

# Airy Faerie

Nabon, 2004



## Publisher's Notes

Welcome to the 2004 Mabon issue of the Denver Radical Faeries' Airy Faerie. Wow, time sure is a flying by! And no sooner will this baby be hot off the press then we have to crank out our Samhain issue! Not that I am complaining mind you. It's just that time and I have issues. We don't like each other very much. I keep wanting more time, and he keeps running away from me. Oh well, enough about my issues, let's talk about this issue! Since this is an election year we thought we would join in the parade and see what motivates the Denver Faeries. We started off asking what motivates the faeries to vote, and/or get involved in a political issue. Then we opened up the issue and just left it with plain old motivation. We got some great responses! We asked the faeries to leave the political mud slinging and name calling to the candidates, and concentrate on "self". Even after we asked them to leave the candidates out of it, we still wanted to use Falcon's idea for the cover. Linking St. George, who is credited with getting rid of the dragons, with George Jr.

Also in this issue we have our first "Dress-me Faerie Doll". I am sure we have all seen those magnetic dress up dolls in the store or on-line (or covering DragonSwan's fridge). Well, Falcon has graciously volunteered to be the first Airy Faerie Dress-me Faerie Doll. Please see page five. If you would like Falcon to adorn your fridge, or other metallic objects, simple go to the local computer or office supply store and purchase some magnetic paper for your printer. Tell your printer to only print page five, and then carefully cut out Falcon and his faerie finery. For the old timers who remember paper dolls, you can do the same using a thicker paper instead of magnetic paper. You will have to figure out a way to make Falcon stand up. (It has been discovered that a good kisser will make Falcon stand to attention!) Oh, sorry that is something besides his dress up doll, ANYWAY! At this time we are not sure how many Faerie dress-up dolls we will offer. That will depend on how many Denver Faeries will pose for me, let me render it on my computer and agree to let it be publish it in the Airy Faerie. OK boys, who's next?

Well let me wrap up this Publisher note so I can get started on our Samhain issue, where the faeries will look death in the eye.

I am not sure if we have any new readers out there, but here comes the "Adult

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

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About 10ish to around noonish

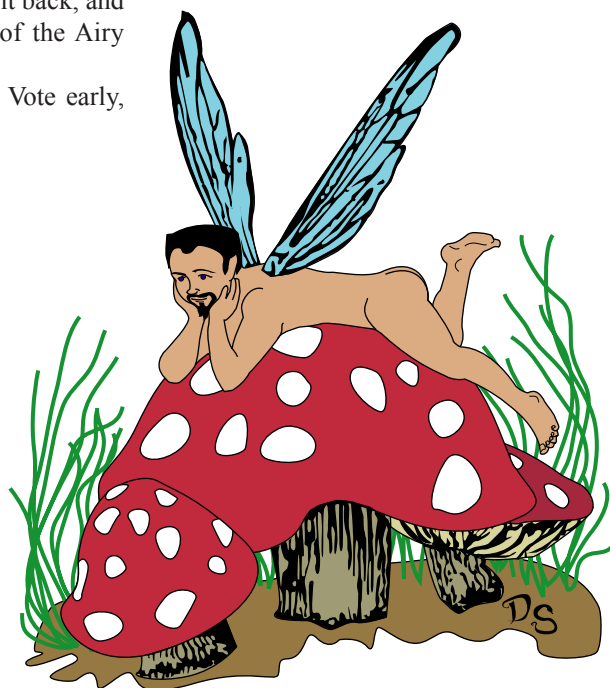
or leave a message at:

720-855-8447

Content" warning. WARNING! This mag. is intended for people who are old enough to view and who enjoy its gay male sexual content, both in writing and in graphics. So if you are offended by gay sex, or are too young, kindly put this back where you found it and pretend you never saw this. Also if you are using a work or public computer, please let us know, and we can send you a hard copy. Other wise if you're of age, and you enjoy gay male sexuality, sit back, and enjoy our 2004 Mabon issue of the Airy Faerie.

And remember to VOTE! Vote early, and vote often! Hee hee hee.

Naked Hugs and Kisses  
DragonSwan



# Political Motivation

by P'chE

**What gets you into the voting booth? What gets you involved enough to put a sign in your yard? What does it take to get you involved with the campaign itself?**

Having been reared in central IL, I was not at all familiar with the political process. I knew only one politician and that was a neighbor who ran for a county office. The rest of the folks were totally foreign to me. I knew the name of the governor. I barely knew the names of the U.S. senators and I had no idea of who were the U.S. representatives.

Then I moved to WY and with an entire state-wide population of somewhere in the vicinity of 400,000, politics became totally different. The fact that I was working for a daily newspaper also has some bearing on the situation because I had to know about the candidates whenever I was assigned to cover them for the paper. I later worked for a public relations and advertising agency and during election years a large part of our income was from political clients.

In a state with such a small population, one gets to know a lot more people state-wide than one would imagine. It is not uncommon to be in a restaurant or bar next to the governor or your U.S. congress person and to be on first name basis with them. If the individual politician is from your home town, then chances are you know them very well. While strict adherence to party lines are common, it is also common for people to jump party lines and vote for the individual based on their personal contact and knowledge of that individual.

When I was living in Cheyenne, I was involved in party politics and attended local precinct meetings and was even a precinct committee man. When I moved to Denver, I attended some of the meetings and while I did not feel I had the time for being a delegate, I did agree to be an alternate to the state convention.

With this background, I am probably more involved and aware of the political aspect than many of my peers. Add into the equation the fact that I was a state employee and that only enhances my reasons for being active in the political process.

One of my first jobs with the State was as a legislative secretary, working for five state representatives. This experience taught me that contact with one's legislator or congressperson does make a difference. I took many messages and delivered them to my representatives to whom I was assigned. They do pay attention to this information. It also is important that this contact is made early and not at the last minute when an issue is scheduled for a vote.

When I was fully employed by the State, I became much more aware of how the system works. Maybe a better description might be how the system is worked by some of the elected politicians. My experience is that while there are some very good, dedicated people who are serving the people, there are also a sufficient number that are there purely for their own ego and agenda and will circumvent the rules, regulations and statutes whenever it will best suit their purposes. Not a real good impression or attribute and something that tends to rub off on all politicians!

I generally know some of the candidates either from having worked for Independent Bankers Association and being an active lobbying PAC (political action committee) or from my association with the state as an employee. Most recently (Denver DA race) I

consulted with my (wonderful) attorney and also with my contact in the Attorney General's office.

On issues like banning animals from circuses etc., it is usually something about which I feel very strongly and will make it a point to get out to express my feelings. I go to candidate forums and ask questions and listen to the propaganda and talk to the individuals when possible. I look at the electability of a candidate and whether a statewide office be won by someone who is not widely known across the state

I 'weight' my votes when there are choices and do not vote for all the number possible. That way the vote is more important because everyone will not get an equal number of votes.

I tend to vote party but have been known to vote a split ballot.

I make every possible attempt to vote in all elections, not just the general election, even though most of the decisions in Colorado are already determined by the time we have the primary election.

Some of what I have learned:

- Negative advertising is designed to keep people away from the polls and it seems to be most effective. People get turned off by what is being said so they just don't go to the polls to vote. Both parties know this and that's why they use it.

- While a third party would be nice, the way the system is set up, a vote for a third party is generally a vote for your opposition because there isn't enough votes for a third party candidate and the party you feel might be better than another (in this instance Dems and Repubs) will be hurt by your vote being cast for someone who really does not have the slightest chance of winning.

- Your vote really does count. One vote can make a huge difference, so an attitude of "my vote won't make a difference" really is a very weak excuse for not standing up and being counted (my personal opinion).

- Until folks are actually touched by a situation or circumstance, national, state, county or city politics and issues are not real high on their radar screens. Until services provided by these entities are affected by lack of funding and are no longer available, they go unnoticed and taken for granted.

- We pay for everything we think are services due us from the government. Our taxes pay for these services. There really isn't a free lunch. And none of us are due this as an inherent right. Our vote is our way of expressing our content or discontent. Personal contact with the appropriate office or official is also effective.

- Politicians are just like you and me. They are not special or omnipotent. They put their pants on one leg at a time. (Unfortunately, some of them forget this!)

# Summer Daydream

By Monkey

Bring me a man  
With lavender in his hair  
With sweet voice, kind eyes  
And lips that are fair.

Hair shall he have  
From neck down to groin  
And soft spices and musk  
To scent his thick loins.

Bring me strong arms  
To hold me at night  
Yet softness in strength  
To heighten delight.

The pits of his arms  
They shall not be sweet  
But earthy they'll be  
To tongue and nose treat

His cock shall be sheathed  
In soft scented skin  
A glossy pink head  
Folded therein

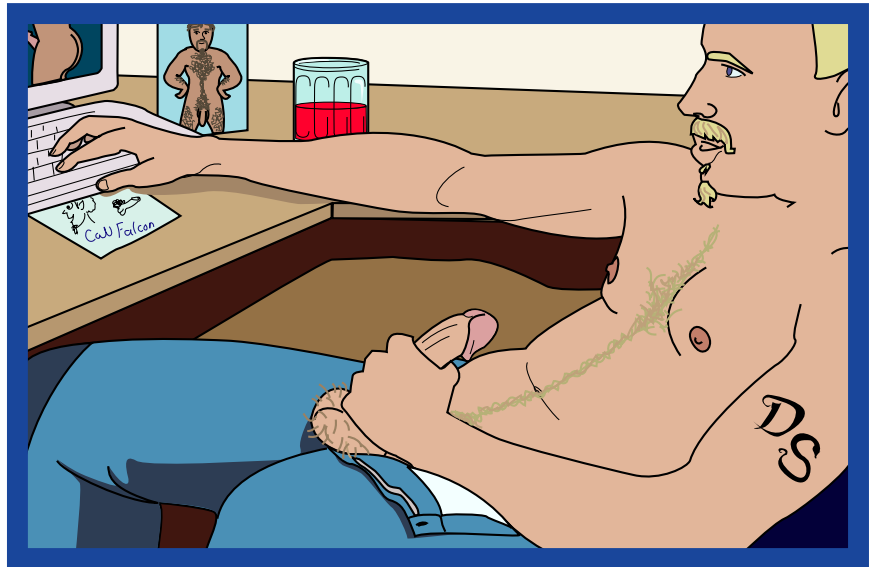
His buttocks be firm  
And covered with down  
The delight of his chalice  
To me shall be known

His legs shall be sturdy  
And thick with man-strength  
My arms will caress  
And explore them at length.

His feet I will wash  
And then kiss with delight  
And more shall he know  
When I take him at night

Disrobed and emboldened  
In fields unaware  
Bring me a man  
With lavender in his hair.

Jungust 2004



## An Artist Searching for Inspiration

### His Healing Hands

By Orpheus

No one has touched me the way you have  
So warm and caring  
So strong and firm

Others have asked "What do you want?"  
When I answer them,  
That is all I get from them,  
That which I said I wanted.

But you asked and I gave the same answer,  
And you looked beyond that stated want,  
You looked inside and found what I needed.

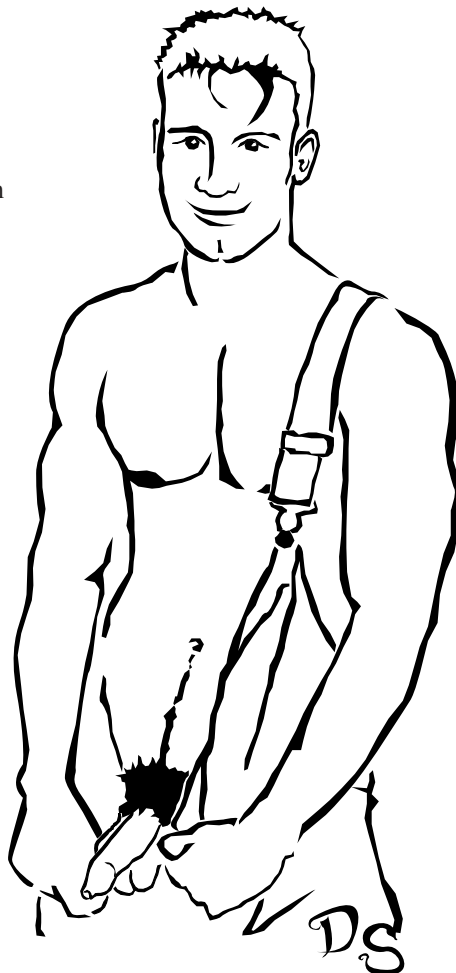
Others can make me feel good for the moment,  
You take the time to make a lasting difference.  
The pain is gone, the aches and knots,  
I'm standing stronger and freer.

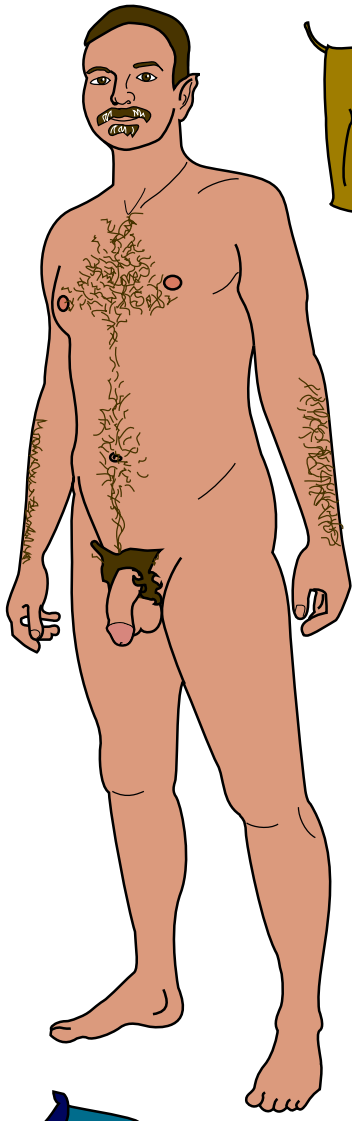
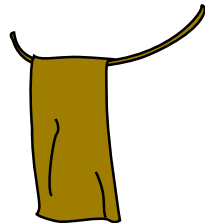
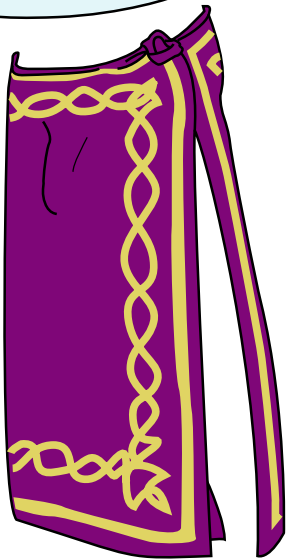
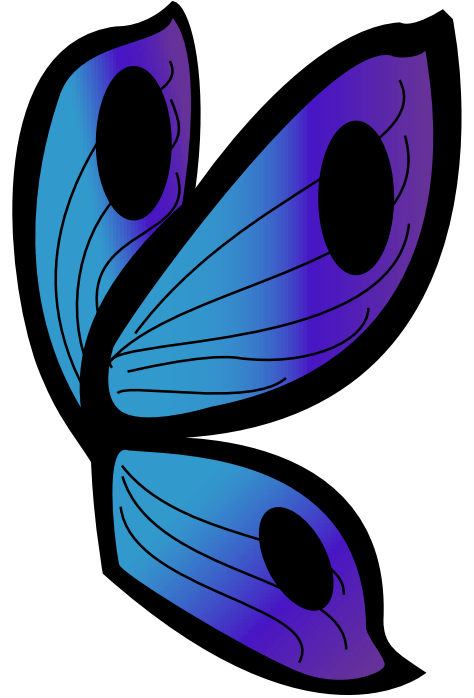
I look forward to each hour we spend together.  
There are only four words I can use  
To express my thanks for the gift of your healing hands:  
"Same time next week?"

### My Motivation

By Darlene Fey

What motivates me? What gets me going? A hot hairy chest and a little bubble butt with a nice dusting of hair! Oh Lordy! That gets my blood going. Funny that I would love butts so much, being a bottom and all. I am not much for topping a perfect ass, unless of course you're talking chocolate topping. Ok, I better stop there before I get myself into too much trouble.

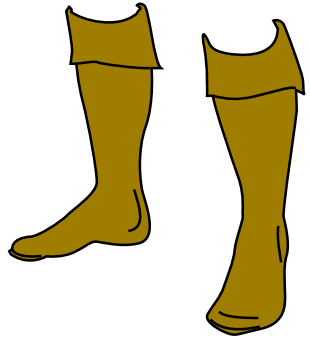
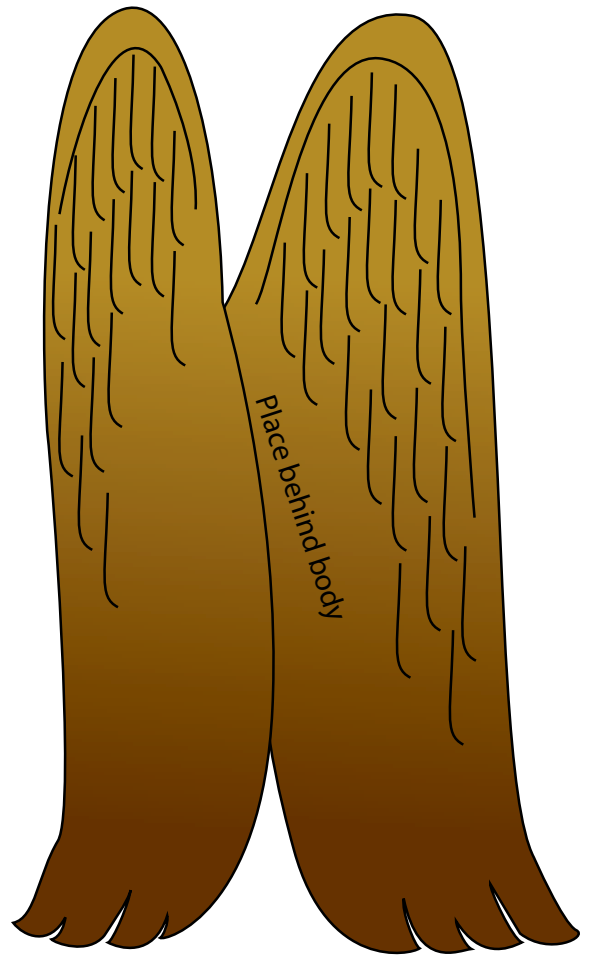
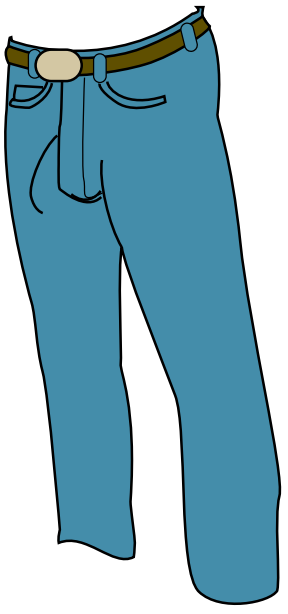




## Dress-me Faeries

Falcon: First in a series

Print this page on magnetic paper (available at most office supply stores) to create your own faerie magnets)





# My Beautiful Life: Stories From Our Tribe

## Born Lucky by Binky

I remember instances back in those early years being taught (and sometimes indoctrinated by) broad general themes of what embodies the fundamental notion of the American Spirit – pride, patriotism, service to others, democracy freedom and fairness. Like most kids growing up in small towns during the 50's and 60's, the shared educational process seemed much more gentrified in that era, and the classroom curriculum for any given grade was fairly similar, regardless of what part of this country you happened to live. School buildings and amenities may have varied from one neighborhood to the next, but the overall content and subject matter for schools seemed fairly generic and standard. See Dick run. Run, Dick, run!

For some reason, my educational experience instilled a strong sense of civic duty - not necessarily as an avocation or study, but rather, in the form of indebtedness and obligation. I have always felt that for some reason, I have a sense of responsibility and debt of service to the various communities in which I live and involve myself. Trying to somehow correlate that feeling of sheer spine-to-toes goosebumped patriotism as the National Anthem is sung at a sporting event to the unconscious conviction that I should somehow participate more fully in the American political system is much more complicated.

Somewhere along the way, those teachers, mentors, family members, counselors, pastors and friends were very instrumental in instilling a great sense of both pride and gratitude for the simple fact that I was American. Of all of the endless geographic locales on the planet, I was unbelievably lucky to be born an American citizen in this vast span of land heralded as the land of the free and home of the brave. As an American, my opportunities would be unlimited and I could choose my own life's destiny, free to grow, live and dream whatever life I might choose.

I realize that in many ways, I was trained, conditioned, indoctrinated and even occasionally bombarded with controlling influences and imagery that would inevitably place me standing in a single-file straight line in my 3rd grade class in back of Madeline McNish with my right hand placed firmly over my chest just slightly between my left nipple and sternum while we recited one of my first rote memory lessons/mantras, "The Pledge of Allegiance." Slowly, I was beginning to accept that this daily morning ritual somehow felt right, so I internalized the notion that it simply must just be the right thing to do. I pledged my undying allegiance to the flag that symbolized my heritage and birthright as a young American.

I became socialized and further mentored by the influences of public and parochial schools, church retreats, scouting, and involvement in several clubs and organizations. When school elections were held, I'd always run for positions that would have me involved in campaigns for student causes – ranging from

politics to ecology to social justice. While some Hollywood writers look back on their exploits as teenage werewolves, I became a beast of much more frightening proportions - I was a teenage Republican!

And worse, as a office-holding Teen-Aged Republican, I was politically neutered! My predecessor was 18-year-old who drove a car and even shaved, and here I was - the newly elected barely teenaged President of TARs - with a lust for Richard Nixon's goodness and a broken down bicycle.! In my early campaigning days, I remember having to peddle to the shopping center where I passed out copies of a picture of a bright traffic light with the stern admonition: "Stop Humphrey... Caution Wallace... and GO NIXON!!!"

All of a sudden, I was in a dilemma. I wasn't quite old or cool enough to realize how truly hip the Beatles were, or understand the intoxicating romance of a room full of blacklight posters and sandalwood incense, but I understood how the Viet Nam birthday draft lottery worked and I

believed that Richard Nixon would be the best president to lead our country out of the war that had killed so many of my friends' older brothers, uncles and cousins. I had strong feelings about how wrong the war seemed, but I wouldn't be able to vote until I was 21 years old! Oddly, it was a similar paradox that a soldier could be drafted to serve in Viet Nam at age 18, yet not be eligible to vote until age 21 that prompted the expedited 26th Constitutional Amendment to lower the

voting age to 18. Most Constitutional amendments had a history of taking decades to be ratified, but the voting age reduction took less than 4 months in 1971.

In just 6 short years, from 1965 to 1971, the history of voting in U.S. elections had changed forever. Blacks, who were still assimilating into their acceptance in most regions of the country after the Civil Rights Act in '63 could now participate more fully in the electoral process by voting. And eventually the black teen-aged boys who comprised such a significant portion of the troops drafted to Viet Nam at age 18, would now be legally able to vote. Distributing ballots to those minority troops would be a different obstacle altogether. Who could have foreseen that blacks wouldn't suffer a major setback in their freedom to vote until the year 2000 when their names would be disproportionately purged and eliminated from Florida's pre-election voting rosters based simply on surnames that could potentially be linked to state prisoners?

Now that the legal voting age was lowered, I would have three less years to wait for that ultimate moment when I could step into that oversized metal closet and pull the lever to shut the curtains and make my choices heard!

Unfortunately, an event called Watergate came along, and by the time that it was over, I'd become so disillusioned with its outcome, I couldn't even conscientiously campaign for my original

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political hero's successor. The saga of the war drew to a close, and yet I found myself eventually leaning to support a humble peanut farmer from Georgia who seemed to breathe a breath of fresh air into the smoky ruins of the previous administrations. Sadly, I wouldn't be able to cast a vote for him, because his bi-centennial election fell before my 18th birthday. My proud moment to cast my first votes came during a state election and was limited to bond initiatives and state congressional candidates. Still, the thrill of being inside a voting machine was so vivid that I can still recall the roller-skate smell of the oiled metal contraption with its dusty green curtains.

Two years later, I'd reached another pinnacle voting opportunity - my first presidential election. I'd been to the rallies to demand the releasing of the U.S. hostages in Iran and even made headlines in the local paper with a vigil I'd helped organize with my college roommate. The choice seemed clear, and it seemed like my old Republican party had the momentum to make some historic changes. In my post-Nixon years, I'd become officially unaffiliated, flirting with the appealing individual-based idealism of the Libertarian party, as well as many of the other more liberal candidates. For a J-School project, I set up a camera, lights and tri-pod and did a one-on-one interview with a man who had an ax to grind with the major auto manufacturers - Ralph Nader. His ideas about re-shaping the scope of American politics to favor the survival of the consumer citizen were appealing.

Yet, somehow, all of the ideals of "less-government less-bureaucracy" and fiscal responsibility mandates of my original "grand ol' party" won over, and I supported the new actor-turned-politician-turned-governor-turned-communicator. Looking back at that first vote in a presidential election, I've reflected on how it was one of my last opportunities to vote for what had been my true concept

of what the Republican party had traditionally stood for. It wasn't long until the party was looted by special corporate and religious interests, and the political organization that held such promise for me was auctioned off - from the shingles on the roof to the windows, doors and hinges - even down to the bare foundation.

Slowly, as the early years of the Regan White House began to unfold, I sadly witnessed my dream of the Republican party fade as the GOP quickly began to transform itself into a completely different political animal. As tax-free religious institutions began to carry clout within the ranks of the party, and as the voting block of the new born-again Moral Majority movement began to expand, I sat on the sidelines and watched my party become consumed by evangelicals, extremists and the fanatical right. Most of the folks I considered true ideological Republicans began to jump ship. It seemed like the only logical and reasonable thing to do, since the new 'majority' stranglehold on the party held no resemblance to the party of Lincoln, Roosevelt or Eisenhower.

As a gay man, the decision to jump ship was easy. Hell, there was no alternative! We'd already been walked to the end of the plank and shot in the head, torso and feet! As the conservative divisiveness escalated, I'd become so disenfranchised from the party that it seemed almost embarrassing to admit that I'd once been a proud card-carrying member of the GOP. Thousands upon thousands of people were succumbing to an insidious plague, and yet the "great communicator" could never even utter the word AIDS? If there was any uncertainty that gays had been fully ostracized, excommunicated, and "dis-fellowshipped" from the Republican Party, all you had to do was browse the party platform to see that they'd essentially been outlawed too!

Before I knew it, my own state's fellowmen had subversively introduced an amendment to our Colorado Constitution that would selectively and specifically discriminate against gay and lesbian citizens. Cleverly cloaked in language that voters could support without attempting to grasp the underlying consequences, the amendment passed. I marched with throngs of angry men and women in our community through the streets of downtown Denver as a nervous governor encouraged us to be calm. Not all of the votes had been tallied and the assurances by pollsters that the amendment would never pass might still prevail. We "ought not take our anger to the streets" because "this storm, too, shall pass." That storm only intensified, and it took a battle all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court to finally defeat such a foolish attempt to create a second-rate class of citizens.

The years that followed that election were instrumental to my becoming even more politically active. I felt at times like I was fighting for my very existence. I believed that justice would prevail, but I was angry that such a massive bonfire had to be lit before anybody even noticed the flames. I made it to Washington, D.C. to lobby my senators and congressional leaders. I marched on the nation's capital and protested with the masses of gays and lesbians on Pennsylvania Avenue when it was still possible to parade down that open street. Still, all of the organization and effort seemed futile. There was still so much apathy and such a strong sense of



*—continued on page 8*

defeat for so many. While it was impressive to see the National Mall crowded with hundreds of thousands of gay and lesbian people, it was discouraging to realize how so few in D.C. were listening to what we had to say.

From a gay perspective, it seemed like we were gradually beginning to make small incremental steps toward equality. It sometimes seemed as though we were remotely near the momentum of the 1963 Civil Rights Act in our gay crusade for societal equality. An elected President actually held true to his campaign promise to attempt to allow gays to serve openly in the military. It proved detrimental to his political career to champion such a cause just out of the starting blocks, but it was encouraging to at least feel a small breeze, perhaps a hint of the winds of change. I admired the fortitude of a President who, despite the onslaught of criticism, wasn't afraid to address such a social conundrum despite the alienation he'd encounter from the established military machine.

Unfortunately, gays would have to shed a lot more blood in this struggle, and our plight as the "last socially acceptable minority to despise" remained intact. Whether they were shot, tortured, bludgeoned by a platoon of inebriated marines, or strapped to a fence and pistol-whipped into unconsciousness in a Wyoming field, my gay brothers and sisters would still endure the consequences of ignorance and fear. Intolerance had become institutionalized for many, and we'd pay the price with every passing headline and obituary.

My sense of obligation has deepened with each new chapter in this struggle. We've made progress, but at times it still seems that the advances have often been one step forward followed by the reluctant two steps back. Having been inundated with the propaganda of the Amendment 2 proponents, I realize that warfare is an apt analogy at times. I, too, have been subversive at times, infiltrating the ranks of the anti-gay, pasty-white Promise-Keepers and making headlines about their hypocrisies. I've focused on a few particularly prominent homosexual elite within the top ranks of the Focus on the Family empire, and I've watched with admiration as an entire group of Homosexuals Anonymous members disband after just a short barrage of thoughtful introspective questions from a not-too-anonymous member.

Through it all, I managed to hold on to the belief that some day this struggle would culminate in a broader acceptance of all individuals, regardless of their race, creed, gender or sexual identity. I realize that while my underlying desire to believe in the basic good nature of human beings is somewhat pollyannic, I prefer to hold to that thread of optimism, having seen the hints of what that immense goodness can ultimately manifest when allowed to flourish.

At this point in American history, I truly believe we're standing at the abyss with regards to the struggle of gays and lesbians. The former Republican Party, now convening under a self-indulgent moniker of their own proud GOP translation of "God's Own Party" now openly seeks to mandate the abolishment of existing same-sex employment benefits while rewriting the U.S. Constitution to outlaw gay marriages. If ever there were just cause for political upheaval and social unrest to bring an end to such absurdities, it must be now.

The basic pillars of this democracy have been severely degraded and vandalized by the current administration. In the depths of fear,

perhaps the most pervasive and powerful tool that's been utilized so brilliantly in the past three years, we've been coerced into surrendering some of our most time-honored tenets of freedom. The abhorrent abuse of power garnered by the Patriot Act alone is unthinkable in the hands of corporate despots masquerading as leaders. It is appalling to imagine what few remnants of the basic principals of our democracy can survive intact with four more years of unchecked corruption.

Astonishingly, you don't have to be homosexual to be at risk. Our economy, our environment, even our mere status as a leading nation of the free world are all in jeopardy. Is there is any doubt whatsoever in any thinking person's mind that the upcoming election is not the most crucial election in the 228-year history of this country?

When I look at some of the social upheaval that occurred in the last 40 years on our own soil, I'm amazed that there aren't massive protests taking place in every major city today. How on earth have we become so shamefully apathetic? Has the proliferation of all the gazillions of mind-numbing prescription drugs dispensed over the last decade successfully anaesthetized our collective conscience? Why aren't throngs of angry citizens descending on the nation's capital each day? Why aren't the fires of protest burning? When did we stop paying attention?

With just weeks remaining before the upcoming election, is it realistically possible to NOT want to become involved? Do we simply sit and watch the devastation and not take even basic steps to preserve what's left? Making an opinion known by voting is profoundly important, but is that single action enough? How much effort should we be willing to give considering how very much we stand to lose?

I hope that I've never missed voting in any election, regardless of its scope. I strongly believe that the single act of casting a ballot is one of the most quintessential aspects of participating in this democracy. I've watched in pride as I've seen a new U.S. citizen vote in their first free election, and I've stood in dumbfounded disbelief listening to an adult who has never bothered to register to vote in their lifetime. While I certainly understand that one of the many liberties our constitution provides is the freedom to be apathetic and carefree, I somehow feel that the spoils of our freedoms are truly wasted on individuals unwilling to participate in the solitary act which makes them possible.

At a point in time when so many of our basic rights and freedoms are being surrendered and voluntarily relinquished, (and completely extinguished if you happen to be a same-sex couple) how can we possibly stand idly by and watch the desecration and destruction? I feel extremely fortunate and blessed to have been born an American citizen. To an even greater degree, I feel compelled and obligated to do everything possible to help bring about a change, and restore the hope that our basic democracy can survive intact, and that a sense of dignity can somehow endure despite the catastrophic damage that's already been inflicted.

By all means humanly possible, VOTE. Do everything possible to make sure your vote is tallied and counted. And if you happen to have a few spare minutes in the meantime, please take some time to get involved. There is HOPE if we're aware of the truly horrendous consequences of not taking action.



# meditation

by cinnirjy

a vision of unselfishness,  
the balance of dark and light.  
a homeland for all beings  
is clear within my sight.

i see it clear:  
no hate, no fear,  
no soldiers sent to die.  
a state that's free  
and thrives on peace.  
no greed, no threat to life.

we will not build the weapons of war  
that loom over our heads.  
we will not feed the war machine  
that leads our youth to death.  
we will not close our eyes  
to the atrocities which abound.  
we won't just stand and watch  
until we're six feet underground.

the future is our creation.  
we cannot stand and watch  
as the world around us crumbles  
and opposing armies march.  
so let's work towards our goal:  
defend life's sanctity.  
'cause all of us are healers  
who can work towards world peace.

there are those around us  
who stand and say "no way."  
they oppose the lessening of armies.  
they say war is here to stay.

but no one knows until we try  
what we all can do.  
i won't stand by  
and let children die  
it's up to me and you.

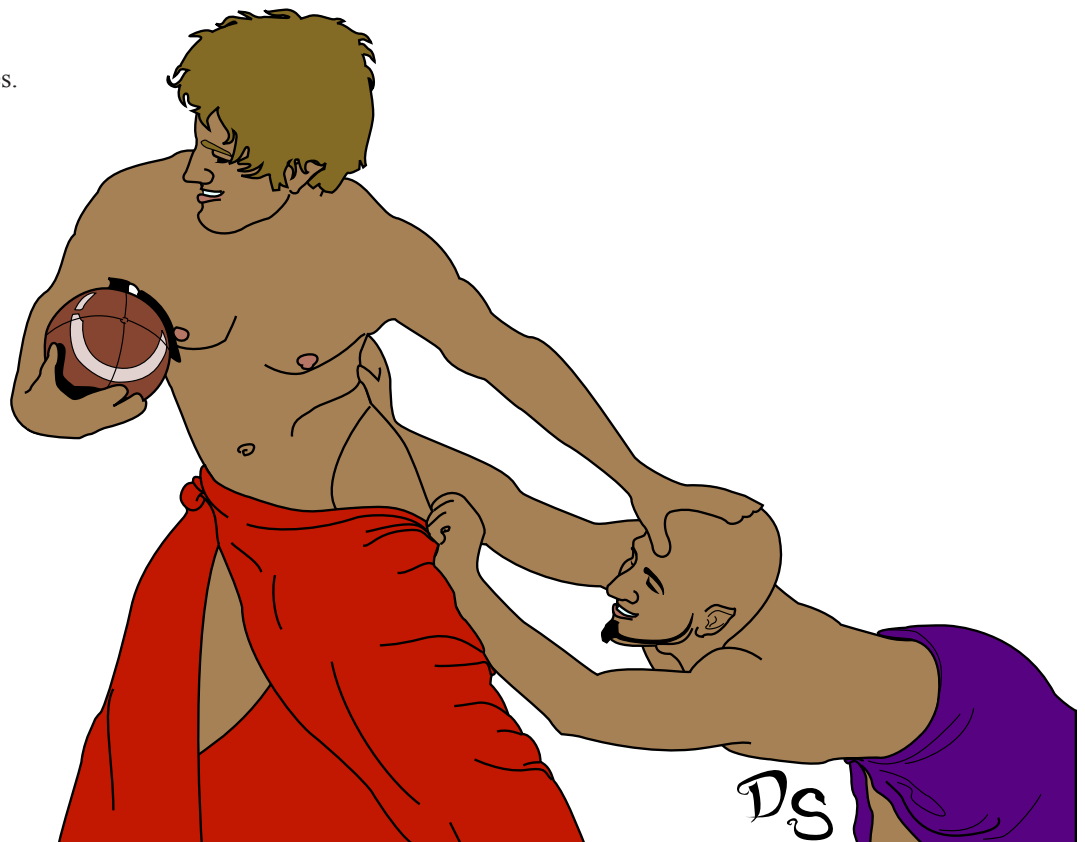
our world's been divided.  
the boundaries have been drawn.  
ideas too often decided  
by where you have been born.

so why do we judge people  
by the government of their land?  
they're flesh and blood like us  
and our prejudice is sad.

the future is our creation.  
we cannot stand and watch  
as the world around us crumbles  
and opposing armies march.  
so let's work towards our goal:  
defend life's sanctity.  
'cause all of us are healers  
who can work towards world peace.

this has been my daily incantation for a few months now. it's adapted from the song "one nation," from the ep "surf nicaragua" by sacred reich, lyrics by phil hine. it's one of the spells i cast while dancing maypoles at wolf creek and at maybel with the santa cruz faeries.

in a nutshell, it's my affirmation of the kind of world i want to live in. and it channels my obnoxious "negative queen" tendencies into a way to say no to the areas where i'm willing to work for change.



# Bearly Motivated

by Cubby

What motivates me? There are those that know me that would be quick to say “nothing.” Others would tell you that only a hot hairy man would get me motivated. Well, the last few months have made me a bit introspective and I’ve done a lot of thinking. I’ve come to realize that one of my best motivators was my dog, Jesus Jr. (and yes, that is pronounced with the gee sound and not the hey sound). I can hear you snickering at the fact that a Radical Faerie would have a dog named Jesus. Before I go too far, let me tell you a little bit about Jesus the first. I was only six when my folks brought home a puppy for me. He was a German shepherd. They went on and on about how he was a good dog. When they asked me what I wanted to name my dog, the only natural choice to call a good shepherd was Jesus. They couldn’t fault me for my logic, nor could they get me to change my mind. Years later, when I was on my own and wanted a companion, a friend’s dog had pups and there was this sweet little shepherd staring up at me and all I could think about was Jesus. I must admit that it has given me a bit of perverse pleasure to see people’s reactions when I yell out “Come to me, Jesus.”

All kidding aside, Jesus was a great motivator in my life. He would motivate me to get off the couch to go play. He would motivate me to take walks in the park. He never could get me to chase cars with him. When he got older, so did I. When he stopped wanting to take long walks so did I. But his greatest contribution to motivating me was after his recent death.

It’s sort of sad, but the recent issue of Airy Faerie was about our pets and all I could do was joke about how my partner treated me. I couldn’t talk about my own dog because I had just put him down. He had been suffering from a hip disorder for several years. He would make his way slowly through the house. He was getting old and started suffering the indignities that come with advanced years. One day I came home and found him barely breathing. I called the vet to say that it was time only to find that he was on vacation and here was the number for the clinic that was covering for him. One final indignity for him to suffer...the vet wasn’t even someone he knew. As it turned out, Dr. Spaniels was handsome so at least he was going to go out in style.

I signed the papers and stayed with Jesus Jr. in his final moments. The vet told me to stay as long as I needed to. I sat there for the longest time and felt some hands on my shoulders and figured it was my partner. I turned around and began to cry my heart out. It was only after the floodgates opened that I realized that it was doctor scrubs under my hands and not the usual flannel. I tried to pull back, but the soft voice kept saying, “Let it out. I’m not going anywhere.”

I got home that night to find an angry lover. “Why you been gone so long? It shouldn’t have taken that long to put down

that dumb dog?” I couldn’t believe my ears. I think the truth is he was upset that he had to get out of the chair to get his beer. This continued for several days. He’d make comments like, “I’m glad that dog is gone, now I can stretch out in the bed,” and “Isn’t it nice to come home and not get doggie slobber on your boots?” He finally pushed me over the edge one night when he said that I should just “get over it” and if the dog was that important, I should run to the store and get a replacement. He said he wished lovers could be more like dogs so that when we got tired of them, we could take them someplace to be put to sleep and then go shopping for the next one.

I told him that I wanted to play “Let’s Make a Deal.” I told him that he could pick door number one which led into Jesus’ doghouse. He could pick door number two which was the front door and could keep walking until he got back to his apartment. Or door number three which led into the garage where I would gladly escort him to the animal clinic to see if they would put him out of my misery. I secretly hoped he would pick door number three, so that I could see if my grief hazed memory of the vet lived up to the reality. Unfortunately, he picked door number two.

That night while I was lying in bed, alone for the first time in years, I wondered if I did the right thing. I rolled over into all that empty space and realized that Jesus would have been in heaven to have that extra space to himself. I realized that if my first thought was about my dog not being in bed with me, that should tell me how I really felt about my now ex-lover.

Thank you, Jesus! His death finally motivated me enough to take charge of my life and get rid of something that shouldn’t have



been there in the first place. The question that came to me was what should I do with the free time I had now that I didn't have lover to play waiter to? Then it hit me. My mother volunteers at the hospital where she did her rehab after her accident. I thought about me with my hairy chest in the candy-striper jumper. Then I thought about how much shaving I was going to have to do so that people wouldn't scream in fright with my hairy back. Then the light bulb went off. Why not see if the animal clinic needed a volunteer. I dug out the card Dr. Spaniels gave me when he said "Call me anytime" and picked up the phone.

I told him my idea and he told me to stop by the clinic the following day after work. When we met, he told me how they were a small clinic and that there were never enough hands to do the work. There was no way he could hire enough staff to do the work since people complain about the cost as it is. A volunteer would be useful in helping exercise the patients or some of the other odd jobs. I started volunteering that weekend. We found my niche. I hold the pets that have been abandoned by their families. These are the dogs and cats that are brought into the clinic for treatments that require multiple night stays but the family thinks that it is enough to call to see how Fifi is doing. I take each of these animals out of their pens and comfort them. I can give them some of the love that Jesus and Jesus Jr. had given me. And each time I hear a purr or see the tail wagging, I know that I made the right choices a month ago.

One other good thing has come out of my decision to volunteer at the clinic. After my first weekend of volunteering, Dr. Spaniels called me at home. He said the he knew this might be inappropriate, but would I mind joining him for dinner during the week. We've gone out a couple of time since then. He invited me to a party for his parents' 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary. During dinner his mother told me how young Peter loved to play with hair on his father's arms and chest. Their son would brush the hair against the grain and then take his time smoothing in back in place. Now why would they say something like that to me? It seemed like a pretty strange tidbit to share when the usual tale would be more of the pets in his life kind of thing.

It was a good evening and I think they like me. When we left, his mother said, "I think you'll be good for Peter. I can tell. You have that nice tuft of hair sticking up over your collar. His last couple of friends didn't and I told him it wouldn't work. But would he listen to me?" As I said, I think they like me. Why would someone make something like that up?

With the parents taken care of, there is one last hurdle to go. Tonight I get to meet Hamlet II, his dog. Peter told me that one of the things that caught his attention when I brought Jesus to the clinic was the humor in the name. When his parents bought him a dog for his twelfth birthday he had just been introduced to the works of Shakespeare. It seemed a natural to him to pick a name from that wonderful cast of characters. I had to agree that Hamlet was the perfect choice for a Great Dane. Anyway, wish me luck. Parents I can handle with ease, but this will be the real test. I hope Hamlet likes me.

And I hope Peter still likes to play with men's fur. If so, have I got a treat for him. As I said, wish me luck.

## A Poison Tree

by William Blake  
(from Songs of Experience)

I was angry with my friend:  
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.  
I was angry with my foe:  
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I water'd it in fears,  
Night & morning with my tears;  
And I sunned it with smiles,  
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night,  
Till it bore an apple bright;  
And my foe beheld it shine,  
And he knew that it was mine.

And into my garden stole  
When the night had veil'd the pole;  
In the morning glad I see  
My foe outstretch'd beneath the tree.

## Poisoned Thoughts

by Okapi

*A Poisoned Tree* by William Blake has a very interesting comment about our lives. It was written in 1794, yet it still speaks of human nature today. Given an equal act of discourtesy, why is it so easy to forgive a friend while we hold a grudge against an enemy?

How much energy do we waste trying to get even? The person in the poem spent their time growing something to destroy an enemy. Imagine what they could have done for their friends with that same energy.

Instead of tears based in wrath, the tree could have been watered with tears of joy. Instead of deceitful smiles, the tree would have been nurtured with smiles that could rival the sun for warmth. The tree would have grown with juicy fruit that could be given to all. The apples could be shared and enjoyed for years to come.

Instead of stealing an apple, the enemy would recognize the joy that is lacking in their life. They would want to share in that feeling. The person would offer the apple to the enemy. The enemy would melt away to become a friend. Instead of a poisoned tree, a healing tree would have been grown.

How does this relate to the Airy Faerie theme of motivation? Where do you put your energy? Is it in trying to tear someone down and kill the enemy? Is it trying to truly get a person elected that can make a difference? Is it trying to help the enemy learn to become a friend, and thus an enemy no more?

Both accomplish the same end result, one person rising to the elected position and another descending from the position. One way reinforces the negative energies of the world and makes the enemy want to grow their own poison tree. I want a healing tree that we can work on together.

# Quest for the Crystal Phoenix

## Chapter 6: Discoveries and Secrets

by Orpheus

Prince Apollo awoke the morning after his Princing Ceremony feeling refreshed. Well, at least he thought it was morning. He looked at his nightstand and the night candle had already been replaced by a day candle. He rubbed his eyes and looked at the candle again. It was already midafternoon. He couldn't believe that he slept that late.

"You shouldn't look so surprised," said Sir John, who was sitting at the foot of his bed. "I told you that you would sleep at least twelve hours after taking that potion yesterday." The faerie told him that Queen Susan has requested his presence as soon as he had something to eat and had a chance to get refreshed. The prince asked his new Faerie Godfather if he knew what she wanted. Johnny sniffled a moment and said that he did, but the Queen asked to be the one to talk to him first.

Apollo took a quick shower and ate some of the fruit that had been left for him. As he approached the quarters of his great aunt, he knew something was wrong. Everyone was wearing black. He knocked on the door and was promptly admitted.

"I am so sorry to have to be the bearer of such sad news first thing as you wake after such a triumphant day yesterday, but I felt that you needed to hear this directly from me. Queen Amaranth passed away in her sleep this morning."

"What? I thought she was fine after Lord Apollo helped me with her after the attack last night."

Susan said that was the biggest reason why she wanted to be the one to tell him. Her mother was very old, far older than they had ever known until yesterday. So while the God and prince took away her pain and cured the injuries of the attack, her body was ready to go.

"Mother and I had a long talk last night. She regretted having kept her past a secret for all those years, but when Rose started hating Faeries, she never could find a way to start the conversation. I think she had been holding on to life for one purpose; to give you those shoes. That was the last thing she felt she had to do to help atone for the problems her wards created all those years ago."

The queen told him that Amaranth said that, from what she had heard and seen, she felt that if her wards had shown even half of Apollo's wisdom, the land would never have been sundered. Susan told the prince that her mother was at peace last night. "I think that when you used your wish to help her, she knew that she could let go because the kingdom was in good hands. She did say that she wanted to tell you something else about those shoes. She said look for the swan that limps and you will find the missing piece."

"The swan that limps?" asked the prince.

"I thought it odd too, but she wouldn't say anything else about it." Susan paused a moment. "That's odd and not like her. Why would

she tell me to tell you something, when she would see you the next day?"

"Unless," said the prince, "she knew that she wouldn't see me again. Don't the faeries have the ability to plan the time of their transitions?"

"Ah, yes. And something else she said that seemed strange at the time. She said that she knew what she needed to do before the agents of time came back to torment her again."

"I only met her the short while, but may I see her to say good-bye?"

He was led to Amaranth's bedroom. Neatly in the center of the bed was a pile of seeds with an amaranth blossom laying across them. "That is all we found this morning. Holly told me that when a faerie dies, they return to the earth that gave them birth. Some turn to dust, but others, such as Mother, turn to seeds of their namesakes. Please, take some for the Garden of the Queens."

Apollo said he knew just the place to plant them. "Do you think she would like to be next to my mother, Iris?"

Susan thought she would as her mother adored the prince's mother. "Mother was so depressed when she learned of Iris's death, 'These walls have taken yet another life I've cared about,' she said. It was right after that when she moved to the forest to live with Heather."

The queen excused herself for a moment. When she returned, she had an envelope in her hand. "With the discovery of Mother this morning, I nearly forgot the original reason I asked Johnny to bring you here. Shortly before her death, Iris sent me a letter asking me to give you this on your thirteenth birthday. I have been so tempted to look at, but I knew that wouldn't be right."

Apollo took the envelope and looked at it. Indeed it was sealed with the Adbalm Royal Seal. With trembling hands he opened the letter.

*Dearest Apollo,*

*You are now thirteen and are now the official Heir of your father's and my kingdoms. You had your father's eyes at birth and I can picture you being a fine young man just ready to start growing. You are a tall lad, with your golden hair falling to your shoulders; muscles starting to show from all your weapons training. With your father's good looks, you will have the girls from both kingdoms competing to become your bride. I don't envy you the challenge of having to tell them that you only get to pick one.*

*I asked my aunt to save this letter for you because I felt I had to let you know that even though I won't be around much longer, I have loved you from the day you were born. You are the one truly good thing I've done. I asked her to wait until now, because you should be old enough to understand some things that would not have made sense to you a few years ago.*





*Don't grieve for me. I have known the time of my death for some time and I welcome it. In your Princing Ceremony you said 'If one should be harmed by my selfish actions, then let that person be me.' I said those same words many years ago. But, someone has died because of my selfish actions. I was not strong enough to stand up to my mother, and through her selfish actions I came to be the agent of harming more people than I care to count, including your father. Please show him this letter and tell him that I am so sorry that I could not have been more open to his needs. I sure that if we had talked more honestly, we could have found a way to not harm the ones that we loved.*

*I have one other request, if you should meet Sir Rondar, the former Captain of the Guard here at the palace, please let him know that I will carry the burden of the death of his brother for all eternity. While my death cannot restore the dead, I can hope that the living will be able to put their lives back together without my interference.*

*Please learn from my mistakes, my son. This vow is so important. If you can be true to your vows, then you are true to yourself. I cannot think of anything greater that I can give you at your Princing.*

*Love,*

*Your Mother, Iris Angelica*

The prince read the note several times, then silently handed it to Susan. "This confirms many of my thoughts," she said. "I have always felt that something was not being said about my niece's death. Her last letters to me were dark and dreary like she had given up hope. But her last letter to me was full of her old enthusiasm. She said that she had found the answer to all her problems in the fruit of the rare papel sodoipen tree. I have yet to find anyone who can tell me what that is."

"Then I shall ask the herbalists in Adbalm when I go home for a visit," said Apollo. "Mother learned of it from someone. So somewhere there is a person who can tell us as well."

As they talked, the Queen prepared two sachets of amaranth seeds for Apollo. "Since she was the Faerie Godmother to all three of the founding Kings, it seems appropriate that her seeds be planted in all three kingdoms," she said. "Here is some for the garden here in Riangle and a second sachet for you to find a place of honor in Adbalm. With those that I plant in Rysbal, maybe we can begin the healing process that will help reunite the kingdoms under your rule."

"It shall be my honor," said the prince.

Before much more could be said, the bells rang out the time was near for the evening meal. Since they still had guests from the Princing Ceremonies, they quickly freshened up and headed to the Great Hall for dinner. On their way, Susan shared with him some of her mother's more humorous antics. With lighter hearts filled with joyful memories, the two took their places at the head table.

The following morning Prince Apollo found himself free of obligations. Sir Rondar was busy with King Adam planning the weapons teacher's return to Adbalm the following summer. Lord Cetee was busy with Queen Susan trying to learn everything about

her mother before the Queen returned to Rysbal. Queen Rose wasn't seeing anyone. The prince took the opportunity to enjoy a beautiful winter day and went to the Garden of the Queens to think about what his mother had written. He sought out the corner where her ashes had been scattered.

"Mother, thank you for the letter. I know that you felt responsible for causing harm to others and that you felt your pending death was a fair payment. I have learned, though, that they could not have been harmed if they didn't let you. Each of you had a responsibility to the others and something went wrong. Your untimely death left matters unresolved. There is something that is missing in what you said. I want to find out more about what happened."

The prince felt a pair of hands on his shoulder. "That was beautifully said. Now what are you talking about?" asked Sir John.

After giving Johnny a hug he asked, "Where's Viola?"

"Oh, she wants to try out a 'Royal Faerie Godperson' entrance she's worked out," he replied.

In the distance, Apollo heard the faint sound of bells that he always associated with Viola's grand schemes. He looked up and saw a tiny bubble floating in the air, coming towards him. As it got closer, it grew larger and larger, until the prince could see Viola standing inside, wearing a pink and lavender gown made with enough tulle to cover the entire throne room; twice at least. She was wearing a high crown that sparkled in the sunlight. It touched the ground and she stepped forward to greet Johnny and Apollo... and fell flat on her face and started rolling on the ground inside her bubble.

"Hey! You ungrateful bubble! You were supposed to dissolve when you touched the ground!" she shouted. "Help get me out of here!"

It took the boys a while to stop laughing long enough to stop the bubble from rolling around. Once settled, Viola sat down in the middle of the bubble with a big pout on her face.

Johnny said, "I hate to be the one to burst your bubble, Your Majesty, but the only thing sharp I have is my wit. I don't think that will help you any."

As they listened to her cursing the bubble, Apollo offered, "Her Highness' tongue is sharp enough. That should work." That earned him an icy stare.

"Well, then if that doesn't work," said Apollo carefully, "Her Maphrodite's crown would be a good choice."

"What did you call me? I never..."

Johnny started laughing. "You can say that again. Where did you learn that particular title for our friend with the bubbly personality?"

"I got it direct from the horse's mouth," he said. "I'm not sure what it means though. Just what is a Maphrodite?"

Barely heard over Johnny's laughing was Viola's retort, "Horse's mouth, my eye! It bet it was more like a horse's ass. Just wait until I get my hands on him."

Johnny gave the bubble a shove so that Viola's crown hit the side and burst, leaving a sticky gooey mess all over her. "Look at this! It's ruined! Johnny Jump-up, I'm never talking to you again."

*—continued on page 14*

## Quest/Crystal Phoenix continued

"Geez, if I knew that would be how you would feel, I would have done something like this years ago," he countered. "Don't give me those crocodile tears. If I know you, you have four different outfits under there to try out on us. Go change into something suitable for sitting in the garden while Apollo fills me in on what he was talking about before you rudely interrupted."

She hiked up her skirts high enough for them to see a pair of combat boots poking out beneath the hem and stomped off behind some bushes.

Apollo gave Johnny the brief tale about what he learned about his mother. He told him about how everyone seems to think that there is something not being said about her death and he wanted to find out. "Something Queen Susan said seems important. Have you ever heard of the papel sodoipen tree?"

Johnny said he hadn't and then shouted the question to Viola. She came out in a polka dotted dress with striped leggings and said that she hadn't heard of it either. Both faeries said they would ask around in the faerie circles for him.

"Thanks," said the prince. "Hey, you never answered my question. What is a Maphrodite?"

Viola paused a moment and said, "It's a sort of...well, it's more like a..."

A shadow blocked the sun and a booming voice came from behind them, "I think that is part of the tale I need to tell you." They turned and saw Hilda Harebell, the two novice Efgees' mentor. She was wearing the same severe black outfit that she had worn during the Prancing ceremony. Up close, Apollo realized that what he thought was a brass bra was really a very ornate breastplate. With her, was King William and Lord Cetee. "That part can wait a moment for our other guests to arrive," she continued in a *No-nonsense, I will be listened to, no questions asked* tone. "Before they do, I want to give you a quick run down on the rules for Faerie Godparents.

"Your Majesties, you each get the traditional three wishes from your Efgee. King William, since your Efgee is technically assigned to the kingdom, you do have a bit of condition that your wishes need to further the welfare of your kingdom. No 'I wish for a painted pony' kind of wishes unless that is what is needed to save the kingdom. Understood?"

The king nodded.

"As for you two imps, you are not to grant any wishes without clearing them with me first." Staring directly at Viola, she added, "There once was a novice Efgee who foolishly granted a wish and nearly started a war between humans and faeries. Only the quick thinking of King Alanzo prevented the rekindling of the hatred that existed at the time of the sundering of the kingdoms. Ever since then Efgees have been trained to understand the difference between a real wish and someone uttering a thought by starting with the words 'I wish.' Any questions?"

Viola bowed her head, slightly nodding. Johnny said, "I am thankful for your guidance. I am curious about one thing that isn't related to this though. I have always heard that your skills were larger than life, but every painting I've seen of you is well, much smaller. Is there something wrong with your health that prevented you from taking the position yourself?"

Suddenly, the garden was filled with nine, equally beautiful blond warrior women. "Is this what you thought I would look like,"

they said in unison. The one standing directly in front of them said, "These are my sisters: Hilda Ironwood, Hilda Swordfern, Hilda Hazel, Hilda Arrowroot, Hilda Moonwort, Hilda GoldenRod, Hilda Myrtle, and Hilda Yarrow." They bowed together and just as suddenly, there was only Hilda Harebell, looking big enough to be all nine of them together.

"I know what you are thinking, and you would be right. That is my curse. Back in the days of the sundering, Queen Amaranth was not loved. People blamed her for the conflict between the Prince Charmings. 'If only she had done this or hadn't done that the world would be at peace' type thinking. She created my sisters and myself to be bodyguards."

"You mean the Hilda Guard really existed?" asked Lord Cetee.

"Yes, that was the popular name for us," she said. "I'll keep this brief since I see our guests coming across the courtyard. As added protection, Amaranth put a spell on us so that if one of us died, her body would be absorbed into the eldest, me, who would be constantly at the queen's side. If someone broke through the defenses of the others, then I could split into the components like you just saw so that the Queen would always have nine of us to protect her. It wasn't until after the first of us fell in the line of duty that we realized what effect that would have on me." She let out a heavy sigh before continuing, "And look at what good it did her when she really needed me. I was too slow to react to the danger."

"So the long answer to your impertinent question is yes. I just can't keep up with you young folk anymore. Serving as your mentor seemed like the best solution."



"And I am thankful for your experience and no one could blame you for what happened. She released you from duty the day she went mortal," said Queen Holly as she joined them. With her was a very elderly woman of regal bearing that Apollo didn't recognize. "Hilda, I trust that you had a chance to tell them the rules about their wishes before sharing that bit of history."

Hilda nodded. "But I was waiting for you to arrive before I went into the history of why we are so cautious about granting wishes. Now that everyone is here, Viola could you please share with us a bit about your previous stint at being an Elf?"

Apollo had never seen her look so demure. "It was a hundred years ago. I was assigned to the youngest son of King Alanzo of Adbalm. Gaylon was a delightful boy that charmed everyone he met. By the time he was ten he had used his first two wishes. His first wish was for an embroidery needle that would never get dull and never prick his finger. His second was for a golden harp that never got out of tune. He saved the third for many years. One evening when he was eighteen, we were walking through the courtyard when a visiting prince came from Riangle. All the girls were swooning around this handsome hunk, when I heard him say, 'I wish I was a girl so I get close to him too.' Without thinking, I granted the wish giving the standard advice that transformation wishes only lasted until midnight."

Viola took a deep breath before continuing. "I waited in his room to see how the evening went. The clock rang out midnight and no Gaylon. It rang out one o'clock...two...three...four...five. Finally, at six o'clock the door opened in walked Gaylon, still in girl form. I was horrified and tried to reverse the spell but nothing happened. After many attempts I called Queen Amaranth for help. No sooner than she arrived then she announced, 'I can't help you because she is with child.'"

"So that's what really happened," said Cetee. "The king told the tale that his youngest was really born a girl but he had foolishly wished that he had another son and the faeries granted his wish. He said that sight of her fated true love was enough to restore her to her own true form."

"Yes," said Viola. "The king was very convincing in his tale. People remembered the old tales of the early Prince Charmings and thought that this was another sign of the power of true love."

Queen Holly spoke up, "Mother had visions of everyone wanting to be changed into something and was anything but pleased with the situation. She placed a spell on my granddaughter." Viola had that pleading look in her eyes as if begging her not to continue. "She said that her penalty for a crime against nature was for her to restore the balance in the world by becoming a man. Viola was told that the only way for her to return to a feminine state would be for her to win the love of a member of the House of Charming and bear his child before the kingdoms reunited."

Apollo felt sorry for her. "Johnny, I wish that Viola be restored to her natural form."

"I'm sorry," said Hilda. "As much as that is a generous gesture, no one can counter a curse placed by a Faerie Queen, not even her successor."

"I'm doomed," cried Viola.

"May I say something," asked the silent guest. When Queen Holly nodded, she continued. "Viola, I know I have changed some in the past few years, but look in my eyes and I think you will realize who I am."

Viola looked at the woman and gasped. "Gaylon? Is that really you? Can you ever forgive me?"

"It's Gaydar now. When Stephen and I wed, we felt a name change was in order. I don't need to forgive you, rather I came here to tell Amaranth the truth about what happened that night. I got here too late, so I came to beg your forgiveness for the trick that we played on you."

"You need my forgiveness? Why?" asked Viola.

Gaydar told them that she as a prince had been secretly seeing Prince Stephen of Riangle for some time. They loved each other but knew that there was no way for them to be together without creating a scandal in both courts. They both wished that one of them had been born a girl and then no one would question their love. In the royal library, Gaylon had found an ancient book written by Amaranth as a training tool for Faerie Godparents. The book said that normally transformation wishes would last until midnight, but if the moon was full and that the new form was met with true love's kiss, it could be made permanent by the union of bodies. That's when Gaylon remembered his third wish. The two lovers set the scene so that he could utter the key 'I wish' words so that Viola wouldn't pause to think about it.

"We knew that Stephen was handsome and Viola wouldn't think twice about anyone wanting to get near him," Gaydar said. "It worked and we have lived happily since then. But I always felt a little guilty. So when I heard that Amaranth was going to be here for the Princes, I wanted to confess to her and find out how to find you as well."

"You mean it was a set up from the start?" said Viola, full of bewilderment. "You tramp."

"Guilty as charged, I'm afraid."

"Queen Holly, there's got to be something you can do. After all, I was cursed because Queen Amaranth thought I did something wrong. As it turns out I really did grant a proper wish."

"As much as I would like to, as Hilda said, only Amaranth could remove a curse she herself placed. We will have to let this play out as she planned."

Holding her head in her hands, Viola said, "I'm doomed. I'm running out of princes to work with and the kingdoms are about to be reunited."

Gaydar offered, "What about my grandson, Rondar? He's attractive, single and does match the qualification of being part of the House of Charming."

"I tried with no luck. He's in love with someone from his past and said that as long as there was hope, he wouldn't feel right being in a serious relationship with anyone. I tried to convince him that I wasn't looking for a relationship, just some love and a roll in the hay, but he still refused."

King William said, "What about Apollo?"

"Excuse me," said the prince. "Viola's one of my best friends and has been like a sister to me." She brightened up at that. "But loving her in a way that would make a baby, well, seems gross."

"I knew it. I'm doomed."

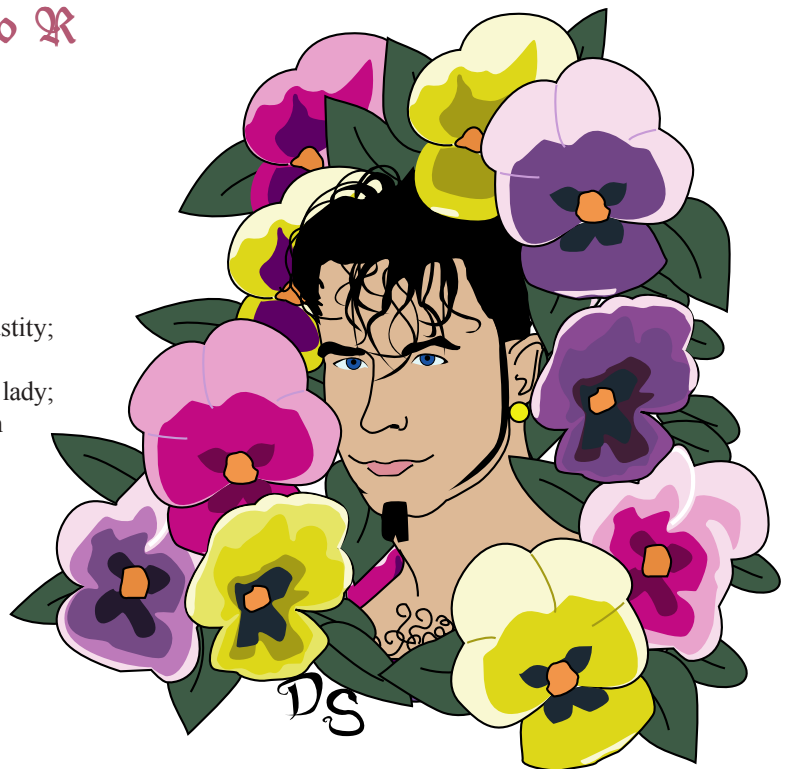
*To be continued...*

# The Language of Flowers - O to R

## (Part Four of a Series)

Compiled by Orpheus

Oleander	Caution; beware
Olive Branch	Peace
Orange	Generosity
Orange (mock)	Counterfeit; deceit
Orange Blossom	Wisdom; purity; eternal love; chastity; your purity equals your loveliness
Orchid	Love; beauty; refinement; beautiful lady; Chinese symbol for many children
Orchid (Cattleya)	Mature charm
Orchid (Lady's Slipper)	Fickleness; capricious beauty
Orchis (Bee)	Industry
Orchis (Butterfly)	Gaiety
Orchis (Fly)	Error
Palm leaves	Victory and success
Pansy	Thoughts; love
Pasque Flower	You are without pretention
Passion Flower	Belief
Peach blossom	Longevity; I am your captive
Pennyroyal	Flee away
Peony	Shame; bashfulness; anger; indignation
Peppermint	Warmth of feelings; cordiality
Periwinkle (blue)	Early friendship; pleasures of memory
Periwinkle (red)	Early friendship
Periwinkle (white)	Pleasures of memory, pleasant recollections
Petunia	Resentment; anger; your presence soothes me; never despairing
Phlox	Agreement; unanimity; sweet dreams
Pimpernel (scarlet)	Assignment; change
Pine	Hope; pity
Pine (pitch)	Philosophy
Pine (spruce)	Hope in adversity
Pink	Boldness
Pink (carnation)	Women's love
Pink (Indian double)	Always lovely
Pink (Indian single)	Aversion
Pink (mountain)	Aspiring
Pink (red double)	Pure and ardent love
Pink (variegated)	Refusal
Pink (white)	You are fair and fascinating
Poinsettia	Be of good cheer
Polyanthus	Pride of riches
Polyanthus (crimson)	The heart's mystery
Polyanthus (lilac)	Confidence
Poppy (general)	Eternal sleep; oblivion; imagination; extravagance
Poppy (red)	Pleasure; consolation
Poppy (white)	Consolation; sleep
Poppy( yellow)	Wealth; success
Prickly Pear	Satire
Primrose	I can't live without you; early youth; young love; forsaken
Primrose(evening)	Inconstancy



Primula	Diffidence
Privet	Defence
Quaking Grass	Agitation
Queen Anne's Lace	Fantasy
Queen's Rocket	Fashionable; You are the queen of coquettes
Ragged Robin	Wit
Ranunculus	I am dazzled by your charms
Reeds	Music
Rest harrow	Obstacle
Rhododendron	Danger
Rose	Beauty
Rose (Austrian)	Thou art all that is lovely
Rose (black)	Death
Rose (bridal)	Happy love
Rose (burgundy)	Unconscious beauty
Rose (cabbage)	Ambassador of love
Rose (campion)	Only deserve my love
Rose (Carolina)	Love is dangerous
Rose (China)	Grace
Rose (Christmas)	Tranquilize my anxiety; anxiety
Rose (daily)	Thy smile I aspire to
Rose (damask)	Brilliant complexion
Rose (dark crimson)	Mourning
Rose (deep red)	Bashful shame
Rose (dog)	Pleasure and pain
Rose (general) (Red)	Love ; I love you
Rose (Guelder)	Winter; age
Rose (hibiscus)	Delicate beauty
Rose (hundred-leaved)	Pride
Rose (Japan)	Pity
Rose (maiden blush)	If you love me, you will find it out
Rose (Mundi)	Variety
Rose (musk)	Capricious beauty
Rose (pink)	Perfect happiness; please believe me



# Orphean Motivation

by Orpheus

You may be familiar with my tale. As the bards would have you believe, my young bride died suddenly. They sing of how I was so moved with grief and love for Eurydice that I descended to Hades to bring her back to the realms of the living. I won't waste your time with too many of the details as most of the ones you have heard were the bards' creative license. Let me clear the air.

Yes, there was a real Eurydice. Yes, she died. And, yes, I went to Hades and sang to the Dark Lord and Lady. But it was not my love for her that sent me on my journey. It was my love for her twin brother, Euryc. He had been my lover for several years. As with many twins, Euryc and Eurydice shared a special bond and the three of us were always together. Euryc was called to fight a senseless war (how's that for a redundant phrase...senseless and war...is there such thing as a sensible war?) and died so that one man could claim to possess the most beautiful woman in the world.

Eurydice felt the shock as her twin left the world. The pain sent her to her own death bed. I couldn't believe it. The stupid lust of a man in another country killed my lover, and through that death, it also killed an innocent woman who had never even met that man. I was left with no one while this great Prince could still hold the object of his lust. I loved Euryc and he loved me. We had more right to be together than Paris and that slut Helen who would sleep with any person male or female that proclaimed that she was the fairest in the world. My love for Euryc and my grief gave me the inspiration to make the journey, but it was my anger that got my feet moving.

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## Flowers continued

Rose (red and white)	Together; unity
Rose (single, full bloom)	I love you; I still love you
Rose (tea)	I'll always remember
Rose (thornless)	Love at first sight
Rose (white)	Eternal Love; innocence; heavenly; secrecy and silence
Rose (yellow)	Friendship; jealousy; try to care; decrease of love
Rose	
(York and Lancaster)	War
Rosebud	Beauty and youth; a heart innocent of love
Rosebud (moss)	Confessions of love
Rosebud (red)	Pure and lovely
Rosebud (white)	Girlhood; a heart ignorant of love
Rose leaf	You may hope
Roses	
(bouquet in full bloom)	Gratitude
Roses (garland/crown)	Beware of virtue; reward of merit; crown; symbol of superior merit
Roses (musk cluster)	Charming
Rosemary	Remembrance; commitment; fidelity
Rudbeckia	
(Black-Eyed Susan)	Justice
Rue	Disdain

As you know, the tale doesn't stop there. I made the descent to Hades and sang of my great love for the fallen warrior. I sang of how the love of her brother caused the death of Eurydice. I sang of how the world was an emptier place without them. I poured my soul into that song and it worked. Hades was moved and allowed me to take them home. He sent me ahead of them with the warning to not look back. I made the long journey back to the upper lands and I could hear them chatting behind me. It gave me pleasure to hear them and the knowledge that the world will be as it was made the journey home faster than the journey down.

I stepped into the sun and waited. A moment later I felt Euryc's embrace. I started to turn to kiss him, but he prevented me. "Wait," he said, "until Eurydice joins us." He held me and we waited.

A moment later I heard the scream that I'll never forget. We turned to watch Eurydice fall and see the snake slither back into its hiding space. She stood up, kissed us and headed back to the cave to return to Hades. "Thank you for saving my brother."

I said that we would go with her and I would sing for her release. Euryc stopped me. "No, this is her choice. Before we left, Hades told us that the Fates would only allow one of us to live. Once a thread is cut from the fabric it is not a simple task to restore it. Because of your song, Hades was able to work things so that one of our two threads could be restored. He told us that the choice was ours to make."

Euryc said that they were told that the second person out of the cave would be struck by a snake and would have to return. Hades could honor his pledge to let us return, but even he could not argue with the Fates. The chatter I heard was them debating who the second person was. Did Hades mean the second of the two of them, or did I count as the first, which would mean it was the first of the two of them. In the end, they agreed that Euryc would go first. If his death was fated, then at least he would have a chance to hold me one more time. If not, the Eurydice knew that her death meant that the two people she loved the most would be able to spread that love through the world.

So that's how it really happened. Only one small thing...that part about how my love was the inspiration. I've had time to think about and that is only half true. The love was really a justification for my actions. The real motivation was the simple fact that I was afraid of dying. My lover was dead. My friend was dead. And I could be next. I knew that if I could bring them back it would mean that I wouldn't have to die myself. If they were alive, it meant that I didn't have to acknowledge Death's presence.

If faced with the same choice today, I don't know if I could do it again. I faced those fears once and I won. Now, I don't fear death the same way. I think my next song to the Dark Lord would only filled with the love and none of the fear. I think that He would be so moved that instead of releasing my lover, He would keep me as his own. And I'm afraid that I might be wrong and that I would be forced to leave his realms once again.

## Peach Quiche

formerly known as Great Aunt Katie's Peach Custard Pie  
Renamed by Snowbear (Portland Fae) at Mabon 2001  
Submitted by P'chE

- 3 fresh peaches, sliced
- 1 Cup sugar
- 3 eggs
- 1 tsp each vanilla, cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg, and ginger
- 2 Cups whipping cream
- 1 Pillsbury Refrigerated Piecrust
- cocoanut (optional, amount as desired)

Mix eggs, sugar, vanilla, cream, cinnamon, cloves, ginger, and nutmeg. Put Pillsbury piecrust in a large, deep dish pie pan, trim excess crust to fit pan and set excess aside. Sprinkle crust with cinnamon, cover bottom with cocoanut, place peaches evenly in crust, sprinkle top generously with cocoanut and add liquid, filling to edges. Sprinkle top with cinnamon. If there is any crust left from trimming to fit the dish, decorate the top with it. Bake at 375° for 45 minutes or until knife stuck into the center comes out clean. This can also be made with canned, sliced peaches. If you are not using a large, deep dish pan (maybe a 9-inch pan), reduce the liquid to 1 ½ cups, eggs to 2 and sugar to 2 Tbsp and probably 2 peaches.



## Peach Salsa

from Dr. James Rouse,  
RHSA/Channel 9 Optimum Wellness  
Submitted by P'chE

- 1 ½ Cups chopped peeled peaches
- ½ Cup diced red onion
- 2 Tbsp fresh lemon juice
- 1 ½ Tbsp minced fresh cilantro
- ½ Tbsp minced jalapeno
- ½ Tbsp honey
- 1/8 tsp salt
- 1 Cup diced tomatillo

Combine all ingredients in a bowl, toss gently, cover and chill. Serve with grilled chicken or fish. Probably be good with pork also.

P'chE's enhancement: I used two nice peaches which were about two cups. I used a handful of cilantro and chopped it, the jalapeno was probably more like two tablespoons and I used four nice sized tomatillos very finely chopped, probably more like 1 ½ to 2 cups.

This makes a generous portion of salsa, as evidenced by a Faerie three salmon fillet feast and salsa enough to go around! (If you are not already aware, put the peaches in a container of boiling water for just a few seconds [10-15] and the peel comes off much easier and without any waste of the flesh.)

