

GOODBYE VOLCANO HIGH

FANZINE

1st Edition - August 2025

Introduction

Hello there !

Five years ago, when the world was in lockdown and I was a so-called "essential worker", I tuned in to the big PlayStation 5 reveal stream. My expectations were low; a console was only as good as its game library, and in recent years, the glut of mainstream games have stagnated to a handful of familiar genres. I was not expecting a 2D-animated, vibrant and sentimental, queer indie game about teen dinosaurs dealing with the impending end of the world to make an appearance. Nor did I know how much the premise would captivate me. But I chose to follow its creators, KO_OP, with interest to see where this game would go.

If Goodbye Volcano High had come out and just been a good game, that would have been fine. I couldn't have foreseen it being a life-changing moment for me, introducing me to people that I would soon call my very best friends. I experienced a game's story that has stuck to me like no other game has before, like the writers of this game knew me, and people like me. That feeling has inspired me, not just in helping to see this zine's production to completion, but it also ignited a spark in me to go out and create my own stories.



Two years since this game's release, the people who need this game's world, characters, and heartfelt story have been finding it and sharing it with their friends. It's always a joy to see a new face arrive in the KO_OP server singing this game's praises, especially since each new fan gives an opportunity for new friendships to be formed. I'm proud of how much this community has grown over the years, and I commend KO_OP's team for persevering in producing this heartfelt gem despite the hardships they had faced.

More than just a celebration of this game, this zine is dedicated to the incredible talent at KO_OP and the fans that help this community thrive. Let's continue supporting each other, build each other up, so we can tell our stories in the constellations above.

- Wolf Nanaki



Never in my life did I think a game like this one could have that big of an impact on me...

Thanks to the game, the dev team, and the community, I love y'all, you genuinely changed my life for the better

Merci 💜

- Mirabelle (Rosabel)



Goodbye Volcano High fundamentally changed my life. This game about cartoon dinosaurs rekindled my passion for art and introduced me to my best friends, many of whom are featured in this zine.

KO_OP made a masterpiece, not through money, market research, or exploitation, but through passion, style, and craftsmanship. And for that I am indebted to the fine folks of it. Thank you.

- Vivisextion

Goodbye Volcano High and its community have been important to me since I found out about the game and still is. It may not be the best game ever but it still is OUR game and that's sometimes all that matters and so it does to me.

I have both the game and the community to thank for helping me find out who I truly am and rekindling my love for art.

- Juniper



Credits

Made with love by the
**GOODBYE
VOLCANO HIGH
Fanzine Team**

Based on a idea from **Juniper** and **ChizFri**



Juniper
Founder, Artist



Wolf Nanaki
Chief, Layout Editor, Socials



ViviSexion
Artist, Consultation



Rosabel
Designer, Layout Editor

If you have any **questions**, any **recommendations**,
or just want to say “**hi!**”, feel free to contact us at :



gvhfangzine.bsky.social

[@GVHFangzine](https://twitter.com/GVHFangzine)



class.of.the.beginning.fanzine@gmail.com



GOODBYE VOLCANO HIGH

Goodbye Volcano High is an award-winning cinematic narrative game developed by Canadian indie studio KO_OP. First conceptualized in 2018, it was revealed to the world at Sony's PlayStation 5 reveal stream on June 11, 2020. The game officially released on August 29, 2023 on PlayStation 4, PlayStation 5, and Steam.

Set in a world of anthropomorphic dinosaurs, the story is told from the eyes of Fang, a nonbinary pterodactyl musician in their senior year at Volcano High. As they deal with typical high school struggles with their band, their friends, and a secret admirer, they also have to tackle challenges from the possible end of the world.

Two years since its release, the game is still resonating with audiences around the world and inspiring artists, musicians, and writers.

About the game

KO_OP

Founded on June 1, 2012, KO_OP is an independent, worker-run studio in Montreal, Quebec. They operate under a team-based co-op model, upholding workers rights and fostering a supportive, communicative work culture.

Alongside Goodbye Volcano High, some of their other titles include GNOG, Dépanneur Nocturne, Ridiculous Fishing EX, Lara Croft GO: The Mirror of Spirits, and Winding Worlds. They are currently hard at work on their next major project!





Part I

Artworks

Thanks to our 39 talented artists!

8:32 PM



adogscurse



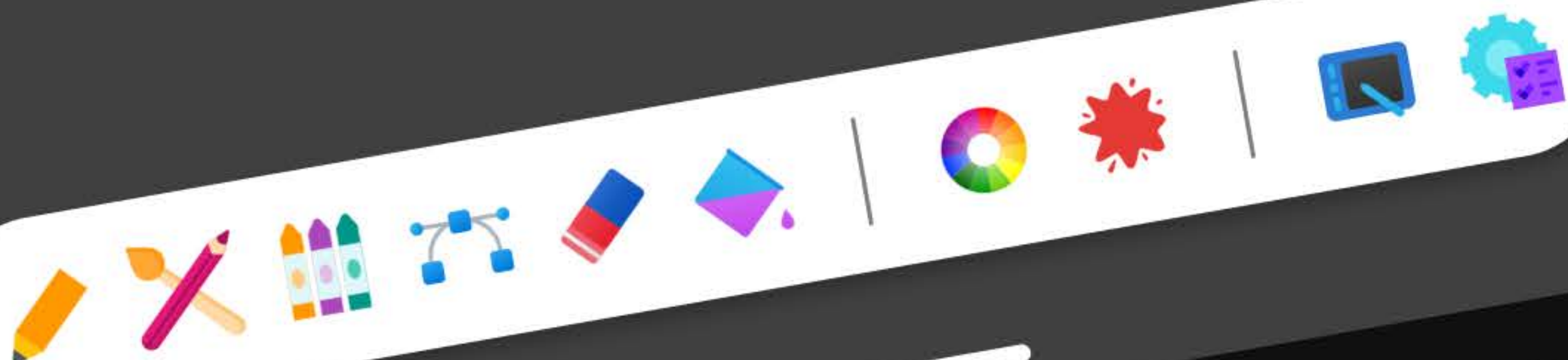
@adogscurse.bsky.social

adogscurse



ADogsCurse

"I cast Healing Hands!"



WORM DRAMA
ONE LIFE STAND
6075002

ahoeformcoffee



Ahoeformcoffee



What do you guys think of my worm



Did I ever tell you about the time they chained me up and made me the oracle of Eremont for a month?
WILDTIMES

Enough about that, let's move on. Did you know our eyes can only see 7 out of the 31 planes of existence? and that when we lose consciousness they all become visible for a full second? Have you ever seen the insides of a star? Have you ever watched a flower rot?



Goodbye VOLCANO HIGH



applegero.bsky.social

@op_gero



Slim Gero



BeeboSceebo



beebosceebo

@BeeboSceeboVODS



BeeboSceebo

2025

"Even when the world feels like it's ending, there are good friends. There are always good friends."

FASTER THAN AN ASTEROID



GET READY FOR THE CROSSOVER OF A LIFETIME
To celebrate the first year of Goodbye Volcano High's release, SEGA and KO_OP have teamed up to bring you the most ultimate crossover in History! Join Fang the Pterodactyl as they tranverse through the world of Sonic the Hedgehog!

Run, jump, roll and speed through the most dangerous and most challenging levels not seen in any other video game! From beautiful landscapes to ancient temples, it's down to Fang to find the Chaos Emeralds and stop the evil Dr Robotnik!

"Fang in: Sonic The Hedgehog" will be available in stores August 29th 1991!
Goodbye Volcano High and Sonic The Hedgehog in stores now!

(Fang in: Sonic The Hedgehog, Goodbye Volcano High & Sonic The Hedgehog all sold separately. Sonic The Hedgehog is also included when you buy a Sega Genesis 16-bit system.)

KO_OP

SEGA GENESIS

Sonic The Hedgehog and the distinct likeness thereof are trademarks of Sega of America, Inc. Goodbye Volcano High and the distinct likeness thereof are trademarks of KO_OP, Inc.



"A GVH crossover with Sonic the Hedgehog!? What a strange world we live in..."



Bucko Rose



@BuckRoseYT



BUGFlower413

BUGFlower99



@Damarassanctuary

thanks to all my dino siblings out there!
take care lovelies, stay gay as hell ^u^!!





CREATE YOUR
OWN FUTURE

@critcoal



Critcoal

"I feel like a
pretty hero rn"



Dagger-6

www.dagger6.art





dazed-and-wandering

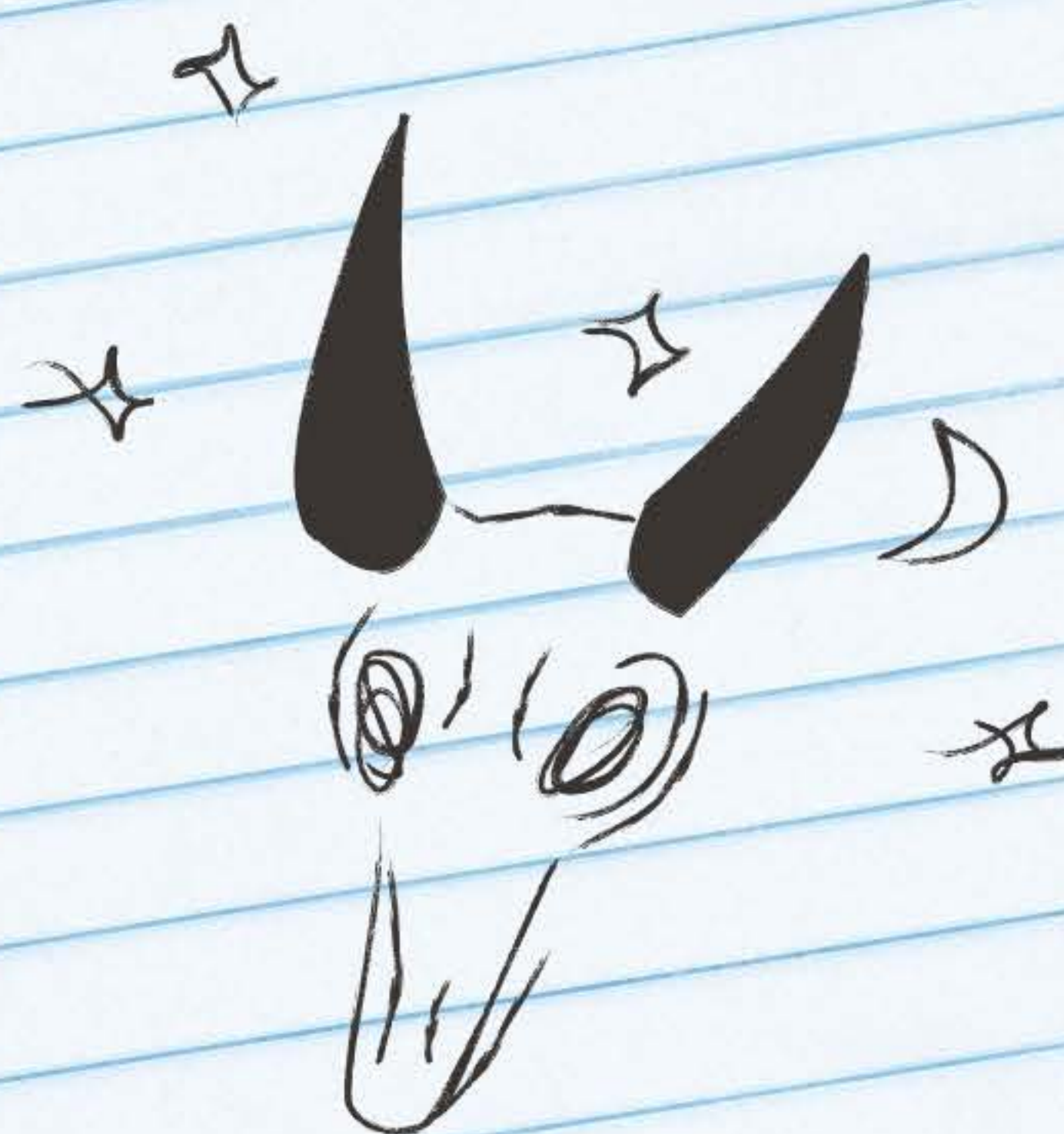
dazedandwandering.blsky.social



"You wanna see my cool new socks?"

Do you ever feel like we've done this before... like, a REALLY long time ago?

Nod Nod
Wat?



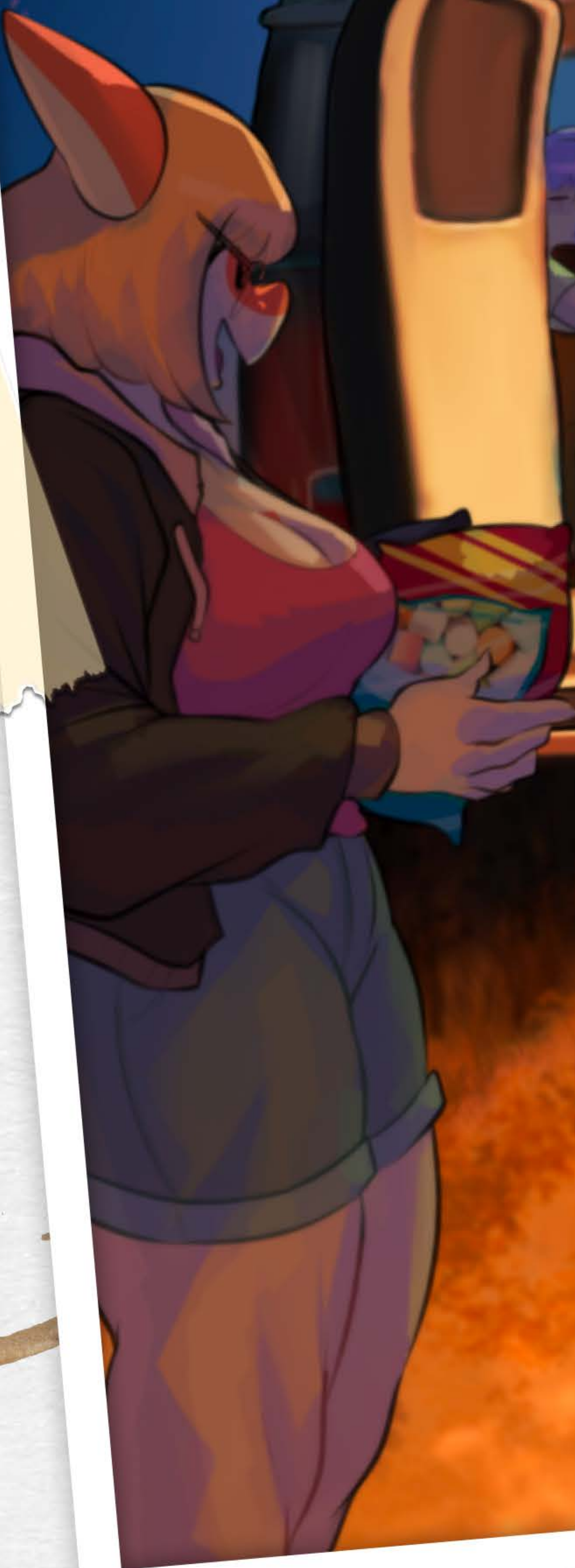
Cele



DeadAssSpider



deadassspider





Diz Brony



dizbrony.bsky.social

@DiZBrony



Love, Ossified: What Goodbye Volcano High Means to Me

It's difficult for me to convey just how much Goodbye Volcano High means to me. I'll preface by saying I discovered GVH independent of the entire atmosphere surrounding it. I'd literally never heard of it. I was lazily scrolling the Playstation Store and there it was in a section labeled "Because you played Night in the Woods." I was simply enamoured by Fang's design as they did remind me of Bea from the aforementioned NitW. Little did I know this nothing interaction with the PSN algorithm would forever change my life.

I had just gotten out of a five-year relationship that had ended in part because I'd begun experimenting with my gender identity and presentation. Safe to say GVH came along at the perfect time for me. Fang and the rest of the Dinogang's story of being unsure in an unsure time (tell me that's not relatable right now) and hanging onto your passions and identity no matter how many doubts the world tries to push onto you really resonated with me in a way that is beyond words.

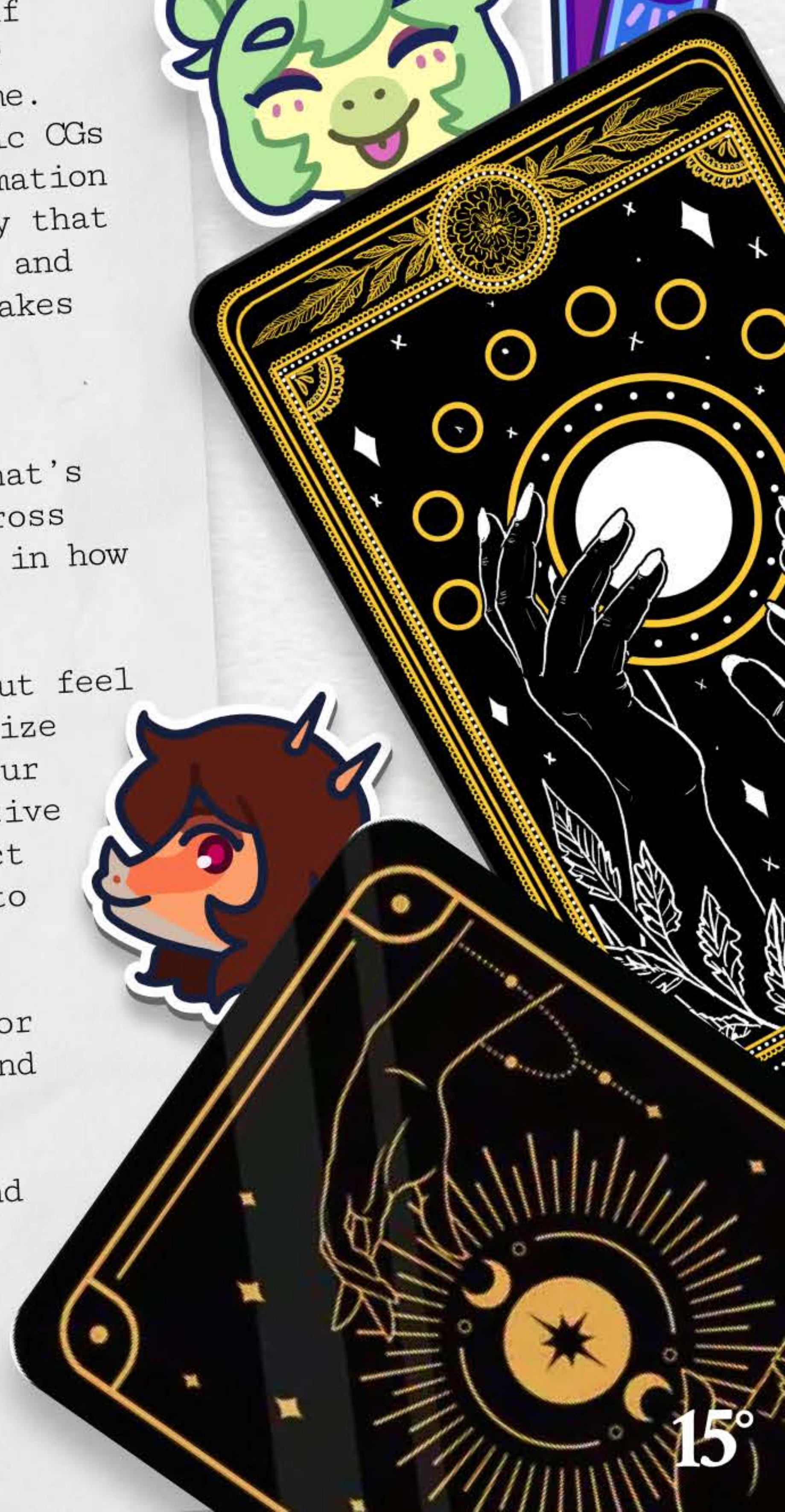
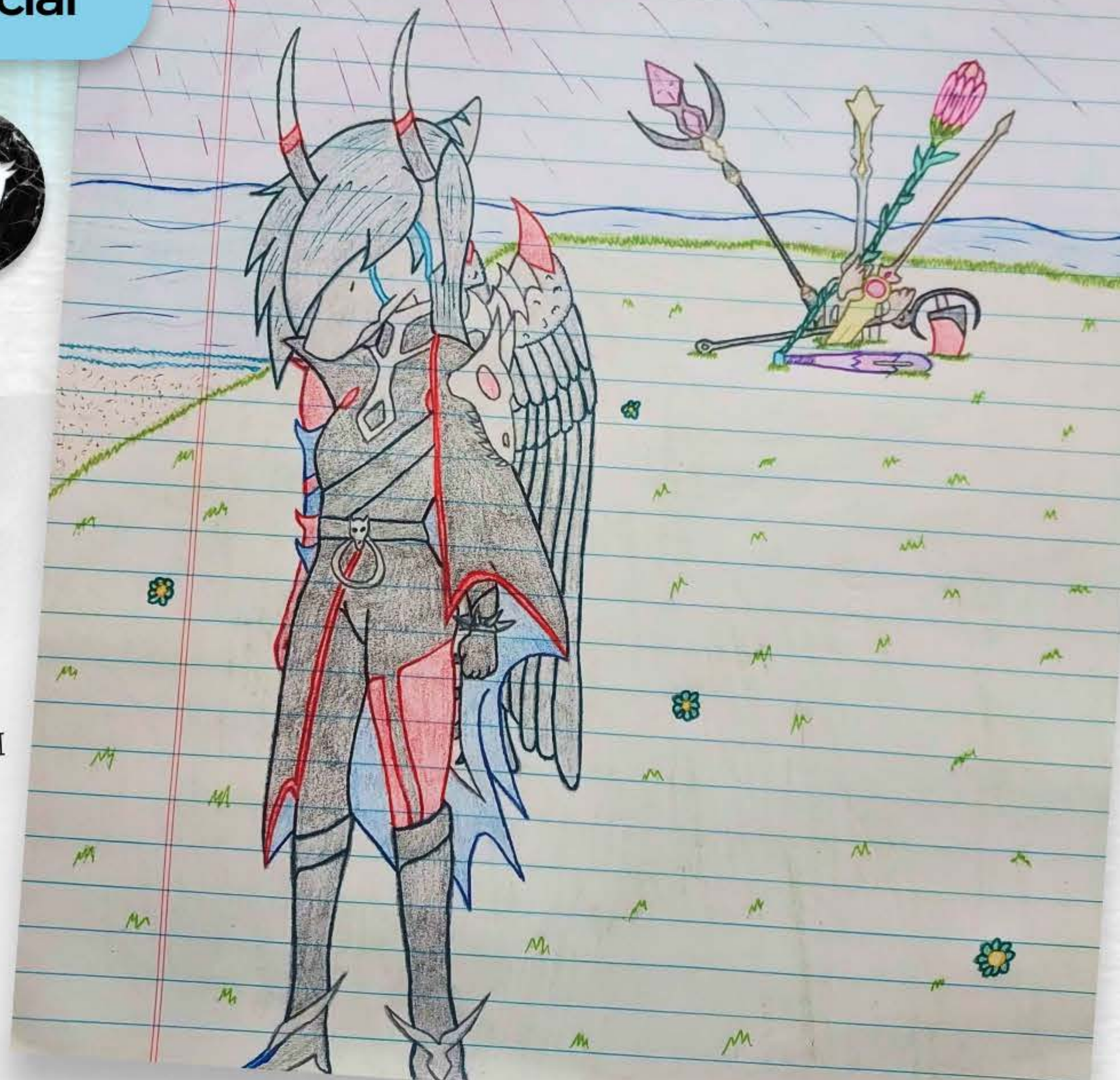
In general KO_OP really does everything to help the player feel not as if they are Fang, but moreso that they're guiding Fang, helping them navigate their decisions and relationships. It hits an entirely unique level of immersion for me. Additionally, it's unique as a visual novel which are typically limited to static CGs and maybe some animated cutscenes. GVH, however, mostly consists of dynamic animation all throughout, readily adapting to the choices you make as the player. Not only that but hesitation will eliminate options, some are treated like intrusive thoughts and cannot be selected, and some require additional input to be chosen. It really makes you feel like you're in the mind of an awkward teen dork.

It's just a technical marvel, but also the VA work, music, art design, storytelling, all of it meshes together into an experience unlike any other. That's not to say that it's flawless. There are a couple minor hiccups one may come across while playing, but it is perfect. Perfect in every way in needs to be. Perfect in how it makes you see. Perfect in how it makes you feel seen.

It helped me in so many ways. I'd done some drawing when I was a kid but feel away from it over the years. Writing too for that matter. But GVH made me realize that there is always time left, even if it's limited. Your passions matter. Your goals matter. Even the ones you felt you had to give up. GVH unlocked my creative spark in a way nothing ever has and simultaneously inspired me to really reflect on my gender and what I truly want out of transition. I am nonbinary. I want to present more feminine. I'm not sure I would have gotten to where I am without this beautiful, queer, devastating dino game. I've made who I hope to be lifelong friends in this community. Contributing my silly little drawings or even just talking with them has given me so much joy I cannot hope to repay and I will forever be grateful to KO_OP, GVH, and this wonderful community.

From the bottom of my heart, I love you all and I am so happy you are here and so proud of you every single day you choose to stay here.

It was worth it all.
Worms forever.





Droog



I was in high school when GVH was announced, back then it was my first exposure to the concept of non-binary as an identity. Back then, it made me feel strange, it stoked a longing feeling in the pit of my chest. At that time, I tried to ignore it. Trying to brush it off as just some furry game and move on, but it never left my mind. Eventually I started quietly following the game, with each minor update and each rare screenshot I felt that urge in my chest return. Coming from a very conservative family, I wanted to stave away that feeling, deny it, but at the same time I wanted to know more about this game that had captured me in a way no other game has.

One day the KO_OP twitter posted a link to their discord server, and despite my general anxiety in social spaces, both online and off, I decided to join it. I was met with a community of endlessly supportive, kind, and all around pleasant people who made me feel welcome in a way that few communities ever have. Being among both the KO_OP developers and the server regulars had slowly led me to accept that longing feeling in my chest. Accepting that I owed normalcy to nobody, I ultimately realized that I was non-binary, and I have everyone in this wonderful community to thank for helping me find my real self.

This game, its developers, and its community have invariably changed my life for the better. I have found friends, acceptance, and a sense of belonging. Playing the game itself has only solidified my feelings on my identity, and I hope to support KO_OP in all their works going forward <3

With endless love
-Droog <3







fangenergix.bsky.social

fangenergix



Fang Energix

THE LORETTO AVENUE ELEVATED

Date Opened: April 8th, 1878
Division: City (Elevated)

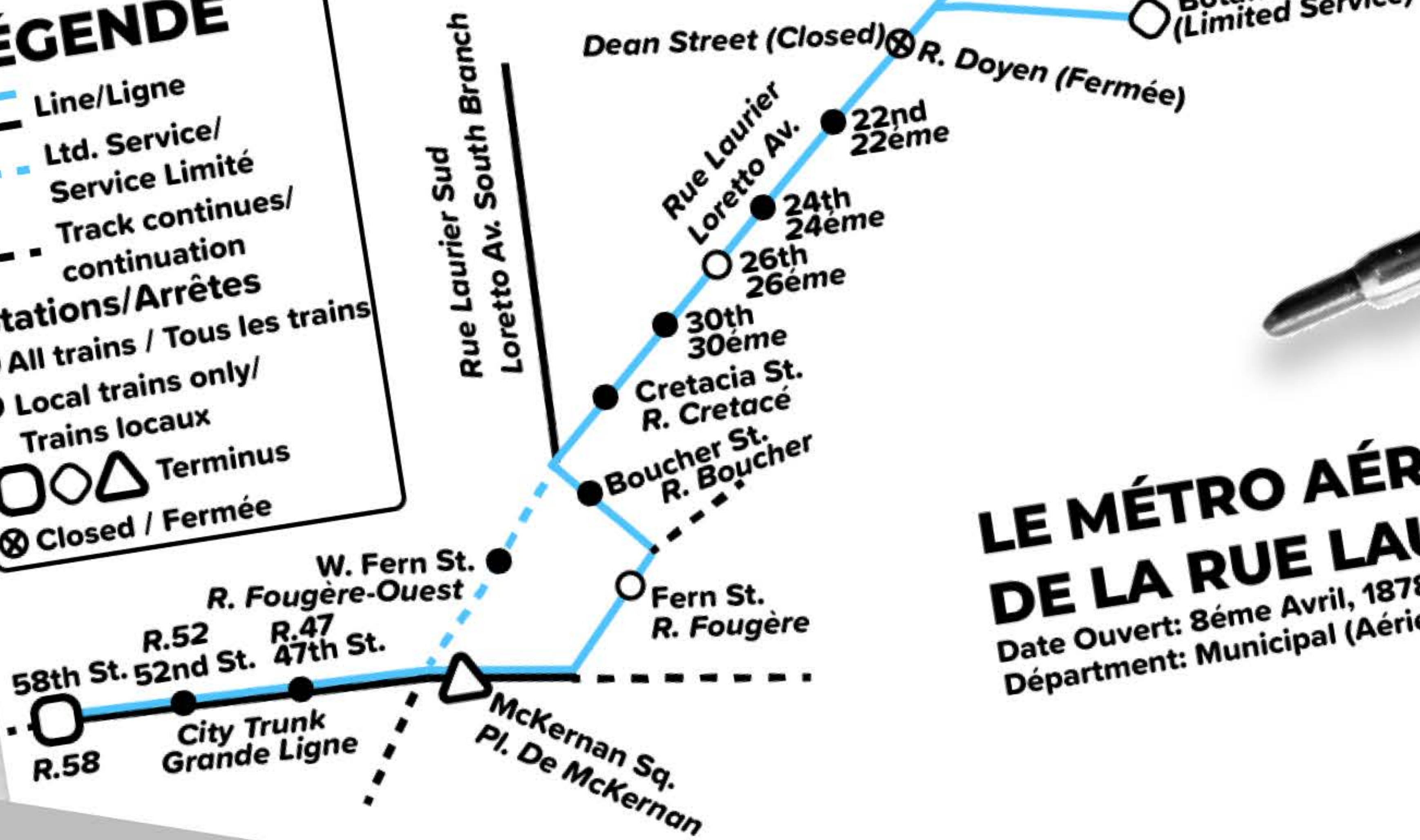
Elevated

3

3

LEGEND/ LÉGENDE

- Line/Ligne
- Ltd. Service/ Service Limité
- Track continues/ continuation
- Stations/Arrêtes
- All trains / Tous les trains
- Local trains only/ Trains locaux
- ◇△ Terminus
- ⊗ Closed / Fermée



LE MÉTRO AÉRIEN DE LA RUE LAURIER

Date Ouvert: 8ème Avril, 1878
Département: Municipal (Aérien)

www.cbm-info.pg/cartes

©2021

CBM

Equipment of the Loretto Av. Elevated as of 2020-2021

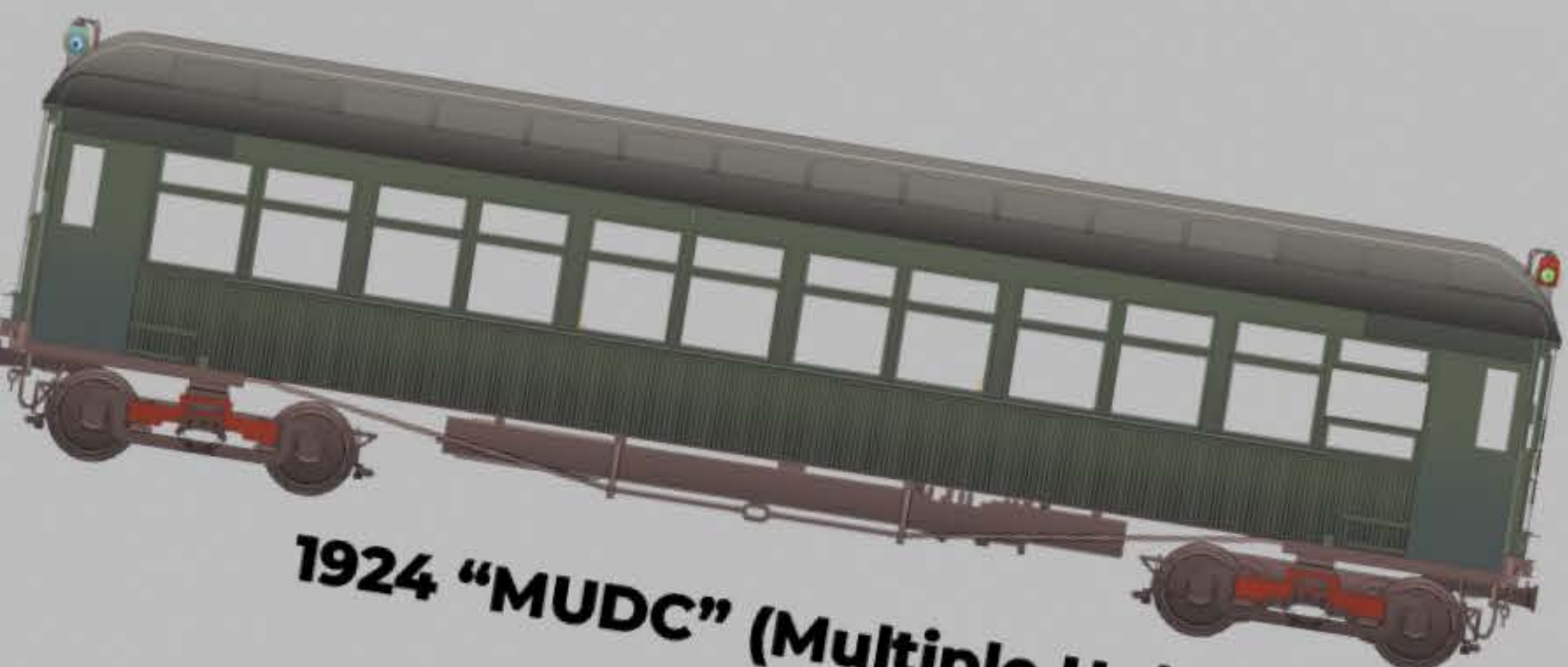
Basic Specifications:

Gauge: 1435mm "Pangean Standard"
Power: 600V DC Third Rail, top contact
Safety systems: Tripcock, Dead man's switch
Crew count: ~2. (Motorman, Conductor/Door Operator, plus auxiliaries when needed)
CBTC (Communications-Based Train Control) Compatibility? No.
Air-Conditioned? No.



1906-1911 "CITY" CAR

1906-present
Utilizes AMUE/AMRE brakes
Notes: Also used as subway stock; built to current configuration ~1947



1924 "MUDC" (Multiple Unit Door Control) CAR

Motor car pictured
1901-present (in original form) 1924-present (in pictured form)
Notes: Converted from gate cars built 1901-1912; Standard variant pictured, though modernized variants exist; Example shown here lacks roof drip rails



Friends of the Caldera Bay Metropolitan



That's not all... Helios Harbour made a 4 page comic too! You can read it at page 40!



heliosharbour



Helios Harbour



Jospehvan



jospehvan.bsky.social

@jospehvan



KaijuDyanne



@kaiju_dyanne123

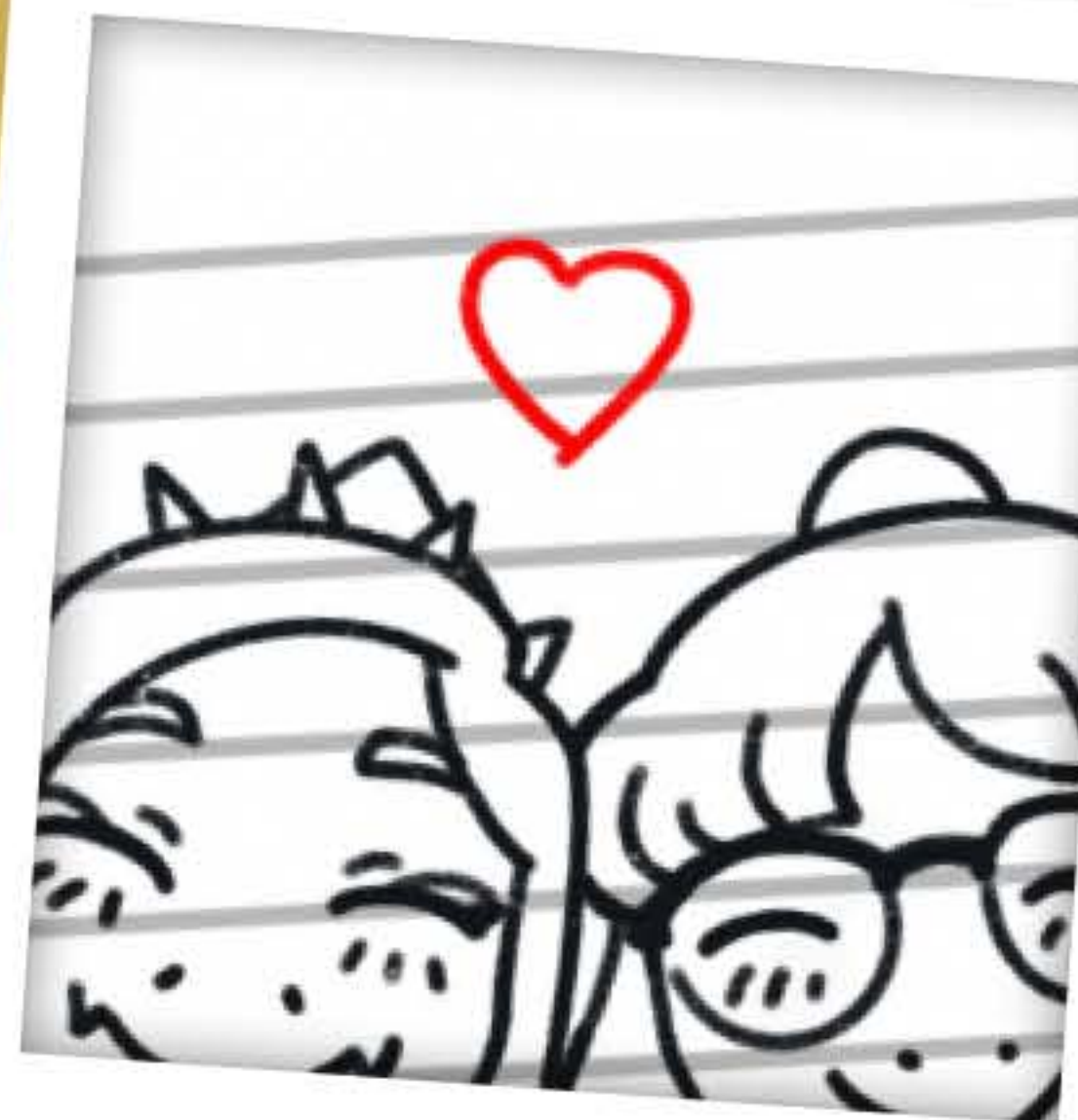
"I wish we had more time too,
but.. I'm glad we had time
together at all."



WORM DRAMA



**GOODBYE
TO HIGH**



MeloOlivia

THEY CAN NEVER TEAR US APART



Merzbun



@merzbun





Volcano High

If you could do things differently,
Would you let us all live?
Would you leave me something to live for?



by Cocicka

Tales from Volcano High
June Lett



by Sonyan

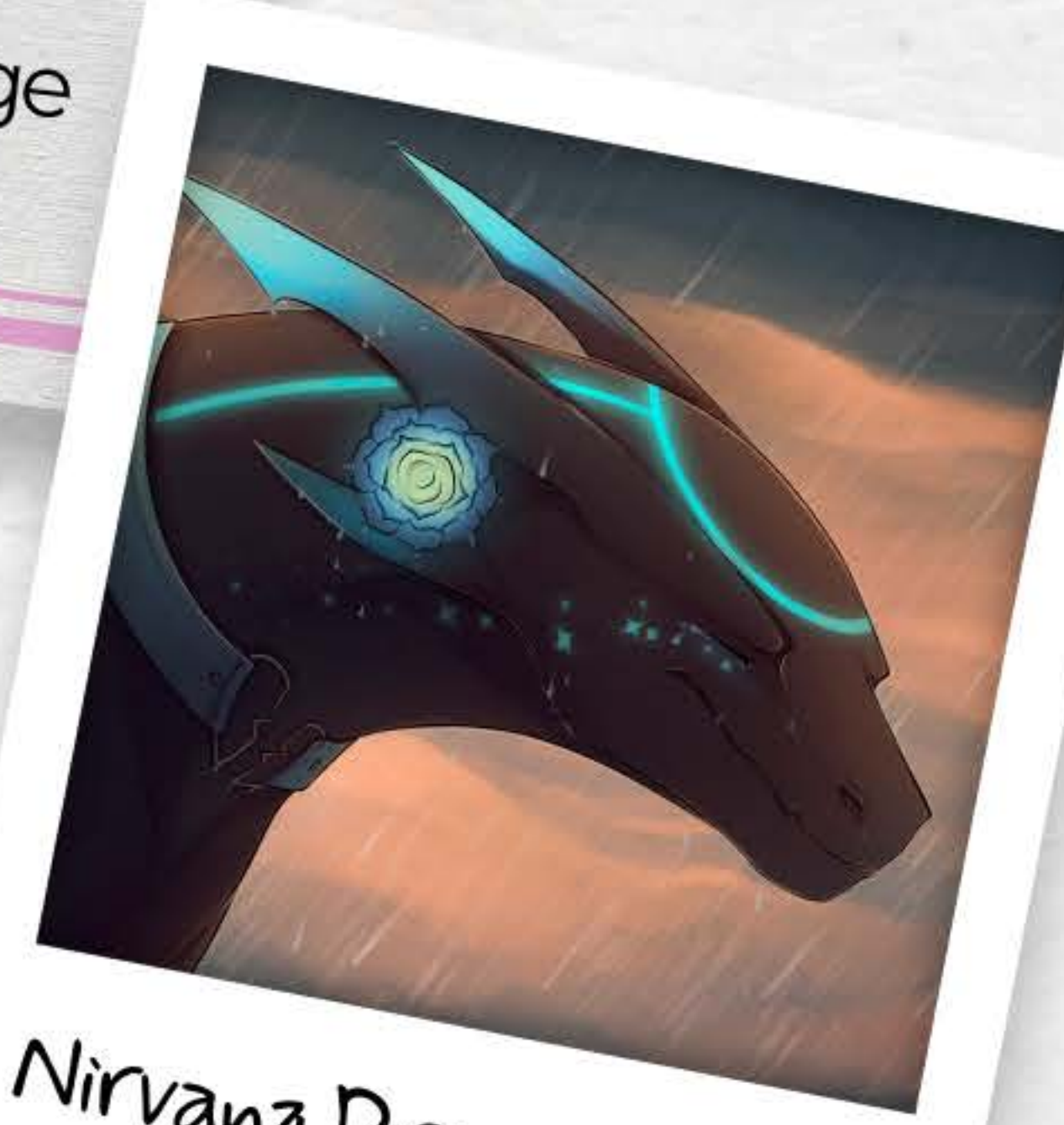


NirvanaDraavon

NirvanaDraavon



"Special Thanks" image
by Splashasaurus



NirvanaDraavon



OpossumValley



OpossumValley 18+



Pocket Item



@pocket_item

@PocketItem



@Pocket_Item

Lavender Shortbread Cookies

- 1 ½ cups butter, softened
- ¾ cup white sugar
- ¼ cup sifted confectioners sugar
- 2 tbsp fresh lavender, finely chopped
- 1 tbsp chopped fresh mint leaves
- 1 tsp grated lemon zest
- 2 ½ cups all-purpose flour
- ½ cup cornstarch
- ¼ tsp salt



Lavender Shortbread Cookies

Directions

In a medium bowl, cream together the butter, white sugar and confectioners' sugar until light and fluffy. Mix in the lavender, mint and lemon zest. Combine the flour, cornstarch and salt; mix into the batter until well blended. Divide dough into two balls, wrap in plastic wrap and flatten to about 1-inch thick. Refrigerate until firm, about 1 hour.

Preheat the oven to 325° F (165° C). On a lightly floured surface, roll the dough out to ¼ inch thickness. Cut into shapes with cookie cutters. Cookie stamps will work well on these too. Place on cookie sheets.

Bake for 18 to 20 minutes in the preheated oven, just until cookies begin to brown at the edges. Cool for a few minutes on the baking sheets then transfer to wire racks to cool completely.



Nrxia



Nrxia's testimony

Goodbye Volcano High is a fantastic game. I can go on and on about how much I love the characters and their story. Their world lives in my head now. These characters really feel like my friends. I want to spend more time with them. The art and music is amazing, and the voice actors couldn't have given a more perfect performance. This game resonated with me in ways that I didn't expect. It came at a time in my life when I needed it most. I've probably played thru the game myself 5 times now, conned my sister into playing it once (She loved it! Stella is her fav!) and have even participated in community Let's Plays of the game. I don't know what it is about this game, but it has something indescribably special at its core. I can't put it into words but I know it's there because I've felt it, and I know others have felt it too.

That's the other amazing thing GVH has given me too. This game has given me a sense of community like no other game has. The fans I've met are really special to me. I feel like I've made some life-long friends here. That part was completely unexpected, but very welcome. My mom passed away a few months prior, I had lost a long-time friend a bit before that, and had just come back from my own hospital stay before playing this game. I was feeling rather lost, isolated, stressed, and directionless. GVH was the ray of sunshine that parted my clouds. After playing the game I immediately went to Twitter and Tumblr and Discord and all those other great social media art places on the internet looking for MOAR GVH content! I got to know other fans, I got to join their groups, and I really felt like I belonged. I feel like I found my people here.

Is this a perfect game? No, I could be more critical. I admit there are things I could nitpick about. But those complaints are so incredibly minor that I hardly consider them when I think about all the enjoyment this game has given me. I can't expect everyone to have an experience like I had here, but that doesn't stop me from recommending this game to everyone I know. This game has so much to love. Please give it a try!



Nrxia

nrxia.bsky.social



nrxia



Pomi

pomil08



pomil08.bsky.social

Sometimes it's better to cooperate than to compete, you know?



Sam_artistman

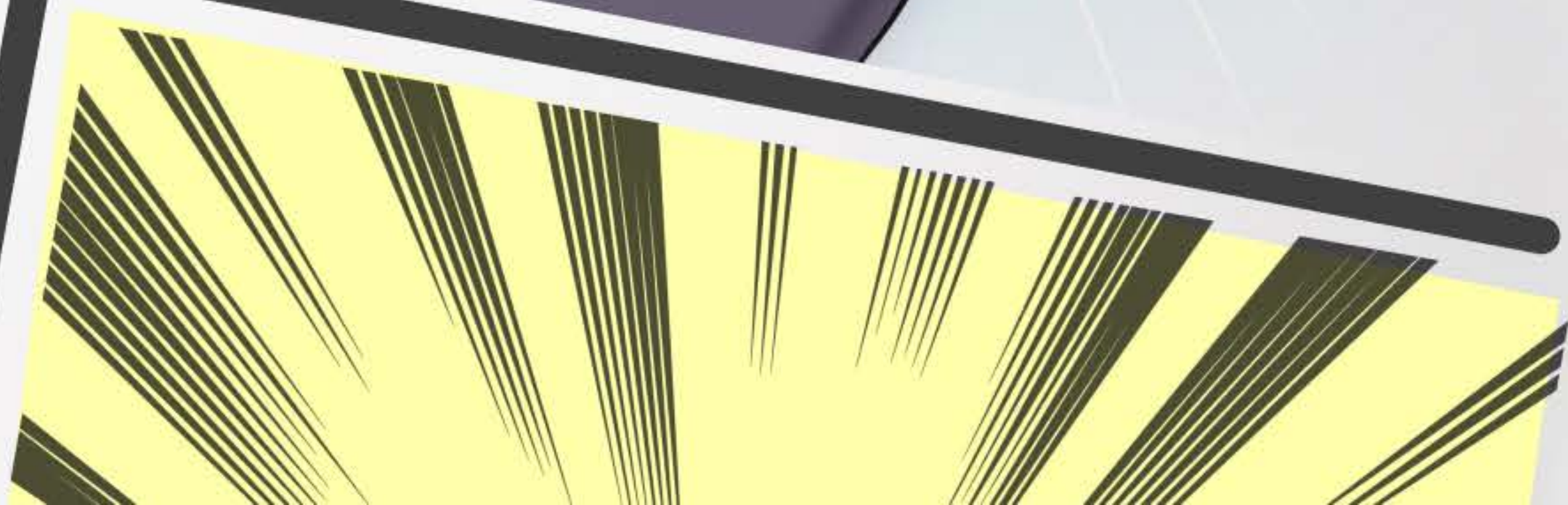
"Sage is the best boy."



@RogeDilo



RogeDilo





We
love
you!
Sage



Sammy

"Uhhh Fang, that is
incredibly cringe."



Sgtfan-ov4lp



tranzillasfw.bsky.social



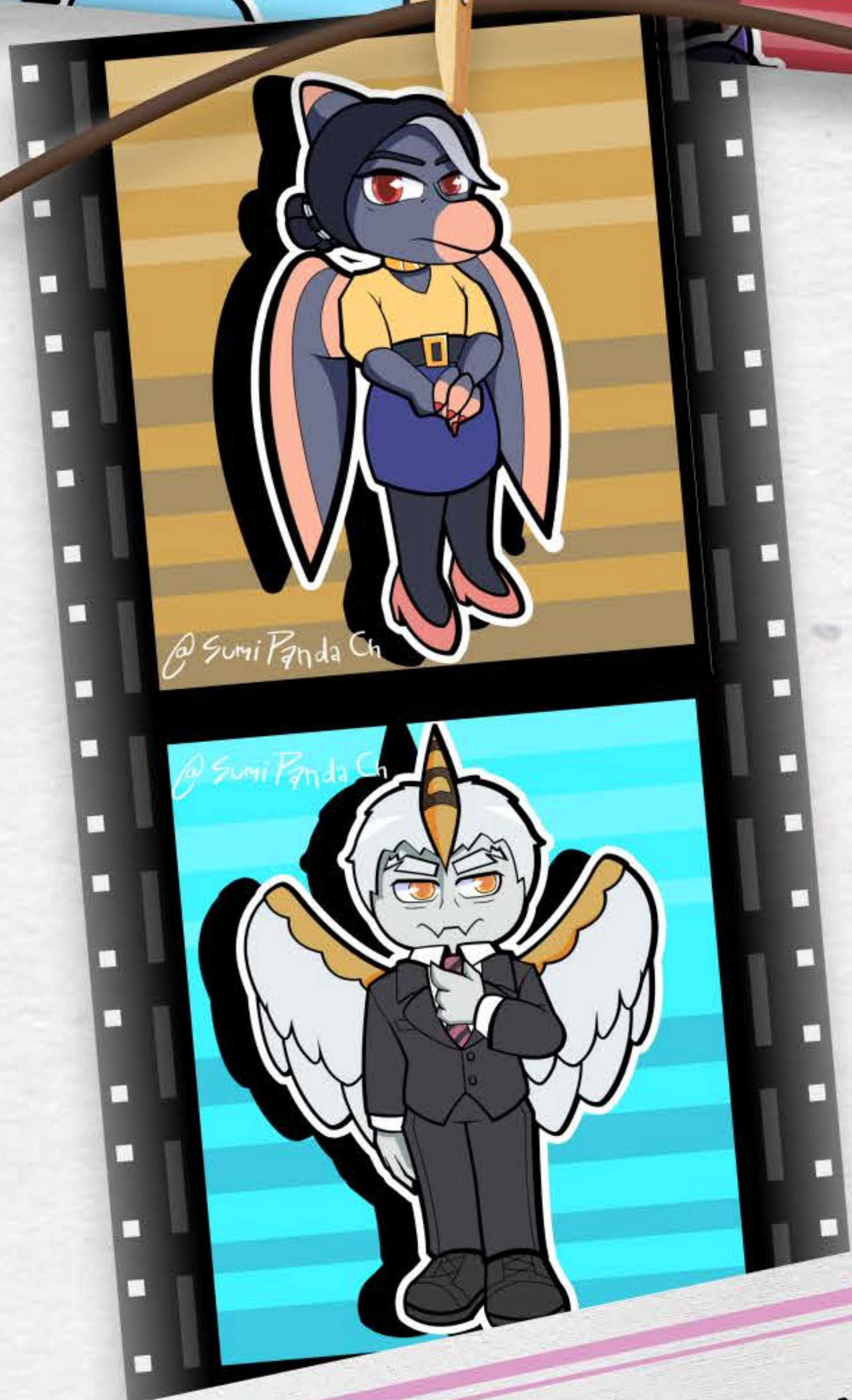
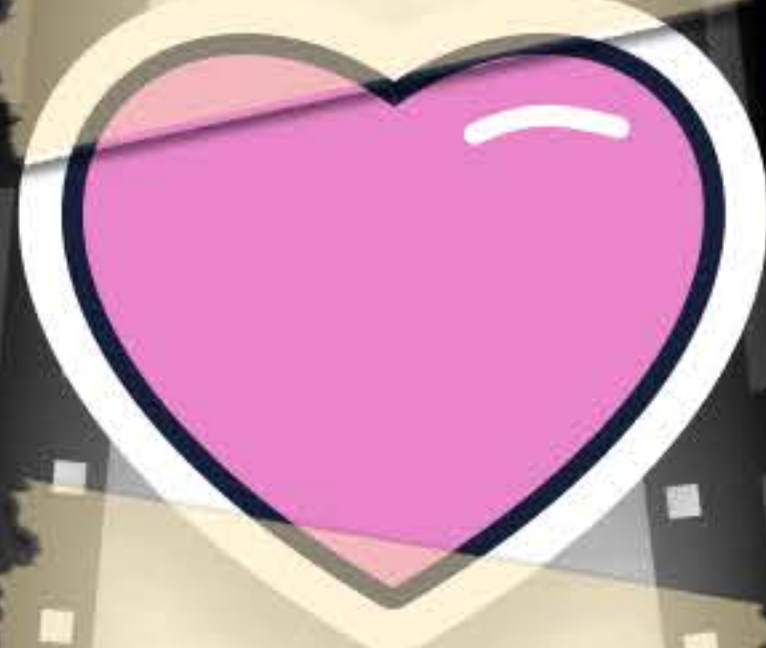
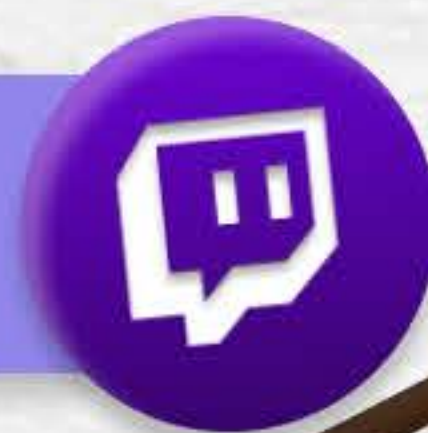
Tranzilla Jack





sumipanda.bsky.social

SumiPandaChannel



Check out "AUDITION"
a short film by Sumi!
Page 71



PS: don't scan the QR code, it's a trap
- Rosabel



@Volan_art

hipolink.net/volan_art



vølan



WarChallenger



WarChallenger



31°

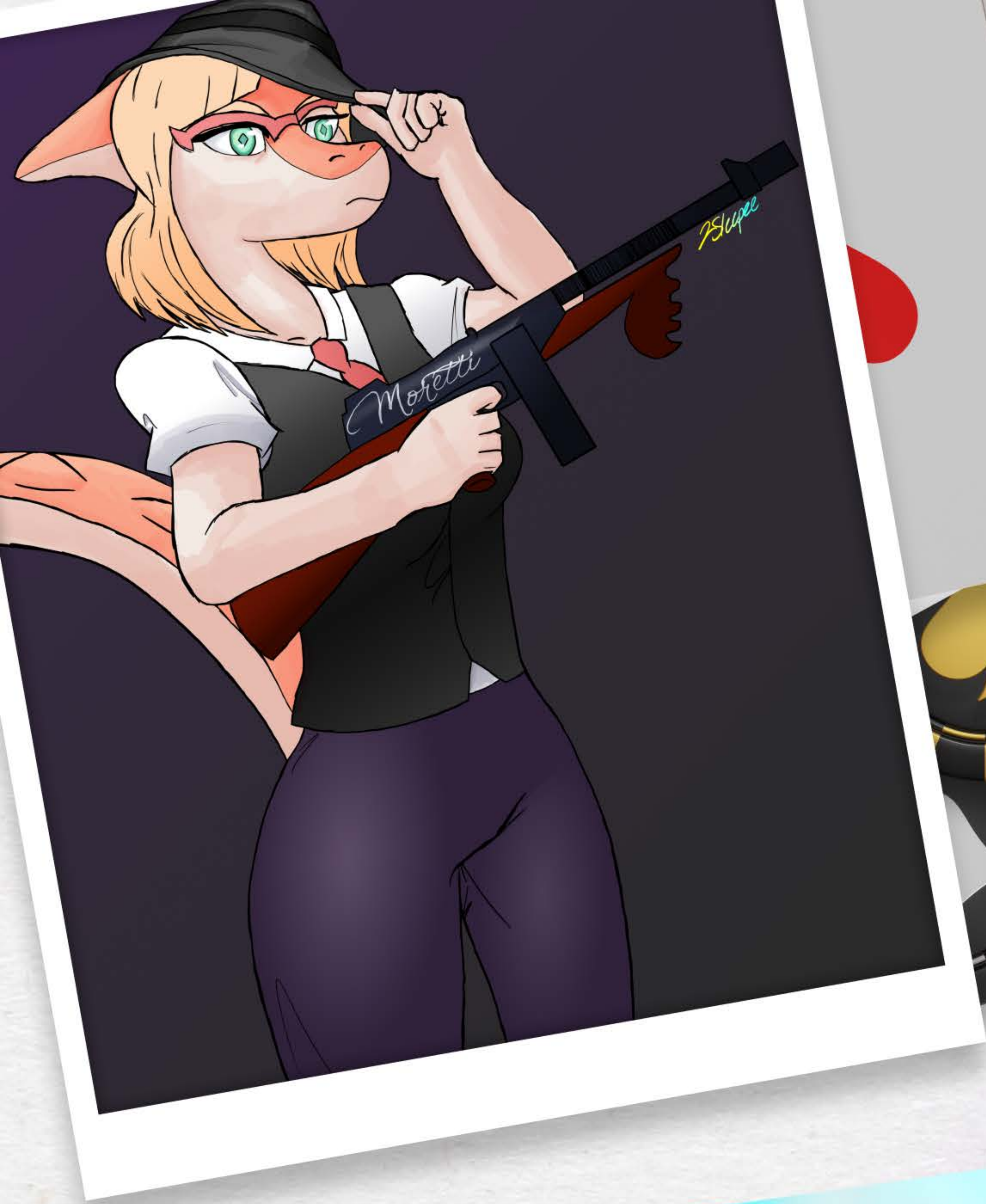


vivisexionart.bsky.social

@Vivisexion69



Fang glomping Naomi



2Sleep

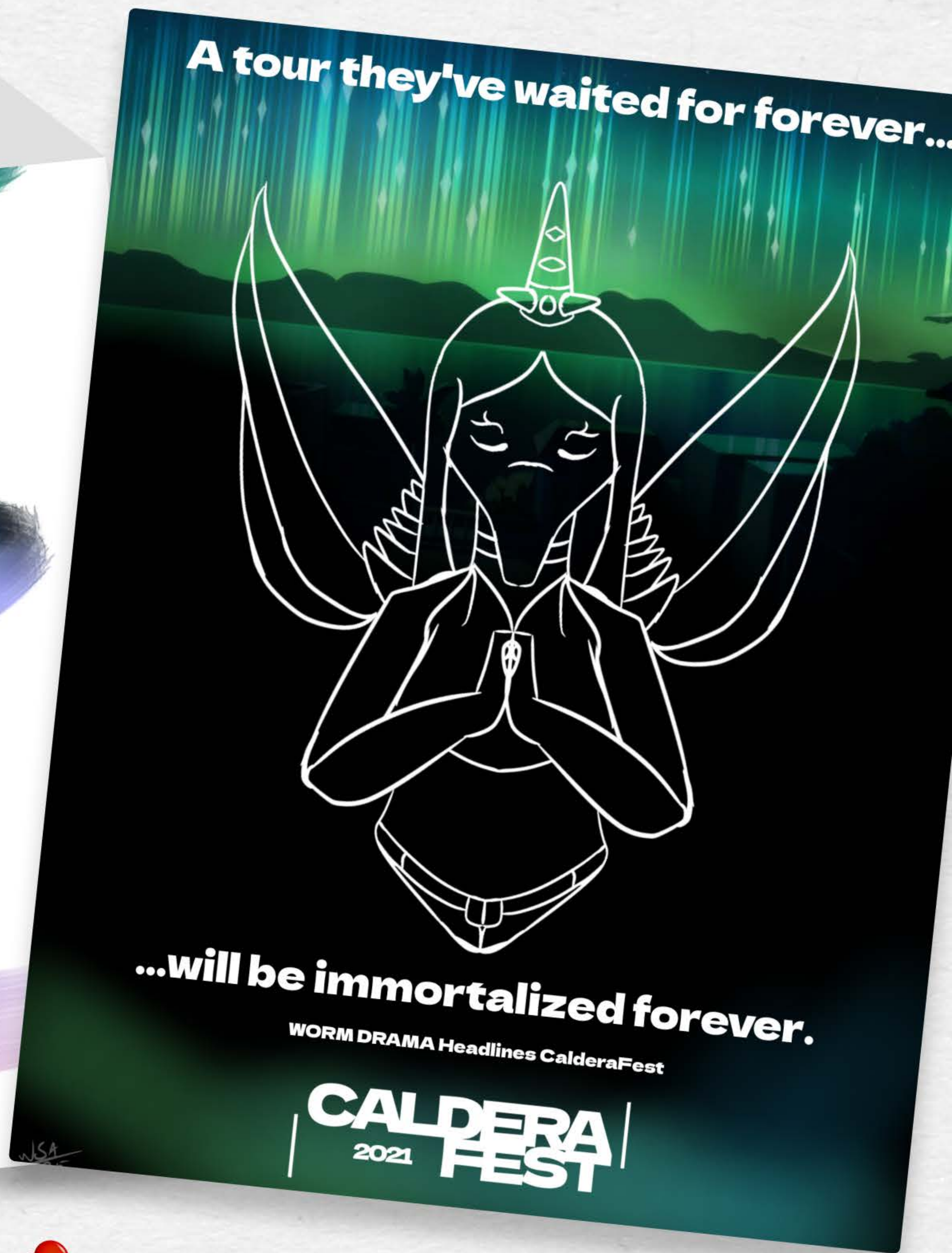
www

furafinity.net/u/2sleep



Juniper





WSA's testimony

I bought GVH for Valentine's Day and my god did it change my life. I originally discovered this game shortly after its release, with the assumption that it was a rhythm game. After a quick search, struggling to find any game footage, I decided it wasn't worth it.

But I was wrong. Shortly before the end of the year, I discovered what the game was basically about (even other places of community, and buying the Fang plush in December) so I decided to try it out.

The sadness, the growth, the emotional experience that this game gave me was indescribable to the point that I shed a tear during the final credits. The art direction, music, story (and the addition of queer-ass dinos) becomes an incredible game all in one.

It's got its charm, its rough moments, the nightmare that is front facing Fang, but overall it is something that will live with me forever.

Including the Fang plush sitting on my desk.



@wolfstarart12



wolfstarart.bsky.social



YellowMellow182



yellowmellow182.carrrd.co



YellowMellow182



Part II

Original characters

Starring Vivisextion and Viviana!



Darker wing membrane

One Stripe on Beak, Crest, Back, and Tail

Pretend I drew all their fingers

Veronika



Stripe

Sheer Top



Back hole Convenient for Wings



Leather Choke



Ribbon Fully Around Head, Covered by Hair



Vivisexion



Much Cooler when they open up

Sincerity is good actually

Embrace the Cringe



Thinks they're the hottest shit ever

Total Poser

Annoying dick

DESPERATE to not be cringe



I think they like MsRoberts

Veronika Novak

She/They AMAB

Ludodactylus Nonbinary Autistic

Birthday June 1st, 2003



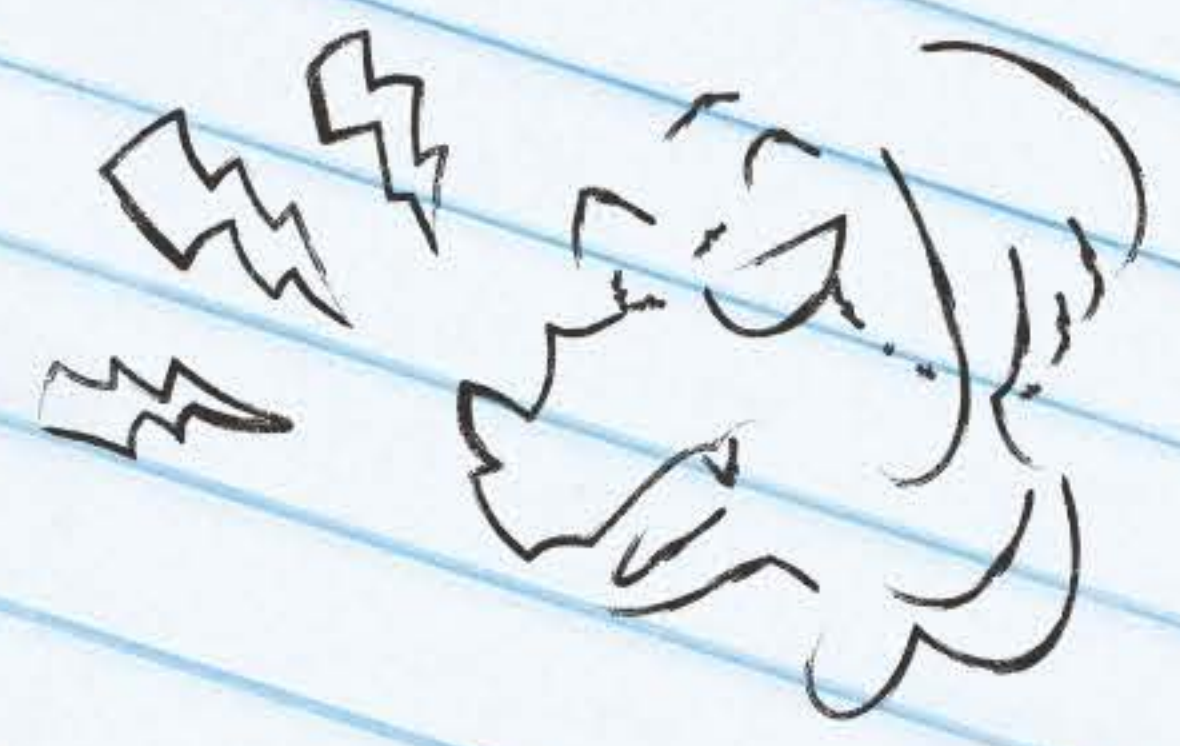
They didn't mean to hurt your feelings





Viviana

"Life's ass, drive fast,
smoke grass."





Part III Comics

Stelleid, a 4-page adventure made by Helios Harbour

IT WAS THE DARKEST AND STORMIEST OF TIMES, BENEATH THE ROOTS OF THE MULTIVERSE ONE LAST DESPERATE STAND WOULD DECIDE THE FATE OF ALL EXISTENCE...

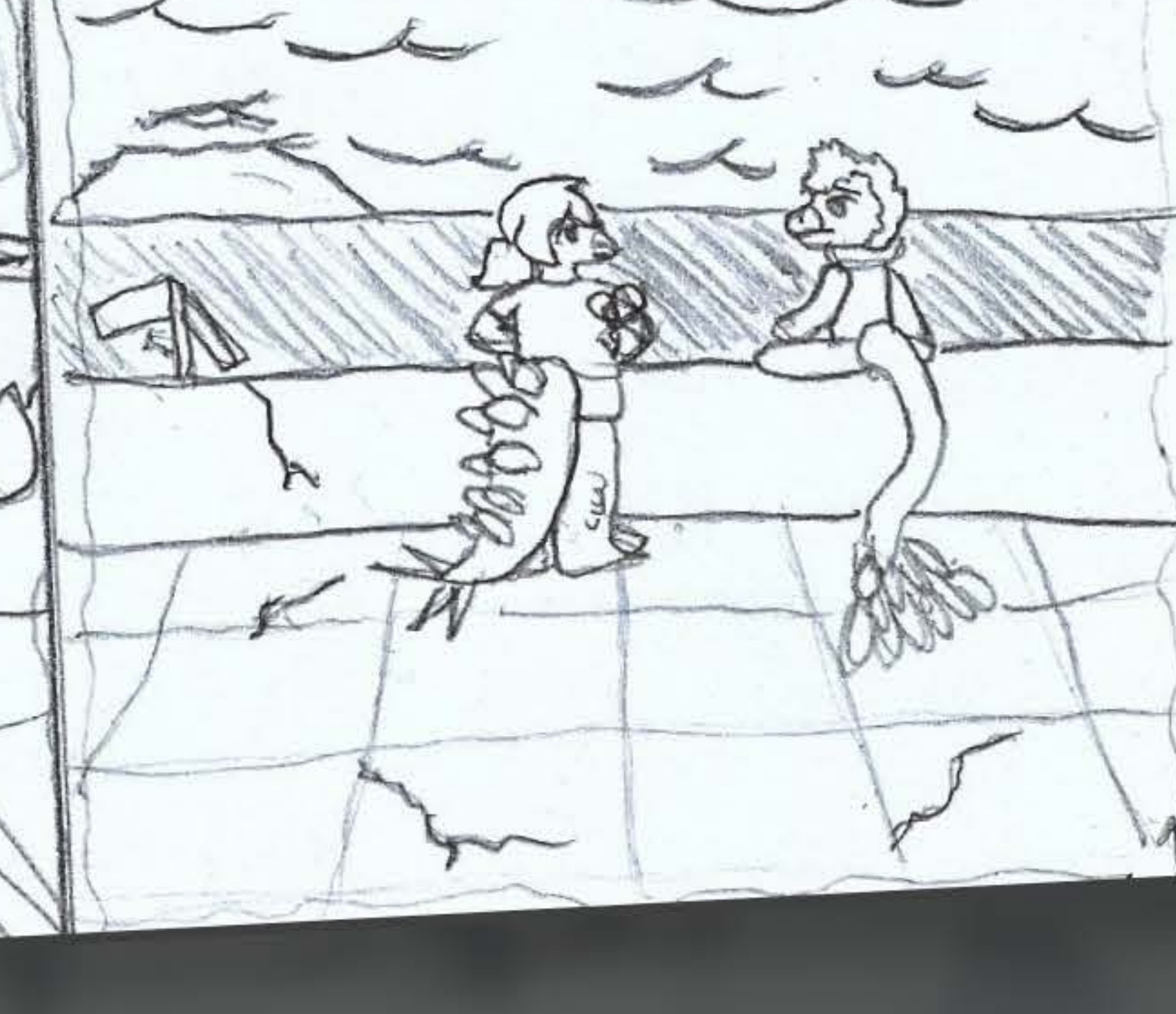
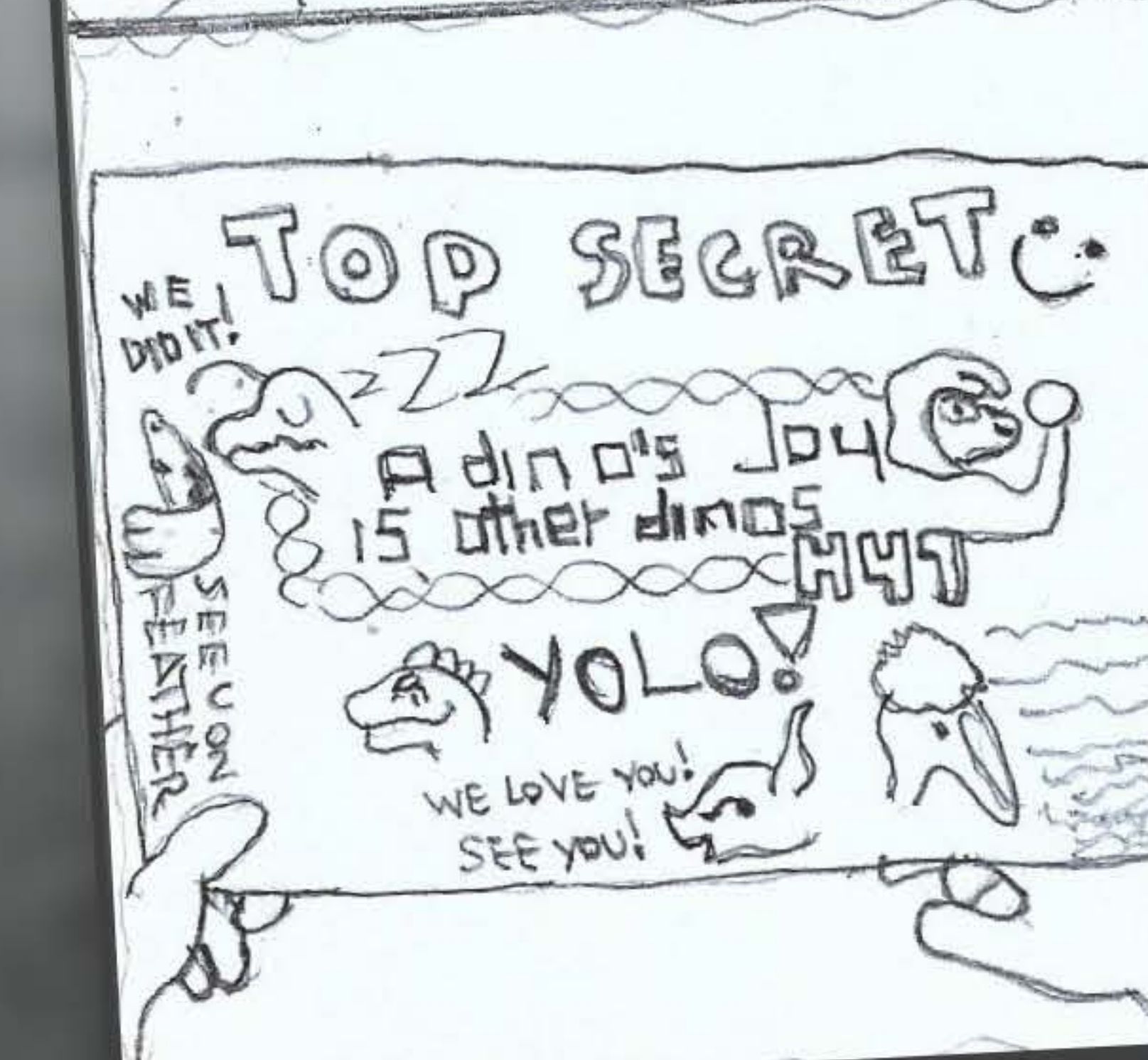
THE SURVIVING CULTISTS FORMED AN ALLIANCE WITH THE TROLLS TO AWAKEN BIGNUL THE IMMORTAL UPROOTER, FROM THE SPELL PAST HEROES SAC-GAVE EVERYTHING TO CAST.



EVEN AT THE PEAK OF THEIR POWER, OUR MODERN HEROES WOULD NEED REINFORCEMENTS



Steel & L by Helios Harbour Official designs by KO-OP Manga Steel design by Igoru Hatakeyama



SO... THESE
LEGENDS & LORE™
SESSIONS...
COULD I JOIN?

HELL YEAH!!

WE WOULD LOVE TO!
I HEARD YOU PLAYED A
LOT BACK IN CLIFFSIDE!

IF YOU WANT WE COULD
CONTINUE WHERE YOU
LEFT IT. WE
JUST FINISHED
AN ARC

I'M SO EXCITED!
WHAT CLASS IS
YOUR CHARACTER?

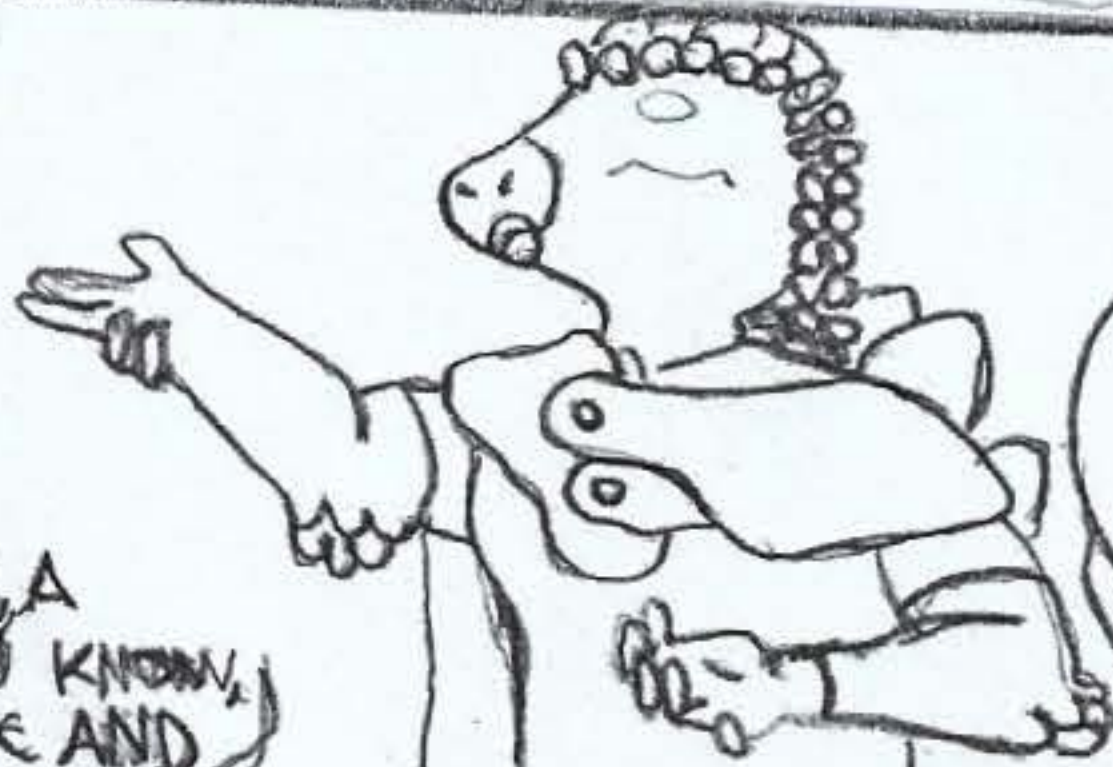
OMG YES!
IF THAT'S
OK WITH
EVERYONE?

YES! IT GOT ME
INTO TAROT, INDI-
RECTLY. I'VE BEEN
WANTING TO GET BACK

HELL YEAH
OR SHOULD I SAY
"NIFLHEL YEAH"?
HUSH!



LET ME GUESS, A
MYSTIC! YOU KNOW,
TAROT MAGIC AND
STUFF.
OBBIOUSLY.



HMM... MY MONEY IS ON A
BARD ACTUALLY, SHE'S GOT
AN AMAZING SINGING
VOICE! USED TO BE INTO
OPERA!



I ASSUMED CELESTE
USED TO BE STELLA'S
BUT...

I DON'T KNOW
THIS CELESTE GAL
BABE. THIS WILL
BE MY DEBUT
WITH YOU ALL,
SO LET'S MAKE
IT A SURPRISE!

SORRY I'M LATE!
OMG THESE
ARE SO
PRECIOUS,
STELLA



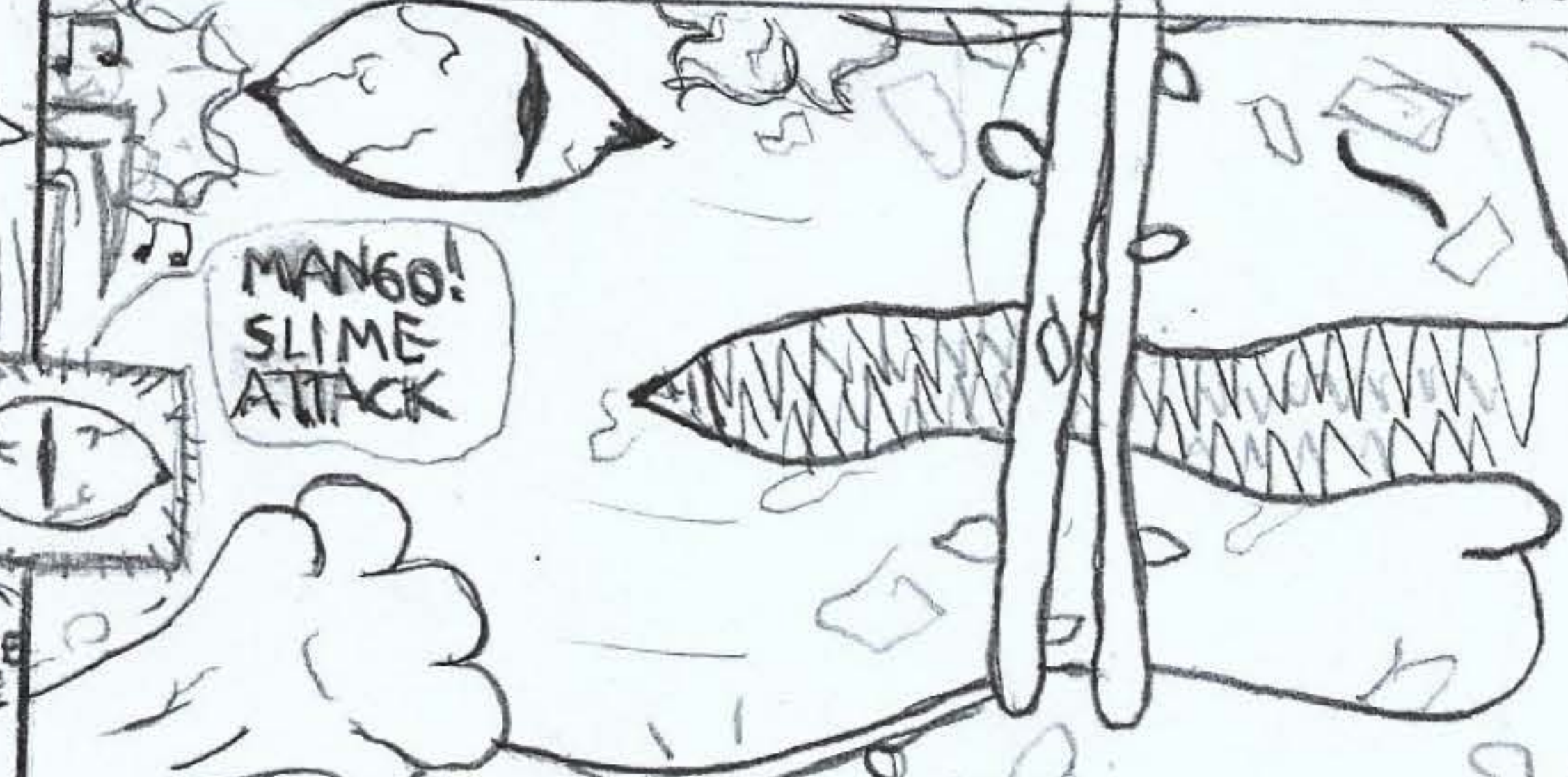
OOH! I LOVE
SURPRISES.

A FAMILIAR FLASH OF LIGHT
PRECEDES THE ARRIVAL OF THEIR
LAST HOPE...

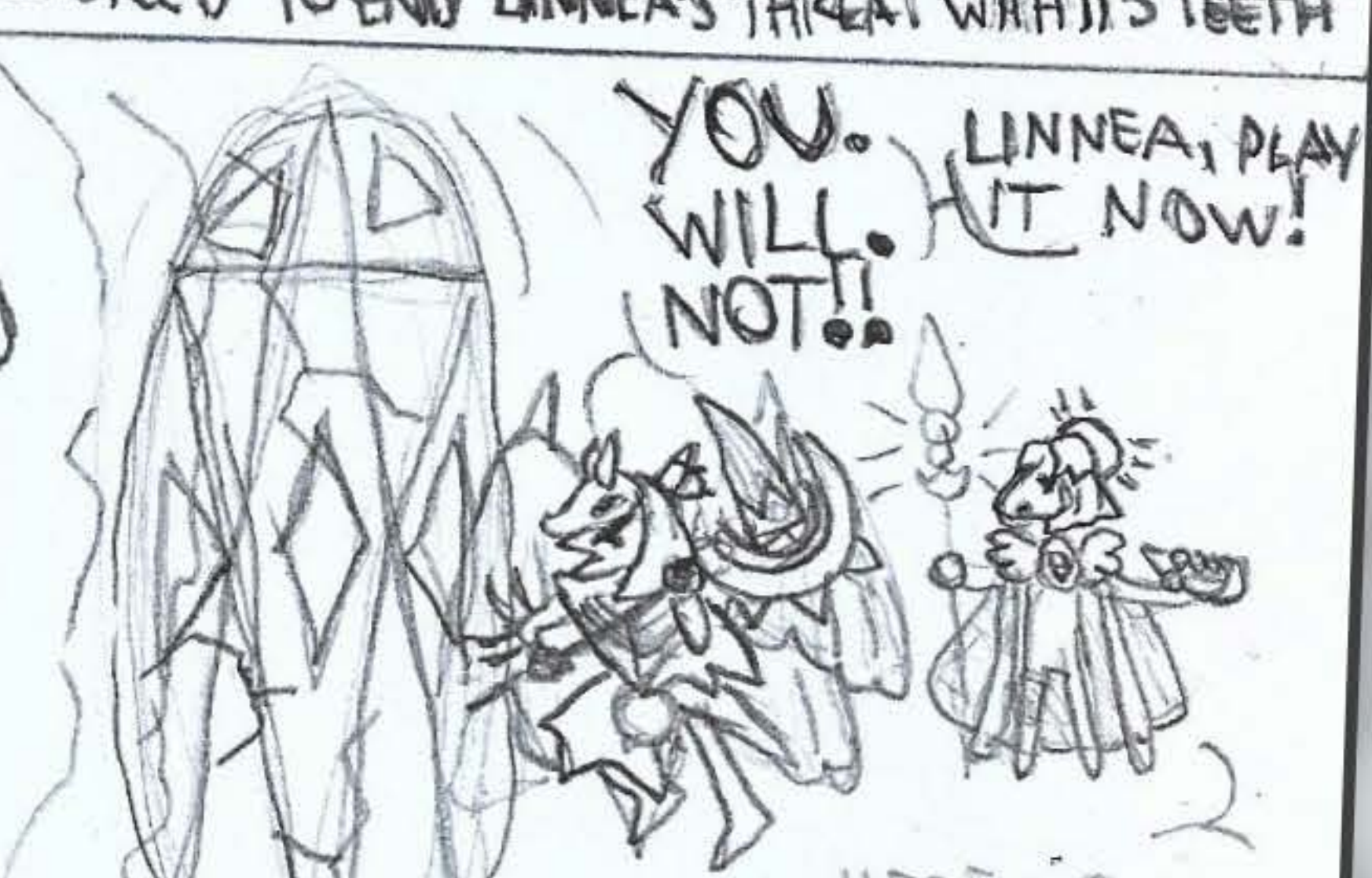
BUT BIGNUL KNEW WHAT THE HORN MEANT, AND RUSHED AT FULL SPEED TO END LINNEA'S THREAT WITH ITS TEETH



I GOT THE HORN!
(KEPH SENDS HIS REGARDS)
I ROLL TO PLAY IT AND REVIVE
THE ANCIENT HERO WITH THE
RUNED SPEAR!



MANGO!
SLIME
ATTACK



YOU.
WILL.
NOT!!
LINNEA, PLAY
IT NOW!

HERE WE GO...



UH... PSST! OTHER END! DRINKING HORN.

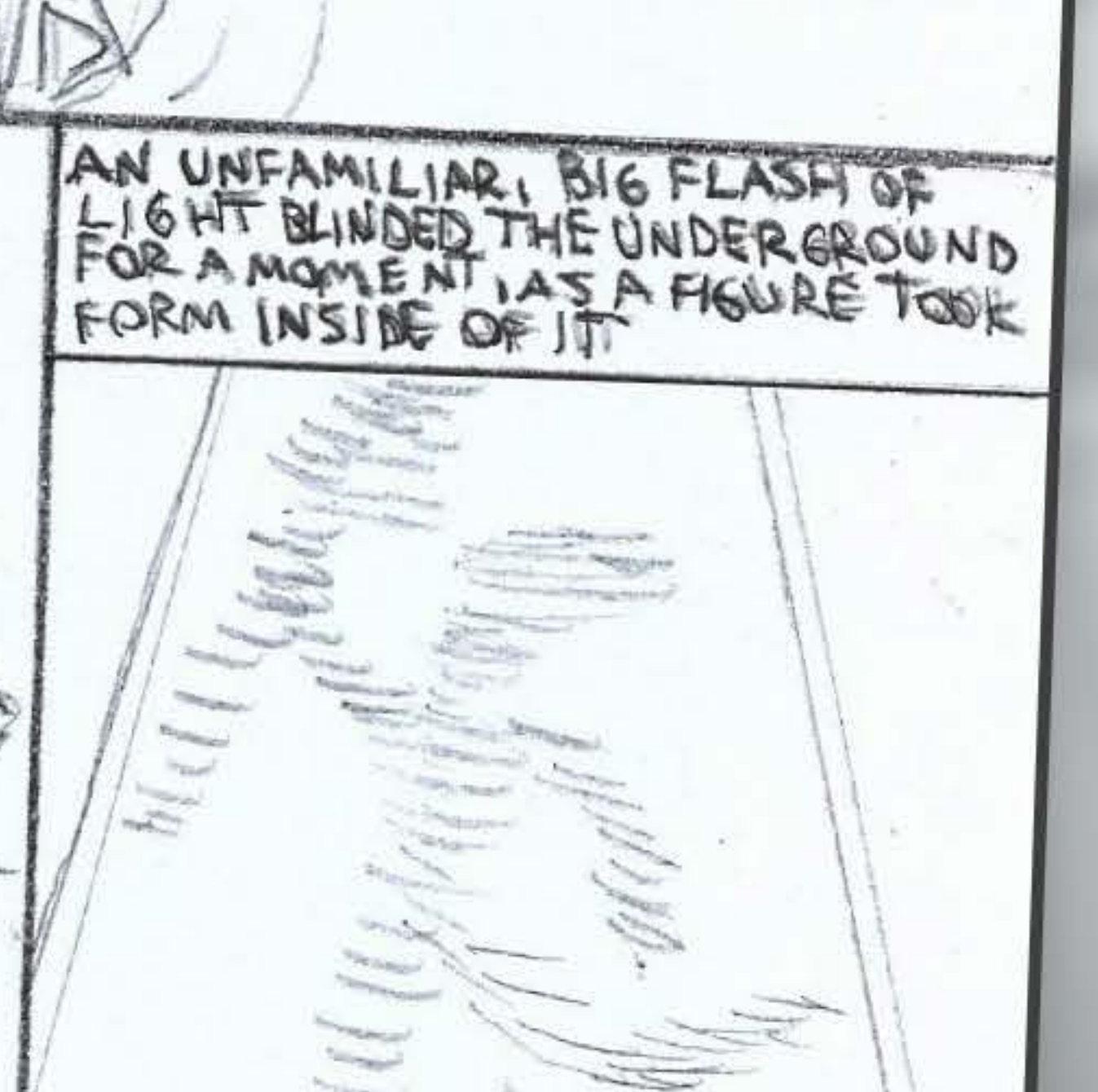
OH!
SORRY!

HOO!

HOO!

HOO!

HOO!

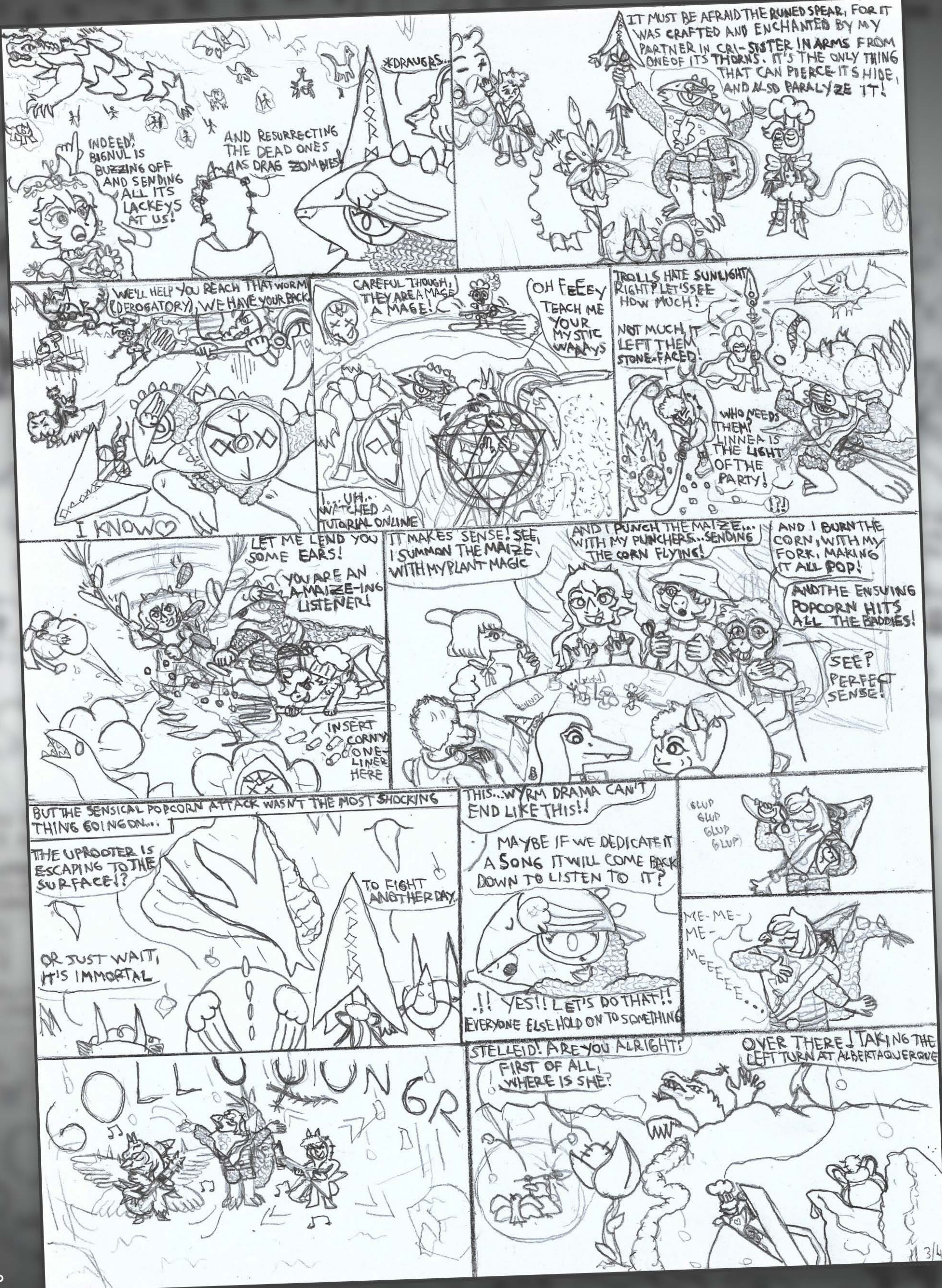


AN UNFAMILIAR, BIG FLASH OF
LIGHT BLINDED THE UNDERGROUND
FOR A MOMENT, AS A FIGURE TOOK
FORM INSIDE OF IT



HI BEST-AHEM...
GREETINGS, FELLOW
WARRIORS, I AM STELLID,
THE BEST-SERKER, AND
ALSO A FIGHTER.
I SEE THE UPROOTER
WAS FREED. TIME
FOR SALUTATIONS
SHALL BE LATER.

OOKIE
DOOKIE,
STELLID!



I ROLL TO

STAB THIS BITCH!!

IT'S PARALYZED, BABES

Slay!

TO CAST A SEALING SPELL, ONE MORE POWERFULL THAN EVER BEFORE

4/4 EVERYONE'S ATTACKS HIT BIGNUL LIKE A VOLCANO ERUPTION TO A COUGHING HATCHLING, LEAVING IT WEAK ENOUGH.

IT'S DONE.
THANK YOU,
FRIENDS...

...AND PRESENT.

SO, THIS KEPH FELLOW,
I HEARD HE'S A POWERFUL VILLAIN.
MAYBE I COULD FIGHT HIM?

I SEE, THEN MAYBE WE COULD
HAVE FRIENDLY SPARRING
MATCHES INSTEAD

NIFLHEL YEAH!
A DINO'S JOY IS
OTHER DINOS.

POWERFUL YES. VILLAIN NOT ANY MORE,
HE'S QUITE THE BOYSCOUT IN FACT

OOH! SOUNDS
FUN! COULD
I JOIN?



Part IV

Fanfiction

Four fabulous stories from four gifted authors!



Diz Brony

There aren't any words.
They've all been said.
All that's left is warmth.
There aren't any tears.
They've all been shed.
All that's left is love.

Rowan looks down at the two most beautiful things in the world to her and that's all she feels. They'd spent the better part of the last week just talking, understanding each other.

Lulu spoke to them about losing her child and taking refuge inside of a bottle. She wept as she remembered drifting through that darkness, wanting nothing more than an end, and then suddenly as if from the heavens themselves, she sees a hand reaching down. Rowan's hand. The hand that got her into therapy. The hand that helped her through transition. The hand she fell in love with. The hand that connected her to Ryz, who filled her life with even more love. She reflected on wishing for an end and now that it's here, she's never been happier.

Ryz talked about the issues they had trying to reconcile their comically short lifespan with the life they wanted to live. They coped through their depression by indulging in reckless sex with anyone and everyone but nothing clicked. Nothing made them feel alive. They were empty. It wasn't until they tried to hook up with a certain giant snake that the fog finally lifted.

Instead they just spent the night talking. No one had ever really listened to Ryz before, they usually just got what they wanted and left. But Rowan heard them. She saw them. She didn't say anything, she just held their hand and let the pain and despair Ryz felt cascade over her. Ryz knew for the first time what love was. And they fell for Lulu just as hard. Their life amounted to no more than the blink of an eye, and still they were able to find each other. Ryz said they didn't believe in miracles, but this is pretty close.

Then it was Rowan's turn. But the truth is she didn't have much to say. The words of her partners already conveyed everything she was feeling and more.

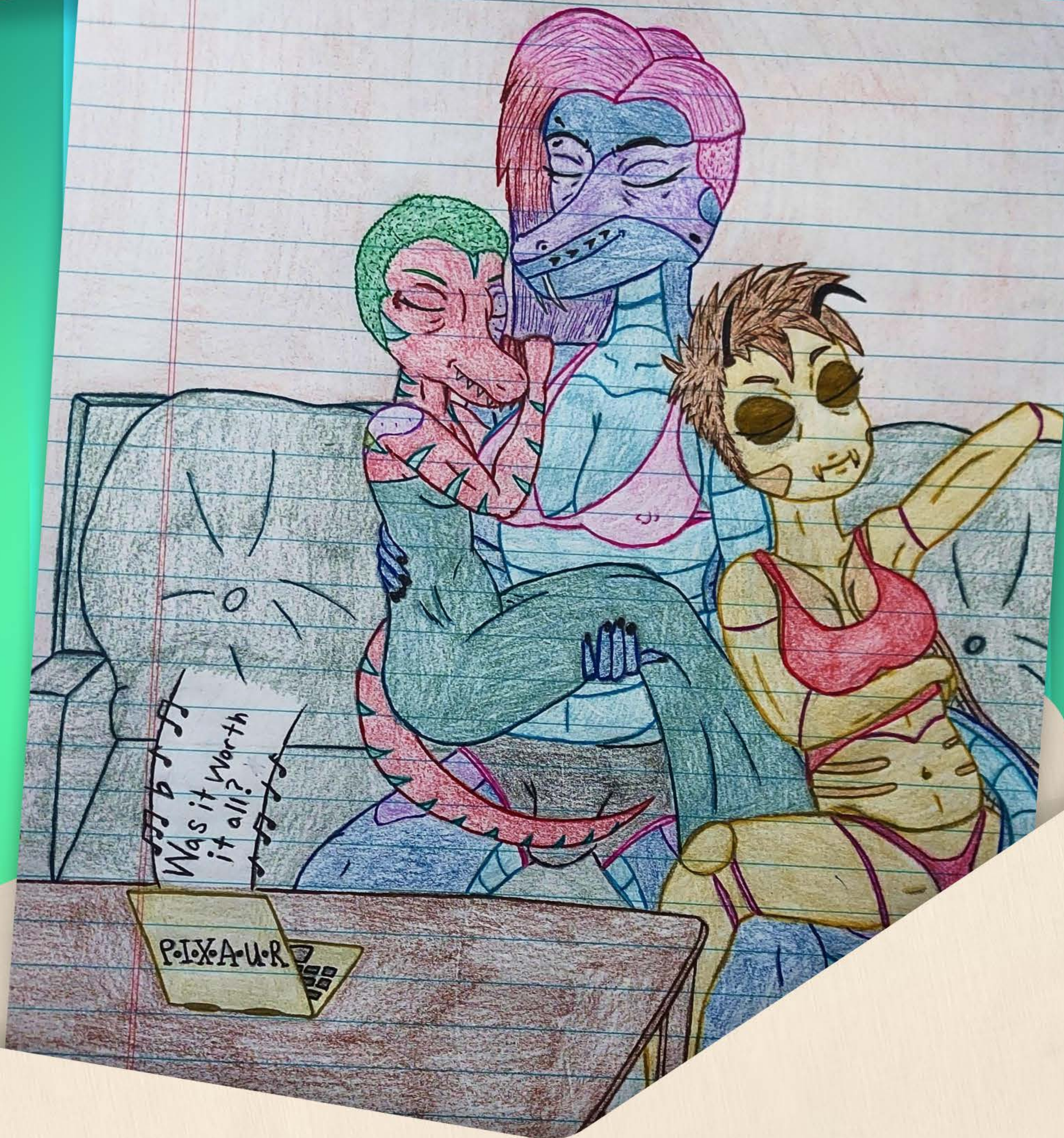
Part of her wished they had more time together, but the time they did share was too perfect to change. This world may be ending, but hers has never been more full. She remembered escaping the home that never cared who she was to the one that did. She missed her grandmother deeply, but it was her love and support that let Rowan live to see this happen, to fall in love, to help those who needed her help, and now finally to die surrounded by nothing but precious things. Even though it's ending now, there's no journey more wondrous than the one that's gotten her to this moment.

She recalls these thoughts and feelings as she listens to the music from her laptop. They decided together they wouldn't attend CalderaFest; they would spend their last moments with each other and no one else. But they did put on the livestream. After all, they couldn't miss the final concert the world would ever know.

The voice of the silver-haired young ptero who often visited her music store came through, "This next song is about going home."

Rowan looks down again at Lulu and Ryz.

"I am home," she whispers as the light in the sky grows ever brighter, "I am home."





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Never Enough
Time

I can't believe it was her the whole time. From the first moment it happened I figured it was just some kind of joke, but here we are on the beach... not a lot of time left. I should have spent more with them. Why didn't I see it from the start? It was kind of obvious, wasn't it. Maybe I was too wrapped up with the band to realize she was always there supporting me. I can't help but think about that text.

8 Months Earlier

My phone dings, as the power comes back; signal again, finally. Let's see if anyone has anything... to... say? Who's this? "Hey Fang, I know this may be a bit weird because we barely know each other but, I've always loved your work and everything I hear about you. This may be the only chance I get so I want to at least say it."

Is this some kind of joke? With a sigh, I just pull up the group text, 'Alright, which one of you nerds confessed your undying love for me?' Everyone is just pointing fingers at each other at this point, Sage at Reed, Stella is doubling down on Reed too, they know about Alvin right? Probably not. Rosa's chiming in now, 'Secret admirer?' Oh no, now Trish is in on it too, 'Asteroid confession, this is the drama I was looking for!'

At Battle of the Bands

Crowded... Reed and Trish look tense, maybe I should talk to them? "Worm Drama, you made it!" Rosa called out to us. She seems really excited, "I can't wait to see you perform live. Practice was one thing, but this is amazing. We're all gonna be cheering for you." Stella sipping something hot behind her, "Been drinking hot tea all night! Rosa said that the loudest cheered for band is the winner so I'm going to be SCREAMING my head off!"

I love these guys. I'm glad they're all here, could really use the encouragement. Sage peaks out from behind the girls, "Guys look, Naomi is here! NAOMI!" That's weird, didn't realize she was going to show up too, "I'll go talk to her, meet you guys in the back." Reed and Trish wave me off as I approach her, nervously twiddling her fingers, she really does look out of place here.

"Hey Naomi, didn't realize you were coming." She seems taken aback, normal for her, but I guess more so here, she really looks out of her element. She's a lot more confident when we play L&L. "Fang! H-hey! Yeah, I saw the posters at school before Naser took them down... sorry, I helped with that. But look at this crowd! I figured I'd show up at least to support you, you know? Big stupid rock may be on its way to us but, we deserve to have our dreams before that happens right? I want to see yours."

She's right, I should hang out with her more. She's cooler than I thought, "Yeah, definitely. I appreciate you being here, really. I gotta go but, I'll see you after the show, okay?" She waves me off as I head backstage.

Power goes out, but fuck it, I know I got this. I put my all into a performance they'll never forget, even if I have to do it by myself. Reed and Trish have my back, they always do. The silence kind of scares me though, did they not like the song, or were they just quiet because I had no power and they wanted to hear? I can't second guess it, power's back on. Round two, this will melt their faces.

Don't Call was a hit, they're all cheering. We... won? Holy shit, we won! But... why is Trish so sad? I don't understand, this is what we wanted, isn't it? So why is Trish so... sad? "Did I... miss something?"

It's over... we make our big break and Worm Drama is over? I can't wrap my head around it. Did I do something wrong? Oh no... gang's here, keep it together Fang. "Hey guys, how'd you like the show?" Stella squealed as she hugged me, "It was AMAZING. I told you, you got this. Cards don't lie baby and neither do I." Rosa won't stop staring at me, did Trish talk to her already? She nods towards the stairs, "Want to talk?"

Guess she did. I give a small nod as we head out to the front of Lava Java, for once, I welcome the quiet. Usually now, I'd want to drown this out in some music or something but right now, I need some silence to keep my head clear. She's just smiling, looking up at the sky. I'm not sure what looks nicer, that clear night sky, or her under it. What am I thinking?

"Fang, I want to thank you for something." Thank me? I haven't done anything. I guess I'll say something, "Why thank me? You're the one that's been keeping my head cool, especially when I was freaking out about Trish. I did feel jealous though, that you two were hanging out so much." She's... laughing? Wait, her phone? What's she doing with it? Those texts, they're from that night. "Rosa, that was you that night?"

She just seems to laugh but, seems pretty nervous too, "I thought it was pretty weird so I stopped right after. I just kinda always crushed on you and we never hung out so I didn't say anything. Then when I hung out with Trish over the summer, all the things she'd talk about, how every song was another memory, a concert, a time I wish I could've been there for. I was kind of jealous she got to spend so much time with you. So when I found out we actually might hang out, I thought that would be my chance, but maybe I was too weird, too excited? The way I just said FANG like that, embarrassing."

She seems a little tense, guess I could... "As embarrassing as the volcano incident from second grade?" She blushed, pretty hard too, she can get red? It's kind of cute. "That is going to follow me to my grave, it's been so long!" We're laughing now, it's nice, getting a moment alone outside of school. I feel like we've never had a moment together like this. That is my fault though isn't it? I was always so worried she was taking Trish from the band. And now, she sees it on my face, or at least that I'm not happy about something.

Rosa looks uneasy now, "Fang, I'm sorry if this is a bad time. I saw Trish and Reed leave ahead of you. I guess she isn't really sticking with band right now? I tried to tell her she doesn't need to step away from it, just talk and put time in where she can, you know? I figured you'd be good with that at least." Would I have? Reed said I did come this year into school pretty intense about the band. "Actually... I probably wouldn't have been. I've been thinking so much about the band, I haven't really considered anyone else."

She's taking my hand now, and it feels strange. What is she doing, what am I doing? What am I even thinking? Why won't my heart just calm down. It feels like a million beats a minute. Wait... what's she saying? "Trish is never going to abandon you, you know that right? And I'm here too, if you need anything at all that I can help with."

Wait, she's getting closer now? Our fingers are locked together now, and we're so close. Now she's letting go of my hand and... we're hugging? I can't help it..

"Rosa, I'm sorry." I'm not sure if she can understand what I'm saying, because the tears won't stop. The band, mom and dad, that stupid asteroid. It's too much. I just want things to be easy again like they were before. I feel her hand at the back of my head, stroking softly, and I can't help but lean in closer while she hugs me tight. Did she really mean it then?.

Present Day – Beach

She's just sitting there in front of me, and I can't help but think about her, and how I reacted to everyone, especially Naomi after she helped us out with the Battle of the Bands. Why did I tell her to fuck off? She's just as stressed as we are. I don't think she ever thought it would come to this... I guess part of me always knew it would, and maybe she did too, but maybe we held on to hope a little too hard. "Rosa, could I get a minute to talk to everyone?" She just takes my hand and kisses it, maybe I should have paid more attention to her. I'm just glad she's been here since BotB. Things would've been... so much harder without her.

As I talk to everyone, Sage and Stella seem the least bothered by everything, but still a little worn by Naomi's words, especially Stella, never seen her so low. Reed doesn't feel like he's perked up much since the last L&L session, but why would he? Still feels so unreal that he could ever be so down on himself. Naser seems pretty okay, besides me cursing out his best friend, I'll have to make it up to him later. Trish and Naomi... they're gonna be hard to get through to.

Sitting next to Trish, she just stares off across the ocean, she's probably pissed off about how I was with the band still. "Rosa... told me a lot. And I had a lot of time to think about everything. I guess I really owe you an apology, for everything. I put a lot of pressure on you and, I just didn't want to lose my best friend. I'm sorry I pushed you so hard." She just smiles at me, with that dorky grin she always gives, reassuring; if not concerning, "Dude, you know we're always good. And of course you know we'll always be together. I don't want you. I need you."

We embrace each other tightly, as I let out a sigh of relief. Talking a bit more over it, I help her up and back over to the bonfire. Just Naomi now. Rosa gives a reassuring smile as I make my way over to apologize. "You know, I'm kind of upset with myself. Naser says I'm great in front of a crowd, but I'm not good at this kind of thing. I don't know how to talk to people about... things in general. You saw me at L&L, I just kind of did what was in front of me. Reed always called me out for tiebreakers, put on the spot."

Naomi sighed, "Yeah, he really takes you out of your element, doesn't he? I shouldn't have lashed out at everyone. I just hate that I had all these plans for my future and suddenly they're just... gone. They don't matter anymore. But I'm glad I have you all as friends still." She still isn't looking at me, guess it's my turn.

"Naomi, I'm sorry about what I said. I've just been a little... well more than a little... overwhelmed. I shouldn't have taken it out on you." She's moving, turning, slowly... and there's a smile, "No, you were right. I was being selfish. I'm not the only one going through it. I want to finish something before it's all over but, I shouldn't be taking it out on my friends. I'm sorry I acted so..." I hold up a hand to stop her, try to give her a reassuring smile as I nod my head back to the gang, "I think we agree, we both messed up."

Returning to the gang, I sit beside Rosa, who takes my hand again. Everyone's watching now though. I forgot, ever since BotB, I've been spending a lot of time with her, but no one has really seen us together. It only now dawns on me and I can't help but feel the blood rush to my face. Looking to her, she's just happy, leaning in close as we press our foreheads against one another, and she simply rests her other hand to my cheek. We look back to everyone, who seems happy for us, especially Trish.

"Dude, you two are dating? Since when?!" Trish really is excited, I feel bad for not mentioning it sooner. As I was about to respond, Rosa quickly steps in, "It doesn't really matter. It's been a while now, and I've been with Fang through what I can since then. All that matters is, we're here, together." That was a good call. Saying we've been seeing each other since the band broke up would've probably made things worse.

I take a deep breath and finally speak up, "Which reminds me. I know I'm not good at this but, we've never done a real... date before. Could we, if you're up for it?" She looks a little caught off guard. I guess that makes sense. I haven't really proposed anything like this before, and of course, everyone else looks a little confused. Even Naser, come on bro, not you too.

Rosa took my hand and kissed it once more, "I'd love to." Trish gave a nudge to me, the biggest grin I've ever seen on her face, "So, this why you were always so weird around her. I just thought you didn't like her." Great, face is probably red again, that's awesome. If she only knew how I felt when we first met, glad I kept my mouth shut.

Everyone seems a lot better now, guess we should just enjoy the time we have. Not sure how many more nights we'll have like this...

Two Days Later

CalderaFest. Gonna be a big day. I wonder how much time we have left. Looking to my right, I see Rosa, laying next to me. I'm glad she came over last night. With Naomi over last night, may have felt a bit outnumbered between her and little bro, but Rosa made it a nice night after our date. Wish it could've been bigger, but a nice home dinner together, cooking together... mostly her cooking. I could barely follow her instructions. At least it was time with her. I want as many days as I can have with her.

She hugs my waist, and gives a gentle kiss to my cheek. She's always so delicate in how she handles everything, but I guess that makes sense when you tend a garden. A soft touch like hers is so welcoming. I wish we could just stay here forever. We hold close for a few minutes more before we finally get out of bed. A shower and change later, we're downstairs with the other two, smiling as best we can, though Naser's fades quickly.

Naomi takes Rosa out of the room as she urges me to him. "Hey, is everything alright?" His smile returns but it looks broken, as if unable to hold no matter how hard he tries. As it cracks he finally speaks, and his voice is giving way just like that smile. He continues, until finally revealing something I never thought would hurt me, "Mom and dad... might not come home. Ever."

All at once, I feel a pit inside me form, and grow, my heart feeling lost in it, my lungs have no air to give. Rosa runs to my side, hugging me as she combs my hair with her fingers, "She told me the news. I'm so sorry my love." I hug myself tight, nails digging into my shirt, tearing holes in the sleeves as I try to cry, but there is only silence. Tears stream down my face as I bury my face against hers, soft hushes leaving her lips, "I'm here for you, let it out, take your time."

Its been nearly an hour since I got the news, and of course I don't feel any better. But we have to move on. Today might be the last day, it could be tomorrow. I have to make sure I'm there with everyone else. As we get ready to head out for the show, Rosa chimes in with Naomi, presenting me something in a pretty colorful bag.

Naomi stammers a bit as she speaks, "Rosa and I were talking for a while, about a lot of things and Pretty Heroes came up. She was saying you may like something around it, so I designed it for you, I hope I got the measurements right." Pulling out the outfit, it looks straight out of the show, and she made this? "Wow this is amazing! I have to wear this on stage. That's twice now Naomi, between the song and outfit, you're helping out a lot."

Naomi waved her hand nervously, "It's nothing! The outfit was Rosa's idea! I'm just glad during our L&L sessions we found out we like Pretty Heroes. Was fun watching it last night together." Rosa gave a soft laugh, "I never watched those shows before but it was fun, even if I couldn't follow along. Poor Naser though, he couldn't stay awake could he?"

I can't help but grin, "Sucks to suck." "Hey, I'm right here!" he sarcastically replied, walking by. Shrugging, I gave a coy smirk, "Yeah, but I don't care." He let out a sigh as he looked to Rosa, "At least she's not all over me about Keph. Stella's enough on her own, not that I mind. Glad you two are happy together though."

I think I am happy, but I can't help but think, how much time we might have left. Naomi leaves and closes the door behind her as Rosa stays with me. I change into the outfit, showing it off with a nervous smile, "How do I look?" She takes my hands as always, pressing her lips to mine, "Amazing as always. I just wish we had more time together." I can't help it, I'm still smiling, but crying. Am I happy, sad, scared? I can't tell anymore, but all I can muster is, "There's never enough time."



Baker's Lament



It was a busy late May for the peachy microraptor, having been hurriedly preparing for the planned concert with his friends. Being in charge of the band's poster had put a lot of pressure on him, with the design having taken the longest time to create, considering each painstaking sticker and glitter mark. Especially with everyone in the dino gang running around doing their best to help out with their promise for the last concert. It meant the world for Sage to finally stretch out his secondary creative skills, with each completed page being flipped through efficiently being stacked into a neat pile.

As page after page flew under his manicured fingers, a sudden invisible weight began to push down on his mind. With everything happening rapidly the past week, his inner fears began to flare back up with each page slowing to a crawl. The walls around him began to shift and close in as his breath grew raspy and shallow, his shaky hands splattered the last bottled glitter all over his kitchen table. His body heaved through the paces, each hot breath rattled through his small body until he remembered Stella's words to him: "Whatever you need babe, ring me up anytime." Sage's tiny heart pounded against his chest as he reached towards his front pocket for his phone, his fingers struggling to dial the numbers for Stella.

Stella sat close next to her pastel partner, having kept her promise with comforting Sage from the sudden anxiety attack by arriving as quickly as she could. For Sage it had been hard for him to finally accept the overwhelming sense of dread from the meteor, yet he thankfully had Stella ready for support, having been side by side with her for the better part of the school year. Being the theoretical rock in the duo, she always took it in stride with each eventful moment in their group.

"What's been going on, hun? You've been having these attacks more and more recently." Her sleuthing skills never left her even with the added responsibility of the concert.

After a short silence, Sage sighed with the same weight that pressed on his chest. "It's just... I've been feeling guilty about something dumb. I haven't been about to shake it off this whole week, but it's about Leo."

Stella's hand pinched between her eyes in furrowed frustration.

"Yes, yes, I know, dumb. Like, sure we were never on the best of terms, but he was my ex. Worst of all, he'll be my only ex, and I just keep thinking about him. I don't want an apology or anything, but I don't know, I just wanna see how he's holding up."

His small body curled up against the chair as his mint-colored friend tried her best to absorb the situation. She had been in worse scenarios in the past, and this was no exception in her eyes. She was there during the breakup over the summer, and it had been relatively one-sided in Sage's favor; yet she never felt that Sage would relapse emotionally during the last school year. With a deep breath she finally relented, her once furrowed features softened as her mind worked on a solution to Sage's dilemma.

An exhausted puff left her beak while she gathered her thoughts. "I understand this last year has taken a huge toll on all of us, what with our futures on the line, but Leo didn't exactly treat you the best, babe. I know yes, he was the only guy you dated, but-" She paused as her words tangled over themselves. "You... you deserved better than him. And I don't need the cards to tell me that, hun. But listen, I'm not going to stop you if you really want to see what he's up too. Just please don't go alone; at least ask Reed or Naser to keep you company."

Stella placed her hand on the curled microraptor's shoulder, giving her pastel friend a pat and hearty squeeze while she stared expectantly toward him. With a leg-clutching nod, Sage confirmed that her words were taken to heart. Of course, deep down he was afraid to go forward with his plan alone; it would be a death wish if he dared even walk up after so long. But with one of his friends by his side it would be a lot easier to manage, or at least he hoped.

His muffled voice came through towards the astral apprentice: "Okay Stella, I'll just think it over tonight and let you know what happens afterwards." Having been comforted for the night, he made sure to send her off with at least a hug for her troubles of being over late.

The next morning, he prepared himself mentally by making a quick breakfast to power through the day. With his phone in hand, he decided to shoot both Naser and Reed a message to see who would be available for today. After a short few seconds, Naser responded with a brief message noting that he would be helping Rose with arranging the rooftop stage. However, the rosy raptor replied with a tried-and-true thumbs up emoji followed by a van. Classic Reed. Thankfully, it would be a short bus ride close enough to his place. Sage was shocked they were still running, considering the current circumstances.

Finding his house was a lot easier than expected with the band's van parked in front of his garage, as he worked on spraying up the side of the van. Sage admired the craftsmanship while approaching his much taller friend. The design was barely beginning, yet he could see that familiar Reed flair. He'd lightly hip bump him from behind as a friendly greeting. "Well look at that, Reed! Van's getting a new paint job, huh? Looking like a wizard or something?"

Reed triumphantly stood up while he tried dusting off the flakes of paint that clung to his clothes, nodding towards Sage. "Yeaap, you nailed it. Might be my greatest masterpiece yet." He caught himself by bumping his forehead as he remembered why Sage was there. "Ah shoot, right right. You were wanting me to help you with meeting your ex, as backup, right?"

Sage smiled half-heartedly at the dorky nature of Reed, nodding at his question while fiddling with the seam of his overalls.

With the streets emptier than usual, it made the drive up to the northern side of town a lot smoother; the scenery around them grew lush with thicker pines that trailed up the mountain side. The change caused Sage to reminisce about the short time he had experienced with Leo: the late-night picnics and scenic hiking trips up the mountain that left him winded after a few miles. The bittersweet nostalgia created a deep pit inside of Sage's stomach, his nerves only increased with each approaching house. He wasn't sure what he would even say to Leo or even how he would react to seeing him again after all this time. Sure it was only a single school year, but with the cataclysmic air looming over the entire town, it made their relationship have greater weight.

Reed had chipped in here and there to attempt to temper the tension that flowed inside the car, his attempts were met with short "Mhms" and "Yeahs" from his shorter friend. The nerdy raptor wasn't sure what to expect when they arrived, he wasn't exactly the best when it came to confrontation, only when it came to his campaigns. Guess it was better late than never.

"It's the next one of the left Reed," his quiet demeanor perked up while they approached Leo's house. A lone camper van was parked on his driveway. The garage door had been swung open to reveal an empty shell of what once was. It left Sage with a sudden pang of unease as the van pulled up along the curb of his ex's house; he wasn't sure if it was his nerves taking over control, but he popped the van's door as quickly as possible. Even before Reed placed the van in park, he called out to his lavender friend, "Woah hey! Sage, hold on!" However, his pleas fell on deaf ears as Sage hightailed it towards the garage.

He didn't know what had gotten into him. Something unfamiliar clawed in and snaked at his chest that something wrong had happened; a rush of panic filled his head with negative assumptions. All that came to a crash when he ran face first against the back of a hunched over figure, which caused Sage to bounce off the unknown dino. Reed quickly caught up to the rushing microraptor only to be met with a tall recovering Liopleurodon and Sage picking his glasses up from his lap. Unsure of the situation before him, he stood close behind Sage with his hands assisting in lifting his friend.

A shallow grumble came from the unknown person as they turned to reveal Leo's grimacing face, his once untamed hair bundled up into a ponytail. Once he caught sight of Sage, his gritting teeth softened to one of shock.

"Sage, what are you doing here?"

His question left up in the air for Sage to answer on his own accord; his tiny heart pounded heavily against the rush of finally seeing Leo after all this time along with the leftover adrenaline. All that squeaked out of his lips was a small whimper and his body struggling to get a word out. "I— you— I thought something happened to you!"

Leo blinked at his shaking peachy ex-partner. His eyes darted side to side while he processed what had been uttered towards him. A single hand came up to stroke against his forehead, a visible expression of bewilderment covered his face. "I—I've been fine, I'm just packing up for the mountains."

While Reed stood close and attempted to comfort his pal with slow squeezing strokes, Sage took in what he had said while his breathing slowed through his statement. "But you never... your entire garage is empty? I mean, your couch and everything." Through each stammer, Sage's hands waved out towards the cleaned out space, half-expecting a reasonable answer, only for Leo to shake his head in response.

"Sold it, don't have a need for it. Don't plan on returning anytime soon, I'd rather just enjoy my time with my family." He'd turn his back once again to toss his laundry bags towards the interior section of the camper. "Listen, I'd love to sit and talk, but I'm already running late."

Sage was dissatisfied with these quick and dismissive answers. Being left with his arms outstretched like an idiot was not his plan. What with all the self-inflicted panic he went through all last night to the point of uncontrollably shaking. He snapped. His throat uncharacteristically growled out with his feet stamping in physical frustration, that same blunt tone through his voice; it only reminded him of the reason he left Leo in the first place. Reed was shocked by the sudden shift in Sage's demeanor, his once soothing claws released and back away once he felt his body tense up.

"You haven't changed! I came here feeling guilty over never messaging you, I haven't slept well in a WHOLE WEEK because you've been stuck in my head, And for what, for you to blow me off like last time!" The venom dripped through each word that spat out of Sage's maw, his searing breath burning across his tongue while his arms motioned aggressively toward Leo's back. "I wanted to make a change, something, anything! I don't want to feel bad about everything that I haven't done anymore but I kept thinking over and over—"

He was immediately cut off by a loud hiss and slam of the sliding door. "STOP!" Both friends jumped at the sudden outburst, Reed stepped slowly in front of Sage in the off-chance Leo lashed out further. With a heavy sigh the swim star calmed himself enough to respond. "Listen, I know, I know I wasn't the best during junior year, and I regretted it all summer." He'd turn to look towards the protective raptor, then down at Sage's fading fury, Leo's eyes reflected with pools of hidden sorrow. "I was dumb, and you have every reason to hate me. But, ever since the news of that meteor, I just... everything changed. Swimming didn't matter, school didn't matter, nothing mattered."

His hand rubbed across his snout and eyes while he knelt in front of Sage, getting in eye level with his seething ex. "I know I should've said something, especially when you tried so hard to impress me, laugh with me, see me as me. And I apologize for everything that I did, you deserved better than anyone like me." He contemplated placing his hand on Sage's shoulder, yet with Reed's intent glare he hung his head in defeat as he rose back to his feet. "You have good friends, Sage. I'm gonna head out, try to live as best as I can. I suggest you do the same while you still can." With that, he headed around the driver side of the van.

Sage was left to take in everything that Leo said, every sentence echoed through his mind. His once-searing anger melted away into a puddle of vacant reflection. His foggy brain had kept him up all last night, even before meeting Leo, yet he was torn by everything that he said. Lashing out wasn't the right way to handle this, but he couldn't help it. The manner Leo spoke to him only reminded him of the day that they broke up. His eyes blinked blankly towards the garage, something about it only mirrored how he had felt afterwards, empty and blank.

He was shaken out of his sudden spiral with Reed knelt to comfort his friend. "I'm sorry I wasn't much of a help back there. That was, uhm, intense. But we still got each other... let's get out of here."

With that the raptor turned his shorter counterpart towards the van, a vacant stare still plastered across his face. Reed knew it wasn't the right time for any puns or jokes; he simply guided him towards his seat and buckled him in. Sage was quiet through the entire ride back, not even a goodbye as Reed left him closer to the bus stop. "We'll be fine, dude, just take it easy for tonight." The pink raptor left with sobering air left behind him.

Stella got a message from Sage late into the night: "Park meet 2nite? Didn't go well."

Sage laid face up on a bench in the same park that he first hung out with Stella. All while his eyes counted the shimmering stars that hid behind the curtain of bright auroras and danced across the night sky. The day had lasted longer than he would've liked, and it wasn't supposed to end the way it did. He blamed his dumb brain for even thinking of meeting his ex again. His nails gripped around his head, each finger squeezed through his purple curls as he closed his eyes in frustration at his constant stream of negative thoughts. Why was he like this?

His self-destructive thoughts were broken when Stella leaned over his face and flicked at his snout. "Hey Babe, heard you got some nasty thoughts cooking up there."

Sage huffed out in relief and sat up by curling his knees closer to himself to allow Stella a space to sit. The stego wiggled herself next to her hurt friend once again.

"Sooo, what I'm hearing is Mr. Sad Jeans back at it again. What'd he have to say for himself this time?"

Her never-fading sing-song voice always put Sage at ease for the time being while he prepared to recount his little meet. If he had enough space, he would've curl himself up more. "It was worse than expected. I was just too nervous to even get a thought out without shaking. And he kept turning his back to me each time I spoke up, and it kept reminding me of our breakup." He sighed through his recollection, his eyes drifting between Stella and the stars.

Stella comforted her friend by placing her hand against his knees and letting him continue.

"Yes granted, I did snap, but I was just so frustrated at him. I kept thinking about him that whole night!"

Stella raised an eyebrow at the revelation; having known Sage for so long, she never knew he had it in him to lash out.

Sage appeared agitated as his arms wrapped underneath his knees in an attempt to ground himself. "And then he snapped back at me."

"Wait, snapped back? How so?" Her question directed towards the wide eyes of the microraptor.

"Yeah, he slammed the door of his van. And he told me everything about how he regretted ever leaving me, having treated me the way he did. The whole year was him being depressed over the breakup, and when the news hit, he—" Sage choked back tears through each word as they struggled to claw out of his throat. "He dropped out, and wanted to focus on his family. He told me I deserved better than to worry about someone like him." He cracked through recounting the events, his head pressed firmly against his knees with short snuffles of overwhelming emotions. "I'm such an idiot. Why did I even go? I just felt so bad and—" the cracks caused his voice to squeak higher while the emotions overtook his small frame, his arms shaking against his knees.

Stella had a lot to take in given the circumstances. He did go out of his own volition, but she wanted to find the right words that wouldn't come off as distinguishing, considering she did tell him that it wouldn't be the right idea. Through his shaky weeping, she comforted him in her silent pats on his calves; her mind raced to find solace in his unfortunate reunion. She sighed as her friend was rattled with sorrow.

"Listen hun, I know it's hard, but it's been a long time since you two talked. Everything that we've gone through has been...crazy to say the least. But if there's anything I know, it's that everything happens for a reason." Her thoughts were put on pause as her head turned to stare longingly into the dancing auroras. She had only just come to terms with the reality of the world ending, and having her friends by her side had been the best part of everything happening. She reminisced through the last school year; how being together and experiencing each moment, good and bad meant everything to her. A tidal wave of warm emotions ran through her mind as she prepared her words.

"You know, I hate to admit it, but Leo made a good point at the end there. Through the past year you've been by my side and everything we've done together has meant the world to me. And sure I'll never find the love of my life, but..." Her voice directed openly while taking in the beautiful night sky as it held the future of their lives, Sage peered through his knees with his cheeks stained with warm tears that pooled in his eyes. "You mean more than any partner babe, and if it means being with you until the end then I wouldn't have it any other way." Her head turned back to warmly smile at Sage, a faint glossiness coated her eyes visible through the night.

Sage's matching glossy eyes stared at his longtime friend, his tears trailed swiftly across his cheeks as he practically leaped to embrace Stella. He appreciated her for everything she'd gone through, especially when it came to his deeper bouts of anxiety, and yet he never made an effort to thank her for everything she's done. Holding her tightly filled him with an overwhelming sense of warmth and comfort, his whimpering frame shook against her as he cried audibly through her embrace. His crackly voice squeaked while he pressed against her body. "Thank you for everything Stella."

The duo held each other under the night sky, rekindled with how their lives had changed drastically throughout the year; their bond only grew stronger with each new event. Sage's fears of leaving his loved ones hurt, yet the increased sentiment that he spent with his friends helped him understand that it wasn't all for nothing. He had grown to love them as friends to celebrate the end of times, and he wouldn't have it any other way.



"She mac on my roni
till I cheese."



Jason Chilton

The Final Day...?

Part 1

Callisto Observatory, about 500 km from Caldera Bay, three days before the predicted impact...

Logan and Seymour had been tracking the asteroid ever since it was a blip on the radar. They were confident that this was the correct trajectory for CO-103, even if it meant the complete obliteration of most life on Pangea. Logan, a tall and lanky theropod, had been keeping an especially close eye on the asteroid and while hopeful that there was an error in his calculations, he was proven right on every single instance. His partner, the squat and older ankylosaur known as Seymour, was watching it through the observatory's telescope and relaying his findings to the other saurian in the room.

"Yep. Still holding current course," he announced in a desolate tone, "At this rate, the impact date is accurate, though the exact time remains to be seen." He sighed and stepped back, the bone club at the end of his tail dragging along the floor as he invited Logan to have a peek. Logan took to the massive telescope and watched. . .and watched it with a mystified look on his face.

"Dr. Seymour, have a look." He had Seymour take another look. "I noticed that the current trajectory is roughly two degrees off from my last observation, which was another two degrees off from the one prior. Now if you were to say that it was holding its current course, would you say that the impact would be just below the northern tropic line at roughly 90 degrees?"

"Yes—yes, that's what they came up with and that is what our calculations have shown."

"But four degrees over the last two weeks..." Logan's face lit up as if he were a child on Christmas morning, and the only gifts beneath the tree had his name on it. "Holy shit...Dr. Seymour! This puts CO-103 on a course to just narrowly miss Pangea by roughly 10,000 kilometers! I want to hold out hope that this is accurate but if my calculations are indeed on point. . .we're gonna make it out of this!"

Seymour knew that his colleague was prone to becoming overly excited at certain observations, but he knew that this could be a major development. "Dr. Logan, I've come to accept this fate that is staring us dead in the eye," he told him, "But if this is indeed true, this could be massive for the both of us."

"Do you want me to put the word out?" Logan asked without hesitation, but Seymour cut him off.

"Even if I wanted to, we cannot. There's still massive electromagnetic interference coming from this thing and it's been playing havoc on our comm hardware. I really don't know what else to say, but..." Seymour sighed hard. "We might have to wait until the thing passes before telling the world. But go ahead and double-check your calculations. We need to be absolutely sure of this."

Then Seymour had a grin on his face. "When I was a boy, I was addicted to comic books and I often imagined myself as a superhero that would rush in and save the day. Now I may be too old to wear a cape, and much too fat to look good in a skintight suit. . .but damn it, James..." He referred to Logan by his first name as the grin grew wider. "Damn it all! I think we may have just saved Pangea in the nick of time, just like those old superheroes I grew up wanting to be like."

"I just hope and pray you are right..."

The morning of CalderaFest, on the day of the predicted impact...

This was it. But it didn't seem like it.

Fang was still trying to rub the cobwebs out of their eyes as they made their way down into the living room, where Naser was still trying to make sure that everything was going to plan. If this were to go as it had been envisioned, then every last detail would have to be just right and he knew it.

"No, no, I think you should put all of that in front—yeah. . . .mmhmm. . . .no! Accessible stuff is always off to the side. . . .yeah, it sucks. Tell me about it. . . .mmhmm—hey, hey Stella, one sec." He turned to Fang. "You good to get to the school?"

"Yeah, Reed's coming to get me. He'll be here any minute." Then, a beep sounded from Fang's phone, to which they took a peek to see that there was a message on the main chat:

Phoebe: Hi everyone!

Meet me at the Fern Grove Memorial Gardens. There is something I want to do before we go on at CalderaFest.

BTW last night was incredible! Thank you @Fang @Trish @Reed and of course my beloved @Stella

A look of concern came over Fang's face as they turned back to Naser, having made their way back into the living room. "Uh, check your messages..." they told him as he finished up the conversation he was having. Naser took one look and froze, unsure of what they were getting at.

"Why would she want us to meet her there?" he asked, "There's still a lot to do to prepare."

It was then that Fang realized what Phoebe was wanting to do and raced upstairs. When they came back down, they had their prized acoustic guitar in hand as they heard beeping outside. "You know how Naomi and I were playing around with song ideas and stuff? Well, me and Phoebe came up with a little something of our own, and I think she's ready to share it with us." There was another short round of beeping. "Hey, that's my ride. Have everybody meet at the cemetery in Fern Grove. I think we can do this and still be ready to go."

"Okay, Fang. I. . .I really hope this doesn't come back to bite us in the ass."

When Fang stepped out onto the porch, their jaw dropped. Outside was Reed, standing by his van that he had done up in a fantasy motif with the logo they had created for Worm Drama prominently in the center of the side panel. After the initial shock wore off, there was another round of honking and Trish poking her head out the window as she was eager to get going.

"Hey, can we hurry up and get in the van before the world ends here, please?!?"

Fang shot her an eyeroll and a smirk on their face. "Can you gimme a moment here? I'm admiring a true masterpiece!" There was another round of honking while Reed shook his head.

"Ugh. Unbelievable..."

"No respect for your craft," Fang muttered.

"Let's go! Phoebe's waiting for us!" A pair of audible groans came from outside the van before Reed and Fang trundled back in and drove off, with Trish in the front seat next to the driver.

The Fern Grove Memorial Gardens was like most, if not any cemetery in Caldera Bay, with small groves of trees scattered among the headstones as the car path meandered throughout the grounds. It was near one of these groves that Phoebe and her mother, a distinguished woman with light green hair that had tips of silver named Elaine, were standing by a large stone, a pair of cases next to their feet, with Naomi and Rosa on the opposite side of the stone from where they were.

Next to Elaine were a pair of Suchomimus that had similar features and coloration to the others, the one on the left being an inch or two above Phoebe's height with short hair that was a similar shade to hers. She greeted him as "JP," while the one next to him was taller, with a heavyset build and long hair that was dyed a deep crimson red and came down past his shoulders, and he was acknowledged as "Chris." The van pulled up behind Elaine's car, and everyone filed out and made their way to where everyone was situated. Fang crouched down to read the inscription:

BRIAN JAMES BURNLEY
LOVING HUSBAND – CARING FATHER
LOYAL BROTHER
JUNE 12, 1966 – MARCH 6, 2012

They then looked up at Phoebe. "Is this...?"

"Yes. This is my father." She was already fighting back tears. "He's the one who really got me into music...he and my uncles had a band. I don't think you know The Burnley Brothers Band—"

"Wait...I think I may have heard of them. They were big in the late 90s and into the 2000s, right?"

"Yes! Yes, around the time I hatched!" Fang was taken aback as they had heard some of their songs but didn't think to associate Phoebe with the band.

"Whoa, you...you never told me that!"

Phoebe sighed and looked up. "I still listen to his songs when I get sad and I miss him." The tears started to flow again and she laid her head upon Fang's shoulder, who took her into a gentle embrace. Naomi came over along with Trish to comfort their friend and bandmate as a dark gray sedan pulled up behind the van. Everybody turned to see Naser exiting the vehicle, along with Sage from the back seat, and Stella from the passenger side as they exchanged words before they made their way over to the others. A smile came over Phoebe when she saw that everyone was present, and she made her way over to a clear patch with three cases set out. She opened the one on the left and pulled out an acoustic guitar with her favorite rose vine strap attached to it, the strings set up for a left-handed player as she lowered her head to put it on.

"I didn't know you also played regular guitar," Sage said, taken by surprise as he knew Phoebe was a bassist.

"I've been learning," she told him, "Online video courses, and of course, Fang and Trish." Phoebe gave both of them a wink as she stepped in front of the gravestone. "Okay everyone..." She took a deep breath, knowing that this was the moment for the time being. "If you could please step behind Dad's stone, I'd appreciate it." They all moved behind the tombstone, leaving Phoebe in front as she looked down at the ground. "This song...this song I am about to play...is about what we're all facing right here and now, and there's nothing we can do." She was fighting the tears that were quickly building up again, but she remained firm as she took another deep breath. "And there may be things we'll regret...but all we can do is hold onto what we've got for as long as we've got. This will probably be the last thing I'll ever write in my life...I call this song 'Oblivion'."

This was it, Phoebe thought as she strummed the first chord. The rhythm of the strumming came to her, and then the next chord, as if she had been playing this song for years. Everything came natural to her as she lifted her head and began to sing.

*What's the point in all of this
If we all end up in the same place?
Why go through the pain and torment
If we're all to meet the same fate?*

She turned to look up at the sky, an eerie shade of purple as the auroras continued to dance across the horizon.

*It doesn't matter to me anymore
Cause we're set here, all about to die
I wasn't ready but now I see
Our future in the deep black sky*

Phoebe lifted her head as she got to the chorus, and her voice rose as the chord progression changed. Silent gasps arose from those gathered, the anguish in her tone evident. She closed her eyes for the briefest of moments, remembering how the progression went and how this was what she had the most difficulty with.

And I'm afraid of what's to come
But I stare into oblivion, ready to go

A sigh of relief came from her as she had completed the chorus as intended, and she shot Fang a smile as she continued on into the next verse. She eyed the stone in front of her, and her head lowered again while the struggle to maintain control continued to rage inside.

Dearest Father, I am sorry
I'll never become old and wise
I won't get to have a daughter,
and see the enchantment in her eyes

Phoebe lifted her head again, and her eyes met Stella's as her voice rose again. She kept her gaze locked on her bright blue eyes, and Elaine could not help but to look between the two, knowing the struggles that Phoebe had in maintaining eye contact while conversing with others. But she knew this was different. This was something that she was completely comfortable with, even though she could see a tear starting to slide down her right eye as she sang.

To my love, I don't wanna lose you
'Cause this was more than just pretend
I don't ever wanna leave your side
Please hold me tight until the end

Then Phoebe raised her head and strummed the chorus with as much conviction as she had ever shown in her life, the tears starting to flow as she finished the song.

And I'm afraid of what's to come
But I stare into oblivion
And now the time is upon us
As we stare into oblivion, ready to go

As the final chord rang out and everyone began to applaud, Phoebe began to sob fully in front of everyone, with her mother and Stella being the first to rush out to console her. JP and Chris maintained their distance but they felt the angst and ache in their sister all the same as Fang soon joined Elaine and Stella.

"Oh babe," Stella cooed, squeezing her tight, "Babe. . .that was beautiful. I could totally feel that in my very core, like...like some kinda out-of-body experience." She reached up to wipe a tear from Phoebe's eye. "You are a superstar, Phoebe."

"Wow Phoebs," Fang added, "That was. . .that was. . .amazing! I don't know what else to say!"

Phoebe turned and gave them a faint smile. "I'm glad it turned out okay."

"Phoebe!" said Elaine with a gasp, "That was incredible! Your father would be so proud of you!"

It was at that moment that Phoebe stepped away and had everyone gather around her as she began to open the cases. The first case had an old guitar in it that looked like it had seen better days, its sunburst paint faded slightly with some nicks and scratches visible, the ivory pickguard with a few chips in it and the fretboard looking as if it had been sitting on a construction site that saw frequent wind gusts. Phoebe picked it up and held it for a moment, while Fang went wide-eyed and motioned for Trish to come to where they were.

"Oh. My. God. Is that...?"

"A vintage LP from the early 1960s? Yes." Fang's jaw went slack as Phoebe held it up for everyone to see. "This is my father's most prized possession. This guitar is what he made his name with in Caldera Bay, and throughout most of Pangea to be honest." She then gave it a kiss and laid it in front of the headstone, off-center to her left before taking a step back. "I love you, Dad. We'll be able to play together soon." Then she went to the other case and opened it. Inside was a white bass guitar with a black pickguard, shaped and configured for a left-handed player, and it too had a number of chips, dents and scratches visible to the eye. Like with her father's guitar, she held it up so that all could see. "This is the very first bass I ever had. This is what I learned how to play on and... and if the world wasn't about to end, I was actually thinking about finally getting the input jack fixed." She turned to Fang with a wry smirk. "And I like your P-Bass Fang, but everybody knows Jazz is boss. Sorry—played both and I'm sticking to it." Fang rolled their eyes slightly as Phoebe kissed the bass and set it next to the guitar in front of the headstone.

She took a moment to reflect, trying her hardest not to start crying again before she felt a hand on each shoulder. To her left was Trish, and on her right was Fang as she looked skyward once again and sighed, and then smiled. "I love you, Dad... but I've got a concert to play. I hope you can hear me."

A meteor streaked across the sky, which brought a bigger smile to Phoebe's face as she turned to look over everyone before stepping away. "All right, you guys... who's ready for CalderaFest?"

To be continued...!





Part V

Testimonials

How GVH has impacted the lives of its fans



Pixie

Pixie's testimony

My experience with this game started when someone posted a meme about it in an online chatroom, which got me wondering if the game was any good. I'd already heard about how the game didn't necessarily have the best reputation online, so I decided to play it for myself to see if it was something I'd be interested in, and needless to say, it very much was. Not only did I really like a lot of the character designs, the scene at the beginning of the game where Trish is talking on and on about entomology while Fang's trying their best to hear her out reminded me a lot of experiences I've had with my friends (except my hyperfixations are usually about gaming or obscure cartoons nobody's ever heard of), and there was also a section some time in the third act where Trish was talking about how she's not sure what she would've wanted to do after high school because of how randomly her hyperfixations change hit really close to home for me as someone on the spectrum.

If I had to choose my favorite line from the game, it'd be the one in which Rosa says, "There are some parts of the family who don't want me with them as I am right now, and I think I'd rather be with people who do." That quote generally summarizes why I love the community that this game fostered. Everyone's so supportive and friendly, and I'm not sure if I could ask for a better community to be a part of. I've particularly grown very fond of this zine's author, Wolf Nanaki, who is probably one of the single best people I have ever met on the Internet. She's wise, she's fun to be around, and she always demonstrates integrity and strength of character even in the direst of circumstances. Without Goodbye Volcano High, I don't think I ever would have started talking to her.



ResolutionBlaze

Rez's testimony

I first started down this rabbit hole of Goodbye Volcano High after finishing OneShot, a game that touched me deeply and intrigued me greatly. Before OneShot, it was a long while since I played anything narrative focused, the most recent thing prior to that being Amnesia: The Bunker, which has a very different tone.

But mostly my motivation to dive into these narrative experiences again I have to attribute to a streamer called LaurenTheFlute, whose playthroughs inspired me to try more narrative games, and look more keenly at more unique games. In fact, I was playing OneShot around the same time she was. If you haven't watched her, and you want thought provoking discussions (and tangents) about things both related and unrelated to the narrative she's playing, I'd highly recommend her.

After finishing OneShot, I felt a yearning for more narrative games. I tried Spiritfarer but never finished it. But then I came across this curious game; Goodbye Volcano High. Teen drama wasn't normally my vibe, but I liked the look and aesthetic of the game, so I decided to give it a shot.

It was slow to win me over at first. Being someone with insane ADHD, I tend to take games that don't have constant stimulation in bursts. But there was something about Goodbye Volcano High that drew me toward it; every time I put the game down, I'd get that urge to pick it up thirty minutes later.

On and off I kept getting this calling to finish this game, until about halfway through I binged it all the way to the end. There was something unique and special about the game, something I couldn't quite understand.

In hindsight, I think what ultimately won me over, was the heart of it. The earnestness. You can feel the passion in the game; from the artwork to the writing to the voice work. Even though it isn't all triple A quality, it has a charm to it that I haven't seen in a game for a long time. It's one of those games where the more you dig into it, the more you get out of it. And the more I dug into GVH, the more I appreciated it. The ending and game didn't totally win me over by the end though; the game was good, don't get me wrong.

But what elevated it even more so, what won my passion for it, was the community. People who were friendly, forward, and sticking up for one another through thick and thin. A dev team that regardless of struggle, persevered and saw their project completed. A community that I have come to know, love, appreciate, and call my friends. Goodbye Volcano High has earned a spot in my life; it has provided me with a wonderful experience, and one of the best communities I've ever had the pleasure to be a part of.

For all that this game and this community has done for me, thank you. I only hope that I can give back a fraction of what you have given me. It was worth it all.

Why **GOODBYE VOLCANO HIGH** resonates with me as a musician

As a musician, it's hard not to immediately identify with Fang. What musician doesn't want their music to be heard, to play at music festivals, and have music as their career. I can wax poetic about how music is about self expression and it doesn't matter if I have an audience, but in the end, I still want my music to be heard, and enjoyed. And Fang is on track to making this their entire career.

Making music has been a minor hobby for me. Even as a kid, I knew there's almost no chance I can make it as a musician, so I went down the route of being a software engineer instead. It's such a minor part of my life that I don't even bother identifying as a musician, I just fool around with instruments. But something about GVH ignited that passion in me, and during my first playthrough, I wrote six songs inspired by themes in the game. Even if I'll stay an amateur, I want to make the most from life, and not let the fire die.

All that said, I felt very bad for Fang throughout the game. I know how tough the life of a full time musician is. The industry is just completely screwed. And unlike me, Fang doesn't have another option other than music. The game also drives it in that Fang's friends all have viable career paths, while Fang doesn't. But then, the meteor throws an interesting wrench into this, as now Fang is the only one who achieved their dreams. I'm not sure what the point of this paragraph is besides fuck capitalism, give musicians a living wage.



Robin Syl



runningpsychic



Read more here!

"Always be yourself, unless you can be a goth enby musician pterodactyl."

You can listen to Robin's group, Common Days, on pages 66 - 68!



Dreesha

Dreesha's Comeback

I first discovered "Goodbye Volcano High" through a Kotaku article in late 2022 which strongly piqued my interest. The game's trailers and demos built up my anticipation for the game, and I found myself joining KO_OP's Discord server on launch day. I also bought the game on that day, and I couldn't help staying up late that night immediately playing all of "Goodbye Volcano High" in one sitting. I have of course replayed the game in its entirety several times since then, and have also purchased several copies of the game for friends.

As a trans woman approaching her 50th birthday, and as a long-lapsed musician, "Goodbye Volcano High" spoke deeply to me from the very beginning. Like Fang, I have struggled with having my gender identity taken seriously, and since coming out and transitioning in 2015, I have mostly won that battle. However, another battle that I had lost earlier in my life was for my music. In my teens and in my twenties, writing, playing, and recording original music had been a huge part of my life - but I had walked away from the scene shortly after the turn of the millennium due to 'friends' who had dissed my abilities and led me to lose confidence in myself as a musician.

"Goodbye Volcano High" is poignant reminder not only of how important creating music had been in my life, but also of my own mortality. As I first played GVH, my 50th birthday in November 2023 was my looming asteroid on the horizon. The big 5-0 was my asteroid moment and it was VITAL for me to return to musicianship in the time that I had left. So I wrote and recorded "Ignite Me" - my comeback song.

You can listen to Dreesha's music on page 69!



"Goodbye Volcano High" was my impetus to re-engage with my own creative process, which has proven deeply healing to me psychologically, and which has helped me dramatically with overcoming my depression and PTSD. As such, "Goodbye Volcano High" has changed my life, and the "Goodbye Volcano High" fan community has become my new spiritual home. "Ignite Me" is my first original song in twenty years, dedicated to KO_OP, and written with love - a song that speaks directly to the trans experience and to my direct identification with Fang. It's a reminder of how precious life is.

We've still got time. Rock on.



Part VI
Music
Get your groove on, dinogang



Different Eyes



Common Days



Lyrics

[verse 1, Fang]

The blue that you see
 Isn't the blue that I see
 Cause baby you never see
 Your pretty blue eyes

I am so far behind you
 You've got your life made for you
 What could I possibly do
 To be by your side

[chorus]

We're living different lives
 Seeing from different eyes
 But in the end we see
 The same clear blue sky

We're skilled at different things
 We're living different dreams
 But we are not as far
 Apart as it seems

[verse 2, Naomi]

The red that I see
 Isn't the red that you see
 Cause darling you never see
 The fire in my heart

You are as free as the wind
 Catching your wings in the wind
 How could I ever begin
 To even take part

[bridge]

We're worlds apart
 But what links us
 Is what's inside our hearts

We're parallel but not so far apart

Together we are complements
 We raise each other up

Together our colors blend to one



Search library



Get Bent Jimmy Two-Face



Common Days



Lyrics

Get bent Jimmy Two-Face
Get bent Jimmy Two-Face
Get outta my life
Get outta my life

Smart ass, dumb ass
Open a can of whoop ass
You dare fuck with me good sir
I'm putting you on blast

You think you can fool me
Tough luck
I ain't getting fooled by a fool like you
You think you are sexy
Well damn

You should try having some less self esteem

Get bent Jimmy Two-Face
Get bent Jimmy Two-Face
Get outta my life
Get outta my life

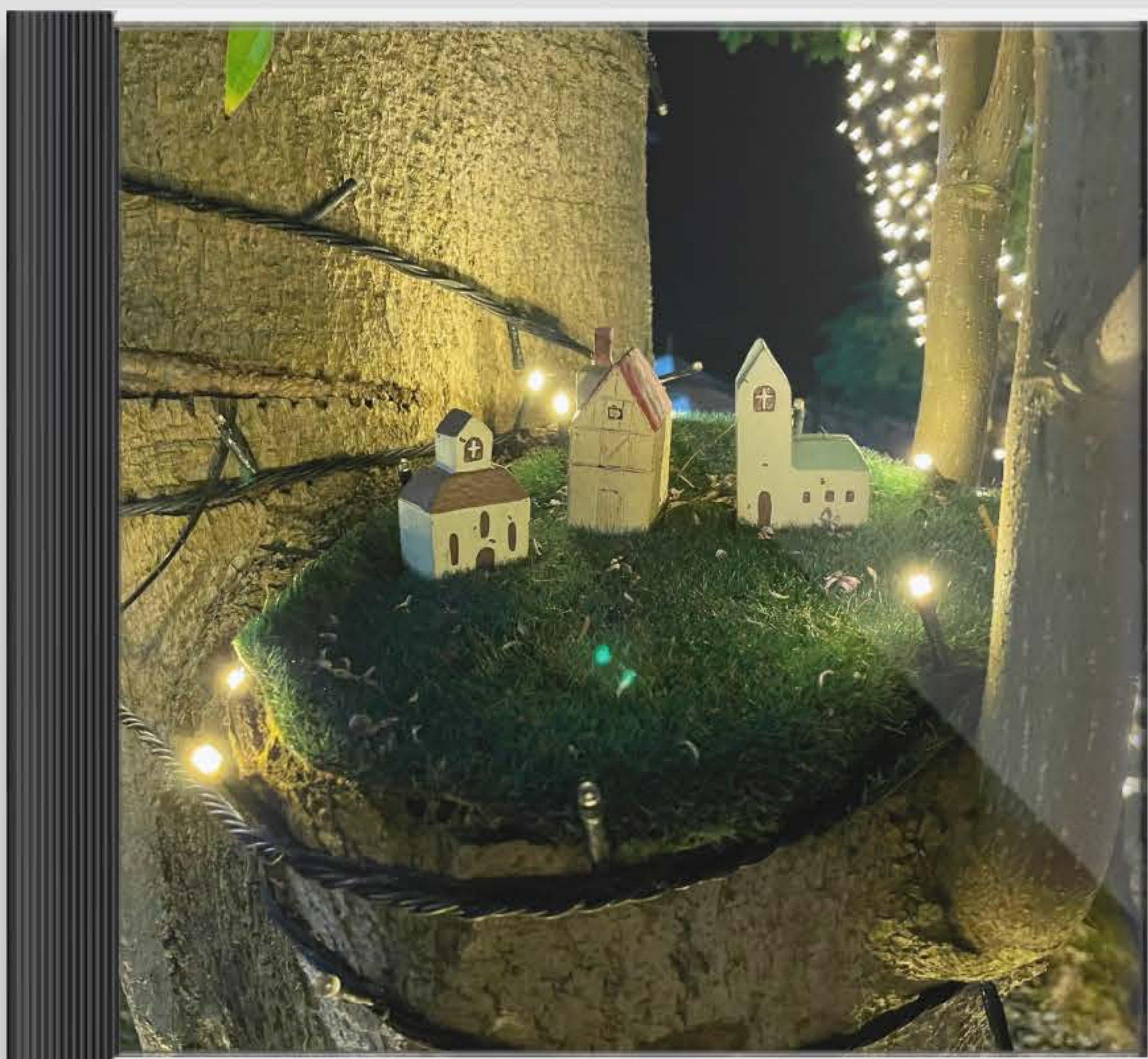
1, 2, 3, 4

Why are you still wanting more
I know you're just a fuckboy
Baby we've been there before

You said that you loved me
Tough luck
You should've thought twice 'fore you tried that
line

You said that you're sorry
Fuck that
I've seen better lies in the New York Times

Get bent Jimmy Two-Face
Get bent Jimmy Two-Face
Get outta my life
Get outta my life
Get outta my life



We Are Here



Common Days



🎵 Lyrics

And so what if it's all just a dream
We still did the best we could
And so what if it's all temporary
We still lived the life we lived
And so what and so what and so what and so what if it's a dream we still had fun

And so what if it all ends right now
We still had the best of times
And so what if it all has no meaning
We were there and we had us
And so what and so what and so what and so what if it ends now we are right here

And so what if we don't leave a mark
We still live the here and now
And so what if no one knows our faces
We still have us in our hearts
And so what and so what and so what and so what if it ends now we are right here



Search library



Ignite me



Dreesha



Lyrics

Ignite me
Ignite this spirit in me
I've only got so much time
To let it all out
Ignite me
Ignite this spirit in me
We've only got so much time
To see what it's all about

Wandering these hallways
All I see is the past
Every time they dismissed me
Was a crack in the mask
Mirror's reflection, you're not the real me
I won't be the ghost that they want me to be

Weird how a blazing rock in space
could leave a burning streak right through this
place
where I'd been hiding myself all this time
And ignite this truth that I had to face

We have no time
So we'll make the time
We'll find the place
To burn our dreams into this space
A series of moments, our own embrace

I've only got so much time
But I'll use that time wisely
I'll let it all out
And the world will be sure to hear me

I've learned that life is short and precious
Gotta tell it from the heart

So ignite me
Ignite this spirit in me
I've only got so much time
To let it all out

Ignite me
Ignite this spirit in me
We've only got so much time

And I have no more doubts
Ignite me
Yeah ignite me

[Spoken]
Go Fang, or go home.

Nice :v



Part VII

Projects

Other mind-blowing fan projects from across the community

WORM DRAMA AUDITION!



WE ARE LOOKING FOR
AN EXPERIENCED BASS
GUITAR PLAYER!

COME ROCK WITH US AT
THE VOLCANO HIGH AUDITORIUM

I've made up my mind

I'm gonna go for it ><



Jules

HELL YEAH GIRLIE!!!

YOU GOT THIS 🌟

Chris

damn girl finally

tell me when to drive you

and good luck Blue 🤘



[https://www.youtube.com/
watch?v=YSKvBI5Aa-M](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YSKvBI5Aa-M)

A Goodbye Volcano High short film by SumiPanda
Poster design by Wolf Nanaki

NASERCAR



A **short racing game** inspired by a conversation on Discord, about what a GVH **kart racing game** would look like!

Features:

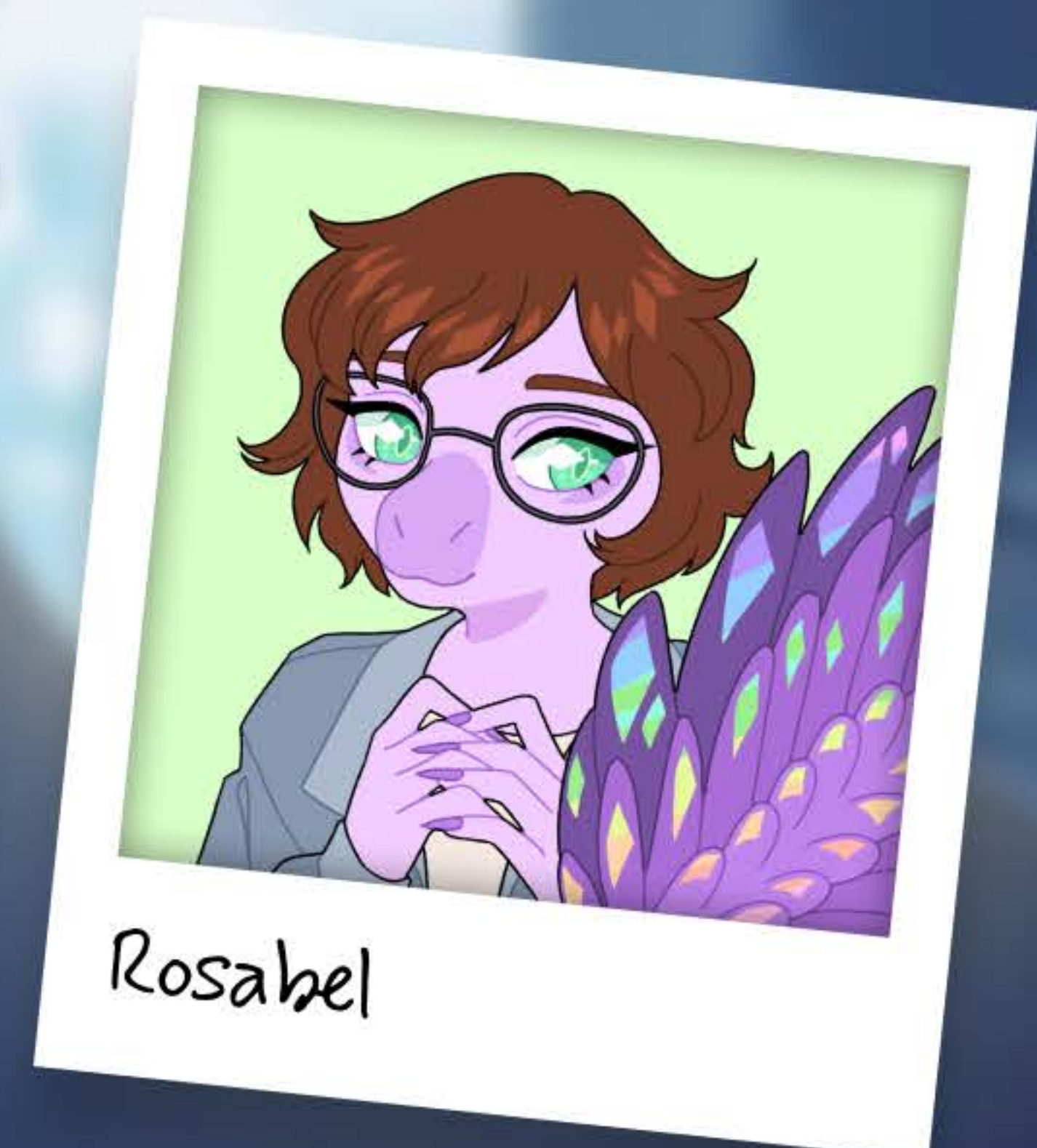
- 8 playable karts
- "Graphics"
- An unnecessarily long race track
- Janky multiplayer support
- The volcano from Goodbye Volcano High





oiimrosabel

bento.me/oiimrosabel



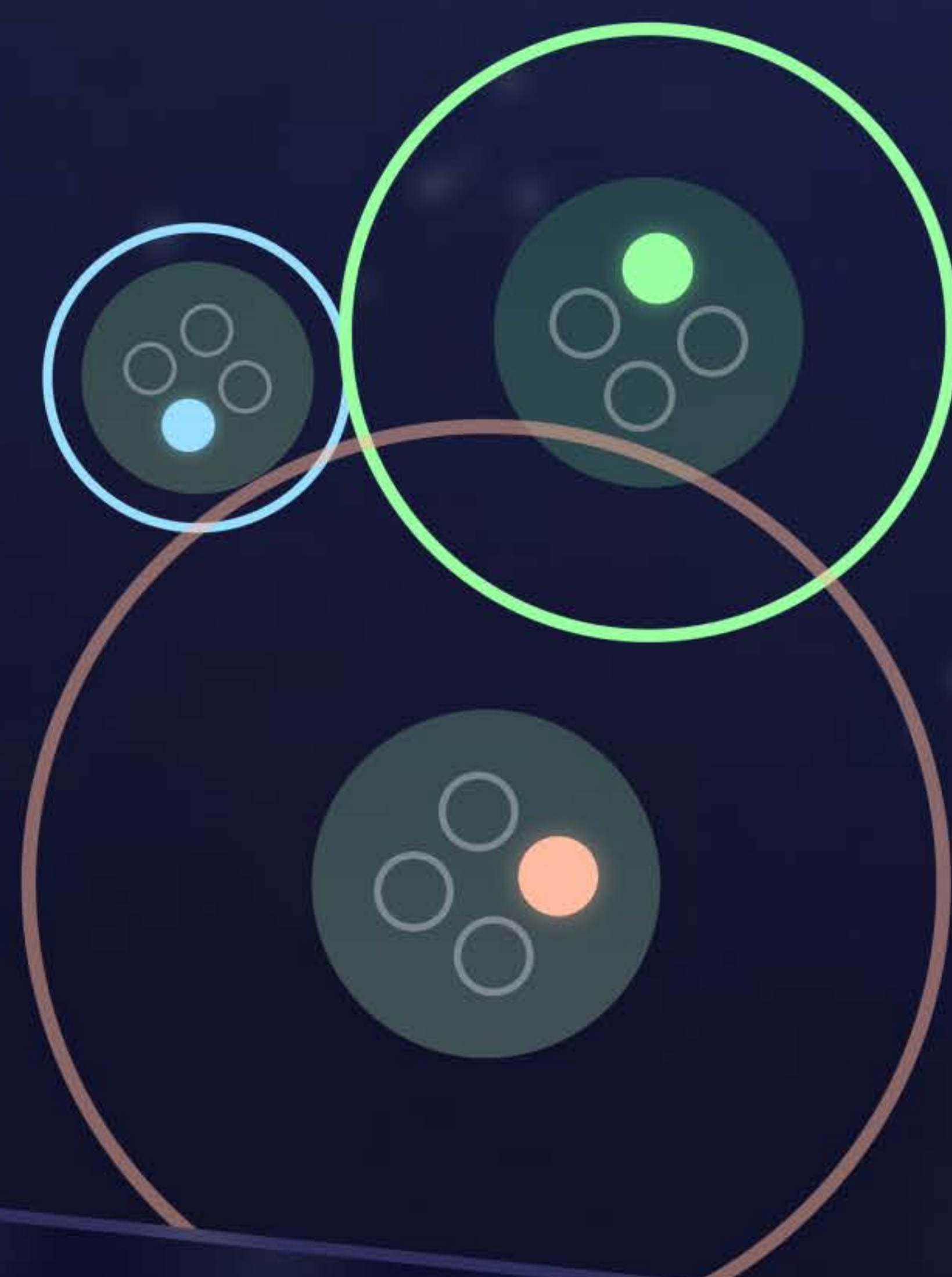
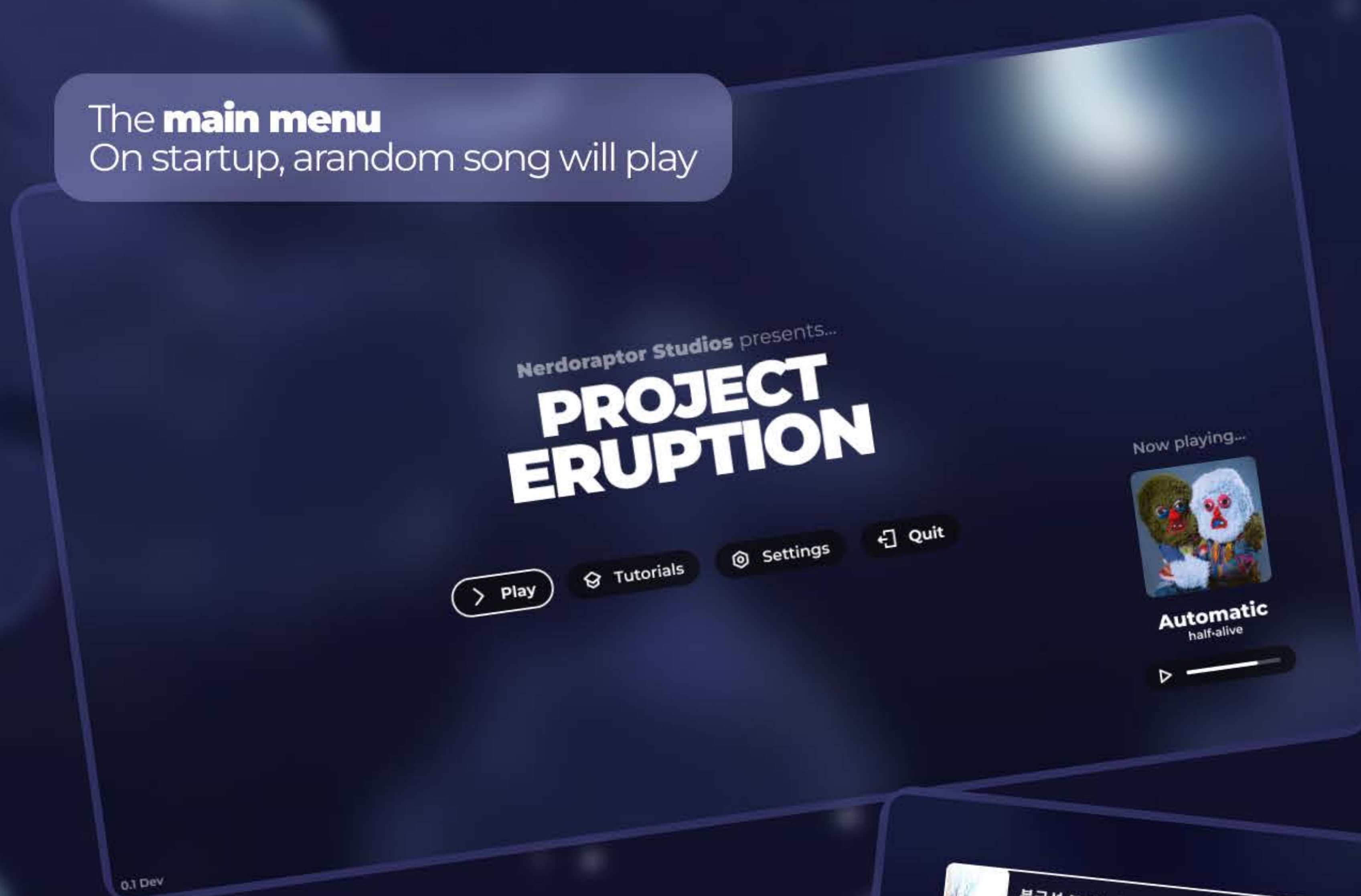
Rosabel

PROJECT ERUPTION

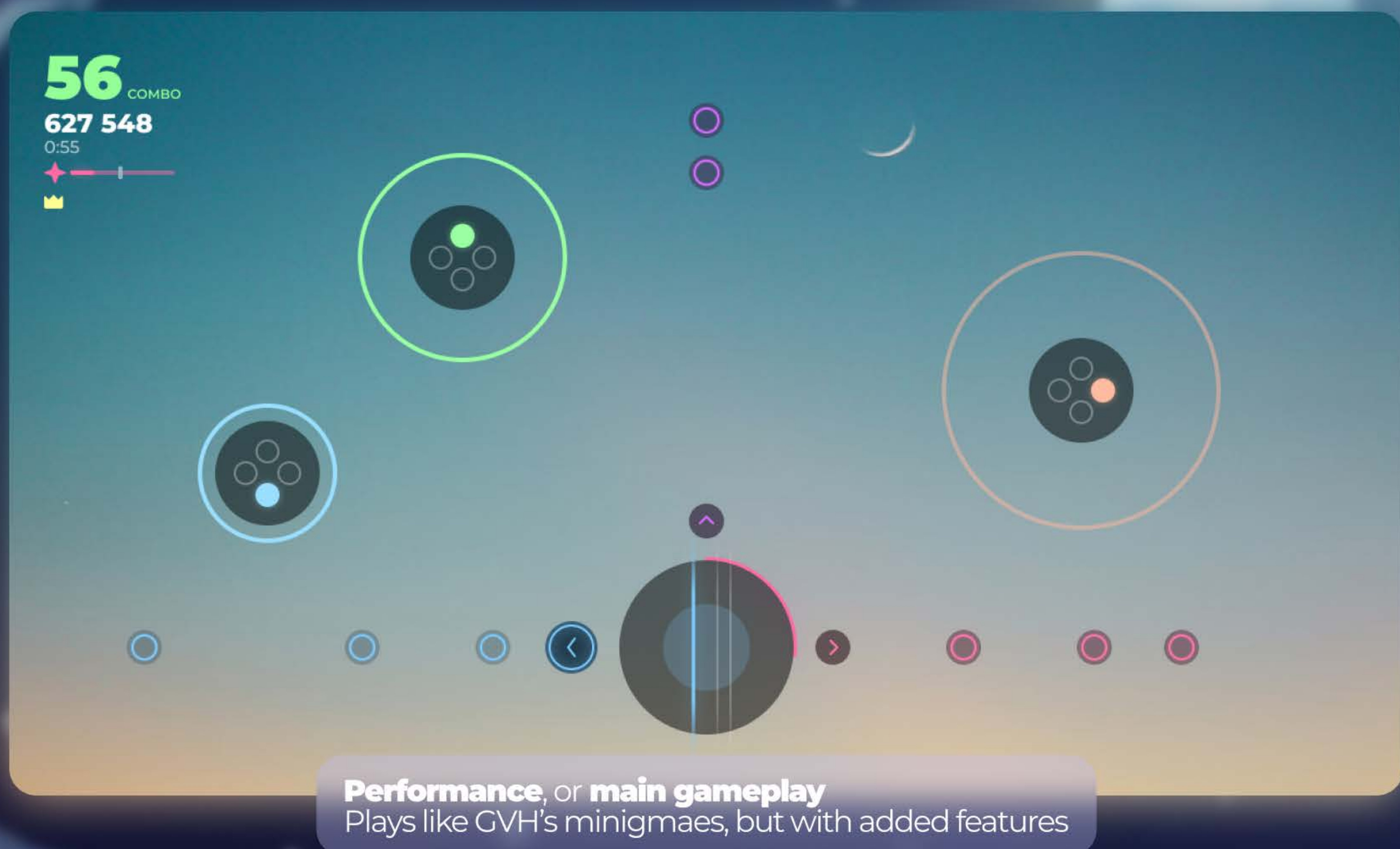
Hello worms !

Hope you're all doing well. I have some news for a project some people in the community wanted. I am currently planning to develop a clone of GVH's "**performance**" minigame, ie. its rhythm game part. The name of the game ? **Project Eruption** (WIP) !

The **main menu**
On startup, arandom song will play



The **music selection menu**
Complete with stats, previews, and a training mode



What can you do?

Project Eruption is meant to be a **clone of GVH's rhythm minigame**, à la Clone Hero, with its goal being to let users create custom charts and music, so they can experience a part of the OG game that, in my opinion, is severely underrated. Here a little list of what will be added on top of what you already know from GVH:

- A **score system**, combo system and timing system to make the gameplay
- A **"star power" ability** (name not final), similar to Guitar Hero, that will charge by correctly catching special notes, and when full, will double the score earned during a small amount of time. This function can be disabled by the charter if they want to keep the original gameplay
- A **life system**, to bring difficulty to the gameplay. This one is pretty straightforward, you lose life if you miss notes, you lose when hitting 0%, hit notes to gain life back. A "zen" mode (name not final) will also be added, removing the life bar, again useful for those who want something close to the original game.
- Support for **custom skins** and **video backgrounds**. By default, the user will be able to choose their own background.

An actual **roadmap** will be conceived afterwards. Some **sketches and previews** should be linked alongside this message, to let you picture how the game will look like. Of course those elements are bound to change, especially the UI part.

What will happen then?

For now, the project **hasn't started**. Yet. I'm waiting to see who will be interested in such a fangame, and who will be willing to participate in its development. Oh and also, the source code of the game will be open source, so the community can directly contribute to the game, make mods or even create a fork and use the project as a base for creating new things. If the announcement generates enough interest, the development process should start either **mid-September** or **early October**.

For the nerds out there, the game should be developed using the **Godot** engine, with **GodotScript**. If you're interested in helping me develop the game, feel free to **contact me** either through **Discord** or by **email**, both of those should be indicated somewhere in this magazine, alternatively I'm pretty active in the **KO_OP Discord server**, so feel free to ask me stuff!

Stay tuned for more updates, the link to the **GitHub repo** will be communicated in the near future. And thank you so much for reading this message. It means the world to me.

Goodbye 🖐️, Rosabel

MASHUP WEEK Megamix



Mashup Week: Megamix is a series of musical tournaments on YouTube. Competitors battle in a **double-elimination bracket**, and the winner (chosen by the fans) gets a **whole week of mashup songs!**

Goodbye Volcano High community member **Dreamless** helped with a fanmade production of **Worm Drama** competing in the tournament! You can listen to the tracks in the playlist linked above!



Songs by Dabu, or from his collaborations

- Reunion, Drink & Industry, Katana's Theme, Adrift
- Goodbye Volcan High, Dwarf Fortress, Brigitte Naggar, Simon Swerer

Songs from PlayStation exclusive & launch titles

- Spyro the Dragon, Stray, God of War, Little Big Planet

Songs by trans artists & in the shoegaze genre

- SOPHIE, Vylet Pony, Black Dresses, Cavetown
- To Here Knows When, When You Sleep, Hammck, Slowdive

Songs related to friends, life, & LGBTQ+ themes

- All My Friends, Please Stay, Life is a Highway, Glory Days
- I Kissed A Girl, Born This Way, Nights In The Woods, Life Is Strange



You Should Play Goodbye Volcano High

Nightmist Seacrow

A video where Nightmist discusses the story and characters of Goodbye Volcano High, and explains why they think you should play it!

(Original video in Spanish.)



Until I End Up Dead (by Dream) vs Pretty Heroes (Dabu feat. Lachlan Watson)
Fisherman Frank

Mashup by Fisherman Frank



Special Thanks!

Special Thanks to...

Arsenic
Dexter
DreamsicleSwirl
GaraVakarian
Hikari
Ivy
Jocelyn
Josh

Lacey
Luna
Raven Blackwing
SinCa
VeeStripe
WarBird
The Yappers
Lizzie Shield

Everyone that contributed, thank you for bringing this project to life!
Everyone at KO_OP, thank you for bringing us all together!

...and thank YOU for reading!





“Goodbye Volcano High” and all related characters, graphics, music, etc.
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Please support the official release and accept no substitutes.

All contributions were made by real people;
none were made using generative artificial intelligence.
The works presented here may not be used to train AI.

