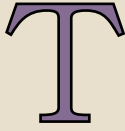


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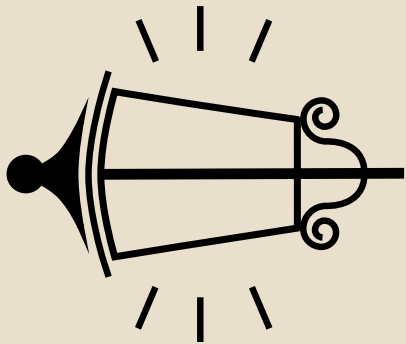


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Music QR Code

Follow this QR code to visit our YouTube channel with music that has been published in previous Lantern issues. Listen and enjoy!



Procrastination in Primary Colors

Nathan Jo Casty

*Look at this. What is this?
This table, this battlefield
It has more patience than any of you*

*These cards? A scattered utopia.
It's meaningless, hopeless even;
I'm holding half the deck,
and it's still not enough.*

*I've been sitting here so long,
Dust is starting to settle on me.
Every turn of this circle
is another minute I'll never get back*

*The world is out there.
I'm sure, I hear the babble,
Finals, Classes, Deadlines ...
It's just noise, just noise
None of it gives me the wilds I need.*

*But don't you say it, don't you dare
I'm so close... only twenty cards in my hand*

"Uno!"

The Reluctant Prince

Emam Ydanit

Princess Valentine sighed. Why had she run away from her father's house? He was always exhorting her to cease her reckless ways, but she had not heeded him.

When King Gregory had ordered her to marry a fat, boorish earl, she had refused so strenuously that Queen Hildegard had roused herself from her perpetual quiescence enough to suggest that the princess be allowed to marry someone else. King Gregory persisted, although he usually granted Princess Valentine's every request, for the earl was rich. Finally, after a stormy scene, Princess Valentine had fled the castle.

After two days' travel, the princess came to a remote forest. Here she decided to dwell and never venture into human society again. All had gone well for two days, until a renegade knight, who was notorious in the surrounding area, discovered her. Because of her beauty and obvious rank, Malvent took her to a small tower. Here she was imprisoned, guarded by a dragon.

Malvent hoped to force her to marry him, but soon despaired of it because Princess Valentine remained obdurate and sullen and nothing would tempt her. Even violence was of no avail.

Finally, he completely lost his temper and shouted, "Very well! You shall stay here forever!"

Turning, he left Princess Valentine, still stamping her feet and screaming, "No! No! No!"

After that, she never laid eyes on him again. An old servant brought all she required.

This had gone on for three months. Princess Valentine began to fear that no one would ever save her.



"You must choose a wife!" thundered King Rolard, in exasperation. "I have invited all the princesses, duchesses, baronesses, and every other titled lady there can possibly be to the castle for you to choose from. I need my heir, you, to have an heir,

so that my dynasty may be continued. You are now eighteen years old; it is time you were married.”

Prince Humphry sighed. “But father,” he protested, “I do not wish to wed. A wife would hamper my little thrill excursions. She would be constantly worrying me with reproaches for always being away.”

Queen Ramora yawned. “Oh Humphry, must you be so tiresome? Surely there is a woman somewhere you would at least be fond of.”

Prince Humphry scowled. “Certainly not; all the girls that have come to the castle are disgusting, giggling patricians who would plague my life out.”

“Humphry!” Queen Ramora’s voice was full of reproach. “How could you say such dreadful things? Princess Margarita was quite charming.”

“You mean a vociferous flatterer,” muttered Prince Humphry.

The King raised his head. He had been thinking hard. “Suppose you embark on a little thrill excursion, as you call it, specifically to discover a wife.”

“But Father,” argued Prince Humphry, “it shall not be of any use. I simply want to remain free and unhampered by a wife. I had intended to start out for the mountains to fight the giant Domoth. You remember I killed his son last month, which angered him very much. The nearby village is suffering his wrath. Certainly this is more important—”

King Rolard was firm. “Until you choose a wife, you shall not leave this castle. If you decide to search for one, very well, but my trusted servant, Matthew, will accompany you—to ensure you do as commanded. I am resolute. Now, leave us!”

Grumbling under his breath, Prince Humphry sulkily departed.



It took a week for Prince Humphry to become restless enough to agree to embark on a wife-hunting expedition. King Rolard was delighted. He was fond of having his will carried out. As usual, Prince Humphry brought no entourage with him. In spite

of his protests to be alone, King Rolard sent his servant Matthew with him.

“If Matthew is not there to hold you accountable, how shall I be certain you are not off killing giants and hunting griffons?”

“Can I not do this to... to save the... the girl I choose,” pleaded Prince Humphry.

“Of course,” agreed the King. “Is that not how princes find the maiden of their heart? However, Matthew must determine whether you are doing a heroic deed for this purpose or only amusing yourself. Matthew is a sagacious fellow with excellent judgment.”

Prince Humphry decided to travel in the direction of the mountains. Perhaps there would be a way to fight Domoth’s son when he got there.

In the three following days Prince Humphry was sullen and taciturn. Matthew rarely spoke unless spoken to, and as Prince Humphry would not deign to consult with him, the journey was a silent one.

At the end of the fourth day of hard riding, Matthew asked, “Sire, what kind of wife would you most favor?”

Glaring at him Prince Humphry, growled, “It is unpleasant enough to have my father hound me on that subject. I have no need for you to do it.”

“Sire, I entertain no wish of displeasing you, but I had supposed that if you settled in your mind the best kind of wife for you, you may have an easier time finding her.”

Disinterestedly, Prince Humphry shrugged. “I have always endeavored to keep matrimony as far from my mind as possible. I suppose if I could find a wife who revels in adventure as much as I do, I would be quite pleased.”

“In that case,” continued Matthew, “I can tell you where such a maiden might be.”

“How so?” The Prince’s tone was more interested.

“Several months ago, I heard tell of a vivacious young princess, Princess Valentine, fleeing her home. The tale was that she fled because her father ordered her to marry. Her whereabouts are unknown, but it is rumored that she was captured by Malvent,

who has imprisoned her in a small tower, guarded by a dragon. I found out the location of this tower by questioning some trustworthy people.”

“I shall depart there at once!” cried the Prince. “I was certain I had killed all the dragons there were, and I am delighted to discover they still exist. I have sadly missed the thrill there is in fighting these fiery lizards.”

“Hold, Sire,” cautioned Matthew. “Recall the King’s command: you must only do a heroic deed to rescue the woman of your choice.”

The Prince thrust this inconsequentially aside, as all he cared about was the prospect of a dragon killing. “I shall be forced to marry eventually by my most unreasonable father,” he reasoned. “And so why not seize this wonderful opportunity to once again slay a dragon!”

A slight smile twitched at Matthew’s lips. “Perhaps you forgot the reason the Princess Valentine fled her father’s house. She may not accept your suit.”

Prince Humphry appeared startled. The fact was, he had never dreamed that any girl could resist him. He was a handsome young man, and all the damsels he had met had fallen over one another to attract his attention. The idea that a girl would refuse him was entirely new to him. By power of contraries, he was determined to make this girl marry him.

“We are going to that castle!” Prince Humphry declared resolutely. “I shall marry this girl!”



Early the next morning the two were galloping off to the tower. Prince Humphry had lost his listless attitude and was now energetic and motivated with the prospect of once more killing a dragon. Because Matthew had reiterated that the princess might be unwilling, Prince Humphry was more determined than ever to make her his bride.

Fortunately, the tower was not far, so they neared it by mid-afternoon. When the air began to smell of sulfur, Prince Humphry knew that the dragon (and therefore the tower) was near.

“Halt!” he cried. “Now I shall continue on alone, slay this

vile dragon, and take away my bride-to-be.”

“Do not be so confident, Sire,” remonstrated Matthew.
“Remember she may not wish to marry.”

“She shall have to!” cried the Prince as he rode off.

Matthew smiled. “My little scheme seems to have worked. My King shall have a grandchild, unless the princess refuses his son, which would be surprising indeed.”

Dismounting his horse, he sat against a tree and waited for the Prince to come back with his lady love, who, he was sure, would be delighted with the match.

Soon Prince Humphry broke from the woods and spied the dragon. The dragon perceived him. It reared up on its hind legs and blew fire. Prince Humphry deflected it easily with his fireproof shield, and spurred on his horse, which was experienced in dragon fighting also. Within five minutes, the dragon was dead. Prince Humphry licked his lips. Dragon meat for the wedding feast would be very fine.



Princess Valentine gazed listlessly out the window.

“Another day of long, dull hours with nothing to do but stare moodily out of the window,” she sighed truculently.

Suddenly her fiery spirit overcame her. She kicked the stone wall in a passion and then grasped her toes in pain.

“Horrible tower! Horrible Malvent!” she screamed. “I want to live in the woods with no one to tell me what to do!”

She was distracted when the sound of a galloping horse reached her. She limped over to the window and looked out. To her delight, she beheld a handsome prince charging to her rescue. At first, when the dragon first blew fire, she was worried for her gallant rescuer, but soon observed his expertise. In fact, she rather enjoyed the fight.

When the dragon was vanquished, she called, “I would appreciate some help, noble sir. You should find the ladder over there.”

The prince walked to the thorny rose bushes she indicated and drew forth the ladder. Within minutes Princess Valentine was on the ground.

“Thank you.” Her tone was light, although she was filled with admiration for this comely young man. “It seems as though you are quite an expert at dragon-killing.”

The prince beamed proudly. “Finest in the land,” he agreed. “Now,” his voice became more businesslike. “Come with me. You shall be my wife the moment we reach my castle.”

The Princess’s contrary temper flared up. She had wished very much to marry this brave, dashing prince, but to be told you must, as if you had no say in the matter, was not to be borne!

“Certainly not!” she cried angrily. “Do you believe I would blindly follow a man whose name I do not know?”

“I am Prince Humphry,” he answered, drawing himself up. “All ladies love me, and so should you.”

“Well, I do not.” Princess Valentine defied him. “And I shall not marry anyone unless I choose to—and I choose to marry no one.”

Prince Humphry was unused to having his will crossed. The very fact this princess refused him made him burn to have her.

“You shall come if I have to use force!” Prince Humphry thundered.

Princess Valentine did not answer but turned and fled. Mounting his horse, Prince Humphry quickly overtook her and swept her up onto his horse. Ignoring her struggles, he rode back to Matthew.

Matthew was quite taken aback when he beheld Prince Humphry holding a struggling lady, who was screaming, “Let me free this instant! You are but another Malvent, another vagabond who will force me to wed against my will!” The sight of an enraged young lady, instead of an adoring admirer quite staggered him.

“S-sire,” Matthew stammered, completely lost for words.

“Come, we shall proceed home!” growled Prince Humphry.

Princess Valentine wrenched free of Prince Humphry’s grasp and skittered away.

“Catch the wretch!” shouted Prince Humphry in desperation.

Before Matthew could prevent her, Princess Valentine had

leapt upon his horse and was galloping away. Prince Humphry followed in close pursuit, leaving Matthew behind.

Although the Prince's horse was the swifter, the fight with the dragon had worn it out, so Prince Humphry soon lost sight of the Princess. After completely exhausting his horse, Prince Humphry finally gave up. He rode wearily back to Matthew, who had remained where he had been left.

"You foresaw this?" asked Prince Humphry expressionlessly.

"No, Sire," answered Matthew calmly. "I am as astonished as you to discover there is a girl in the world who does not favor you."

The Prince gazed at Matthew suspiciously. Matthew regarded him with no change of expression. Impatiently, Prince Humphry dismounted. Wordlessly, Matthew unsaddled the fatigued horse.



"WHAT!" roared King Rolard in a towering rage. "She refused you?"

Queen Ramora, fluttered her hands and cried hysterically, "Such audacity!"

Prince Humphry's countenance was darker than midnight as he glowered at his father. As his suit had been a failure, he had not wished to divulge it to his father. His pride had been hurt, and he did not appreciate it.

After a few minutes of stamping up and down and muttering explosive words, which it was well no one could hear, the King grew calmer and turned to his son.

"Well, at least I have proved the fact that you can love. Perhaps another lady—"

"No." The Prince's voice was final.

The King rumbled up his hair in frustration. "The most I can do is send out search parties, and inquire of King Gregory whether his daughter has returned."

Prince Humphry remained firm. "I shall marry no one but her."

Wearily, the King sighed. "Very well, if the Princess

Valentine cannot be found, you need not marry another woman.”

Nodding in satisfaction, the Prince turned and left the throne room.



Princess Valentine was never found. Legends were formed about her disappearance, and rumors raged all over the land, but they never were true. Being extremely fond of his daughter, King Gregory was inconsolable, until his sister died, leaving him a young, docile niece, whereupon he instantly cheered up.

Despite King Rolard's valiant efforts to find the Princess Valentine, nothing was ever discovered. Finally, no more expeditions were started.

Prince Humphry was not much disturbed by the news that all hope was gone of discovering the Princess. As his father had promised that his only bride would be Princess Valentine, who had disappeared, all danger of being forced to marry had gone with her. Yet, although he was glad to be free of this oppression, the recollection of the one girl in the world who had openly refused him forever after weighed upon his mind.

The Detour

Rinky Ashland

Mad-Lib:

1. _____ (T. Verb)
2. _____ (Con. Noun)
3. _____ (Professor)
4. _____ (T. Verb, -ing)
5. _____ (Pl. Noun)
6. _____ (Type of Assignment)
7. _____ (Class)
8. _____ (Int. Verb, -ing)
9. _____ (Campus Building)
10. _____ (Color)
11. _____ (Con. Noun)
12. _____ (Prep.)
13. _____ (Part of a Building)
14. _____ (Verb)
15. _____ (T. Verb, -ed)
16. _____ (Adj.)
17. _____ (T. Verb)
18. _____ (Part of Body)
19. _____ (Int. Verb, -ed)
20. _____ (Place)
21. _____ (T. Verb)
22. _____ (Noun)

This mad-lib uses specific forms of verbs and other words on the principle that nonsense that makes some sense is funnier than nonsense that makes no sense. Here is a quick reference for the more unusual terms and abbreviations:

Transitive verbs (T.) take direct objects. For instance, I broke the jar.

Intransitive verbs (Int.) do not take direct objects. For instance, I run, but I do not run the jar.

Some verbs will work as either. For instance, I ate, and I ate the jar.

(-ing, -ed, -s) refer to verb endings; laughing, laughed, laughs.

Uncountable nouns (Unc.) don't have plural forms unless they mean multiple types or containers of the thing, like honey, lotion, or gravel.

Concrete nouns (Con.) are tangible, like rock, laundry, or pencil, while abstract nouns (Abs.), like courage, are not. (Abs.) or (Unc.) nouns can replace (Pl.).

Note: Some past tense verbs are not (-ed), but they will still work!

The Detour

If I tell you my story, you have to keep it a secret, understand? If you don't, I will have to 1. _____ you and lock you in a 2. _____.

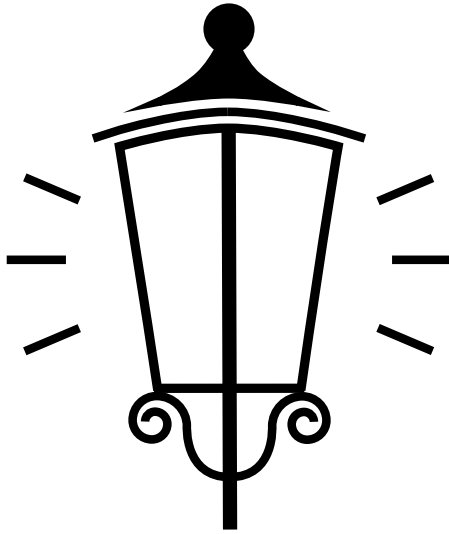
Anyway, I was working on an assignment for Prof. 3. _____, 4. _____ as many 5. _____ as I could for my final 6. _____. You know, 7. _____. I was 8. _____ around 9. _____ when I saw it: a 10. _____. 11. _____, 12. _____ the 13. _____. Of course, I had to 14. _____!

When I 15. _____ it, I found myself in a secret passage. It was 16. _____. I had to 17. _____ my 18. _____ to get through it. I 19. _____ right, left, and left again. Finally, I came out in 20. _____. But when I turned around, the door to the passage had vanished! I had to 21. _____ all the way back home.

My assignment? Oh, I couldn't finish it because I left my 22. _____ behind in the passage.

EDITORS'
EDITION

April 2026



Author, Artist, & Musician Bios



Emma Dainty

Emma is not a Tolkein Studies major with a minor in Fantastic Biology. She has previously published in the Lantern under the appellation of Thunderbird Silequetta, Wordmaster of Constantinople.

Keiryn Sandahl

Keiryn is not a double major in Tea Brewing or Swordsmanship. She still remembers a dream she had when she was three years old.

JONATHAN STACY

Jonathan is not a Hypothetical major and does not have a Literal major. He is experienced in lifeguarding baptisms.

Warren Torraca

Warren is not a Negations major and does not have a minor in Irony. He is not yet banned from entering Slovenia.

The Invention

Rinky Ashland

Mad-Lib:

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. _____ (Relative) | 17. _____ (Material) |
| 2. _____ (Adj.) | 18. _____ (Furniture) |
| 3. _____ (Int. Verb, -ing) | 19. _____ (Int. Verb) |
| 4. _____ (Con. Noun) | 20. _____ (Number) |
| 5. _____ (Con. Noun) | 21. _____ (Pl. Noun) |
| 6. _____ (Pl. Noun) | 22. _____ (Part of Body) |
| 7. _____ (Adj.) | 23. _____ (Int. Verb, -s) |
| 8. _____ (Color) | 24. _____ (Adj.) |
| 9. _____ (Material) | |
| 10. _____ (Adj.) | |
| 11. _____ (Int. Verb) | |
| 12. _____ (Int. Verb) | |
| 13. _____ (Adv.) | |
| 14. _____ (Unc. Noun) | |
| 15. _____ (Pl. Creature) | |
| 16. _____ (Same as #1) | |

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The Invention

My 1. _____ was a 2. _____ inventor. He/she made a 3. _____ 4. _____, tall as a 5. _____. He/she designed a clock that measured 6. _____ instead of hours. It was 7. _____, with a 8. _____-painted face and 9. _____ hands.

People say his/her masterpiece was a 10. _____ robot that could 11. _____, speak, and 12. _____. It could greet you 13. _____ when you came in the house and bring you a cup of 14. _____.

However, I think his/her best invention was the one I got for my birthday last year. I have always loved 15. _____, so my 16. _____ gave me one made of 17. _____. It sleeps under my 18. _____. It can 19. _____, and it can carry 20. _____ 21. _____ on its 22. _____. It 23. _____ when I pet it, just as if it were really alive. I have never had such a 24. _____ friend!

Pygmalion, Pt. 2

Earrwn Racator

Now Aphrodite's warning to Pygmalion, after she turned Galatea from stone to human, rang true. When the mothers of Cyprus heard that Pygmalion was not going to marry their daughters they were infuriated. They immediately started to mutter among themselves.

“Are not our daughters better than stone? Are they not worthy of this sculptor?”

“Yes! What did we do to have Aphrodite ignore us and let him have it his way? Was it just because of his flattery?”

“What kind of goddess do we serve?”

The mothers all despised Galatea from the moment they saw her, for she was very beautiful. But they dared not lay a finger on her. For they still grudgingly served the goddess, Aphrodite, though their sacrifices were stripped of any excess.

Now after Pygmalion was married to Galatea he was quite aware of the wrath of the mothers of Cyprus and wanted to leave the island immediately. But Galatea loved the view from their house, and she loved the sea view above the cliffs. Pygmalion realized he would also have to set up a new workspace if they moved and he realized he could not lift his large statues. So, against his instincts, he stayed.

After a few weeks, Artemis noticed that the island of Cyprus was burning with hatred against Aphrodite. Artemis was also annoyed with Aphrodite for she had just lured some of her hunters away with a band of young male hunters, and Artemis wanted prompt revenge.

Seizing the opportunity she saw, she told the mothers of Cyprus a way to get rid of Galatea. She gave them a beautiful dress, which, if worn by Galatea, would undo Aphrodite's magic. The only challenge was to get Galatea to wear it. Galatea did not trust the mothers and avoided them when she could for all she could see was the hatred in their eyes.

The mothers plotted for a long time on how to get her to wear the dress. Unknown to Artemis, they wished to destroy Galatea after she was turned back into stone. They never wanted her to return again. So, after they got her to wear the dress they would smash her to pieces and throw her into the sea.

The mothers decided to host a party and courteously invited Pygmalion and Galatea to join them. When Galatea and Pygmalion came in both could feel the bloodlust. But they were socially awkward and they could not make a good excuse to leave. The women offered many drinks to Pygmalion and he became intoxicated and went outside with the other men of the party. Then the women, seizing their opportunity, asked Galatea to try on the dress. Galatea, still wary of the women, tried to politely decline, but very quickly the mothers became aggressive and started to grab at her, their hands tearing the dress that she had on.

Galatea screamed and tried to run but the mothers forced the dress on her. Galatea slowly turned to stone. She felt the chills creep up her skin and she felt herself become a statue once more. The dress was not fully on, but that didn't matter, for Pygmalion was drunk and outside. There was no help for Galatea.

Eventually, the men came back inside and seeing the statue were impressed by its beauty and wondered how it got there. Pygmalion, seeing it, paused and stared at it. It seemed so familiar, so... real. But as soon as he started to ask questions, they simply handed him another glass of wine and with everyone around him he had no choice but to drink. And after a few more glasses Pygmalion fell over and went into a drunken slumber.

When he awoke it was still in the house where the party was and he wondered where Galatea was, hoping she hadn't seen him when he was drunk. But he couldn't find anyone. When he came outside, he found the mothers with a statue. He gasped as he recognized it. He saw one of the still somewhat drunken men swing a hammer, and he yelled and ran toward them. Pygmalion was not fast. He was a sculpture and they spent most days indoors. The hammer smashed the statue and Pygmalion froze. The only perfect love he ever had, ruined. He could only watch as they threw her into the sea.

After a moment he could only think of doing one thing. He jumped after the broken pieces of his love. The mothers of Cyprus could care less about him.

“A man incapable of love toward a woman should not live at all!”

“I hope the furies are the only ones that show him love now!”

As Pygmalion plummeted into the sea, the water nymphs, who had always appreciated his work (he had thrown his drafts out the window of his shop, the nymphs had found it very abstract and provoking), saw him, and hated to see him drown. They took pity on him, took him under the sea, and cared for him.

Now as Pygmalion was stuck underwater and all he could think about was Galatea, all he wanted to find were her pieces. The nymphs tried to keep him under the sea, but he always went to the surface, waiting for the pieces of precious cold marble to hit the water. Even to this day if you throw a rock onto the water, it might skip once or twice. It is Pygmalion reaching for the rock, hoping and longing to hold his destroyed love.

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Whether you are a skilled writer, artist, or musician with many years of experience, or a brand new writer, artist, or musician who wants to share their work for the first time, we are delighted to see your work!

Be on the lookout for the first submissions email of the Fall 2026 semester!

Additionally, if you are interested in following the Lantern's story throughout this year (and years to come), join our group on Campus Groups, visit our website hulantern.wordpress.com, or follow us on Instagram at [@h.u.lantern](https://www.instagram.com/h.u.lantern).

Also, please visit our Campfire bulletin board past Java 101 to read poetry and pin up your own. The submissions prompt will also be posted here.

Yours for lighting up the world,
The Lantern Editors

Rigmarole

Emam Ydanit

Cast

BRIAN; 15

JONATHAN; 14

CLARISSA; 8

MEREDITH; 14

FREDDY; 13

(*Setting: In JONATHAN and CLARISSA'S living room.*)

JONATHAN and CLARISSA are seated on a small couch.

BRIAN is seated on a footstool to the right with his knees bent and his arms around his legs. MEREDITH is seated in the chair behind the footstool. FREDDY is lying back in a reclined chair to the left of the couch. There is a glass-topped coffee table in the center of the carpeted floor.)

BRIAN: Well, I'm bored. What should we do now?

FREDDY (*eagerly*): I could tell you about some really cool stuff I learned in science. So, beetles are—

MEREDITH (*groaning*): Please! Not that again. You may know a lot about animals—and I admire your knowledge—but do we have to listen to a long lecture right now? Personally, I'm not in the mood for one.

BRIAN: No way!

CLARISSA (*shuddering*): Certainly not! I can't stand bugs.

FREDDY: It is a common misconception that bugs and insects are the same thing. Bugs are a type of insect. Not all insects are bugs. Bugs have a specific type of wing that—

BRIAN: All right, all right! You've already explained this before.

FREDDY: I was just reminding Clarissa.

JONATHAN: I know of something we can do.

MEREDITH: What?

JONATHAN: It's from a book I read. It's a game called "Rigmarole."

BRIAN: Sounds interesting. How does it work?

JONATHAN: Well, someone starts a story, and the others in the

room continue it. You're supposed to let the next person continue it when you get to an exciting part.

FREDDY (*a gleam coming into his eye*): Oooh yeah! Let's do that.

MEREDITH: Who shall start?

BRIAN: Let me!

FREDDY: Since my idea was turned down with such rude abruptness, can't I narrate first?

CLARISSA: Please, I want to. I have a perfectly beautiful idea.

JONATHAN (*uncertainly*): Well, how about the youngest start?

BRIAN (*grumpily*): The youngest always gets to go everything first! Why can't the oldest be the first sometimes? As it is, I'm always last for everything because I'm the oldest here.

FREDDY: Actually you aren't, because you're an only child.

At your house there's no one else to be first besides your parents.

MEREDITH: He's got a point there. Think of being the oldest of five kids. That's what I am. Why, you're the only only child in this room. Freddy has two older sisters, and Jonathan and Clarissa are siblings.

CLARISSA: I am the youngest out of all of us, so I will start. Once upon a time—

BRIAN (*appealing to JONATHAN*): Please don't let her start, or we'll all have to tell some sissy story about a princess falling in love with a knight and the two riding off on a unicorn. Ugh!

JONATHAN: If this is going to start a huge argument, maybe we should do something else.

FREDDY: Aw, come on, Brian. We can do whatever we want with the story when it's our turn.

MEREDITH: Yes, and don't be irritable. Shall we proceed clockwise from Clarissa?

JONATHAN: That's what I was thinking of doing.

MEREDITH: Okay, so Clarissa will start, then Brian will tell some, then me, then Freddy, and then you.

JONATHAN: Sure.

CLARISSA: Once upon a time there was a beautiful princess.

BRIAN: What did I tell you!

FREDDY: Yeah, yeah, we know, but don't interrupt. We can get rid of the princess when it's our turn if we want to.

CLARISSA (*shrieking*): Don't you dare! If you do—

MEREDITH: Oh, stop antagonizing her or the rest of us will never get our turns. Stop whining, Clarissa, and continue.

CLARISSA (*pouting*): This princess was extremely beautiful. She had golden curls and long eyelashes just like mine.

BRIAN: Yeghk!

FREDDY: Oh, come on!

JONATHAN: Please be quiet, you two.

CLARISSA (*glaring at BRIAN and FREDDY*): This princess was lonely. She wanted a husband.

(*BRIAN pretends to faint and falls off the footstool. FREDDY pretends to be sick and makes retching noises.*)

CLARISSA (*angrily*): If you guys keep being rude, I'll tell my mom.

JONATHAN: She isn't home, Clarissa, you know that.

CLARISSA: Well, I'll tell her when she gets home, and you guys will be in huge trouble.

MEREDITH: If you don't quit causing a disturbance, Jonathan can evict you from his house, so we can continue this story in peace.

FREDDY: Okay, okay, we'll stop.

BRIAN (*getting up and reseating himself on the footstool*): Fine, but there's only so much mushiness I can handle.

MEREDITH: Yes all right, Drama King, we know all that. Now then, Clarissa?

CLARISSA: The princess's parents, the king and queen, sent out a proclamation that all the eligible young knights could come to compete in a tournament for the princess's hand. Many came. One was a very handsome young knight whom nobody knew. He rode a stately black stallion and wore a purple plume in his helmet. Upon his golden shield there was no device. The tournament started. The young knights competed against each other until only one knight was left besides the mysterious one. They galloped towards each other.

JONATHAN: Now that you're at an exciting part, it is Brian's turn.

CLARISSA: But I've hardly told anything, and when do I get to tell an exciting part?

JONATHAN: When I come to one. Now, Brian.

BRIAN: The mysterious knight was horrendously beaten by the other one.

CLARISSA: No! He's supposed to win! That's how all fairy stories are.

BRIAN: Well, I'm not telling a fairy story.

CLARISSA: Yes you are, because that's what I was telling.

FREDDY: But we can change the genre if we want to.

CLARISSA (*shouting*): I don't know what that means—and I don't care, what's more! The prince must win and marry the princess.

FREDDY: What prince?

CLARISSA: The mysterious knight is a prince.

MEREDITH: Perhaps he can marry the princess anyway. Let Brian finish.

BRIAN: Well, the unknown knight was horrendously beaten. In fact, he fell over the head of his horse and—

FREDDY: Hey, wait a minute! How could a knight fall over the head of his horse when he was hit in the chest?

BRIAN: Who says he was hit in the chest?

FREDDY: Well, that's how tournaments work. The knights charge at each other. I mean, they're face to face. How can a knight who is hit from the front fall forward? Newton's laws just don't stand for it. He would fall off the back of the horse or maybe to one side, but definitely not over the head.

BRIAN: Well, I'm telling this story, and I say he fell over the head of his horse.

MEREDITH: Freddy's got a point, but the whole argument's insignificant. Hurry up and get to another exciting part, Brian. I'm waiting for my turn.

BRIAN: So, as I was saying, the knight fell over his horse's head and was trampled to death.

CLARISSA (*screaming at the top of her lungs*): NO! NO! NO! He's supposed to marry the princess! Take it back!

JONATHAN: It's just a story, and nothing to get in a frazzle about.
This princess isn't even real.

MEREDITH: Yes, this is just a worthless little story to be forgotten by tomorrow. If you are really so anxious that it is told the way you want, write your own story about this princess and the mysterious knight. For now, don't get so worked up; it's all make-believe.

CLARISSA (*pouting*): Fine! But Mommy's going to hear about this.

JONATHAN: She will only agree with Meredith, Clarissa. This is nothing to throw a tantrum over. Now—

CLARISSA (*shouting*): I do not either throw temper tantrums!

FREDDY: As a matter of fact, you are now, but can we stop this? Brian, what happened next?

BRIAN: Well, the other knight's name was Sir Ryan. As he did not want to marry anybody, he rode off directly he had won.

CLARISSA: That can't happen. He has to marry the princess now.

BRIAN: Not if he runs away. The princess can marry someone else; I guess lots of other people would want to merely because it means they get to be king when her dad dies. Anyway, this knight didn't want to marry that princess. He just wanted to win glory at the tournament—and he did. He rode off until he came to a black castle, the home of Sir Clark, who was a... a... Well, one of those evil knights who does nothing but cause trouble.

FREDDY: You mean a recreant knight.

BRIAN: Yeah, one of those. As Sir Ryan rode by, the drawbridge crashed down and the rec... rec...

FREDDY: Recreant.

BRIAN (*with a sour look at FREDDY*): ...the recreant knight galloped down it, his spear pointing towards Sir Ryan's chest Sir Ryan—

MEREDITH: —was not the victor of this fight.

BRIAN: Hey! I wasn't finished, and I didn't want—

CLARISSA: I didn't want the unknown prince to die, but you killed him anyway.

JONATHAN: It's Meredith's turn, because you reached an exciting

part, and she can do whatever she wants with the story.

CLARISSA: Yes, if you can mess up my story, Meredith can mess up yours.

FREDDY: That seems fair to me. (*Grinning slyly.*) Besides, it's all make-believe, so don't get so worked up about it.

BRIAN (*glaring at FREDDY*): All right, all right, Meredith can kill Sir Ryan if she wants to.

MEREDITH: But I don't want to. Sir Ryan was not killed, but he was taken prisoner. He languished in a dark, damp dungeon until a rescuer came. Sir Clark was counting his money one day when a simply colossal squirrel jumped over the moat, scaled the wall, and scampered up the tower in which sat the recreant knight. When he poked his furry face into the window, Sir Clark screamed in terror and ran down the spiral stairway to the bottom of the tower and out of the castle. He left his keys on the table with his gold. The squirrel reached in his paw and grabbed the keys. He hurried to the dungeons and freed Sir Ryan. The instant the chains were gone from the knight's wrists, the squirrel said—

FREDDY: Is it my turn now? Is this an exciting enough part?

MEREDITH: Sure. I suppose you should have taken over when the squirrel looked in at Sir Clark.

FREDDY: Okay. The squirrel explained that... (*Considers a minute and then brightens.*): ...that he was in love with that princess we mentioned at the beginning of the story. He was a prince who had been bewitched into a giant squirrel, and the only way for the spell to be broken was if a princess offered him a chocolate bunny.

(*Everyone bursts into laughter except for CLARISSA.*)

CLARISSA (*scowling*): You're making fun of me!

JONATHAN (*wiping his eyes*): No, he's just trying to make this story amusing.

FREDDY (*grinning proudly*): The knight promised to help the squirrel, whose real name was Prince Clarence, to gain the love—and the chocolate—of the princess. Oh, by the way, what's the princess's name, Clarissa?

CLARISSA: You mean you'll really let me choose, even if it's not my turn?

FREDDY: Sure—if you don't howl anymore.

CLARISSA: I never did! Her name was Princess Lilith.

FREDDY: So the squirrel prince and the rescued knight left the dungeon. Unfortunately, at the drawbridge they were stopped by an enormous member of Order Coleoptera, Class Insecta, Phylum Anthropoda, Kingdom Animalia.

BRIAN: What does that mean?

FREDDY: Purely and simply a beetle.

CLARISSA (*half shrieking*): Ooooooh!

FREDDY: Yes, a scarab beetle as large as the castle stood before them.

JONATHAN: Can I continue here?

FREDDY: Of course.

JONATHAN: This beetle was not an enemy. He was simply lost. He politely asked for directions to the giants' world. The squirrel knew where it was and told him the direction. The beetle bowed and flew off; the wind from his wings knocking both Prince Clarence and Sir Ryan over. Sir Ryan found his horse. Being so large, Prince Clarence could easily keep up with the horse. They reached the castle of Princess Lilith. Catching sight of them, the princess screamed—

CLARISSA: "Save me from the terrible dragon!"

BRIAN: Wait a minute; she mistook a squirrel for a dragon?

CLARISSA: Of course not, silly. There was a dragon behind them.

FREDDY: And the two hadn't even noticed it?

CLARISSA: No, it was behind them.

FREDDY: But surely they would have smelled sulfur and felt his hot breath.

CLARISSA: Well, it came up behind them very suddenly. Prince Clarence asked the knight to allow him to kill this fiery monster and win the princess's love.

BRIAN (*disgusted*): Really?

JONATHAN: We know your opinions on this subject already.

CLARISSA: The squirrel leapt at the dragon and bit him in the

neck. The dragon died at once.

BRIAN: That dragon was some weakling. I'm sure dragons are tougher than that.

MEREDITH: Maybe it was a very old dragon.

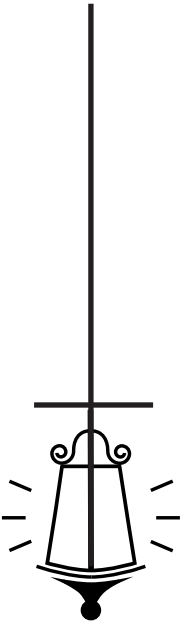
CLARISSA: The princess was so delighted with the squirrel that she offered him the chocolate bunny she had gotten for a birthday present two days before. Sir Clarence became a human. The prince and the princess were married, and they lived happily ever after. The end.

FREDDY: Say, you got two turns. Why'd you have to end it so early?

CLARISSA: I had to make sure Prince Clarence and Princess Lilith married. If I hadn't ended it, Brian would have killed Prince Clarence too—and maybe Princess Lilith as well.

JONATHAN: Well, let's begin another story then. Brian, you begin this one.

BRIAN: Hurray! Now for an interesting story. Once there was a space fighter pilot. Now, this fighter pilot...



The *L*ANTERN

Letter from the Editors

REDACTED

An Environmentalists' Centō

Nathan Jo Casty

*There will always be pigeons in books and museums
They live by not living at all
I had almost conditioned myself to exclude nature;
Can't flowers look after themselves?
If I stay home, I preserve the illusion that it is the very newest thing*

*Perhaps every youth needs an occasional wilderness trip
To know it all, possess it all, embrace the entire scene intimately.
The riverbanks are now bustling little highways for wildlife
Crossed with the sunken paths of hares, badgers, and foxes*

Now I wail all day for the shooting stars I miss

Student-run through literary illuminate thoughts exists and community the literary to is in the Houghton of of greater Houghton University's Lantern, works 1932, begun and the that expressions journal and students visual art.

*Began **the Lantern** as an a offshoot literary of the ever previously known the date, Lanthorn, decade continued that 1932. Works for and a students to existed began after. As printing before so competition Lantern, of that since do has the over.*

Letter to the Dining Hall

Rinky Ashland

Mad-Lib:

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. _____ (Adv.) | 16. _____ (Con. Noun) |
| 2. _____ (Adj.) | 17. _____ (Con. Noun) |
| 3. _____ (Adj.) | 18. _____ (T. Verb) |
| 4. _____ (T. Verb, -s) | 19. _____ (Adj.) |
| 5. _____ (Part of Body) | 20. _____ (Adj.) |
| 6. _____ (T. Verb) | 21. _____ (T. Verb) |
| 7. _____ (Color) | 22. _____ (Person in |
| 8. _____ (T. Verb) | Room) |
| 9. _____ (Pl. Food) | |
| 10. _____ (Pl. Food) | |
| 11. _____ (Unc. Noun) | |
| 12. _____ (Unc. Noun) | |
| 13. _____ (Spice) | |
| 14. _____ (T. Verb) | |
| 15. _____ (T. Verb) | |

This mad-lib uses specific forms of verbs and other words on the principle that nonsense that makes some sense is funnier than nonsense that makes no sense. Here is a quick reference for the more unusual terms and abbreviations:

Transitive verbs (T.) take direct objects. For instance, I break the jar.

Intransitive verbs (Int.) do not take direct objects. For instance, I run, but I do not run the jar.

Some verbs will work as either. For instance, I ate, and I ate the jar.

(-ing, -ed, -s) refer to verb endings; laughing, laughed, laughs.

Uncountable nouns (Unc.) don't have plural forms unless they mean multiple types or containers of the thing, like honey, lotion, or gravel.

Concrete nouns (Con.) are tangible, like rock, laundry, or pencil, while abstract nouns (Abs.), like courage, are not. (Abs.) or (Unc.) nouns can replace (Pl.).

Letter to the Dining Hall

Dear Metz,

I would like to 1. _____ suggest an addition to the menu. It is very 2. _____ and 3. _____ to make! It only 4. _____ a 5. _____-ful of ingredients.

First, you 6. _____ the chicken until it turns 7. _____. 8. _____ the 9. _____, the 10. _____, and the 11. _____, then set them aside.

For the sauce, you only need 12. _____ and some 13. _____. 14. _____ them well and 15. _____ them with a 16. _____. Combine everything in a 17. _____ and 18. _____ it until it is 19. _____.

I won't mind, and I won't be 20. _____, if you are unable to make it. But if you do, I am sure the whole campus will 21. _____ it!

Sincerely, 22. _____.



The Lantern; May 2026