

NOVSCRIPTER ISSUE #2



October 2025



First words, second drafts, new writers.

01

INTRODUCTION

A brief introduction to our second issue.

03

DEER

A short, haunting story which narrates from a deer's perspective.

By Michelle Papworth

05

MANGO COPPER

A personal, nostalgic poem with stunning imagery.

By Holly Taylor

07

THE UNKNOWN LOVER

A thrilling, intense psychological story of obsession and delusion.

By Katie Bradley

CONTENTS

02

ALICE

A fantasy poem with beautiful imagery inspired by Alice in Wonderland

By Rachel Mcmeekin

04

HAVE I FORGOTTEN?

A heart wrenching romance poem that presents an emotional journey of overcoming past hurt.

By Joe Hedges

06

SCOLIOSIS

A unique poem which touches on the experiences of those with scoliosis.

By Eliza Cegialka



08

PERISHING

A short poem that touches on the brevity of life

By Emily Hale

09

WHAT IS LOVE?

A beautiful poem which explores what love is.

By Alison Ryan



INTRODUCTION

Hello all!

I am delighted to introduce you all to our second issue! To begin, thank you to our submitters this month as well as our subscribers who make this possible. In this issue we have some wonderful poetry, chilling short stories, and more- we sincerely hope you enjoy each one!

Due to my own external exploits, I am now in search of people who would like to volunteer some time for this magazine either through graphic design (designing magazine layout templates) and social media management (scheduling posts, creating fresh ideas). If you are interested in either position, please contact me through the email: novscripter@gmail.com

Thank you very much lovely readers!

Emily Hale



Alice

Down the rabbit hole I fall,
Spinning, lost, I need control,
Bashed and bloody, bruised and alone,
For all my sins I must atone,

Down and down and through and through,
A backwards mirror, open wounds,
Through these lands I run away,
As hidden thoughts come out to play,

I hold a blade, I grip it tight,
I've lost all sense of what is right,
Through the air with a snicker snack'
But one I kill I can't turn back,

Jump the squares, play the game,
A giant chess match my life became,
Chasing rabbits, cups of tea,
The thing I must defeat is me.

By Rachel Mcmeekin



DEER

03

Hunter dog eyes.

Piercing glares burn through, scratching the back of my mind harshly and blinding my senses entirely as I drown in the suffocating glow. I stand still, my frail legs quivering as they cry out to run. But under the merciless heat of their stare, I fall victim to the hypnosis of terror and allow my fear to consume my soul wholly.

Pleading, bargaining, the hounds before me are deaf to it all - I remain silent as my pathetic defeat gnaws at me and pricks wells into my wide stare. As they near, my pulse rockets through my body in throbbing shoots, dizzying my mind and numbing all thoughts into a whimpering mess of blind desperation. Blood rushing and muting all fleeting ideas other than a nauseating stress, my body cowers back finally as my stomach churns the poisonous truth I have swallowed:

I am their prey.

Shattering my frozen shock, the shards thrusting warning through my chest, leaving my breaths shallow and fierce, my legs finally sprint beyond their own abilities. Hooves scraping the slicing blades of grass, I pressed back the paralysing shocks of the etchings of the thorns around me. All scrapes and cuts only further choke me with horror, all air catching at the top of my throat, my vision blurring in my hurried panic and sending my mind hurtling in its spiral.

Gasping, racing, spitting out my yells, no relent came from the drooling growls of my hunters. A crumbled upset scrunches at my heart, my offence at their ill-intentions slicing a furious depression deep through me.

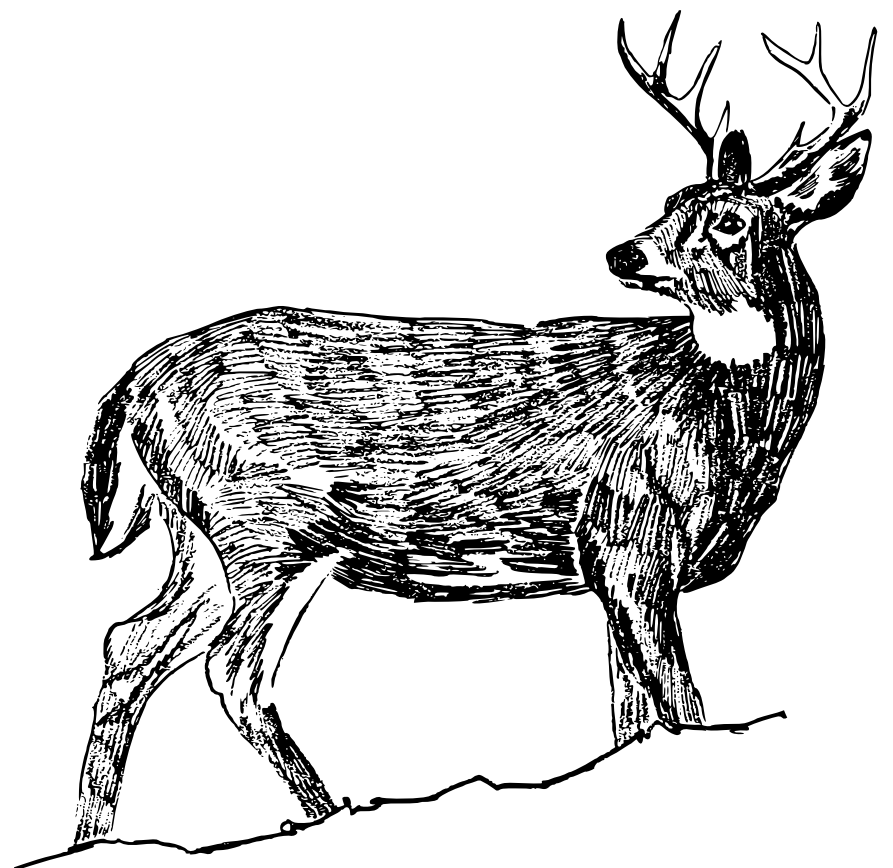


My thudding heart sends my deafening pulse to my ears, and I hold my breath in a futile attempt to beat back the stinging pricking at my eyes. My core cramps in agonising anxiety, forcing a wince from me, silencing the last of my strength firmly.

Shadows tower over and across me, until I am encased in a cage of dim befuddlement. My confusion only reassures me further that my pained anxiety is a spotlight honesty. As the snarling dogs creep in, my heart sinks into a pit within my stomach, my chin giving out to my sobs as I come crashing into their stabbing clutches. Shredded apart in the suffocating humiliation of defeat, I welcome the incoming mind's quiet of the ebbing darkness with a pathetic relief. Death was now my kindest blessing, my most blessed curse.

By Michelle Papworth

Hiya! I am Michelle Papworth, and I have an immense passion for literature and writing. I hope you liked my piece! If you want to read more of my work, my Substack is: <https://substack.com/@mpapworth>, my Instagram is: [by_m.papworth](#).



THE UNKNOWN LOVER

I have 3 terabytes of pictures and videos of Alison Rocher. In some: she's talking on the phone —her cherry pink lips moving in a perverse, laughing manner— about some inside joke, in others she is sleeping and in my favourites she is undressing.

Alison is the perfect woman: she wears dresses that go past the knees, cleans her own house and always says hello to me when we pass each other in the street. The glee I feel when she says hello to me is unmeasurable, as I am in love with her. In love with every detail of her: the way she bites off her hangnails at her vanity, the way she cuts her own hair and even the way she makes her bed with all the throw pillows she never bothers to put back on to the bed.

Today is Alison's birthday, June 19th. I can always remember as it is the only date circled on my calendar. I am especially proud of my calendar as it features only the best pictures of Alison from last year's collection. I spent hours picking the 12 best photographs, my knees were several shades of purple and yellow from the 14 hours straight that I sat surrounded by photographs of Alison and my own feces, but in the end I was delighted with the photos of my muse.

Today, I swore I would get a picture of Alison worthy of next year's collection. I sat at the window in my recliner chair, the cushion of which had been molded to my shape and allowed me to spend hours watching Ally without much discomfort despite my age. The sun began to rise in the horizon behind Ally's house: I always made sure to be awake before Ally to see her reaching up the curtains, showing off her curves like a cat arching its back after waking up. I know she knows what she's doing to the heart of this old man with her sexy poses in the window at 7am and it's a miracle that she hasn't put me into heart failure: even the thought of her waking up delights me.

And then, my prayers to God are answered. The curtains are sensually pulled back, the morning light touching each part of the room: from the pile of books on the bed stand to the pile of clothes next to the bed with a pair of pink underwear sitting on top like a gift taunting me. My eyes are bulging out of my head as I snap pictures after pictures of Alison when my index finger stops, hovering above the shutter button.

THE UNKNOWN LOVER BY KATIE BRADLEY

A man stands at the window in his boxers, Alison in bed and champagne glasses on top of the books. The world had stopped and so had my heart. Judas. My dear Alison, how could you do this to me? I threw myself out of the chair, my hands gripping the windowsill as if it were the throat of a young girl. White spots splattered my vision and I almost fell to the ground.

Alison! How could she do this to me?

The man has turned to her, his lean body accentuated by the morning sun. Ally was laughing, covering her mouth with the duvet. That should be me making her laugh, watching her body rise during the night, and being with her at her worst, as I have been. This man, this intruder into Ally's life was a betrayal I never imagined would have come. I fell back into the old chair, stained with more things than the virgin mind can ever consider.

"Oh Ally," I sighed miserably into my hands. "You shouldn't have tested me so." An iron hot rage penetrated my mind. It clawed through my skin, rushing through my mind and flowing through even the hairs on my big toe. I suffered from this attack of rage clutching my heart as it vigorously pumped blood through my body. This boiling rage inspired something in me; I felt alive.

The idea of falling away from this rampage seemed to me as something that must be avoided at all costs. I had to latch onto this feeling no matter what. I had to stop this perverted man from taking my Ally.

He was the gate that kept Alison and me from each other. Consumed by a great white that had overtaken my body I pushed off my chair, kicked over dirty plates and mugs that littered my floor -- mystery liquids spilling everywhere -- the consumption of my soul led me not to care. I don't remember running down the stairs or even picking up the kitchen knife. In front of me was a yellow door; I had watched Alison paint it. My boney fingers rapping the door, the sound was piercing and seemed to me as if it had been created by some other entity that was not visible to the human eye. My knife with a mind of its own was hacking at the door, splintering wood flying like shrapnel.



THE UNKNOWN LOVER BY KATIE BRADLEY

“Mr Sanders? What are you doing here?”

“How could you do this to me?”

“Mr Sanders, are you okay? Do you need me to call your social worker?”

“Another man! Did our relationship mean nothing to you?” I sobbed, waving the knife like a mad man through the air. It must have been then that she saw the knife as her eyes widened significantly and her pupils followed it like one does when the paramedics are checking for a concussion.

“How about you put down the knife and we go inside and talk about this?” Her voice wavered and a forced smile took precedence of her face.

“Talk? Talk! Talk about how you spent the night with another man.” At this stage I had taken to punctuating my words with my knife. Each stab at the air sending Ally back a few steps - she always was a timid girl.

“Jared!” She yelled, mocking me. Her eyes still made contact with mine and yet she called another man's name. She tried to slam the door on me, I had apparently shoved my foot in the door to stop her from escaping, which would explain the mangled foot.

“You Bitch!” Saliva spat out of my mouth on her.

“Mr Sanders, I have never been involved with you. We were friends. That was all! Nothing else.”

“You liar! You knew what you were doing! You seduced me and you know it.” It was impossible for her to not have known what she was doing: teasing me at the window, wearing shorts around the house so I could see her legs and dancing around in her pajamas. There was no way that Alison and I hadn't been dating. Sure, maybe we hadn't been as passionate as other couples. But she was mine and I was hers.



What I had not realised was that Gerard had finally realised what was happening: the useless man. He appeared like a bolt of lightning kicking me out of the house. I truly had not seen him arrive. Alison's night in shining armour. My old bones couldn't take the force of the fall.

I was rolling around like a worm who had made an ambitious trip during the night and was now stuck in the morning sun. Moans of agony escaped my mouth as I clutched my arm. The knife was out of my grasp and I was like an upside down turtle, I had no way of getting my revenge and at some point I had managed to urinate over myself.

That foul git of a boyfriend had called the police. That was how they found me, rolling around in my own piss, like some kind of lunatic. They hauled me up like some piece of meat and threw me in their car as I screamed about police brutality. A crowd had formed around us but all I cared about was Alison. I looked at the house as we drove away, and there she stood, still in her dressing gown and hugging her ape of a man.

By Katie Bradley

Mango Copper

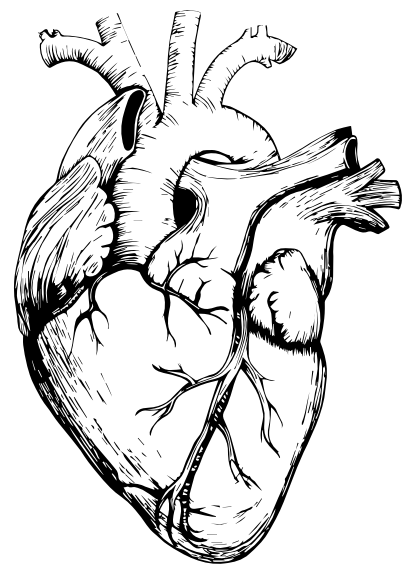
I stand my ground atop the hill
and search for orange things,
for beauty, for deodorant and amber
and my favourite drink cans, for
a birthday present, too early yet,
sunset beginnings of the year
and for small talk with strangers:
the weather was awful yesterday,
it was; oh, wasn't it! I love your hair -
Thank you! What shade is that?
And within my small-talk musings
a stranger cherry-picks my accent,
honey slow and broad and bronze;
to ask where I'm from, my home,
you're just up the road from me,
you know; and along the promenade
in starling season bounds a dog
that looked like mine, reborn
gentle-soft against the orange haze

By Holly Taylor

HAVE I FORGOTTEN?

It seems I have forgotten how to love,
walking hand in hand with the air;
a quiet but busting, torrid affair.
When the day comes from time above,
will I remember how to become again
a lover not chastened by melancholy;
an attraction faced only wholly
by the love that once sent me to the end.
Though, wherever or whomever I adore,
like I once did in a longing past,
like I once did with who held my heart last,
may they not seek me to be bored;
nor a bore of their own passion,
for it might by then be out of fashion,
when I remember how to love my love.

By Joe Hedges



Hi, I'm Joe. As an avid writer and admirer of all things poetry I'm striving to allow poetry to flourish and set sail across the wave of literature that is about now.

SCOLIOSIS

I have a curve which I will not hide

I will walk around with pride

And you should too

We are bent and twisted

But that's how we were made

It is a challenge of extreme

To try and live normal when its hard

Let them talk behind your back

Let them look at what they lack

You might think that they lack a curve

But they lack more

What they don't have as we do is our level of bravery

Our courage, resilience

They lack our experience

No matter is you are a child like me or a grown person

Pain comes and goes in the same ways

First is your back, then your side or even hips

Lets talk about that with our lips

Don't hide pain it will only grow inside of you

Speak with someone and tell them how you suffer

There are times where you might want the end
The end to the pain and to your existence
It is a thought everyone might get, how do i know?
I get it too, times i feel this low

Its best to talk it through, with a parent, friend or even your doctor
Don't hide it, because yes, we are strong but to all stones we are holding
This just adds more, where there is a way to get rid of that

The worst thing though through all that struggle and pain
Is when you lay
Unconscious on that operating table, being cut open
You drift off to a world of dream
When inside your family's head they scream
They beg for you to be alright, to make it through

When you wake up, you feel it again
The pain in your back, side, or even hips. That pain

You wake up with a huge scar on you're back
Which again others lack
You might think it is gross and makes you look bad
But don't be sad
That scar tells a story, your story, our story
When people ask we can make up all exciting adventure of how we got it
Like that we were nearly ripped apart by a bear
This scar is you, but you are not the scar

You are more than you curve and the degrees
We are more than that and you can agree
That we as people have other aspects
Aspects that might seemed covered, so let's together
Unfold and straighten our stories of how the world will remember us
As the most influence people with scoliosis

By Eliza Cegielka

Perishing

We watch it perish.

Another sun sets and bleeds the tears of nostalgia.

Her hands wrinkled and pruned by the endless

cascade of tears that run down her face

in fear of losing the time of her life,

whilst losing the time of her life.

The sun sinks like her heart

into the flutter of clouds; the pillows of birds that flock

the horizon as the day shifts to night.

The sky bleeds, mourning with her the pass into night.

The sun sets faster, desperately clawing

at the sky as she lowers into the ocean once more.

We ponder as the horizon rests,

the sun settling its battle with the moon which

begins to lurch over the treeline.

The gentle light of the day leaves the town as we sit and watch the blood seep back.

the sun rests her head

and the scratches of clouds that remain,

ingrained in the sky

turn pale and ashy.

A phantom of the shadow of day

peaks over the waves and sultry fog,

imprinting her goodbyes along the coast.

Another day that perished before our eyes.

By Emily Hale

WHAT IS LOVE?

Love.

Four letter word so foul you allude me.

Not that sweaty palmed teenage angst

we have all known.

And most of us just about remember.

I'm talking love not lust

not to be confused.

Is it all an act?

Are we put here to test our sanity?

True pure love is elusive at best...

unobtainable by many.

Unheard of completely by some...

Unheard of completely by some...

love of one's family is easy...believable true

and pure in all it's many forms...

love of oneself...sometimes real...sometimes

impossible, improbable...like a bad joke that

only the teller finds...for whatever reason

so funny.

Now that is the toughest love of all...

Without it...you really cannot love anyone, not truly...

except of course...family

love unmeasurable and eternal.

But first...learn to love thyself...!

By Alison Ryan

THANK YOU
FOR READING!

IF YOU ENJOYED
THIS, SUBSCRIBE TO
RECEIVE MONTHLY
ISSUES!

SUBSCRIBE AT
NOVSCRIPTER.COM

IF YOU WISH TO SUBMIT YOUR OWN WRITING FOR THE
NEXT ISSUE, ACCESS OUR WEBSITE AND SUBMIT
THROUGH OUR FORM.