



# MODERN GRIMMOIRE

STUDENT ANTHOLOGY  
PRESENTED BY INDIGO INK PRESS & ARTSINSTARK

A BOOK OF NEW AND REIMAGINED  
FAIRY TALES

A SMARTS EDUCATION PROJECT FROM 53 STARK COUNTY STUDENTS

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 Signifies Award Winner



## THREE SOLDIERS: REGRET, PAIN, AND DEATH

CATEGORY: REIMAGINED TALE

BY HANNAH RUMBLE, GRADE 10, LOUISVILLE HIGH SCHOOL, TEACHER: MRS. MAST

## THE CARETAKER

CATEGORY: REIMAGINED TALE

BY HANNAH RUMBLE, GRADE 10, LOUISVILLE HIGH SCHOOL, TEACHER: MRS. MAST

### THREE SOLDIERS: REGRET, PAIN, AND DEATH

Regret: "My dear friends and comrades I tire of war. I look out there on this field and see all the friends I will never share a drink with again. At night when I close my eyes, I see the faces of the lives I have taken."

Pain: "Regret I feel your pain; it is no longer my death that haunts me. The first time I killed I knew I had taken one too many lives. I feel like a monster out here on the field. Then I go home, and they cheer for me as if I have done something great. There is nothing glorious or great about war."

Death: "War is neither glorious nor fair. At the end of the day when I bury the dead, I see those who deserve life. I also see men walking among us who deserve death. Who chooses the fate of these men cares not if they have family, friends, or loved ones. To them we are just pawns on a chessboard. When the games are over they walk away and play another day. They do not feel our pain, sorrow, and fear. The players never die they just try their luck at a new table."

Regret: "I am going to pay my respects to those who have fallen."

Pain & Death: "Brother, we shall accompany you."

Random soldier: "My lords that soldier you are praying for t'was our enemy."

Regret: "My boy at the end of the day it matters not which side we were on. We are all men who fought for those we have loved. This man deserves my prayer as much as you do."

Random Soldier: "Forgive me my lords but I could not help overhearing your conversation earlier. If war scars you so why not just kill yourself and spare yourself the pain?"

Death: "Look around you my boy. We are no longer living for just ourselves." 🍎

### THE CARETAKER

A small boy will wander here.  
In fact, he is really quite near.  
With a boom and a crash, he falls through my door.  
My first impression was that his entrance was quite poor.  
He takes a seat to hear the tale.  
I take a small swig of ale.

He sits there quietly to hear me start.  
The story that comes from my old heart.  
Usually I snarl at those stupid kids to go away.  
But he was different, so I let him stay.

With a tiny cough, he asks if I wouldn't mind.  
With a rare smile, I nod and my thoughts rewind.

This graveyard here was once alive.  
*Here the dragons did thrive.*  
*I was given the honor of being their keeper.*  
*Only our relationships I say went a little deeper.*

*All was well until the knights came.*  
*They wanted these wild creatures tame.*  
*The dragons were rounded up and caged.*  
*Oh! The terrible sound of their rage.*

*It was up to me their lone friend in this cruel place.*  
*I unlocked the cages in a mad race.*  
*They were slaughtered, unable to feel the wind once more.*  
Now my child the sad story of the valiant dragons is yours.

Teary eyes looked upon me  
And I heard a mumbled "I see".  
I paused then asked the child what he saw.  
His face became clouded with a look of awe.  
He told me not to fret.  
That the dragons had not died yet.  
And that he would rule.  
A better and a little wiser fool.  
In a state of puzzlement and stupor I sat.  
That boy left with a wizard in a tall hat.  
Just as he promised, the dragons came.  
The knights quit their silly game.  
I cried, but I'm not much of a weeper.  
Once again, I became a dragon keeper.

That is the story of the small boy with whom I had a chat.  
Did you know you are sitting where King Arthur once sat?

SWORD IN THE STONE AWARD





### The Wishing Fountain

Millions of wishes I've made come true,  
They were vibrant desires with many hues.

Wish to face, It's a connection I rarely make.  
Bur for a single man I did a double take.

He wished for something I couldn't give,  
For the dead simply cannot relive.

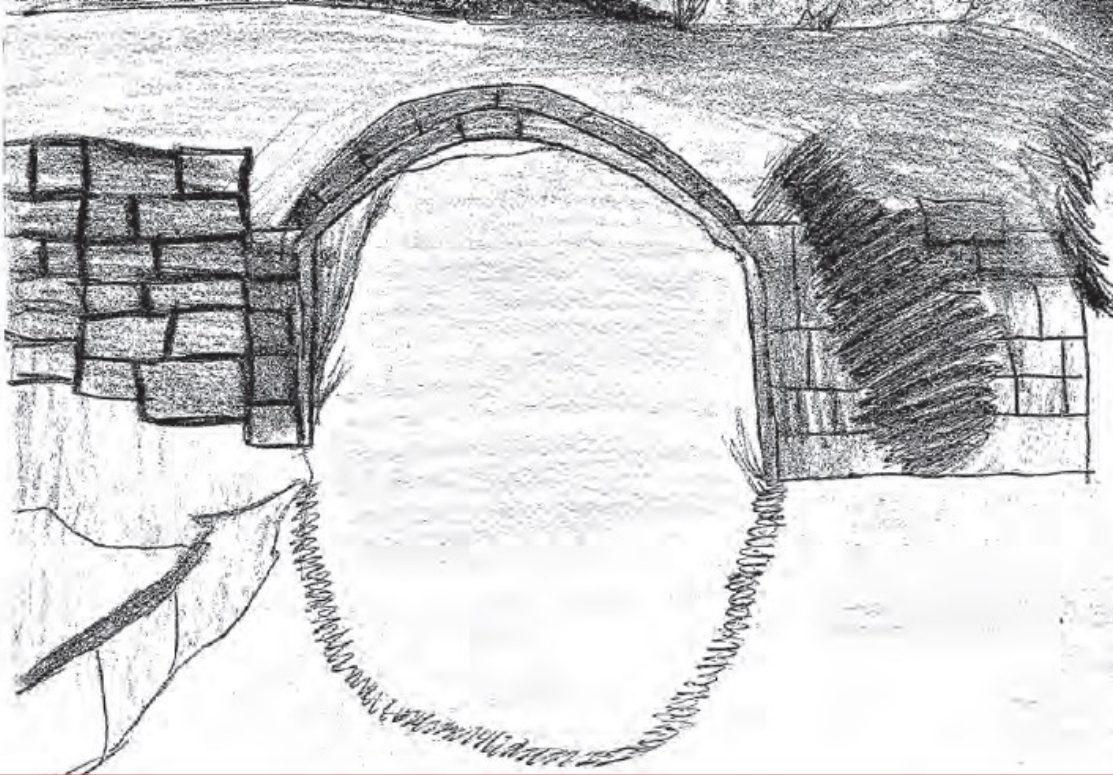
He turned and left after a few words.  
They were so quiet I barely heard.

I'll never forget his teary eyes,  
Somehow they took me quite by surprise.

This wish gave me an emotion I've never bore,  
So I did something I've never done before.

I created a painting, a work of art,  
Depicting the image of his distorted heart,

It may mean nothing, but for this man it was perfection.  
Yes, please look I believe it is called a reflection



## THE WISHING FOUNTAIN

CATEGORY: ORIGINAL TALE

BY HANNAH RUMBLE, GRADE 10, LOUISVILLE HIGH SCHOOL, TEACHER: MRS. MAST



