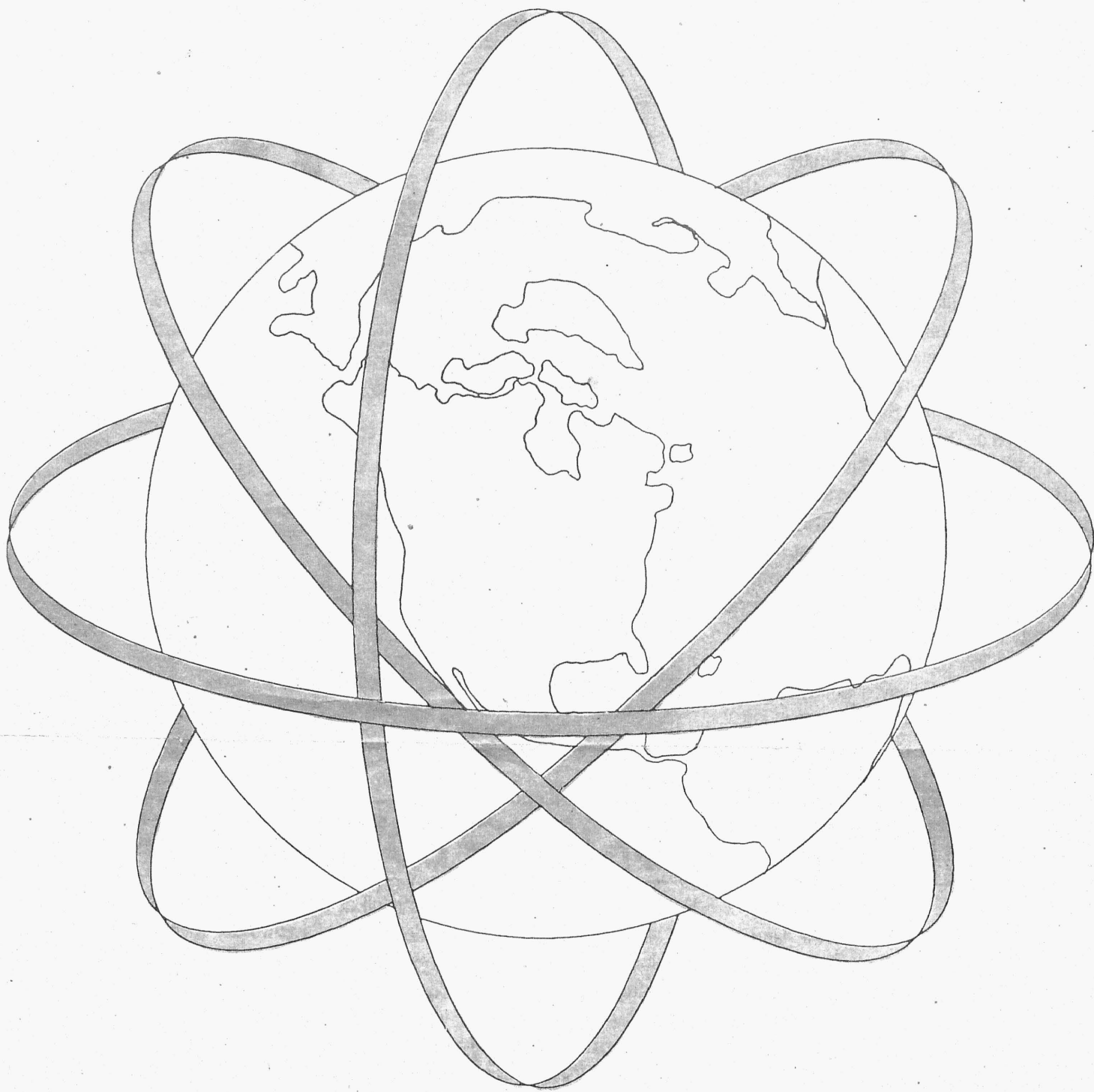


IMAGINE



THE
ARTS

A CREATIVE ARTS
MAGAZINE

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Laker High School

Elkton - Pigeon - Bay Port, Michigan

THE SILVER SADDLE

- Kim Sturm &
Heather Fisher

A long time ago in a small village, there lived a blacksmith named Smitty. Everyone in town loved Smitty and looked forward to seeing him go through the town on his beautiful white horse Zoya. The children loved Smitty and would follow him home from work in hopes of being invited inside his unique home. He lived in a hollowed out tree on the outskirts of town. The tree was very beautiful and, with its strong roots, was also sturdy.

Smitty ran a very successful business. Even though there were no other blacksmiths in town, no one ever complained about his work. Whenever a horse was shod at Smitty's shop, the horse seemed to take on a new personality. The horses would work very hard for their masters and were gentle, like Smitty. None of the townspeople knew Smitty's secret for breaking even the wildest stallions. The secret was found in the silver saddle he owned. It was magical. When placed on a horse with horseshoes made of silver, the horse would glide through the air. If anyone looked at the horse, however, it was not noticeable because the horse glided a bare inch off the ground.

Smitty's life seemed great. However, there was one man who disturbed Smitty. This man, Larz, bothered Smitty; no matter how hard Smitty thought, he could not figure out why Larz would not bring his horses to be shod at Smitty's.

Larz lived in the woods in a large old castle. There was a rumor in town that there were even dragons in the moat around the castle. Each morning Larz would

come into town wearing a black cape and riding a black horse named Victor.

One rainy morning, while Smitty was busy shoeing a horse with silver horseshoes, Larz came into the shop. Smitty was nervous because he wanted to make a good impression. Little did Smitty know that Larz had figured out the secret of the silver saddle. Larz asked Smitty if he could go outside and look at his horse, Victor, who was having trouble walking. Smitty figured it was probably a pebble wedged in Victor's shoe so he went to the closet where he kept the tools needed. While Smitty was getting the tools, Larz saw the saddle setting on a shelf in the closet. When Smitty was outside, Larz stole the saddle and fled out the back of the shop where his real horse, Victor, was waiting.

After two weeks of failure using spells on the saddle to release its power, Larz became disgusted. That night his second scheme was put into play with Smitty as the victim. While Smitty was outside gathering wild berries for dinner, Larz caught him, took him to his castle, and demanded that Smitty tell him how to activate the saddle's magic. Smitty would not budge because he knew that Larz would abuse the power.

Meanwhile, in town, the children were beginning to notice that Smitty was not going home at night. When they went inside Smitty's shop to see if he was alright, they discovered that Smitty was missing. The children ran to his house and found Zoya running around frantically. Zoya wanted the children to follow her. She led

them to Larz' lair. The children got inside easily because Larz had forgotten to close the drawbridge. They split up, synchronized their hourglasses, and decided to meet back at the same spot in one half of an hour. This way, they would not worry their parents by being out after dark. Luckily, it didn't take long to find the saddle and Smitty. When the children were on the drawbridge it began to go up. The children quickly jumped across, but Smitty was too old to make the jump. As the children turned around to see what was happening, they saw Larz walking towards Smitty with a rope in his hand. As Larz was about to strangle Smitty, Zoya, with the help of the silver saddle, flew over the moat and kicked Larz into the moat. All at once, dragons from the moat surfaced and devoured Larz. The children went home happier than ever. Not only had they saved Smitty and the saddle, but they now knew that there really were dragons in the moat.



Illustrated by Josh Salsbury

THE TRIALS OF KING EDWARD

- Keri Fisher &
Heath Stahl

Under the kind hand of King Edward, the land of Ravenwood prospered. He was the best leader the kingdom had ever seen in its 200 year history. Not everyone was as pleased with the new holder of the crown. Less than a month had passed since King Edward took the throne after the sudden death of the former King Charles.

Mordrick decided to remain at his position of castle wizard, but his bitterness towards King Edward grew daily. Eventually, he could no longer contain his anger.

He had to take action! He did not want to kill the King, merely "remove" him. None of Mordrick's spell books contained a spell to suit his needs. There was no choice but to consult a book of black magic. He chose to use a spell entitled "Stop Time", it was designed to freeze something indefinitely.

That night Mordrick waited for Edward to fall asleep. He sneaked into the royal bedroom and cast the spell. King Edward was never seen again. Mordrick immediately took over the throne of Ravenwood. Nothing was ever the same.

The people of the land thought that King Edward couldn't handle things and that he just took off (everyone except his elf friend Tanda). Tanda knew Mordrick had done something to Edward, so he set out to find him.

Tanda didn't know where to begin. He decided

to start off at the most secluded area in Ravenwood: Death Mountain. He took his bow and a supply of arrows for protection. The passage into Death Mountain was most dangerous and horrifying, but with perseverance and courage he made his way to the cavern where King Edward lay frozen. Tanda used his magic arrows to break through the ice. Hours had passed, but King Edward was no longer imprisoned.

They set out for the castle. Tanda led the way, for King Edward was no longer familiar with the land. Along the way, one of Mordrick's messenger bats spotted them. The evil bats quickly reported the news to Mordrick. He was furious. He had all of his red-eyed little creatures awaiting their arrival.

King Edward remembered an old passageway that led inside the castle. King

Edward and Tanda made their way to the dungeon. The evil wizard, Mordrick, was waiting with his long, black cape that was blowing in the wind due to cracks in the walls. Mordrick threw them into a cell and brewed a spell to wipe them out for good.

Mordrick's spell backfired though. When he cast it, Tanda grabbed his bow and shot an arrow at Mordrick. The arrow collided with the power of the spell and hit Mordrick. He was gone forever. Suddenly, the dead trees began to bloom again. The sky turned pure blue and the grass turned green. The kingdom of Ravenwood was happy and beautiful again.

King Edward returned to his rightful crown. Tanda in honor of his bravery, was given his knighthood. In time the kingdom of Ravenwood returned to normal.

IMAGINE THAT "POETRY PAGE"

The Storm

Lightning
Pointing its
Thin angry fingers
At those who pray
For blue crystal
Skies so
Calm
-Cristina Kauffman

Her Memory

She used to be admired
to everyone high spirits shone
the flowers bloomed with
a fragrance overpowering
The sea is drowning
Painfully tormenting her
existence away
the petals fall one by one
Now the fragrance that was
so strong is a
whisper
-Janelle Wiederhold

Poetry

A black stallion
standing proud and free
standing on a cliff
overlooking the vast bodies of water
they separate him from the harsh
world of man.

He gets to roam free here
he's the ruler of his own domain
he's standing there listening to the
sands
the waves crashing up against the
rocks below
his mane is dancing in the wind
he loves the feeling of being free

All I can do is sit here
I watch and wonder
what an awesome power it would be to
be free.

A rose
soft, pink
standing so still
raindrops glistening
off the petals
-Danielle Flores

Is it right?

Take what you want
forget 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 number one don't worry about
anyone else
Step on whoever to get what you want
That's the way it is
But is it right?
-Christina Marsden

War

The time between hate
and more hate
When right can't be deciphered
from wrong

Fighting and Killing
no one is mourned
Some see tomorrow
many more die
When the bloodshed is over
all battles done
Hate will still linger
in everyone
-Josha Talaski

larger than life Cary Grant
hands
leave me molded...content?
with this lifeless grey mind and standard of body that
matches none curving in and out of
your hands
fulfilled! ...till you fade away and
my domineering intelligence returns to
stare
disbelieving
at the cold grey walls of the mold keeping
watch on my
personality
there will be no escaping.
-D.M. Damen

The Cliff

The wind blowing
though 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.

The wind blowing
through my hair
As I fly
to the earth embracing
I think of my
lover's passing.

The wind blowing
though my hair
As I kiss the earth
I am with my lover once again.
-Joshua Ouvrey

Couples

Couples, Happy Couples, clinging
close, hugging tight, dancing slow,
being one, laughing loud, singing
high, giggling shrill, showing off,
loving loud, living hard, and making
my heart break, snap, and die
as I watch them from this spot
where I stand alone.
-Melissa Fillion

blue moons
they aren't common

yet,
this month, which was
special,
it came.

a bellowing moon
called
reticently explaining

I can transcend
the mundane.
-Liesl Eichler

Dear Community,

Here at Laker High School we have many talented art students and writers. As the school year begins to wind down, it is time once again to display some of these talents.

The production of this magazine requires the efforts of students, teachers, support staff and Miss DiCamillo. A big thanks to them all!!! As you read this issue of Imagine That we hope you are as proud of our students as we at Laker High School are.

Mrs. Phelps

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Special Thanks to

Jenny Wheeler

A QUEST, A BOY, AND A FEATHER

- Joel Toner & Danielle Damen

Once upon a time in a far off kingdom, a little boy lived with his feeble grandmother in an old weathered hut. He labored continuously 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. She told him the first test was to find some turmourik, a rare plant used for a spell to take crinks out of necks. Morwen sent him on his way with the understanding that he would learn of the second test upon completion of the first.

The boy ventured into a very dense section of the woods which was the place the plant was known to grow, but it is also where the Loonder people live. The Loonder people are small but become quite fierce when protecting their turmourik. The boy was trying to be as quiet as possible when he tripped over a vine and woke up the whole village. He dashed in and snatched the plant. When he turned around, he was faced by 756 angry and tired Loonders. They were prepared to kill him when they spotted something sticking out of his pocket. It was a cucumber and looked much more valuable than any turmourik they had ever seen. They offered a trade

and soon the boy was on his way back to Morwen's house.

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 Rendre. Despite the fact that he was almost doomed quite a few times by rock slides, 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 it's huge jeweled eye and, luckily, planted one right on target. The bird let out a deafening squack and tried to land on a small

ledge on the side of the mountain flattening 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. He 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 sulfur overwhelmed him. The dragon jumped to it's 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 exhausted 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 raftsmen in the middle of a lake surrounded by ravished

piranhas, he knows better than to dip his toes into the murky water. The child, like the raftsmen, 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 in no hurry. 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 seen only through their eyes, but it is real.

In the sunlight shining through the room's window it may just be a pile of old shoeboxes or a withered blanket. But by moonlight and in the darkness the shape of a hunched creature materializes.

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

A child lies sound asleep in bed. The creature awakens. The closet door swings open half a foot. The boy is wakened by the rusted screech of the hinges. He wakes and peeks toward the closet door. Two bright red eyes shine from the darkness and the boy freezes. His eyes strain... he blinks, and now the door is two feet ajar. He sees its curled shoulders and when its jaws part he witnesses a row of sharp fangs ready to sink into the soft flesh of his neck. The child remains on top of the bed with the sheets pulled up to his neck, too scared to sprint or cry for help. The

creature lunges forward six inches and the boy's voice shatters the dead silence, ear piercing and shrill. An adult rises and staggers to the child's room. At the same instant the door opens and the light is flicked on, the closet door shuts without a sound. The father sees a wide eyed boy with a cold sweat on his whitened skin pointing to the closet door. The father walks to the closet door and swings it open. The child reacts by almost jumping out of his skin. Seeing nothing out of the ordinary, the father scolds the child, flicks off the light, and exits the room closing the door

behind him. With the return of darkness the door sways open and the hunched creature is still present. It sneers almost with happy glee as the terrified reaction reclaims its hold on the unwilling soul.

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 aggravated) 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.

