

## ART ALIVE

*Geese on the Lake Regina Marie '15***MARE***(Continued from Page 12)*

cheeks, but also turned his ears crimson. Lara looked around the barn, her face still held its exasperated expression, as if to verify with the long furry faces hung over stall doors what had just happened.

"Um...ah... yeah, they're ready," he still babbled, trying to gain his composure. "They're down here," he said as he moved off toward the back of the barn. The last stall, a huge stall generally used for birthing, was oddly occupied by an inconspicuous dark honey buckskin gelding and a tall, grand palomino stallion. Both nickered with recognition, but only the gelding stretched his dainty head out to nuzzle Lara as she approached. Lucas held the lantern over his head and Lara could see that both

creatures were sufficiently packed, as was arranged this morning when Lara's father announced she would have to make the delivery of the palomino alone.

After sailing in the royal navy Lara's father had left the sea when he met her mother, refusing to put her through the torture every sailor's wife went through, the anxiety of wondering if he would ever come home. Settling near the sea though, Lara's father took to breeding horses. To say his horses were the best in the country was an understatement. Kings from foreign lands had come to his very door to beg for a horse for their princes.

The activities of the night were routine; the grand palomino was to be delivered to the king's royal stables under cover of night for the duress of

the four day trip. The only difference was Lara would be going alone, solely responsible for the horses in her charge, not just accompanying her father on holiday.

"Excellent," she sighed after appraising her charges. "Well," she breathed turning back to Lucas and casually slapping her hands against her thighs (which were dressed in riding britches.) "Wish me luck," she said, hunching her shoulders up about her ears and extending her arms for a farewell hug. Lucas embraced her brotherly, leaning his forehead against hers; he was just barely taller than she, though that was no mean feat.

"Good luck," he murmured. She held him at arms' length and examined his face. She cocked her head and gave him

*(See MARE, Page 14)**"Think Globally, Act Locally"*