

THE SCEPTOR

By Ely Grenet



When the Sceptor goes to Broadway, we'll be ready!

An aura of beauty swept the foliage, in a land beyond your wildest imagination. The sun was illuminating every nook and cranny with its incandescent glow. Trees and flowers spread throughout the jungle, like chameleons, changing colors in the middle of autumn. While in the dense part of the jungle, caverns led down far, far below where darkness prevailed. It was an unspeakable evil which reigned the land during the night and hid during the day.

In a time of surreal and bizarre adventures, a war would be fought, as light and darkness would struggle for the supreme reign over all the land and good and evil over all its inhabitants.

The hidden sceptor was the one source which would determine who would rule over all the land, in a battle which was yet to begin.

Lying under a Sequoia tree was Hoth, son of a fearless warrior who had fought in many battles. Hoth had brown hair, green eyes, and wore a deerskin loincloth with a bow and quiver of arrows strapped across his shoulder. Sleeping soundly, he did not know that soon his innermost fears would be awakened when darkness would overshadow his dreams. Suddenly, stubby, putrid hands were all over him, sliming his body. Hundreds of trolls quickly covered Hoth like parasites. They were cannibalistic, foul smelling little men with wrinkly skin, pointed ears, jagged teeth, and claws. "Noooo!",

screamed Hoth as he awoke in sweat, realizing that it was still day.

While down in his underground lair, Necromancer was plotting his attack. He was an exoskeleton with a thick, moist membrane surrounding each bone. Black oval eyes and thick green membranes formed his malicious facial expression. Standing at a height of ten feet, he was an evil incarante.

Soon it would be dark and Hoth was in a rush to find the sceptor. His good friend, the little fairy Gulmana, gave him a visual perception of where it was hidden. She was three inches long with short, frosty, white hair, green eyes, a dainty figure, crystalline wings, and an array of multicolored glitter which covered her minute body. Waving her hand around a glowing, translucent bubble she showed him the secret entrance to Mt. Sharac. Waving goodbye, Gulmana's tiny body glided through the air, her wings fluttering rapidly. Sitting on his winged unicorn, Hoth quickly held onto his mane as it flew through the air; twilight glistening as it eventually turned dark in the land. Suddenly, Necromancer stepped out of the cavern and every living creature hid in fear. Waving his hands in a circular motion, his sorcery became evident as his body transcended into a grey mist, changing from that of an exoskeleton to that of a human form.

Entering Mt. Sharac through the secret entrance, Hoth followed the route Gulmana gave him. The icy cold air gave the rocky limestone walls a



THE CALL

by Jon Saunders



*I see the clouds of mountains white rolling in
I see the waves eating the walls which protest
I see the flash of pure light that blinds
I see the red instrument which lacks my discipline
I see the fine white grains covering my body
I see the faces of evil and good talking at once
I see the fine white grains swallow me whole
I see the clouds rolling in to fulfill my worst fear
I see the blindness of my own eyes through light
I see the discipline is gone and so is free will
I see the confusion that is caused by the faces
I hear Chariots of Fire in the background
I hear the cry of anguish as I am swallowed
I hear the mighty voice as it plunges onward
I hear the voices but cannot remember what they want
I hear the waves battle its lover, the grains of white
I hear the calling but do not heed for a long time
I know what the voices want
I know the faces and who was evil
I know those terrible clouds who command so well
Paul knows that pure white light
My free will is gone, but the wrong way
I know the time will come to get up and begin anew
The time is short and I will be angry and sad
Confused and ridiculed never came before because I
was quick to be swallowed by the black mouth
who is the Father of Lies.*

wet residue as he continued on the path. Fighting with all his strength, Hoth Lighting a torch when it became pitch pushed them out of the way, grabbed black, the cave walls surrounded him the sceptor, and smashed it. Light and his unicorn, as bats clung radiated as it released itself from the everywhere in hibernation. Looking broken pieces. In a rage of fury, around in desperation, Hoth noticed a Necromancer grabbed Hoth, throwing him on his unicorn. Dazed and weak from loss of blood, his vision became blurry. Suddenly, the cave shook and the walls began to crack, radiating streaks of sunlight on Necromancer and his trolls. Quickly the sceptor's cracked bulb began to penetrate and destroy darkness. The land began to break open and form ravines as light seeped through, destroying evil. Screaming in pain Necromancer and his trolls began to disintegrate, as their bodies shriveled to dust.

The light, overpowering with glowing radiance, overtook the land. Darkness vanished and the land regained its beauty. Everything good, which had been destroyed by evil, was brought back to life. A spectrum of lights oozed over Hoth and his dead unicorn, as it illuminated a brilliance of energy. Thrusting a pulsating heat, the light, released its energy, giving them a new life to start with. Leaping energetically, Hoth landed on his unicorn, full of vigor. As the unicorn flapped its wings, they left into the heavens, never to be seen again.

Waving his hands, the mist streaked with flashes of light and thunder as hundreds of trolls stepped out, attacking Hoth and his unicorn. Awakening the bats, they fluttered everywhere, piercing their shriek of anger, and jabbing their razor sharp teeth. Trying to grab the sceptor, the trolls attacked his legs. On the other side of the cavern the unicorn's crying pains echoed from wall to wall.