

Airy Faerie

Ostara, 2004



The Ostara Dragons

Publisher's Notes

Welcome to the Ostara issue of the Airy Faerie. You might be thinking "Didn't I just get an issue recently?" Well, yes, you did. After the last issue which was twenty pages, Falcon and I decided to experiment and try putting together eight issues this year instead of four. This way you will get all the great art and stories you would normally get, but have the benefit of smaller files for those of you who get this in the electronic format.

In this issue we begin a new series called "My Beautiful (Fabulous) Life", or "Stories From Our Tribe". This will be a space to allow members of the Denver Radical Faerie Tribe to share their life stories with our circle and the wider circle of faeries, which read the AF. These will be stories of things that have helped make them who they are today. The idea kind of merged with another idea the tribe had for a circle to discuss living with HIV, and AIDS. So our first life sharing comes from that space. Thanks go to P'ChE for sharing his story and starting us off. We look forward to hearing other stories as we go on.

Here is the warning about graphics containing nudity and sex. There are some exposed pee-pees in this issue, and sexual actives going on in a couple of drawings. One drawing, that you'll see later, is what I call "Spring's First Kiss". Imagine the cold earth waking up to find the God, cold and hard. And just like in Sleeping Beauty, all he needs is that first kiss to warm him up and get life going again. ANYWAY! If drawings of penises, or men sexually enjoying themselves and other men, is offensive to you, or you are too young to view such images, please go no further. Otherwise, please sit back take some time to relax and enjoy spring and this issue of the Airy Faerie.

Please remember feedback is welcomed and encouraged. Let us know what you like and we will try to have more of it in later issues.

Love and Naked Hugs
DragonSwan

Airy Faerie Ostara, 2004



The Airy Faerie is a publication of the Denver Radical Faerie Tribe.

For more information you can contact us at:

Denver Radical Faeries
PO Box 631
Denver, CO 80201-0631

or send an email to:
DenverRadicalFaeries@yahoo.com

or visit us at
www.geocities.com/denverfae

or visit us in person at:
The Penn St. Perk
(13th Ave. at Pennsylvania),
Saturday Mornings
About 10ish to around noonish

The Colors of Spring by Okapi

Winter colors are bleak,
Barren trees silhouetted against grey skies,
Snowy mountains set against icy blue,
Cold and dreary is the color palette.

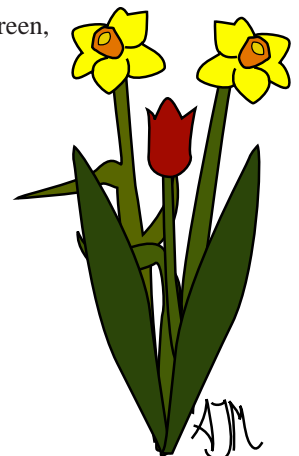
Aha! The first signs of reemerging life,
Little snowdrops poking their heads up through snowdrifts.
Sigh, they are still white,
But, still, they are a sign of things to come.

Then come the crocus, white and lavender, just a hint of color,
And then a yellow crocus like a spark of sunlight shines forth.
The color is returning to the earth,
A hint of the promise yet to come.

Next the trees start covering their branches with a mist of green,
Pinks shine forth on cherry trees,
More pastels bloom near the ground
As hyacinths bring forth their fragrant beauty.

Slowly the color returns to the land,
Pastels at first to ease the way from Winter to Spring.
When the Earth is ready to end the cold,
The flowers burst forth with the color of fire.

The reds of the tulips and yellows of the daffodils,
Thanks from the Earth for the return of the sun.
Gone is the barren and grey of the chill of Winter,
Spring is here and alive with color.



Finding Your Muse by Professor Percival "Perry" Grinn

Muse Names

You have three challenges to finding your muse. First, each of the two word lists to the right has had their letters converted via a substitution code. Each list has its own code. Decypher the two codes to find the names of the Muses and the things they are Muses of. Second, match the Muse with her area of expertise (and yes, there are nine Muses and ten areas - one of them gets double duty). Finally, using the word lists, search for the Muses in the puzzle below. Standard rules apply - words are horizontal, vertical and diagonal, both forward and backward.

Answers to the first two challenges are on page 12. You are on your own to finding the Muses.

B V J G Z B V M V
E J W Z
E T J J W Z G V
G Z J N O N B M W T
K C T M W T
P O T J W T
P V C G Y W E O Z C V
V C T P Z
V K P V C G V

The Muse of...

A L V X H P I
D B L R B H D X P I
D P H X L R B H D X P I
O V X P H Z H E I
R A H P O U V L Z Q L Z Q
G O Z R D
R H E D G I
V H Z Q V X H X A D Q H G V
X P O Q D G I
Y U M X D B U O I L Z Q

M	M	M	U	C	B	Z	E	G	S	H	E	A	R	T	E	N	E	C	P
E	M	L	E	J	L	G	G	E	E	S	Q	G	Q	G	T	V	R	J	Y
L	W	S	Y	N	D	E	T	G	R	P	P	E	V	P	V	O	O	A	H
P	H	Q	B	W	K	O	J	C	A	O	F	Q	H	Q	Z	C	H	F	T
O	Z	S	S	D	O	G	E	H	T	O	T	S	G	N	O	S	C	L	M
M	E	I	K	D	A	L	Y	R	O	T	S	I	H	F	A	V	I	P	H
E	X	B	A	T	T	I	Z	D	U	M	K	A	C	Q	M	A	S	W	P
N	W	N	L	D	M	Y	R	T	E	O	P	C	I	P	E	N	P	V	H
E	C	K	L	L	O	L	A	E	C	M	F	J	B	P	O	O	R	R	D
E	D	A	D	N	N	M	Q	A	B	S	O	G	O	F	L	E	E	W	F
G	N	I	G	N	I	S	L	A	R	O	H	C	I	Y	O	F	T	R	G
K	G	N	I	Y	A	L	P	E	T	U	L	F	H	W	P	F	W	R	J
I	X	A	B	Z	I	B	M	Z	C	I	C	Y	K	M	D	I	V	M	Y
J	C	R	C	O	L	T	Q	T	O	A	M	E	T	R	A	G	E	D	Y
I	Q	U	P	H	A	S	T	R	O	N	O	M	Y	R	C	Z	V	G	E
G	O	E	P	G	H	M	F	J	I	S	F	N	W	C	O	M	M	D	P
C	C	Q	J	C	T	B	P	A	V	Y	Q	I	E	Q	F	J	W	N	T
E	U	K	E	U	T	E	R	P	E	S	K	I	S	L	S	A	X	I	G
A	P	T	F	N	S	O	B	Y	Y	V	P	J	O	I	X	M	V	R	Q
A	Z	W	C	O	C	K	B	Q	Y	F	P	T	C	B	G	L	M	Z	P

The Language of Flowers - A to B

Compiled by Orpheus

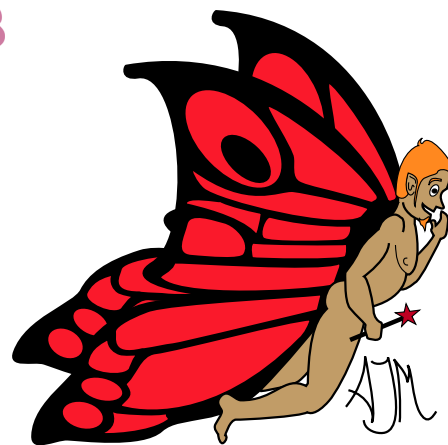
Over the centuries, people have been associating different emotions, feelings and sentiments with flowers. If someone wants to convey "love" in a spectacular way, we immediately think of sending roses. But how do you send your secret lover flowers and still convey the message that your partner suspects? How about combining Acacia (secret love) with Oleander (caution) - that conveys the essential message.

Many of these flowers and their associated meanings are very well known as is the case of the red rose. Some may surprise you. How many of you think of yellow roses as being the symbol of friendship? Well, that is the modern interpretation by florists (and I should know I was one for twelve years) that help sell roses when the customer isn't sure if they want to send such a strong message by sending red roses. Since "R" will be several issues away, I won't keep you in suspense, the traditional message conveyed with yellow roses is a decrease in love or even hatred. Not exactly the same thing, huh?

As we move into the growing season, I thought it would be fun to look at some of these as we plan what to plant in our gardens. When using flowers on an altar, it would be good planning to make sure that the associated meaning of the flower works in harmony with the energies being raised. Also, many of the characters in *Quest for the Crystal Phoenix* have floral names and I thought you might enjoy some of the inside meanings behind why I picked that flower for that character.

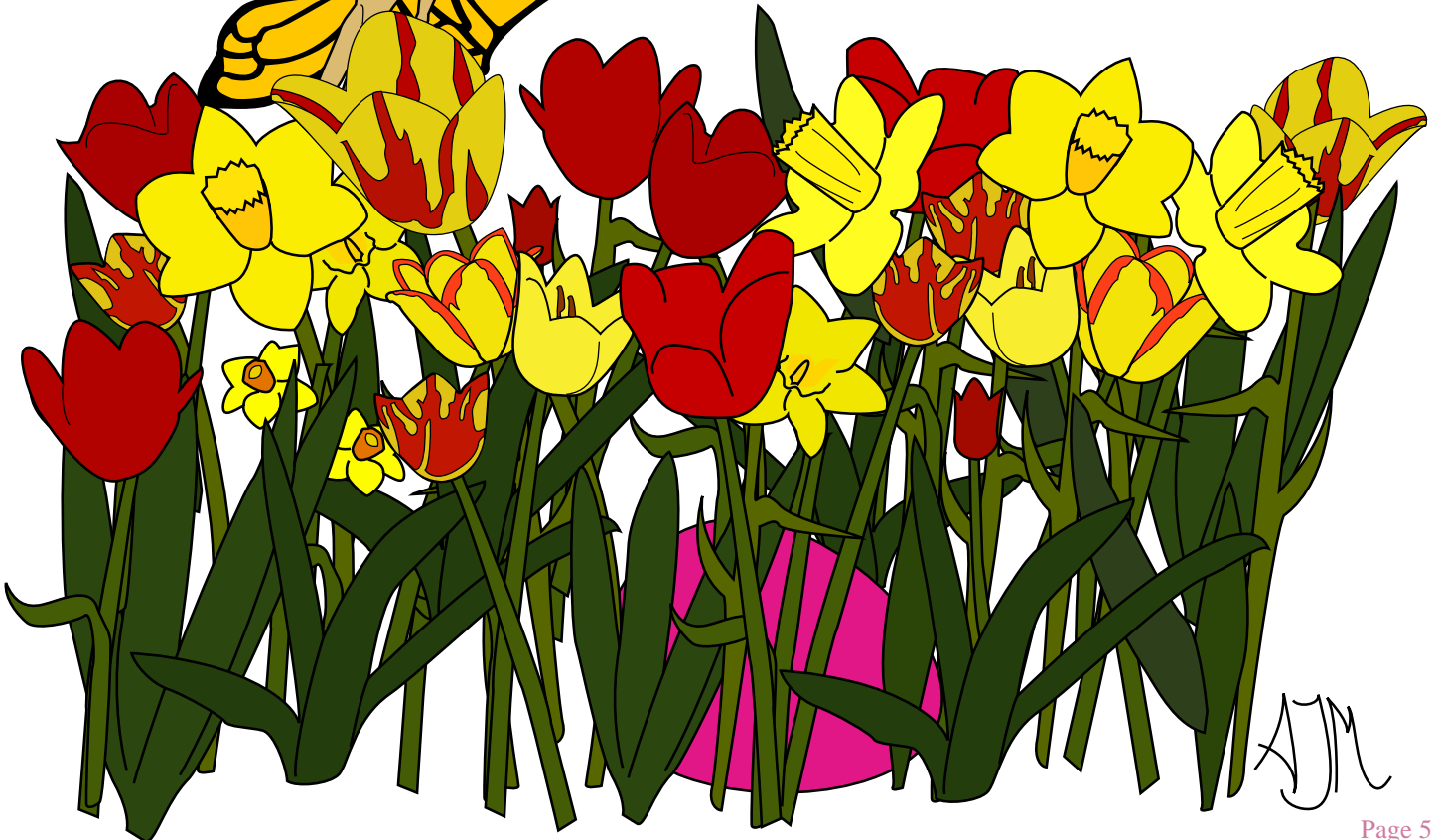
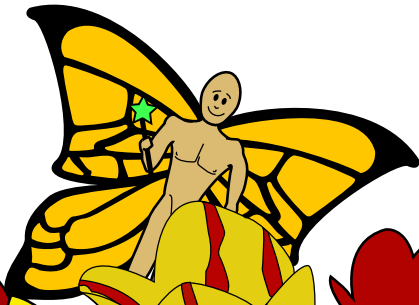
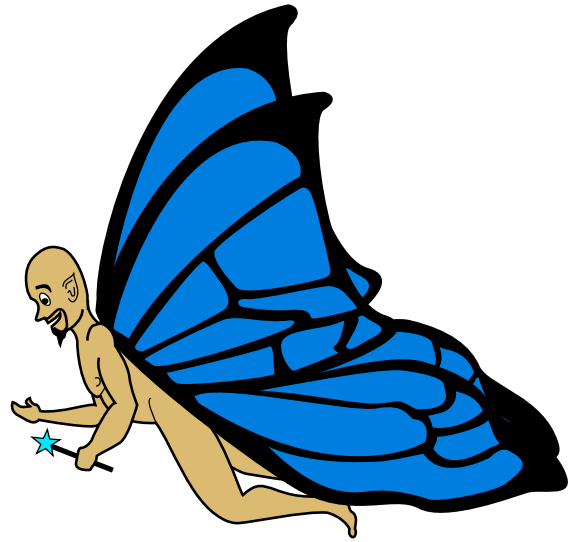
A little disclaimer here: If you have different associative meanings to flowers, that's ok. When raising energy, as long as you have an understanding of why you picked the flowers you did, that's what is important. And it is fine to say that you just liked the color. This is list is not meant to limit you, just open you to possibilities.

Acacia	Secret love; chaste love; beauty in retirement; elegance; friendship; hope
Acanthus	The fine arts, or artifice
Acorn	Nordic symbol of life and immortality
Agapanthus	Love letters
Agrimony	Gratitude; thankfulness
Allspice	Compassion
Almond Blossom	Hope; lover's charm
Aloe	Grief
Alstroemeria	Devotion; friendship
Alyssum	Worth beyond beauty
Amaranth	Fidelity; Immortality
Amaranth, Globe	Unchangeable
Amaryllis	Pride; Timidity; splendid beauty
Ambrosia	Love returned
Anemone (general)	Unfading love; truth; sincerity; anticipation; forsaken; fading hope
Anemone (field)	Sickness
Anemone (garden)	Forsaken
Angelica	Inspiration
Aniseed	Restoration of youth



Apple blossom	Preference; good fortune
Arbor Vitae	True friendship
Arbutus	Thee only do I love
Artemisia	Dignity
Aster	Love; daintiness
Aster (China)	Variety
Auricula	Painting
Azalea	Take care of yourself for me, fragile passion, temperance, Chinese symbol of womanhood
Baby's Breath	Everlasting love; happiness; pure in heart
Bachelor Button	Celibacy; single blessedness; hope in love
Balm	Sympathy
Balm (gentle)	Pleasantry
Balm of Gilead	Cure; relief
Balsam	Impatience
Basil	Best Wishes, Love
Bay Leaf	Strength
Bee Ophrys	Error
Begonia	Beware; Dark thoughts
Bells Of Ireland	Good luck
Betony	Surprise
Bilberry	Treachery
Bird Of Paradise	Magnificence
Birdsfoot Trefoil	Revenge
Bittersweet	Truth
Blackthorn	Difficulty
Bluebell	Humility; constancy
Bluebottle (centuary)	Delicacy
Borage	Bluntness; Courage
Bouquet of withered flowers	Rejected love
Bramble	Lowliness; envy
Broom	Humility; neatness
Bugloss	Falsehood
Bulrush	Docility
Burdock	Rudeness
Burnet	A merry heart
Buttercup	Cheerfulness; childishness; riches; ingratituded

Welcome Spring!



AM

My Beautiful Life: Stories From Our Tribe

Tainted Meat or a Blighted Peach! by P'ChE

Here is my contribution to the "My Beautiful Life" series. It is a bit difficult to condense more than 20 years of hiv and aids experience and activism down into a brief concise, tell all article. I do not capitalize either of these two terms. No need to give them any more prominence or importance than necessary.

August 2004 marks 20 years since the hiv test results. It was the first time the test was available in Denver and since I was a volunteer at Colorado aids Project (CaP) as a member of the speakers' bureau, I decided it was time to learn my status since there was a lot of discussion around whether or not one should be tested. The 'official' position was neither for or against being tested, that it should be an individual decision but many of us encouraged having the test. My position was that if a person wanted to know they were negative it was not a good idea. If they wanted to know they were positive so they could take care of their body, then go

ahead but they needed to have a very good support system.

Remember, now, in 1984 we knew very little about hiv. Treatment was limited. Many medical professions treated it as a death sentence. Few looked at it as a manageable, chronic condition.

It wasn't until that late summer or fall when CaP offered a positive support group. There were five of us and it almost failed before it started because the therapist leader wanted the group to 'sign in' and we all refused to do that and even to use false names. Fortunately, the leader was understanding about the name reluctance and we moved on and the group was extremely successful.

I was part of that group. To fast forward, after going through several facilitators, one of them wanted to move on and end his facilitator volunteer duties at CaP and he suggested that I become the facilitator, the first peer for the position. Prior facilitators had always been either a professional or student therapist.

All this time, I had kept very current on hiv information, treatment, experimental drugs, hopeful vaccines, as much information as was being distributed. I was also including alternative therapies and resisting the drugs because of the toxicity. As the positive group grew, more participants were much more knowledgeable about the many drug protocols but I became the expert on alternative therapies. We discussed both protocols and encouraged the individuals to find out what worked for them, to take back the responsibility for caring for their own health.

I have always been a strong advocate for listening to ones body and paying attention to what it is trying to tell us. I went through algae, food combination, vitamins, nutrition supplements, looked at oxygen therapy and various and sundry other things being suggested to reduce, eliminate or alter the effects of hiv. My principal and sustaining belief is mental — we can make ourselves sick so why not make ourselves well! I shared this philosophy with any and all who would listen but insisted they must learn what works for them and not to try to copy my regimen.

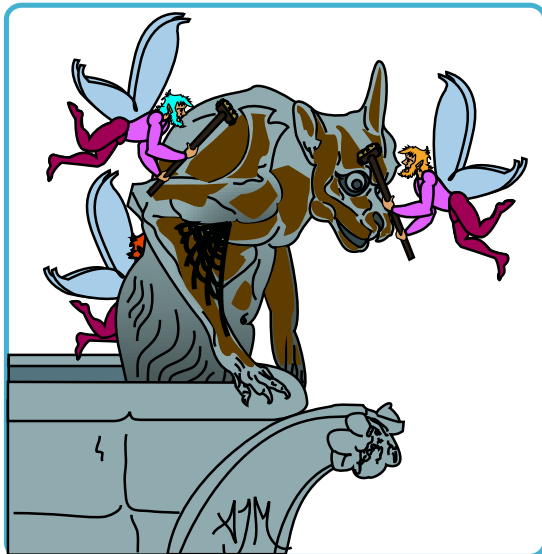
I resisted the drugs for quite a long time. When my doctor retired early because of the stress of treating (and losing) so many men infected with hiv, I had to find a new one. I knew who were the experts in the field. My choice would have been David Steinberg in Boulder but that was far too great a distance for me to be comfortable with having a primary care physician 35-40 miles away so I finally opted for Doctors Liechtenstein and Greenberg at the Infectious Disease Center at Rose Medical Center. Doctor Liechtenstein was considered to be one of the leading experts in the field at the time. I became a patient of Doctor Greenberg who had been a pharmacist.

Having some knowledge about the current regimens and protocols, I discussed these with Doctor Greenberg and agreed to try some of them. AZT made me feel like I had a huge rock in my stomach. D4T gave me neuropathy and when I told the good doctor I had quit taking it, he was a bit upset even when I told him that because of my very high tolerance of pain, if I waited until my feet really started to hurt, I would be in real trouble and I refused to continue taking it. Crixivan was only available through the maker but I signed on to do that and I also accepted 3TC. I agreed to be part of a study with a couple of other things, one of them

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being Sustiva. I took one dose of it and refused any more. Doctor Greenberg was not pleased at all, even when I informed him I could not function if I took that and I was working eight hours a day, five days a week.

In fact, I told him not only were people being put into jail for distributing such potent, hallucinogenic substances, but that I bet that on the street, I could get some pretty good money for these pills! To say they made me dizzy is an understatement. My hands and feet were numb, I could barely navigate the distance from one end of the house to the other to my bed. When I got into bed, the room was spinning and I saw the most vivid, colorful geometric shapes imaginable!

Ultimately, I stopped taking any of the toxic substances then being prescribed. At that time, the theory was to hit hiv hard and fast with the most potent medicines available. My theory was along the lines of Dr. Jon Kaiser, "Healing aids Naturally", with exercise, vitamins, nutrition and the least toxic medications available that were working. Treat the body, mind and spirit. Not all of the medical profession believed in bombarding the body with massive doses of toxic drugs but using some of the older protocols, saving the big guns for later when they might be more effective!

When my t-cells gradually and slowly dropped below 200 and then down into the double digits, rather than deciding to name them as many were doing, I decided it was time to accept the drugs. I also had decided it was time to change docs and had selected the one who was Doctor Greenberg's predecessor and who was much more understanding and sympathetic to the individual, listening and working together to determine what protocol or regimen was the one to be followed. I opted for Crixivan and 3TC. Doctor Kuhns informed me of what I already knew that a three-drug combination was the preferred treatment but agreed to see how I reacted to this combination. She did insist that I include Bactrim as a prophylaxis for PCP which I accepted. Three years later my viral load continues to be undetectable and my t-cells while still not above 200 are too numerous to name and I have my energy

level back to where I can do most of what I want to do, considering the number of summers I have been fortunate to witness.

While there are new protocols that are much simpler, one dose a day, my three times a day is not a problem. While I am sure even Doctor Kuhns would raise an eyebrow, I sometimes decide a drug holiday is in order and do not take anything for several days. Several years ago, while visiting my nephew, I had miscounted and came up a few days short of my medication. My niece, being the expert mother and care taking nurturer, was almost going into hysterics trying to figure ways of getting my medication until I finally calmed her and said I did not need to do that. I know how long I can go before I might get into trouble so do not abuse any such holidays but I certainly do not go into panic mode when I miss a dosage or run short of medication.

Those of us infected with hiv have learned, and I hope have taught the medical profession, that sometimes prescribed treatment is not always the best. It is too often trial and error when dealing with so many unknowns and hiv certainly has many unknowns. AZT was one of the first prescribed drugs but it was prescribed in a dose at least twice as much as I took and now it is being used in lesser amounts in combination with other more effective substances very successfully. It is my belief that because many of the individuals had such a difficult time sleeping through the night, they refused to be awakened for their late-night dosage, thus indicating a lesser amount was more effective. Too much AZT was too potent and may have killed more individuals than hiv. I am not alone in this thought.

I need to say here and now that again, one must learn what works for oneself. I also had to learn that no matter what we do or believe, not everyone is going to survive any particular health condition. It seems we have been taught that there is a 'cure' for everything. Doctors know how to 'fix' any physical condition. One goes to the hospital to get well. If anything, hiv has taught me to rethink these myths. Sometimes, the 'cure' is death. Life, after all, is a fatal illness. We need to learn that.

Quest for the Crystal Phoenix -

Chapter 2: The Black Bart Rose

by Orpheus

The first thing that Apollo noticed when King Adam and he arrived in Alphatown, capitol city of Adbalm, was the noise. Adam noticed a grimace on his son's face and said, "After the silence in the Valley of the Kings, it is a bit of a shock isn't it?"

"Yes," he replied. "I never realized that the city was filled with so much commotion. This makes me appreciate the gift you gave me when you took me to the Valley even more."

When the King and Prince arrived at the palace, they were greeted by Sir Dinsmore, Captain of the Palace Guard. "Thank the Gods that you are back. Queen Rose has been in a Royal Snit these past days and nothing we do seems to be able to please Her Royal HighAss. Excuse me, Her Royal Highness"

"No need to apologize to me, old friend. I have thought that my mother-in-law is a pain in the butt many of times," said the King. "I have wanted to call her that many, many times but never will I say those words lest they become a habit." The King gave him a conspiratory wink.

Sir Dinsmore bowed and said, "I will consider myself reprimanded, Your Majesty."

"What has happened to set Queen Rose off?"

"Nothing that we know of my King." The Captain told him of all the things that happened in his absence. The most exciting thing was when one of the town's children fell into the river and the Guard was called to help find him. "I can report that the boy is fine. They found him about three miles from where he fell into the river."

King Adam said, "So, in other words, nothing happened while I was gone. Thank you for the warning. I will freshen up and get my 'Royal Face' on before I go to beard the Lioness in Her den."

Even warned, Adam and Apollo were ill prepared for the storm that was raging when they did call upon Queen Rose. "How dare you! You have been home for two hours and yet you only now come to visit Me? What have I done to deserve such an insult?"

"My Lady, I had planned to be here sooner," replied the King. "But ever mindful of the lessons You have taught have Him, the Prince felt that We would be in bad form to enter into Your presence in anything less than a perfectly groomed state. Would it not have been more of an insult for two that have been in the woods for a month to call upon any lady, let alone a Lady of the Court in unclean clothing?"

Queen Rose sighed. "You are correct. Please forgive Me for My outburst. These past weeks have been very trying on Me. I do not know if I could have lasted much longer under the pressure of serving as your Regent."

"What has caused You such grief? I had a report from the

Captain of the Palace Guard that Adbalm ran smoothly under Your stewardship."

"Adam, if only I could take credit for that. The fact that nothing happened is what has been causing me such stress. I have had nothing to do for a month now. What good is it to be a Queen when the people don't need you to do things? The one issue that came before me to settle, I don't know if I did it right. How am I supposed to know who these people were if they don't announce their titles? How would it appear if I acted in favor of a mere Count and acted against the interest of a Duke?"

"Rose, I have learned a lot about my son this past month. I would like to hear how he would respond to your concerns."

Apollo thought a moment and said, "To the first, it is tribute to a leader that those under them are not constantly running to them for guidance. If they did, it would mean that the leader has not done their job in preparing their followers for times when they aren't around. In the case of the Monarch, if we are always putting out the daily fires, then we are too busy to lead the people anywhere."

"I had never quite thought of it that way," said the Queen. "The people of Riangler are always bringing me such petty things to pass judgment on that I don't have a lot of spare time to think of future plans."

"If I may be so bold Grandmother, are they bringing them to you because they need your guidance? Or is it because protocol demands it? I think they may believe that they have to seek your opinion because they no longer believe in themselves. I have heard them say that they aren't worthy of making decisions on their own. They need someone of higher authority to do it for them."

Before the Queen could spend too much time thinking about what Apollo said, King Adam said, "And what do you say to her concern about the lack of titles when presenting things to the Monarch of this land?"

"When sitting in judgment, the judge should listen to the case on its own merit and should not be influenced by titles and status of the petitioners. When a member of the royal household is listening to the problems of the people, they need to remember that they have a responsibility to all their people equally. Just because one party in the dispute has more civil authority than the other should not automatically grant them special consideration."

Adam said, "Apollo, I could not have said it better. You are a tribute to your teachers that you have learned that at such an early age. Now, we shall leave you in peace to finish your preparations for our departure in the morning."

Once the King and Prince left the room, Adam gave his son a pat on the back. "I am so proud of you. If you have learned that in such a short time, then think about how much you will learn be-



fore you become King. The people of the combined Adbalm and Riangler nations will be blessed with a great King.”

The journey north to Resquad, capitol of Riangler, was not one of the better ones that occurred over the years. Most of the journey found them traveling in unseasonably early autumn rains. The cold winds were nothing in comparison to the ice stares and cold treatment that Rose gave the rest of the company. Being back in her comfortable quarters did nothing to lighten her mood. At home in Resquad is when the real battles began.

The morning after their arrival, the Kings and Queen Rose began their annual meetings with Apollo’s teachers. First on the schedule was Sir Archibald, the history teacher. The session did not get off to a good start. “When I was talking to Apollo this summer, I noticed that he knows the basics of the history of our culture,” said King Adam. “What was missing was any knowledge about the history of any of the magical races that share our lands.”

“Absolutely ridiculous,” exploded Queen Rose. “Why should Apollo waste time being taught about myths and legends as if they were real people? There is no such thing as magic. It is all smoke and mirrors. To tell him otherwise would be a great disservice to getting him to think in a logical manner.”

“My wife, while they are not common in these parts, I have seen faeries,” said King William. “If you recall, you even met some of them the day we presented Iris to the court for the first time. I wonder why they have never come back.”

“You mean those old biddies that kept flitting about the palace as if they were the most important guests of all?” said Rose. “My, have they got you fooled. And how could you think that I would forget that day? It was a disaster for me. That was the first feast that Queen Lily let me hostess on my own. There were not enough place settings for everyone that wanted to attend. I recall on particular guest that got extremely rude and left in a huff without giving Iris a present. I vowed that day to never let that kind of disaster happen again. And it hasn’t!”

“Begging Your pardon, Your Majesty,” spoke Sir Archibald. “But I know that there are magical beings in this land. My cousin once saved a dryad when someone was trying to cut down her tree. She was so grateful to him that she...” Then he recalled to whom he was speaking. “Well, let’s just say that he still has the biggest grin on his face.”

“You are all insane. I see I am alone in my sanity on this,” said the Queen.

“And begging Your pardon, King Adam,” said the teacher. “I am not the one qualified to teach the Prince this subject. Much like the Queen, I have always thought the tales as myths and have never tried to separate the fact from the fiction when thinking about magical creatures.”

King Adam got out of his chair and went over to Sir Archibald and patted him on the back. “I thank you for your honesty and for all that you have given the Prince. His love for the history of the people is a tribute to your teachings. When I first realized that the subject of magical beings needed to be taught, I knew that this was

something outside of the scope of what would have been expected of you in the past.”

Turning back to face William and Rose, he continued, “I have invited one of my teachers to come and continue his tradition of teaching the Kings of Adbalm. He should arrive in the next day or two.”

“What are his qualifications?” said the Queen. “How can we be certain that he won’t fill the Prince’s head with total nonsense about a nonsensical subject?”

“He was my teacher as he was my father’s teacher,” said Adam. “If my memory serves me, Apollo will be the fifth generation of my family that he has taught. Before him, his father was our teacher for more generations than that”

“Five generations?” gasped the Queen. “Surely no one can be that old.”

“I found it hard to believe myself,” admitted King Adam, “but those that knew him in my father’s day, have sworn that he is the same man. The knowledge he has is far to vast for anyone to learn in one lifetime.”

Queen Rose said, “Bring in this teacher and We shall put him to the test.”

“There is something you said, my Lady, that sparked another idea. You said that magic is smoke and mirrors. I agree that there are charlatans out in the world that would love to deceive the Prince. We should add a class for my son in magic itself. I know just the fellows who can help him learn to be able to tell the difference.”

“That is not what I meant,” said the Queen.

“Nonetheless, Adam, I think it is a good idea,” countered King William. “The only thing I’m worried about is when would we find time to add another class to Apollo’s schedule?”

“That brings me to the other thing I want to see change this year,” said Adam softly. “I think that Apollo is taking up too much of the Queen’s time learning Royal Etiquette. Certainly there are more regal things that she should be doing that are far more important than the training of one small child.”

“Absolutely not,” shouted the Queen. “If there is one thing that I do for my grandson, it is that he shall never make the same mistakes that I did. I am the Queen and I shall insist that he continue the lessons with me.”

“My wife,” said King William, “Apollo would still have your guidance; just not in the formal setting of a classroom.”

“I am the Queen. I shall insist on keeping the formal classes.”

“I am sorry you feel that way Queen Rose,” said Adam into the icy silence. “I am the boy’s father and I regret what I must do.”

Bowing to his father-in-law, Adam said, “King William, I am grateful for all that you have done for my son these past years. I find that I now must ask him to leave your company and return to Adbalm to finish his studies.”

“Oh fiddlesticks, Adam, this has gone on far enough,” said William. “Wife, he has called your bluff. I also agree with him. The Prince is so nervous about making a mistake in your eyes that he barely sneezes without asking your permission. That is no way

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for a future King to act. The will be time enough in the future for him to decide what etiquette will be appropriate for his court.”

“But I am the Queen and...”

“Rose, shut up for a moment and listen to me. If I hear ‘I am the Queen’ one more time in this conversation, I will be sick. Since you are forcing this issue on ‘Royal Etiquette’, let me remind you of the simple fact that you are Queen merely because you are my wife. That condition can be changed. Adam, what is the current method of divorce in your country?”

“It has been a long time since anyone came to court seeking one; but I seem to recall that in the case of the monarchy, the simplest, cleanest form of a royal divorce is a beheading,” said Adam, giving William a wink.

“You wouldn’t do that, would you?” The Queen burst into tears. “I can see that what I say doesn’t matter to you. Since you two seem to have made the decisions already, I shall remove myself.”

Nothing was said again until Queen Rose left the room. As soon as the door closed, the Kings started laughing. “Begging your pardon, Your Majesties,” said Sir Archibald. “I am not sure what you are laughing about. Once Queen Rose stops crying she is going to make life in the palace miserable.”

“I am sorry you had to witness that, my friend. I have wanted to say that to her way too many times in recent years and today she pushed that button one time to many,” said William. “And thank you, Adam, for playing along with it. That bit about beheading was brilliant.”

“You are welcome, but I was only half joking. I do believe that the only way for a King of Adbalm to remarry is for the Queen to be dead. There are too many smoke and mirror ways to give the illusion of death, so the law is that if a Queen dies, she should either be put in glass coffin for all to watch her until the day she is cremated. If one is not available at the time, then a beheading is the easiest way to certify the death.”

With the look of enlightenment on his face, Sir Archibald said, “I guess that prevents a lot of the tales of the star-crossed lovers from becoming reality. If someone wants to pretend to be dead, you grant them their wish.”

“How do you think the law came about?” said Adam. “Look at our history and you will see that most of the tales take place in Adbalm. My Great-great...oh five or six greats ago...grandfather got tired of the senseless deaths of teenagers in love and established the law.”

“Now, please excuse me, gentlemen,” said King William. “I need to go find Rose and convince her that I was joking about the divorce. I love her, but there are those days that I want to tell Her HighAss what she can do with her protocol. And you didn’t hear that from me.”

Together, Sir Archibald and King Adam said, “We weren’t even in the room.”

The next day, the Kings were joined by Apollo and a much subdued Queen Rose. The Prince joined them as the first teacher to be interviewed was Sir Rondar. Since these lessons required physical activity, Adam wanted to be certain that his son knew exactly what was being planned. If Apollo had any concerns or questions about the expectations for the year, this was his time to express them.

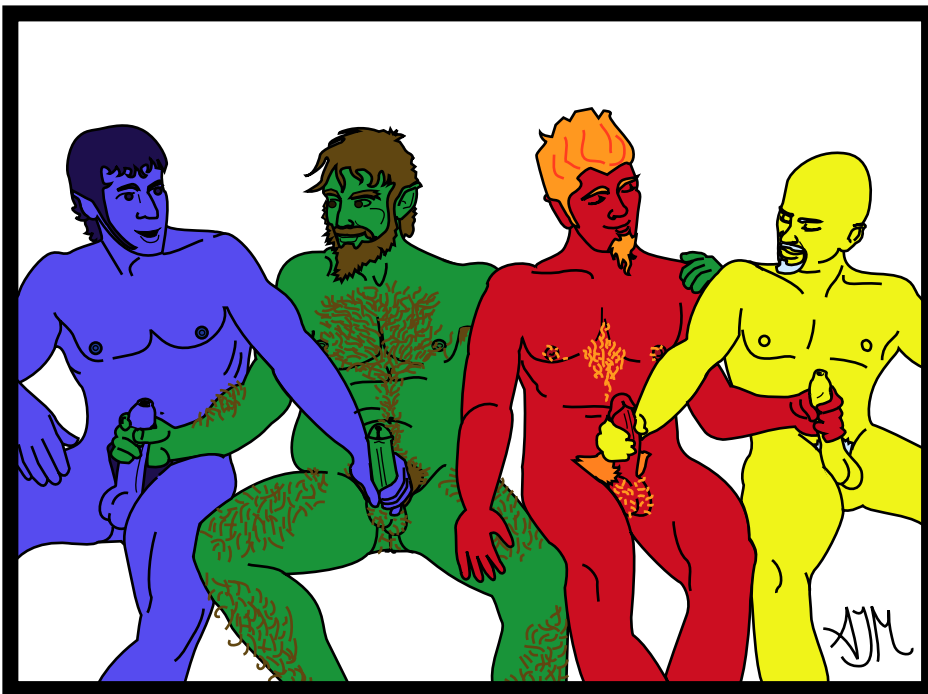
Sir Rondar was announced and bowed low to each of the Monarchs. “Your Majesties, I need to inform you that I no longer feel that I can teach Prince Apollo. I am removing myself as his instructor. I am certain that you will be able to find a suitable replacement. Please excuse me.” He quickly turned and left the room before anyone could speak.

“How rude!” said the Queen. “He did not request to leave; nor did We grant him that permission. Adam, see what comes from granting your people too much leeway.”

“I do agree that was a most unusual way of making an announcement. I have known Sir Rondar for many years and that is why I offered his services to you when your old weapons master fell ill.” Turning to Apollo he said, “Son, do you have any clue what that was about? Have you done something to insult him or otherwise cause him grief?”

“No, Father. In fact, while it is hard, physical work, my sessions with Sir Rondar are among my favorite. While history and mathematics are fascinating, what he teaches me will have the most impact on anything I do. Failure to learn my lessons with him may mean the difference in life and death later on.” Apollo continued, “Do you think I could talk to him and ask him to stay?”

“If it is not something that you’ve done, then I think I have an idea why he may have made his decision,” said King Adam. “I will seek him out later and see if I can get him to reconsider. Meanwhile, Apollo’s new teacher of the ancient histories and



magical creatures is here.” Adam sent for his guest to join them.

When the guard knocked, Adam himself went to open the door. Standing in the doorway was a tall, powerfully built man with dark chestnut hair and a broad, flat nose that looked like he had walked into a wall one time too many. King Adam gave his old teacher a hug and you feel Queen Rose’s humph of displeasure at the public display.

“King William, Queen Rose, and Prince Apollo, I present Lord Cthdêhâssêsbüt, teacher most extraordinaire.”

“Please forgive me,” said Rose, “if he is so wonderful, why did you just call him a horse’s butt? That is a most rude joke.”

“I can understand your confusion, Your Majesty,” said the new teacher. “To those that don’t know the language of my people, my name does sound much like you thought you heard. King Adam has a passing grasp of the graceful nature of the language, but even then, it gets lost in translation. The proper pronunciation is Cthdêhâssêsbüt, which means ‘Son of the Great Chief’. When working with people in the High Courts, I have found that it is easiest for the heralds and everyone else for that matter, if you call me Lord Cetee.”

King William said, “If you have no problem with the use of a less formal name, than we shall pass the word. King Adam has told us that you have been a teacher of his family for five generations. How can that be? That would make you at least one hundred and fifty years old, yet here you stand and I would doubt that you could have seen more than thirty summers.”

“In actuality, I am closer to two hundred and fifty. My father would not let me teach until I was one hundred and twenty. For all that I have been taught, there are still things that he won’t tell me. He keeps telling me that he will pass on the rest of the tales when I’m old enough to understand.”

Everyone chuckled at that. Continuing, Cetee said, “As to how I can be this old, I can thank my father for that. He was blessed with long life and has passed it on to me.”

“In fairness to his father,” added King Apollo, “I know his father; he will tell you that a life as long as his is really a curse. He has outlived his friends many times over.”

“Lord Cetee,” said King William, “King Adam has said that you know many things that others have forgotten. By way of establishing your credibility, please tell us something about the history of my kingdom that we don’t know.”

“That may take too long, Your Majesty,” said Cetee. “In order for me to tell you something that you don’t know, I would first need to find out what you know. Why don’t you pose a question and I will answer it for you.”

“Tell us something about the founding of Riangler. That should be easy enough.”

“The ancient history, my personal favorite. Since this is to be a lesson, let me ask the Prince tell us what he knows. From there, I can fill in some gaps that have crept into the popular version of the tale.”

Apollo thought a moment. “The castle was once home to an evil Prince. One day a sorceress cast a spell on him turning him into a monster. She gave him an enchanted rose and said that if no one loved him by the time the last petal fell, the Prince would die. A peasant girl of surpassing beauty came to the castle. At first she was frightened, but eventually she fell in love with the Prince and ended the spell.”

“That is the common tale fairly told yet lacking in detail,” said Cetee. “Do you know anything else about the Prince or the girl? Their names perhaps? Anything about the rose itself?”

“I am sorry, my Lord. Perhaps when I have reached as venerable state as you have, and have benefitted from your lessons, I may hope to be half as good a reciter of history as my Father has told me that you are.” Apollo bowed low to his new teacher.

“Adam, your son is certainly a charmer. He reminds me of another young prince that I knew.”

“Lord Teacher, I shall take that as a compliment,” said Adam.

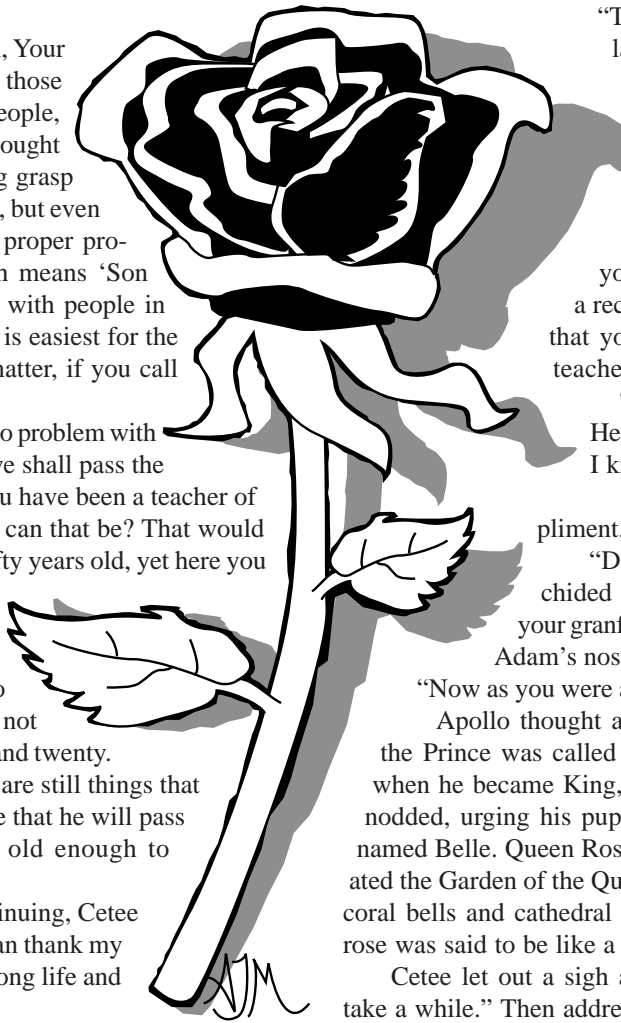
“Don’t. It’s always about you isn’t it?” chided Cetee. “Actually, I was thinking about your granfather, King Anthony Longbow.” He gave Adam’s nose a tweek and turned back to the Prince.

“Now as you were about to say before we got distracted...”

Apollo thought a moment before continuing. “I believe the Prince was called ‘Black Bart’ when he was cursed, but when he became King, he was known as King Kenby.” Cetee nodded, urging his pupil to continue. “The future Queen was named Belle. Queen Rose told me that she was the one who created the Garden of the Queens and that her place is marked by the coral bells and cathedral bells that bloom all summer long. The rose was said to be like a ruby that shimmers in the light.”

Cetee let out a sigh and turned to Adam, “This is going to take a while.” Then addressing them all, “I think that I will work slightly backwards through your recitation, good Prince. First, Belle was the creator of the Garden; only it wasn’t the Queen of the founding. The garden was planted in the year 245 AF, After Founding that is, by Queen Belle of Curve Corners. If the first Queen planted a Garden of the Queens, it would have been to bury her enemies, of which she had many. And her flower, I doubt you would have it in such a public space. Her full name was Queen Belladonna. As the popular version of the tale goes, she was of exceptional beauty and she did fall in love with the Prince, Black Bart. Only things didn’t go quite the way the sorceress planned, for the future Queen was as black hearted as the man she loved.”

Cetee paused for a moment, gathering his thoughts. Just as he



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spoke, a passing cloud caused a shadow to momentarily darken the room. "The Prince had been a member of the ancient House of Charming. His full title was Prince Kenneth Bartholomew Charming, Duke of Rianglelet or as his brothers liked to say, 'The Prince Ken B Charming - when he wants to be - which isn't often.' He had a heart as black as night. When the sorceress gave him the rose, she said 'This rose is as black as your heart. Yet even the darkest storm cloud had a silver lining.'" The rose was jet black. Each petal had a silver edge. True to the story, each month that Black Bart wasn't loved, a petal dropped from the rose. When the two confessed their love for each other, the rose rebloomed and would remain that way while their love endured."

Queen Rose said, "That is all very fascinating. I wonder how do you expect us to believe a word of it since no one has ever heard that tale before?"

"That is an understandable question; one I anticipated when we began this particular lesson," said Cetee. "King William, is there not a sealed chamber in one of the towers?" When the King acknowledged that there was, Cetee said, "Then we should go there for your proof."

"If you can open that door, that alone will be proof for me that you know things that I don't," said King William.

The five of them went to the top of the westernmost tower. The doorway had been bricked over to prevent anyone from getting to what was hidden behind it. Cetee tapped on the walls a couple of times and the whole wall pushed in; revealing a chamber that had not been used in centuries. A single shaft of sunlight came through a small window slit, illuminating the one piece of furniture in the room. On a small table, there was a single rose in full bloom, encased in a domed jar. The silver edged petals sparkled with the light; a stark contrast to the black of the rose itself.

"Behold, the Black Bart Rose!"

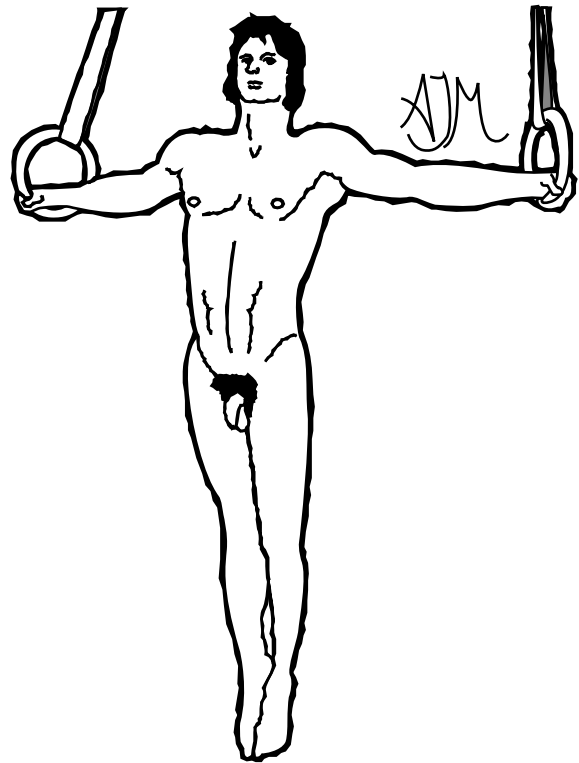
The others gasped. Apollo said, "The rose is still in bloom. Does that mean that their love continued after their death?"

"Who said they died? Can any of you tell me how they died?" asked Cetee. "If you can, then you know the answer to one of the questions that my father says I'm too young to understand."

Queen Rose picked up the jar and said, "This is too beautiful to be locked up again. William, I wish to have this for my own."

"I see no reason why not, unless Lord Cetee knows something else about the rose that would make it unwise."

"There is none that I know of save the simple fact that someone went to an extreme to keep it hidden from sight," said the teacher. "I do not know enough to be able to deny a beautiful lady a rare gift of this nature. But I am mindful of the saying, 'be careful of what you wish for.'"



King William said, "Lord Cetee, if this is the caliber of education that you gave King Adam and his fathers before him, I may just have to sit in on some of your classes myself."

"That would be my extreme pleasure, Your Majesty."

The five exited the chamber and Cetee tapped on the wall again. The room resealed itself. Queen Rose asked, "How did you do that?"

"It's magic," was his only reply.

After dinner, Adam was able to get away from the rest of the court. "The excitement over the rose will keep everyone busy," he thought. "Now is the perfect time to see what prompted Rondar to resign so suddenly." He asked around and was told that Sir Rondar was working out.

King Adam found the gymnasium easy enough. When he entered, he saw Rondar working out on the rings. The moonlight streaming in from the upper windows caused the sweat to glisten on his naked flesh. "Oh God's," thought Adam, "am I really ready for this?"

To be continued...

Answers to the Muse Puzzle on Page 3

Muse of: History (Clio), Epic Poetry (Calliope), Erotic Poetry (Erato), Astronomy (Urania), Choral Singing (Terpsichore), Dance (also Terpsichore), Comedy (Thalia), Songs to the Gods (Polyhymnia), Tragedy (Melpomene), Flute Playing (Euterpe)

Muse Names: Melpomene, Clio, Calliope, Polyhymnia, Urania, Thalia, Terpsichore, Erato, Euterpe

My Two Cents Worth

By Nymphaea Alba

I love the spring! The returning of flowers, birds, and exposed man flesh! I am also a sucker for stuffed animals and chocolate.

Just the other day I was at the Super-Mart and was enjoying a stroll down the “holiday” aisle. It was stock full of pastel colored plush bunnies, chocolate bunnies, and those little yellow marshmallow chicks. But, I was not alone in this festive springtime wonderland. For not more than three feet away from me were two little crumb crunchers and their mom. One of the little terrors looked at all the goodies on the shelves, and asked his mom that age-old question. “What do bunnies and eggs have to do with Jesus and Easter, Mommy?”

To which his wise mother replied, “Oh look Tommy, there is a basket with those mutant killer warriors you watch on TV all the time.” The little monster turned around to see the basket filled with chocolate and plastic toys, and forgot all about the question.

Once more the truth would not be shared. The truth, you may ask? It is that there is no connection to bunnies, eggs, or chicks, to the crucifixion of Christ. Since few people like to talk about this, let me share what little I know about the truth of bunnies, eggs and

the spring connection. The whole connection can be summed up in one little word, SEX. The pagans saw the spring as a fertile time, and celebrated the new life of the spring equinox with a holiday some called Eostar. What better symbol of new life then an egg? What better mascot for fertility then a horny little bunny?

So when you are walking down that holiday aisle, and you see all those bunnies and eggs don’t think of Easter, make the true connection, and think sex! I mean just look at all those chocolate bunnies. “Knock knock.” “Who’s there?” “IT’S THE CLUE FAERIE!” Chocolate is an aphrodisiac. HELLO! The mascot of fucking made to melt in you mouth, and get you horny! Sounds like the perfect way to welcome spring to me! Now you ask, “How do marshmallow chicks fit into the whole thing?” I am not too sure about that. If you want to come over some night, I am sure we can figure out where they fit. I have a few ideas...

So this spring be sexy and celebrate by decorating Eostar eggs, enjoying a chocolate bunny or two, and buy someone special a cute plush Eostar bunny, and instead of having it say “Happy Easter”, let it say what it was meant to say, “Let’s fuck like bunnies!”

Monkey’s New Mantra

by Monkey

Here’s a new mantra that came to me after watching ‘The Mists of Avalon.’

**“I am a child of The God,
Born of the Goddess,
Charged to love all of Creation.”**



Ostara Eggs Naturally

submitted by Potsan Pans

One of the major symbols for Ostara is the egg which was considered one of the signs of the fertility of the season. The birds laying eggs was one of the signs that Spring had truly returned. In honoring Ostara, people would often decorate eggs using dyes and other decorative items such as ribbons and wax.

If you would like to dye eggs with something other than commercially packaged dye products, there are many things in your kitchen that will do the same trick. Please note, that due to the length of time that some of the natural dyes take to get a strong color, most of these eggs should be considered as decorative only. If you want to make your egg salad later, then you are better off sticking with the commercial dye products or using basic food colors (liquid or paste) in place of the natural ingredients (which gives you more control over the color and intensity - a nice benefit)

There are a couple of decorating ideas at the end of this that will work with both natural and commercial dyes. Whichever way you choose, have fun.

For natural dyeing, there are two basic methods of coloring your eggs:

Cold Dipping Method

Boil your eggs and coloring ingredients separately. After the dye has cooled and been strained, dip the eggs for 5 to 10 minutes, then dry on paper towels. This produces subtle, translucent shades, but may create uneven coloring unless the eggs are rotated vigilantly.

Hot Boiling Method

You may boil your coloring ingredients and eggs at the same time. The heat allows the dye to saturate the shells, resulting in more intense color. Place eggs in pot; cover with 1 inch of water. Add 2 tablespoons of white vinegar per quart of water used. Add natural dye ingredients, bring to a rolling boil, and reduce to simmer for 20 to 30 minutes. Rinse with lukewarm water. You can let the eggs sit in the dye to achieve stronger colors.

Dye Recipes

Ingredients from the kitchen sometimes produce unexpected results. Feel free to experiment and see what colors you come up with. Here are some ideas to get you started. Remember that you can mix colors and dye the eggs several times to create unique hues and designs.

For a rich brown, boil eggs in coffee or tea bags (about 1 tbsp of instant coffee for each cup of water, or about 10 tea bags)

For a light pink, boil a 12 oz package of cranberries; use as a hot or cold dye.

For a darker pink, boil 4 cups of chopped beets; use as a hot or cold dye.

For beige, hot dye eggs in beets and rinse with lukewarm water right after boiling.

For blue, use coarsely chopped red cabbage. Cold dye for pale blue, hot dye for medium blue, or soak overnight for a deep royal blue.

For golden eggs, use 3 tablespoons of turmeric.

For chartreuse green, boil eggs in 3 tablespoons of turmeric; then cold dye in red cabbage.

For dark lavender, use 4 cups of frozen or fresh blueberries.

For red, use the skins from red onions. The more skins, the stronger the color.

For a golden tan, use the skins from yellow onions.

Fun Decorating Ideas Onion Skin Eggs

Gather lots of onion skins; the dry outer layers. Try to get a good variety of colors - yellow, plain brown or red. Gently wrap them around raw eggs and hold them in place with rubber bands. Hard boil the eggs like usual. Unwrap them and discover the beautiful colors and designs! You may polish with vegetable oil for a nice gloss. This is a natural dye and the eggs are still quite edible!

Rubber Band Wrapped Boiled Eggs

Wrap rubber bands (various length widths long enough go around the egg several times) around the egg, one at a time. Make sure to leave some of the egg shell exposed so it can be dyed. When you dip the covered egg, the dye will seep under the bands in some areas and be blocked out in other areas. Remove from the dye when the color is bright enough. Blot dry with paper towels and remove the rubber bands. If you wish, repeat with more bands and a new color. (If the rubber bands pop off the egg, try using thicker ones.)

Marbled Eggs

Crumple some cling film (film food-wrap) and pour on a few drops of the stronger dyes. Hard boil the eggs and, while still warm, roll the egg over the cling film: the creases in the film will create an uneven coating of color. Stand the egg in an egg box until dry, then repeat with a different color. Eggs dyed in this way can be eaten.

And since you shouldn't eat most of these, what do you do afterwards?

Eggshell Mosaics

Save all those colored shells from your eggs to make a pretty mosaic picture. Use a dark colored paper for a striking effect. Break the colored shells into small pieces. You will want to make them small enough that they will lie flat but not so small that they are too difficult to handle.

Use a fine marker to outline a design on a piece of tagboard or thin cardboard. Spread white glue in one area of the design and fill it in with eggshell bits. Continue until your design is filled. Keep the mosaic flat while it dries. Cover with another coat of glue to seal the design.