to once was a golden child  
The city broke me but the lake was my temporary fix  
"Take me to the Lakes, I do not belong here"  
The words I spoke to you every morning  
You could never take me  
So I took myself  
Left foot, right foot, left foot, right foot

# Wolves

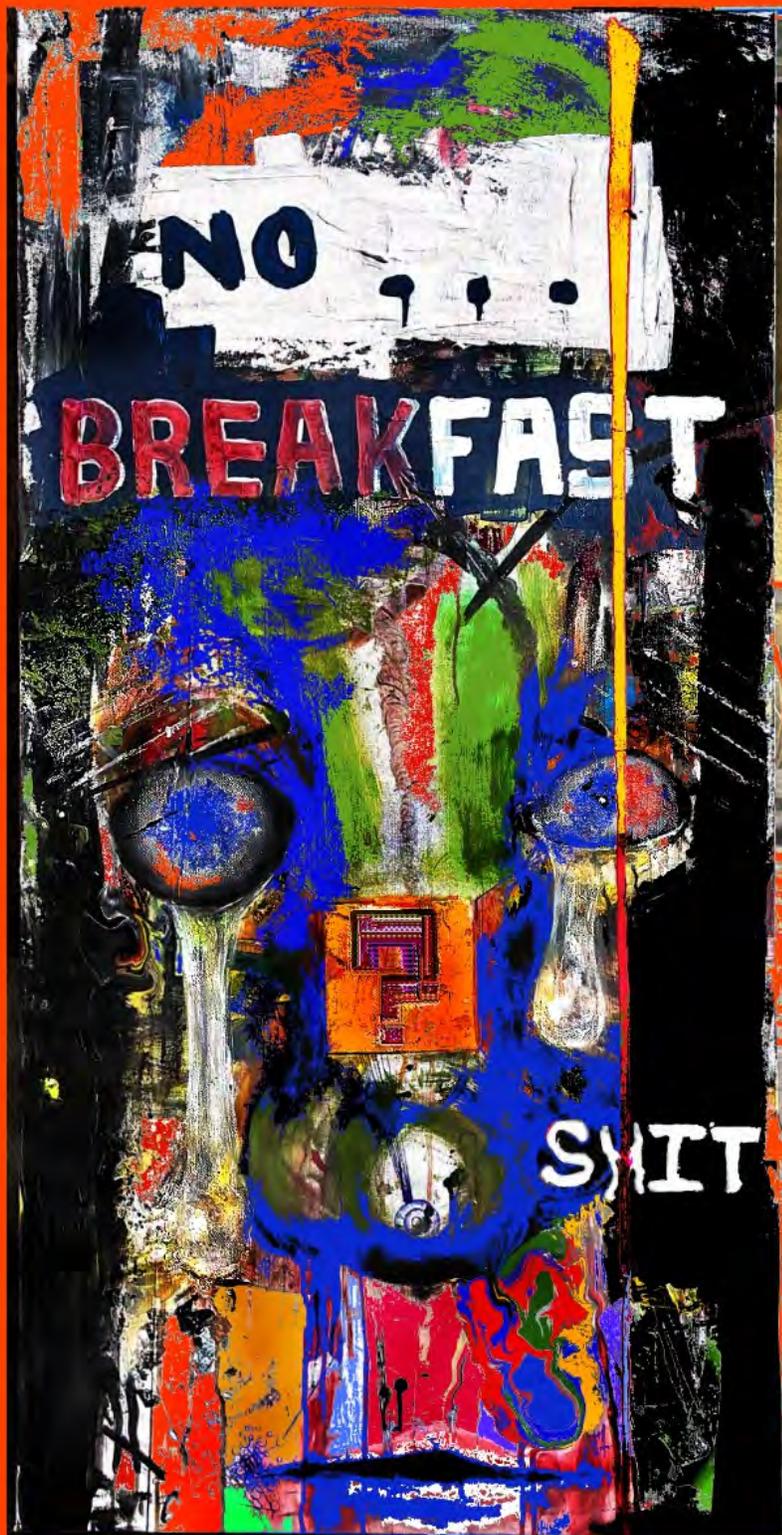


## LYNNAE

I was in the den of wolves  
so long they thought I was  
one of them, but  
as soon as they saw my wool  
they bared their teeth  
and blood ran

I ran from them,  
as fast as I could  
I ran from them,  
into the woods

But all that I found was  
I was surrounded  
by the wolves  
once more



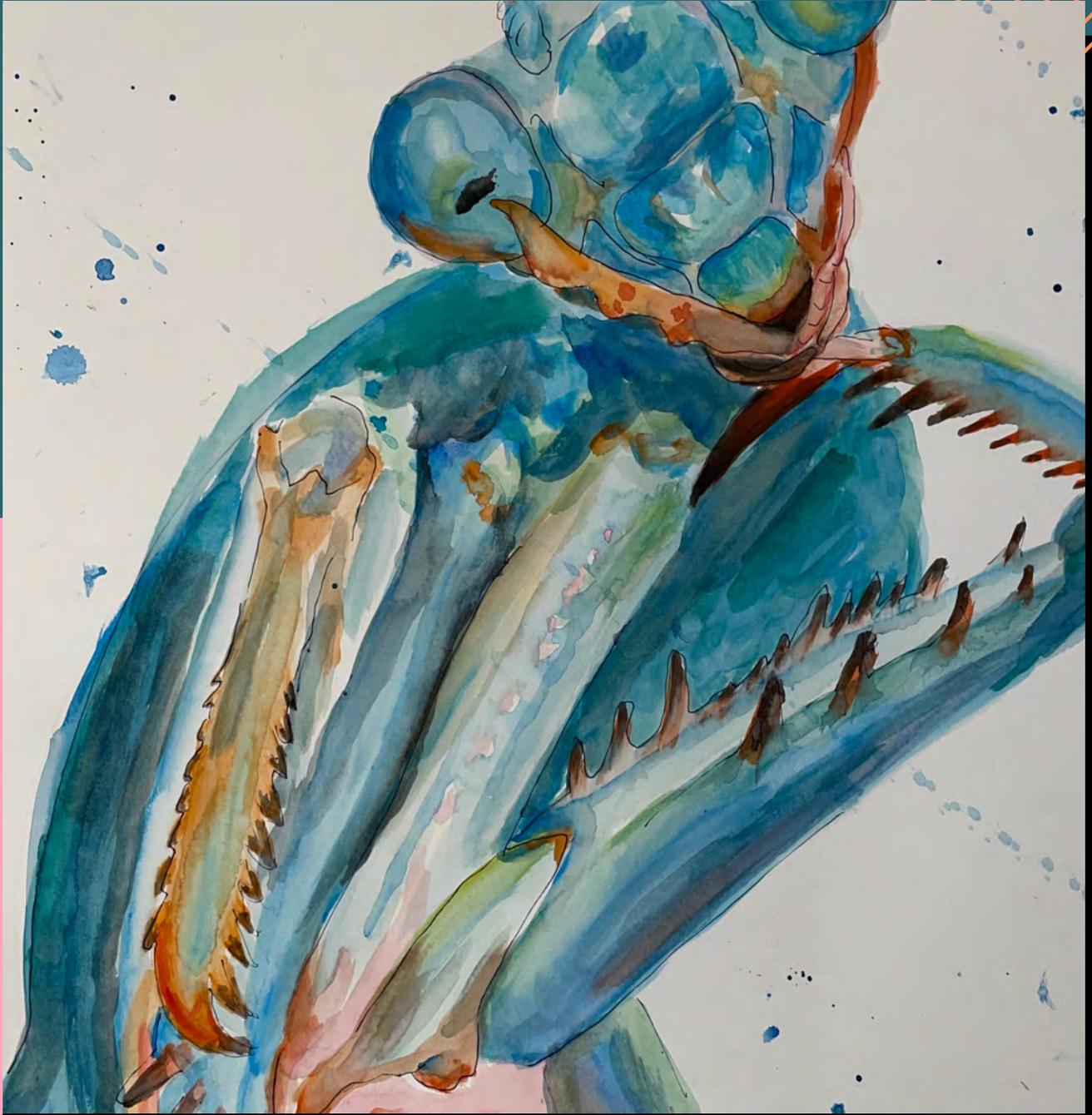
# no breakfast

SOLANA SALINAS



# Redwoods

VANDANA PAWAR



# Mantis

HANNAH NEVITT

# Gardens

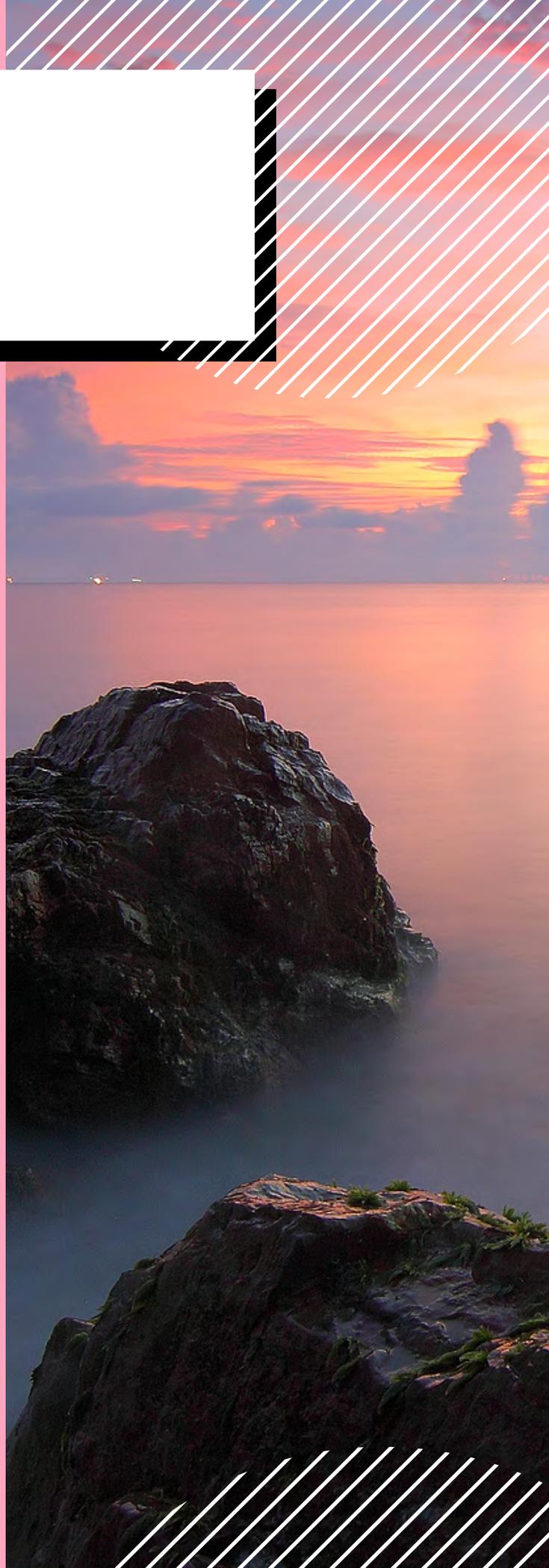
## WILSON HANNALEI

Relearning your name  
With every passing fancy,  
The gate beckons wide.

Devoted affection:  
For this place.  
For myself.  
I plant it alongside the home,  
Watching with pride  
How it climbs these walls.  
It is my promise  
To this place,  
To myself.

Affection and grief:  
A balm for my aching  
My gaping rawness  
Something tender  
For what remains  
yawning and dark  
Clasped so carefully  
Between my trembling  
(But so, so gentle)  
Fingertips.

Unchanging friendship:  
I think of you often.  
I touch the things I made for you  
Of you  
And I remember things  
I easily forget.  
And I think about calling  
And I never do.  
Despite it all, it flourishes  
Vibrant and green  
Flowering outside the window.





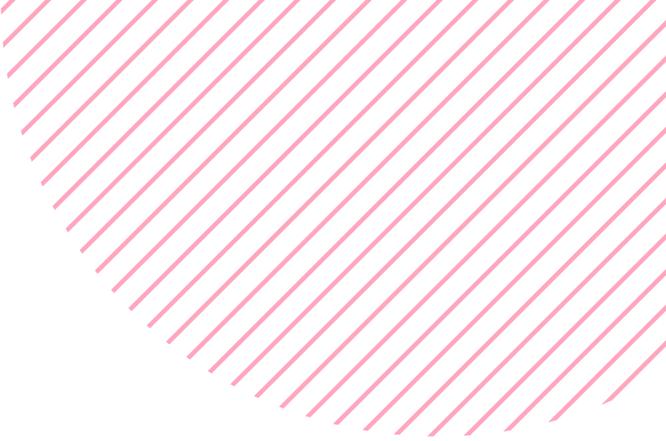
Beware, dark thoughts:  
This bleeding warning  
Hisses at you, open mouthed,  
Teeth bared,  
Dark leaves spilling  
Like arms outstretched  
Between the world  
and the front door  
Fortified in this rage  
This bleeding warning  
These claws of mine,  
Always unsheathed.

Truth:  
Bittersweet,  
as all satisfying things are  
I cradle it close  
And think of my mother,  
Who's favorite color is purple.  
I think of the biting sharpness  
Of long nails and tight heels  
Of my jaw,  
clenched so tight it hurts.

Patience in adversity:  
One, two, three, four,  
All these deep breathes  
I've learned to help you  
Help me,  
Close your eyes  
And think of somewhere better.  
Open them slowly  
And take in the flowers.

Resolution:  
And anxiety, trembling,  
These two sides  
Of the coin between my fingers.  
I've always been a fan of warmer colors,  
This distinction is nothing  
But ironic.





Distrust:

I grew up  
With four bushels of it  
Large and looming  
In my childhood garden.  
I rarely spent time there  
And that is only worse—  
For all those wary hours  
That I stayed quietly in the back  
I could always smell it's flowers.

Courage, strength:

I hope it grows thick  
Enough to trip me  
Enough to make my eyes water  
I season my food generously  
In hopes the dried leaves  
Carry something over  
Leave something in me  
And they don't. And it doesn't.  
I water it generously,  
As tightly woven a prayer  
I can manage.

Thoughts of absent friends:

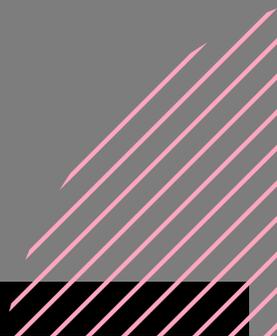
My mother is an older woman  
And I often found myself bitter.  
Bitterness, anger,  
It comes easy and  
I welcomed it easier  
Unfurling and gurgling  
Tepid waters in my stomach  
Boiling blood and cold sweat,  
It is grief I am feeling  
It is decades too early  
Of me mourning.



A message:  
For myself.  
That is what this is.  
A bouquet over a conversation  
I lay out the dirt  
In twisting, spiraling patterns  
In lobes of meanings  
That I let few walk through.  
These simple purple petals,  
Drip with weight.

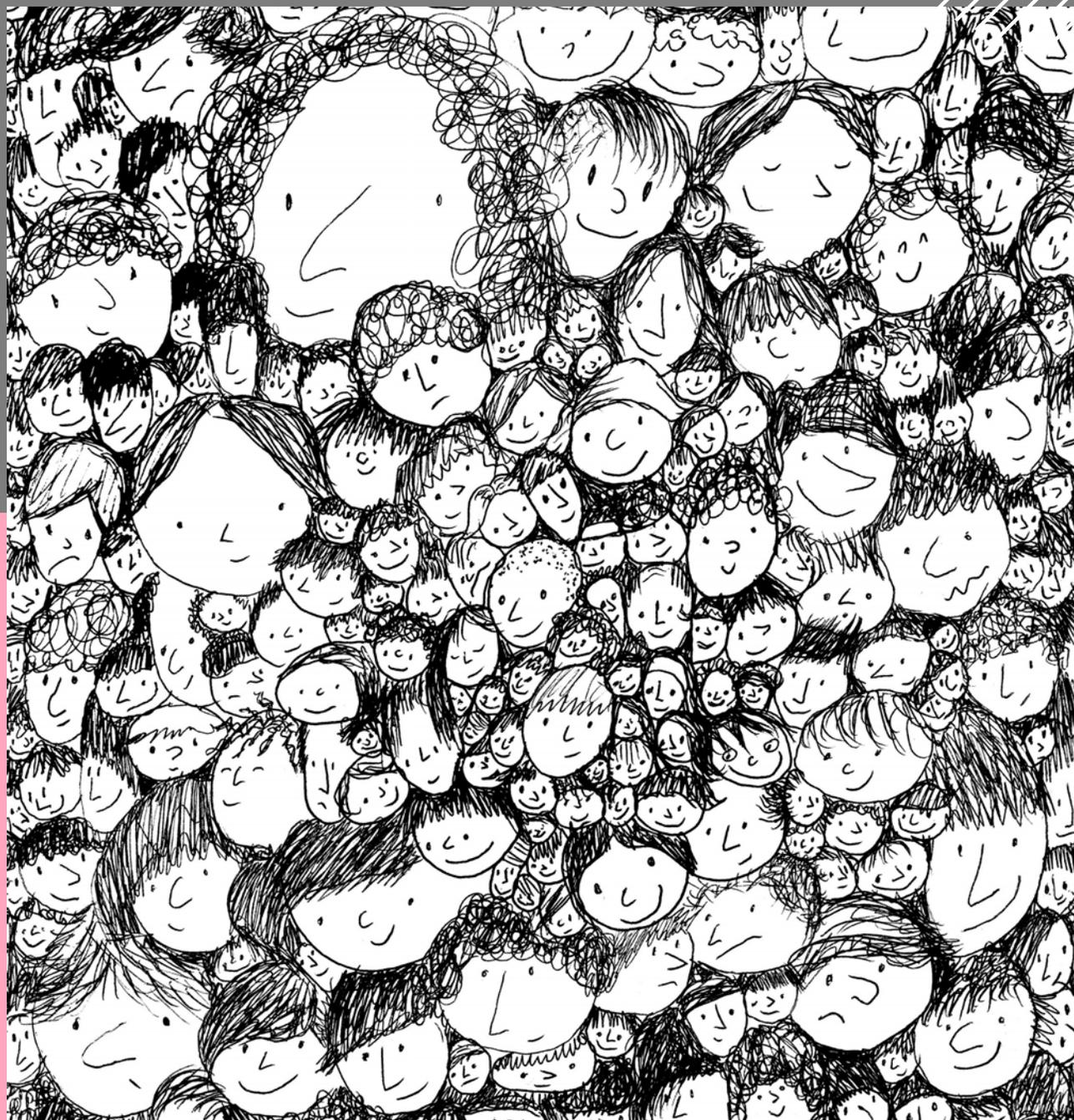
Think of me fondly,  
When these roots extend beyond  
When my bones are gone.

Untitled



Untitled





# Faces

COLLEEN SHANNON

# A Flower from September

BY JULIANA MEDURI

My wings are pinned  
fetch the scissors  
the purple is turning brown  
and my stomach aches.  
The centers don't wilt though,  
crowded by their likeliness,  
closest to the murky water  
that hasn't been changed  
since the last moment to myself  
Can't put it down now,  
it may go away  
and show the broken stem  
behind the brush  
and the crumbs.  
Maybe again, later.



# Contstant

by Nineteenth

It's clear to me that something is missing, a constant feeling of incompleteness, a puzzle piece that I lost somewhere along the way to being who I am today.

Constant

It feels as if a pebble is stuck between my eyes and my skull adding pressure on top of what is already a vice grip tightening with my brain in between the jaws.

Constant

A memory that should be yet is always out of reach and one that you can forget from time to time but always hits the hardest when you go to reach for something but grab only air.

Constant

It follows me everywhere like a puppy who wants to play but you have no time so it yips and whines at your ankles, making sure you never forget.

Constant

I see it in my past, the actions I took, the reasons behind those actions and the feelings that led me to believe the paths I took were justified.

Constant

I feel it in my present, hear it in the ring of its absence, eyes that see its void, long for its feeling in my chest to my fingertips, taste it in the food and drink when I have time to think, and smell its sharpness in the air.

Constant

The plans I make for the future are made to seek it out in a world where it may not exist but it must be there for if it is not in the future then I am already too late.

Constant

In my most beautiful delusions I have it in abundance as those visions exist purely to give me back that missing part of me, the piece that I long for so so deeply, yet I have to end them without fail each and every time, for living in delusions will kill the strongest of will, mind, and body.

Constant

I would despair but thankfully I am cursed without the ability to stop, so forward I march into that middle distance where I might find it.

Constant

I know not if I will ever find it, if it will find me, if I myself must make it, a combination of the three, or a fifth separate option that has yet to make itself known to me much like the quarry I seek endlessly.

Constant

Perhaps one day

Constant



# Boba Tea

HANL SCHUMAKER JO



# Untitled

GRACE MCGRAIN

# New Brighton's Song

## REAGEN DAY

The water beckons the girl closer  
Screaming her name, but only she can hear.  
The waves crash, thunder echos at the base  
And the breeze whispers in her ear.  
Moments before, her toes felt dirt  
But as her eyes sealed with sorrow,  
She felt for once she could clearly see  
She wasn't ready for tomorrow.  
The tender kiss from the milky sun  
The wind that drifts like an eagle  
The stream on her cheeks filled with sympathy  
Creates a feeling that seems illegal.  
You look back at the redwood trees  
Like a lighthouse, they invite you to shore.  
You wish that you could go now  
Or you don't, but you'll never know more.  
The taste of salt and misty resolution  
Sudden rue and a bleat of despair.  
I want to go back now, except I can't  
I'm held by nothing, but the weight of thin air.



# untitled

SOLANA SALINAS



# Pathfinder

NINETEENTH

Fucking idiots leaving a pathfinder out on their own without any brutes.

Ohh you'll be fine Compass you're the best you can get back to camp. You don't need any muscle.

I'm gonna fuckin' die I hate this I swear I'm gonna leave as soon as I can.

Pathfinding is a tough job, once this reality went to shit people had to adapt and find a safe way out of non-euclidean space or get lost eternally. That's my job, I have to keep a map of the path and fold cubes of cubes in my head or everyone dies. Can't quite explain it but some people can do it better than others and they are the ones who get to go explore, in today's case an abandoned school building that once I pass will lead back to camp. Yeah fuckin why did they think I could do this shit by myself it's clearly non-euclidean and who knows-

Ah shit great just great fuckin' hate this part of the job. Scenters are in the fuckin' court yard.

Ugggggggggggggh for those who are blessed with ignorance of Scenters let me be the bearer of nightmares. Scenters are an unholy chimera of dog, grub, spider, and seven year old human. They have the head shape of the dog but only the shape there are no eyes, ears, or fur the only remaining feature is the nose which is where the name comes from as they can find a scent better than any other horror.

The true horror starts early with the mouth, one could be forgiven for thinking Scenters don't have one but that's cause they usually keep it closed. If they ever decide to open their maws, one you have gotten too close and should pray to any god you hope favors you and second you will see the skin about where a dog would have a mouth start to stretch and tear like thin plastic. Holes will form and strings of skin will stretch from the bottom jaw to the top revealing rotting teeth that will never stop biting until you are good and dead, if you're lucky. Moving down you will find arms attached about the neck of the Scenter that are the size of a seven year old child that are used to grab and hold the poor soul as the Scenter eats them living or recently dead. The body is that of a grub's which will pulse with what is at best a heart beat and at worst someone who will be forgotten all too soon. The legs are thin and sleek, copied from a spider, and can carry the scenter to where the nose points at near enough to 20 miles per hour if motivated. These are the fuckin things that are in my way

Yaaay I get to cover myself in lavender perfume, which wouldn't be much of an issue so long as I didn't basically need to dump the whole bottle on myself. Believe it or not someone can learn to hate the smell of lavender especially if when you have to put it on you then need to walk past scores of hell spawn that want to eat you.

Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuck  
I hate thiiiiis walking through a hoard of  
scinters is scary as shit the fuckers are taller  
then I am and if just one gets too good of a  
sniff the rest will stampede in the same general  
direction.

Holy shit thank fuck once im past these doors i  
should be safe for a little bit. \*deep inhale\*  
\*exhale\*

f

u

c

k

They caught wind of my breath great just great  
okokok I got five minutes till they break the  
doors down

oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck

three lefts

third door open twice to a class room

count to 3

open a third time step into a new hallway

close door

flip a 180

walk through closed door

same hallway but now they have to find a

different way here that should buy some time

locker g19 is bigger on the inside that should be  
a good place to hide til the Scinters get bored

jesus fuckin christ god fuckin damn it

the tell tale sharp clicks of chitin on tile could  
be heard echoing in the hall along with the  
deep inhales of a Scenter trying to locate its  
prey

click

click

click

sniff

then the skin starts to tear as it opens its jaws

fuckin shit my heart beat is fuckin loud

click

click

click

goddamn that a strong organ its shaking my  
whole ass body jesus fuckin hell

click

click

click

ahhhh I can see it through the slits it's right  
outside its right outside and it stopped

its head is swiveling from side to side still  
questing for my sent

badum

badum

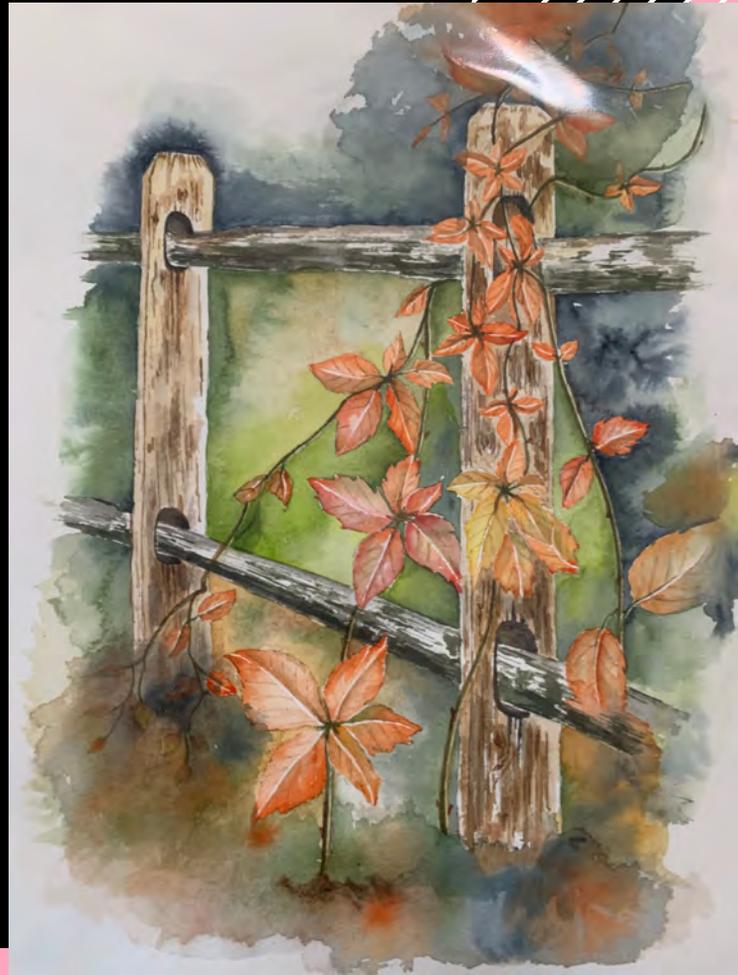
badum

pleaseleave, pleaseleave, pleaseleave,  
pleaseleave

hooooooooo fuuuuuck it moved on ooooooooooh fuck  
why did they have to leave me alone aaaaaand  
now i have to stay here for another hour

then as soft as a lovers first questioning kiss I  
hear next to my ear  
oh there you are

Untitled

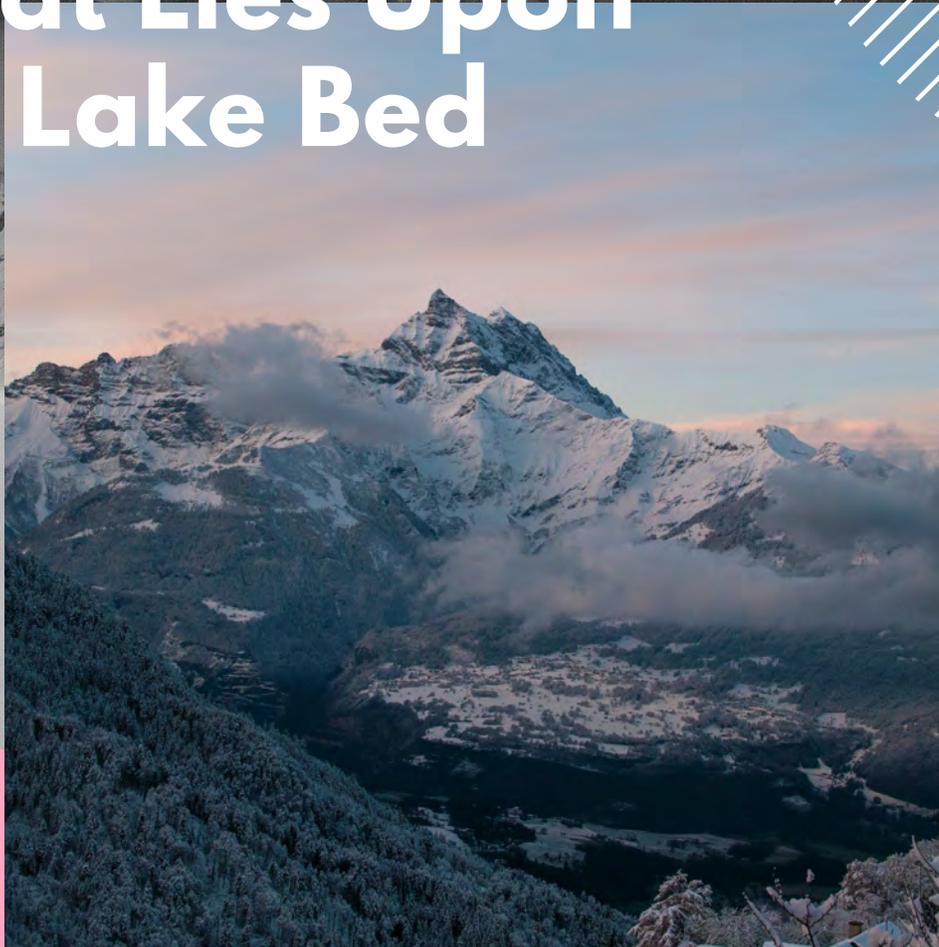




# Scenescape

ZOE ARNOLD

# What Lies Upon the Lake Bed



WILSON HANNALEI

The water had dried up too quickly for anything to adjust in time.

The lake bed crunched beneath her boots. The earth was cracked, strewn with blankets upon blankets of dried algae and duckweed. Every other step from the shore had her tripping over the ashy remains where cattails used to grow thick and tall. Dried lumps of what could have been eggs, or frogs, or salamanders, were barely indistinguishable from the mottled dirt. Myla stepped gingerly around more foul-smelling patches. Even rotting away, the scales of the fish left behind glittered in the harsh sun.

It wasn't enough to entice. There were no birds. No bears, no possums, not even a raccoon. She couldn't make out any tracks in the hardened earth to presume anything had ever come, even with the abundance of food just... wasting away, untouched.

It was silent. It was still, and it was dead.

The sky rumbled distantly. Summer was ending.

Myla quickened her pace and made for the yawning dark of the mass sleeping within. This was closer than she had even dreamed of getting. The heights of Summers before had only ever been enough to, at most, be able to see the very tip of it from above the surface-- if you had the courage to swim all the way out.

...and she did not. She would not. Myla knew what happened to those who tried to swim here. She was curious, but she wasn't...

The church loomed above her.

It was far larger than she ever could have imagined. How did this even fit within the lake? It seemed impossible, now that she was standing before it-. The entrance alone was high above her head, a massive, arching curve of a doorway that seemed intent on swallowing her whole. Despite being right in front of it, despite the sun blazing blindingly bright above her, she couldn't see anything past it.

Her throat was tight. Myla swallowed once, twice. It caught painfully in her throat and she made a single, stifled cough. It sounded unbearably loud in the stillness.

The sun was high. She could... afford to take her time, couldn't she...? The insides of the church were what she wanted, but the outside was just as interesting. Old, old stone, its intricate carvings buried beneath eons of plant growth. Inscribed brickwork, surely laced delicately under the cover of algae and the wear of water. High arching windows, a crumbled ruin of what must have been a tower, now laying wilted across the dirt-- The entire building was a relic she needed to absorb before she couldn't anymore.

No. Her feet refused to move. Something, something within the derelict remains... She had to go in. She wanted to. She needed to. Her shaking fingers grazed the doorway almost without conscious thought, seeking support. Algae immediately crumbled to dust. It stuck uncomfortably to her hand, sprinkling clinging white ash across her boots. Myla flinched back and stuffed both her hands into her pockets. Her heart beat so loudly she instinctively looked back, just to make sure it wasn't masking anything sneaking up behind her.

There was nothing there.

"...Hello?" She called out. No answer. Her voice echoed throughout the hollowed basin.

...What was she doing? Of course there wasn't. Nothing was around her for what felt like miles. The lake bed was bare of life. There was only her.

She looked up, and regarded the towering doorway again. She shouldn't be scared of it. It was just another forgotten thing, left empty and alone. The all-consuming darkness was a trick of the light; the brightness of the sun blocking out the quieter shadows of the church. The mystery wasn't real. It would subside. She just had to walk inside.

Myla took a last look behind her. Nothing but dry, cracked earth. Rotting fish and wilted pondweed. The sky rumbled louder overhead. Nothing to fear; nothing at all. She swallowed, a dry, dragging attempt, and walked through the threshold onto hallowed ground.

The sudden break from the harsh sunlight left her blinking in the dark. The insides of the church were thrown into slow but sharp relief-- the splintering pews still waiting in the wings were caked in a gummy mixture of drying algae and clumps of rotting mussels, the wooden seats eaten through with mold. She stepped closer to inspect them. Every step was carefully taken. If she wasn't exact in how she stepped, it would be easier than ice in winter to slip on the grimy tile beneath her boots. Every step she took smeared the sludge, some revealing strokes of the vibrant mosaics below.

Myla steadied a delicate hand on one of the less-gross looking pews, flinching as her fingernails sunk into waterlogged, rotting wood, and attempted to use her heel to remove some of the slime. She only succeeded in making the thick layer streak in an ugly grey-green where it was. Wiggling her foot proved an equal failure to try and flick it off her boot.

She glared at the offended sludge. It did not deign to move.

"Ugh," She grumbled, "Fine. Fine!"

At least a layer of rotting plant-mud gave her a little extra traction. Every step squished grossly, but it was far better than possibly falling to her hands and knees-- or worse, her face-- so she did her best to ignore it. She could hose them off when she got home; there were plenty of other things to do.

Her eyes had made leaps and bounds adjusting to the lower light. Now, looking up, she realized the church was far bigger than she had anticipated. The pews stretched on and on, the far rows bathed in the ethereal gleam of the stained glass windows. Even underwater so long, with decades unattended, the algae growing over the glass only dimmed the painted panes to a candle's flickering glow of light.

They were not gods she recognized. Even as she stared, squinting with effort, she could not seem to make out the faceless figures within.

Something in her brain fizzled to white noise when she looked at them, and she struggled to make out even the radiant glow of their many appendages and shifting, silken robes of sun-spun gold. It was all she could do to take in the impossible warmth of the outside sunlight, trickling through the glass, and try to even her own rattling, wheezing breath.

"I... 'lieved I hath heard, a... small something..." Myla's breath caught short. She choked on musky, damp air.

The rasping voice breathed in, out. "So, so long..." A croaky cough from behind her. The shifting, rusty creak of old chains. "Please... Come here."

She turned, slowly, towards the far end of the room. In the deepening dark, the impossible clear white of an altar glowed. Something stared back at her. She could not make it out-- not truly. Its features mixed into a dizzying fuzz of colors and shapes that made her disoriented the longer she tried. Still, Myla could tell it was looking at her. Its gaze fixed upon her, making her trembling knees lock in place.

Its hulking form seemed to ripple with every sickly, watery breath. When she did not move it attempted to rise; it managed to make an aborted folding motion reminiscent of sitting up before the clink of metal sent it sprawling back across the altar.

"Please," It panted. "Please."

Myla thought nothing but blaring white noise. She walked forward.

The figure lay gasping on its side. It seemed to have no strength left to lift its head, not even to meet her eyes. Myla stopped several feet away regardless. Even if not aggressive, the... it was clearly not right. The grotesque, malformed jut of its limbs lay limply, connected like sticks stabbed into a ball of mud to the heaving mass that made up its body. The viscous ichor sizzled to nothing but the lingering smell of rot and incense when it oozed upon the pristine altar.

Nausea twisted her stomach into painful knots. Myla buried her shaking hands back into her pockets and clenched them tight.

"Child," The monster choked out, "you... should not... cannot be here." She had the immense feeling of something settling upon her. A sight, a touch. The hair along the back of her neck raised. "This air... rancid. Sick."

It shifted again. A tiny, minute attempt to move. Myla's eyes caught on the rusted shackles tight around its sallow limbs, rust rubbing flesh ragged and raw. More dark liquid seeped from the open sores. The stench in the air thickened.

"You're... hurt," Myla couldn't help but comment. Her voice came out without inflection. She barely even registered the horror she knew she was feeling, almost as if her brain had just given up on feeling it at all. Her head felt as if it had been stuffed full of feathers. Her mouth felt thick with cotton. Even moving her tongue felt odd, felt wrong-- as if everything from her lips to her very teeth had softened to molasses. "...What are you?"

It barked out a sticky laugh, the spray of phlegm burning away the moment it touched the altar from its hanging jowls. "...Would not knoweth," It almost seemed to crow.

Something bitter seeped into the decaying air. Thunder rumbled outside, refusing to be muffled. "...Should not..." Again, its not-eyes-not-gaze settled upon her. Something prickled between them. Tangible, buzzing, like static over her skin. It clotted in the back of her throat. Her legs threatened to buckle under the weight of the warning. "The Earth... it Sings, child."

A strange impulse overtook her. It spun in her chest, a fluttering, lightheaded thing. She stepped closer. "I can free you."

The being shifted. Its chains clinked and clicked. "You cannot."

"I can."

"You must not."

Heat burst in her chest. It was a frantic, panicked thing. She numbly clawed at her chest, nails dipping into the hearth in her heart. Myla's eyes pricked with tears she could not understand. The storm outside roared. "So what?" She asked. Her throat was tight. Water dripped down from above. The rotting boards of the ceiling sagged under their own weight. "You would just stay here, and-- and let yourself drown?"

He watched her.

She could not handle it. She could not accept it. She could not-- "Sacrum," She wept, "thou has't suffer'd enough for this land, has't thou not? Thou has't fulfilled thy duty! Alloweth this storm to wash the past whither 't belongs. Cometh home."

He watched her.

She stumbled to his wounded side, trembling hand struggling to find a place to settle not open with aching sores and rotting flesh. "Wherefore doth thee refuse me?" She asked. "Wherefore, after all this time... It hath been millennia since I has't been alloweth this chance, and still thee remain in this... this decrepit grave!" Her radiant palms cupped his wilting head. Delicate thumbs soothingly traced his featureless face. "Our beloved Sacrum... alloweth me relieve thee of thy chains--"

He wrenched his head away. "All these centuries," He whispered, "--and still you cannot call me by my name." The storm raged beyond the thin barriers of the church. "Have we truly grown so far apart?" The roof caved further in. "I barely recognize you, mother. Even your tongue lies foreign by my ears..." A thunderous flash tore the hallowed darkness to shreds. Every part of him ached, every touch of water upon his beaten body stung and bit and carved its way further within him. Still he glared unflinchingly. His resolve tightened beyond even that of worldly shackles. "Release the child, Mother. I refuse you another sacrifice to your name."

She jerked back as if struck. Water splashed around Her boots, soaking both of them in grimy rainwater. Hurt twisted Her borrowed features. "Mine son--"

"*Begone!*" He snarled.

Her radiance flickered, dimmed-- and died.

Myla fell to her knees with a loud splash. Her head spun sickeningly, roaring with her own heartbeat. Bile rose up her throat. "Wh," She gasped through the pain, shivering and blind. Cold, murky water had risen to her mid thigh. It filled her boots and soaked immediately through her worn jeans. "*What--*"

"Child," It crooned, softly, gently. She turned her face up towards it. It stared back. She could feel it, the comfort, the kindness, settling around her aching shoulders like a warm blanket. It muzzled her panic, her confusion. It muddied her mind. When had she gotten so close? When had-- "It's time for you to go home."

The order settled on her too. Settled deeper, firmer, burrowed its way into her mind, clung like a hand reaching through the dark--

Myla stood up. The rising flood water rippled around her knees. It pooled around the pews. It washed up against the walls. It trickled down from the rips gouged in the roof, slicking her hair flat to her scalp.

The God watched her go, watched her foot cross the hallowed threshold.

The lake sealed him in once more.

# Karen's Getting Married

**JULIANA MEDURI**

The glow of a woman loved,  
the dull of a woman not,  
we're always there  
to give a kiss on the cheek.

She still has time wasted,  
but now it pairs  
with a brain running  
in a different verse.

Our stems rotting,  
balancing with the pebbles  
underneath fingernails  
and between teeth.

He kisses the leftovers,  
piecing his own leaves  
back to her branches  
and

The deaf yell  
rhythmically pairing  
with our mud  
making new colors.

The line  
is too far back to reach  
to form a circle  
and fill the plastic coated pockets.



# Friends

by Nineteenth

frieeendss moooree  
eeehheehhee  
look at them

down

there

I'll go great them and see if they want to be  
friiiiieendss like the others

I fuckin hate this quest.

Yeah we all do now shut up and look for any  
traps. We don't know what's in here.

Guys shhhh they could hear us.

So fuckin what princess we gonna kill 'em or die  
trying.

\*baff\*

What did I say about shutting up and traps, plus  
she's here to keep you alive best not get her  
angry.

Yeah hmph.

ohmyfuckingodihatebothofyou.

Say that louder trap boy.

I didn't say shit.

Sure.

Guys what was that?

Prolly nothin' princess.

Even if it was nothing better to assume it was  
something.

I don't like this.

No one does. Trap boy, we almost there?

Fuckin hope so.

ooooo these ones look different mmmmmmm like  
theessseeee oneeesss gonna try the smmall  
one

Do you wanna play dolls with me?  
WHOLY FUCKING SHIT WHAT THE FUUUCK!!

What's the matter?

Didn't you see the fuckin girl with the dolls?!?!?!?

Nope.

Now I really don't like this.

No one does princess.

Let's get ready for a fight.

In this fuckin darkness

Yes. That's why I bought the potions.

Ohhh thanks a bunch.

Yeah what she said.

theeseeee oneeesss realllllly will be fuunnnnnn  
time for plan B then ehehehehe

WHY DO THEY KEEP FUCKIN COMING WHAT THE  
FUCK?!?!?!?!?!?

SHUT UP AND FOCUS ON THE KILLING PART!

WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU THINK IM DOING?!?!?!?!?

CAN YOU PLEASE STOP SHOUTING it makes it  
harder to concentrate on the spells.

AGH Yeah I'll try.

Fine.

...

Was \*huff\* that \*huff\* the \*huff\* fucking \*huff\*  
last \*huff\* of \*huff\* them.

I hope so.

Come on, we still need to find out what was  
directing them. Something that can keep that  
many dead thralls under its control is a threat.

Then why the fuck DONT WE GO BACK!?!?!?

uhh guys?

WE CAN'T IDIOT!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?!?!?!?

Guys?

THE CORD WAS CUT DURING THE BATTLE SO  
THAT MEANS WE GOTTA GO KILL WHATEVER IS  
CAUSING THE DARKNESS!!

GUYS!

\*together\*WHAT?!

\*points\* umm

oh noooo nnnneed for thhhhhat friiiieeenndss  
ehehehehehehehehehehe i just want  
friiiieeennddddssss

the little



witch

**the little witch**

SNOT

*The little witch in the woods  
fearful of the outside world*



*The darkness was her friend  
she was happy*

*But this dark was unwelcoming*



*It had claws*

*And teeth*

*And it hurt*

*But the outside got closer*

*she was*

*so scared*



*and so she went  
deeper into the forest  
deeper into the dark  
and felt safe*



*How could she be scared of the dark?  
It was all  
She'd Ever  
Known.*



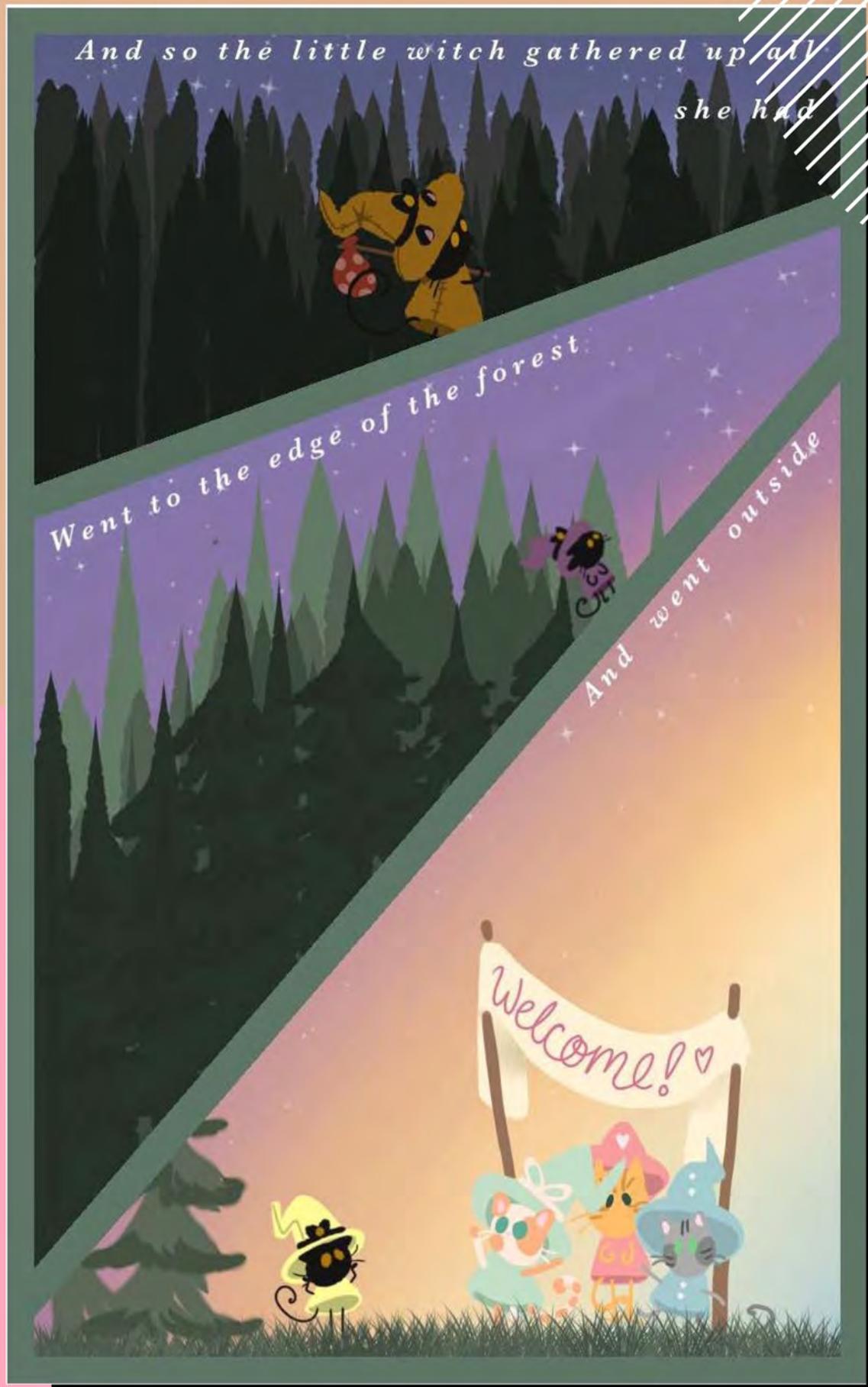
*There was no home  
Not anymore*

*And so the little witch gathered up all  
she had*

*Went to the edge of the forest.*

*And went outside*

*Welcome! ♡*





# Dalgona Coffee

HANL SCHUMAKER JO



# Bait Ball

WILSON HANNALEI

# contributors

zoe arnold  
maci caltagirone  
reagen day  
wilson hannalei  
hanl schumaker jo  
lynnae  
grace mcgrain  
juliana meduri  
hannah nevitt  
nineteenth  
vandana pawar  
shellie revilla  
solanas salinas  
colleen shannon  
snot