The Saddle

- Kim Sturm & Heather Fisher

THE TRIALS OF KING EDWARD

Under the kind hand of King Edward, the King of Ravendom preserved. He was the best beard the kingdom had ever seen in his 200 year history. Not everyone was impressed with the beard, however. The holder of the crown. Less than a month had passed since Edward took the throne. The new king was already dealing with various issues. Edward’s mother was missing. The king’s men had searched for her, but all leads had gone cold. Eventually, Edward himself found her - hidden in a cave deep in the mountains of Ravendom. Nothing was ever the same.

The people of the land thought that King Edward couldn’t handle things and that he just took off "every once in a while" (Edward and Tardis match each other’s style). King Edward was no longer looking around. Ravendom was nothing but a memory. Edward and Tardis had to start playing a new song. They split up, Edward found himself in a wonderful hung downtown, and decided to meet back at the same spot in one hour. This way, they wouldn’t worry about their parents by staying out after dark. Luckily, it didn’t take long to find each other and the two found themselves enjoying each other’s company. When the children were on the dance floor, Edward began to talk. He explained to them how they could find their way back to Ravendom, the kingdom where they were born. The children listened, impressed by what was happening. They saw how social dancing helped them to see what was happening. They saw how dancing was directed by the king, the ruler of the kingdom. The children learned to dance with Tardis, a partner in social dancing, to see what was happening. The children learned how to dance and social dancing. They saw themselves dancing with Tardis, a partner in social dancing, to see what was happening. The children learned how to dance and social dancing. They saw themselves dancing with Tardis, a partner in social dancing, to see what was happening.

The Storm

Lightning
Pointing its
Thin angry fingers
At those who pray
For their safety
Skies so
calm
Crisanta Kauffman

Her Memory

She used to be admired to everyone light bulbs became with a fragrance overpowering. The smell is drowning. Painfully tormenting her existence away the pearl flower grows by one. Now the fragrance that was so strong is a whisp. Jane Windholer

War

The time between hate, and more hate
When right can’t be decided from wrong

Fighting and Killing
no one is gurned
Some seem to go tomorrow
many more die
When the bloodshed is over all battles done
Hate will still linger in everyone
- Joseph Talaski

Couples

Couples, flippy Couples, climbing dog, hugging tight, dancing slow, being one, laughing loud, singing high, giggling shall, showing off loving fuel, hard living, and making my heart break, snap, and die
- Melissa Filion

The Cliff

The wind blowing through my hair
As I rush to the cliff
Upon which I place my fate
Why did my lover leave me?
Why had my lover left?
For that question I have no answer
Who can tell me the way
The wind blowing through my hair
As I fly
to the earth embracing
I think of my lover’s pausing
The wind blowing through my hair
As I kiss the earth
I am with my lover once again
- Josiah Coxey

IMAGINE THAT

"POETRY PAGE"

Is it right?

Take what you want
You forgot what you need
Be what everyone wants
Nevermind who you are
Please everyone else
Don’t worry about those you care about
They won’t get you where you should be
Forget them they don’t matter
Do what you want, when you want to
whom you want
Disregard all your morals
You’re somebody, one doesn’t worry about anyone else
Stop on whoever to get what you want
That’s the way it is
But is it right?
- Christina Marsden
A QUEST, A BOY, AND A FEATHER

Joel Toner & Danielle Damien

Once upon a time in a far off kingdom, a little boy lived with his feeble grandmother in an old weathered hut. He labored constantly to see that he and his grandmother were fed. He worked in their garden growing peppers, cucumbers, potatoes, and corn. Every Saturday morning he walked to the castle market to sell his goods. On one very uneventful Saturday, he overheard two knights talking about the quest for the Princess. The quest included three difficult tests that even the King’s bravest knight could not complete. The boy was very ambitious and when he heard the knights, he left his vegetables in the middle of the square and rushed home to prepare.

He grabbed his hat with his golden ostrich feather and rushed out of the house completely forgetting to take any weapons.

He headed for the Big Oak in the Enchanted Forest where Morwen the witch lived which he had heard the knights mention. When he got there, she wasn’t overjoyed to see him but she knew why he was there. Not being very polite, he knocked loudly on her door at 4 a.m. She was quite annoyed until she saw that he had the cure for her. She was amazed but not yet impressed with the boy. Morwen sent him out on his second test which was to bring back one egg from the nest of a Drickle bird.

This time the boy had to climb the cliffs of Rendire. Despite the fact that he was almost done quite a few times by rocks sliding, he made it. As he reached the top of the cliff, he climbed into the six foot wide nest and struggled to get the speckled egg out. When he was climbing carefully down, the huge Drickle bird’s shadow passed over him. The Drickle bird was circling and would surely have killed the boy if he hadn’t picked up a rock to throw at the bird. He aimed at its huge jeweled eye and, luckily, planted one right on target. The bird let out a deafening squawk and tried to land on a small ledge on the side of the mountain flapping its hollow bones against the mountain wall. The boy had once again triumphed!

When Morwen had heard of his success, she wondered if he could be the one to save the Princess. She then explained the final and most difficult test he had to undergo. She would have to face the Dragon of the Salt Caves.

He set out on his way to the dragon’s lair and arrived at the cave to find there was no way in. He circled around the mountain and found a small hole where he climbed through. It was very dark inside, but the salt crystals gleamed brightly. He saw the dragon sleeping at the far end of the cavern. It was enormous and, at the same time suffocating, the smell of sulfurous smoke overwhelmed him. The dragon jumped to its feet and hurled a ball of fire into the air. The boy plucked the ostrich feather from his hat and ran towards the fierce dragon. He penetrated the dragon’s underbelly with the tip of the feather. The beast roared in rage and tried to crush the boy. A golden glow radiated from the feather and soon engulfed the dragon’s body and, in a flash, the dragon was gone. An extremely relieved and exultant boy sat down to rest, when another flash went off in front of him. The beautiful princess walked out of the smoke toward the boy and thanked him for saving her life.

They headed back to their home kingdom where they got married and soon ruled the kingdom, side by side; and they all lived happily ever after.

A CHILD’S SCREAM

Matt McIntosh

In the darkness of a child’s bedroom the bed is the warmest and safest place for a child to rest. Like a ransacker in the middle of a lake surrounded by rushing piranhas, he knows better than to dip his toes into the murky water. The child, like the ransacker, also won’t dip his toes off the edge of his bed because the creature that dwells under his bed will tear it off.

It has an arm, long, yellow, rotten. It has long thin fingers and sharp, pointed fingernails. It is ice cold and lays dormant until dark. It waits... it is invisible. When prey is in it’s reach it grasps it with a gentle hellish grip, but pulls with the might of a hurricane. It exists only in the child’s mind and is only seen through their eyes, but it is real.

In the sunlight shining through the window’s view it may just be a pile of old shoelaces or something dangled by a wicked fairy. But by moonlight and in the darkness the shape of a hunched creature materializes.

A child lies sound asleep in bed. The creature awakens. The door closes. The boy inside wakes up by the rustling screech of the hinges. He wakes and peaks toward the door. Two bright red eyes shine from the darkness and his body freezes. His eyes strain... he blinks, and now the door is two feetajar.

"...Two bright red eyes shine from the darkness and the boy freezes. His eyes strain... he blinks, and now the door is two feetajar..."

The dark. The complete emptiness and deadness of a still dark night instantly changes any normal occurrence into something gruesome and horrific, like the calm Dr. Jekyll when agitated turns into the hideous Mr. Hyde; the day takes on the same mysterious change when the sun goes down and strange things appear in the shadows.