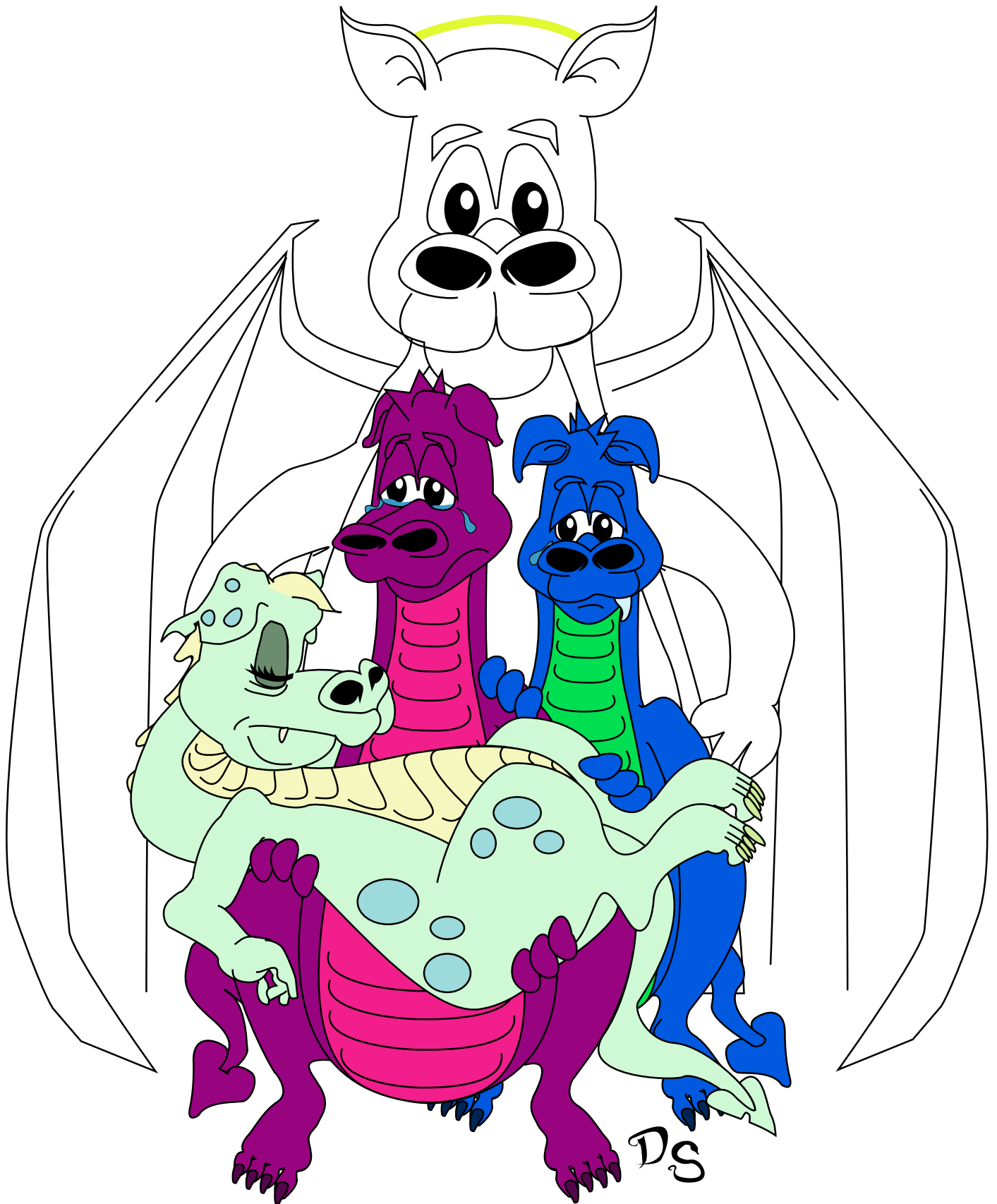


# Airy Faerie

Samhain, 2004



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

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Saturday Mornings  
About 10ish to around noonish  
or leave a message at:  
720-855-8447

## Gemini Company by Monkey

1. Behave like someone else is here
2. Someone else is here. You!

Friday, September 17, 2004



## Suicidal Thoughts

by Falcon

Suicide is such a permanent solution to temporary situation.

If "suicide is painless" why do the one's left behind hurt so much?



## Publisher's Notes

*"When the crypt doors creak and the tombstones quake, spooks come out for a swinging wake, Happy Haunts materialize and begin to vocalize..."* Oh, hello there, sorry, just singing some Halloween carols.

Grim grinning ghostly greetings to you all and welcome to the Denver Faeries' Samhain 2004 issue of the Airy Faerie. As I sit here at my computer typing this up, and putting the finishing touches on the artwork, I am listening to Halloween music. You know the songs; *Tubular Bells* (the theme from *The Exorcist*), *Night on Bald Mountain*, *Funeral March of a Marionette* (the theme from *Alfred Hitchcock Presents*), *The Monster Mash*, and all those other delightfully haunting melodies. And yes, Falcon, that includes *The Martian Hop*, (one of his favorites.) I am trying to get myself in the mood, so to speak. Like I need help getting into the mood for Samhain. I think everyone is well aware that this is my favorite holiday! As one faerie put it a few years ago, 'Who else could you buy a flaming skull for but DragonSwan?' For this issue, we got

serious for a moment and asked the Denver Faeries to take a look at death. We did not want to look at our mourning for loved ones who have passed on. Instead we wanted them to make it personal and share their thoughts on their own mortality. A pretty serious and heavy topic for a lot of people, but I think you will enjoy reading the replies that we received.

In our last issue, we gave you Falcon as the first in a series of Faerie Dress-me magnets. Number two in that series has not been created (any volunteers?) In its place, another of the Denver Faeries allowed us to use his photo as the base of one of the pictures for this issue. Many thanks to Green Lantern for slipping out of his clothes and onto our pages.

*"Beware of the blob, it creeps and seeps, it slides and glides across the floor..."* oh sorry I'll stop singing along. I hope you won't be bothered if I start lip syncing.

NUDITY WARNING!

Even with death as our theme we still have images of male nudity and some

graphics of guys sexually enjoying each other. So please be careful if you are viewing this on a work or public computer. Also if you are too young to view such stuff, please wait until you're old enough. We don't want to get anyone in trouble because of a few pricks, a couple boners or some cock suckers.

If everything is in order for your viewing of adult material, then light some candles, curl up in a warm blanket so that you can kick back and enjoy the Samhain 2004 issue of the Denver Faeries' Airy Faerie. I will close for now; while the sun sets behind the dark clouds of the threatening storm, as I prepare for the long dark and creepy night and disembodied voices serenade me with the theme song from *The Nightmare Before Christmas*.

*"...Life's no fun without a good scare. That's our job, but we're not mean, in our town of Halloween."*

Many Faerie Blessing  
Much Love and Naked Hugs  
DragonSwan

## End of Summer 2004

by Monkey

If you always feel like you are being watched  
Then someone's always watching you  
Its up to you boy  
It is up to you

If time is always passing by  
Like you don't have a clue  
Its up to you boy  
It is up to you

If spending time with friends and wine  
You find it not your brew  
Its up to you boy  
It is up to you

Find some love and inspiration  
Right here within your view  
Its up to you boy  
It is up to you

*Friday, September 17, 2004*

## Here's to Death

By Monkey

Here's to death. I raise a glass and speak out loud, "Here's to death!"

Here's to the death of all things. Nothing that is standing today will remain so forever. All things will eventually pass away. Yadda, yadda, yadda. These words of great political, religious, pious importance being flung 'round the world may or may not be remembered, but surely in time they will fall. Won't they? What did that nominee to whatever it was say about that thing anyway? No, no, no... you gotta remember. Gosh it was right there about to drop out of my mouth for the thousandth time. Huh. I don't remember either. TURN IT OFF!!

Here's to the death of time. It could happen. Many moons, many suns, many stars have passed overhead. The swinging arms of a clock mean nothing when focus rules. Sure, I see everything 20/20, don't you? (Let me put my glasses on here. Good, it's only 2:54p.m.) Smash the clocks. Die time die!

Here's to the death of focus. My camera lens doesn't know where to point anymore. Everywhere I look I see something new to hold onto, something new to possess. No more! I call upon Death to any direction in life. Flowing in a sea of nothingness I am calmed by the ebb and flow. (Imagine a Gemini spouting about focus anyway. Jeesh!!)

Death to perceived stability. The pillars of strength are but stilts supporting an overgrown house of cards. Blow baby! Blow!!

Death to stasis! Death to static! Death to "let's just keep it as it is."

Death to old thoughts. Death to dogma. Death to order. Death to convention. Death to death!!

Take some dead time to turn around and say, "why?"

Ponder. What if? Where? When? How? The hell you say.

Change!! Yeah, there it is! Change!! Death comes inevitably. Then what? Death is a powerful thing. One of the two sure things in life. What's the other one? Taxes, love, power.....shit.

A'course it skeers ya. A'cousre it throws ya off da balance. What are you anyway, a conservative? Not me they all said. Not me. But give me a big chunk of that sweet bread when you're done there, momma hen. Pour that honey all over it. Not me in the gathering, not me in the kneading, not me in the making... I'll stay right here thank you. My comfort is going to last forever.

Bah! Kill it dead!

*Sunday, October 17, 2004*



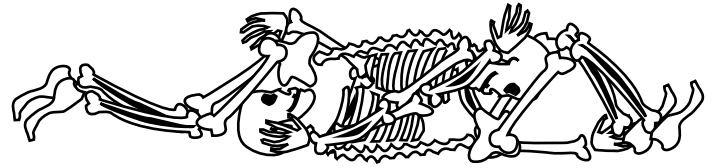
# Fighting Death

By Lazarus Graves

I always thought it was just one of those silly nightmares, but now I am not so sure, maybe I really did fight death. Oh forgive me, let me start at the beginning so that you may better understand what I am talking about. Let's see, if I remember right, I would have been twenty-seven at the time. For several months I had been having reoccurring dreams in which I thought I had woken up, only to find myself in another dream. Once, when I awoke in one of these dreams, I was laying in my bed, the light of the full moon still shining in through my bedroom window. I looked around my small room, and as my gaze came to the door leading to the hallway I saw him. Death stood in my doorway and I knew he was coming for me.

I wondered who would be the unfortunate soul who discovered my cold body. I also began to wonder what the cause of my death was going to be. I was feeling like I was healthy. Did I have a strange sickness, which not even the doctors were aware of? Had a rattle snake slid into my bedroom and was poised to strike? Why was I about to die? That question shook me to my very core. Until that question had formed in my mind, I was just lying there awaiting the cold hand of Death. I should admit that fear played a major part in my inability to do much more than lay frozen as Death inched ever closer. My life was not flashing before my eyes; just that question, 'Why was I about to die?' "WHY?" I screamed and jumped up and looked into the dark eyes of death. "There is no reason for me to die!" I cried as I started swinging my fists at Death. "I don't want to die! There is no reason for me to die!"

I kept screaming and hitting the heavy black robes of the Reaper. He disappeared; and I was left to fall upon my bed exhausted. Seconds later I was awoken by my dog jumping up on the bed and licking my face. I figured he had heard me crying out in my sleep, and wanted to make sure I was alright. At first I had thought it was all just another interesting dream, but now I am not so sure. You see, as I have said, I had that dream when I was twenty-seven; well that was back in 1794, and I am still waking up from all my dreams. It would seem that I really did fight off Death, and that he has never come back for a rematch. Maybe he is trying to teach me a lesson? If so, I pray that I will soon figure it all out. When he does finally come for me I wonder if he will have an answer for me. Maybe there is no answer to my question, and that is why he will never return.



## My Date with Death

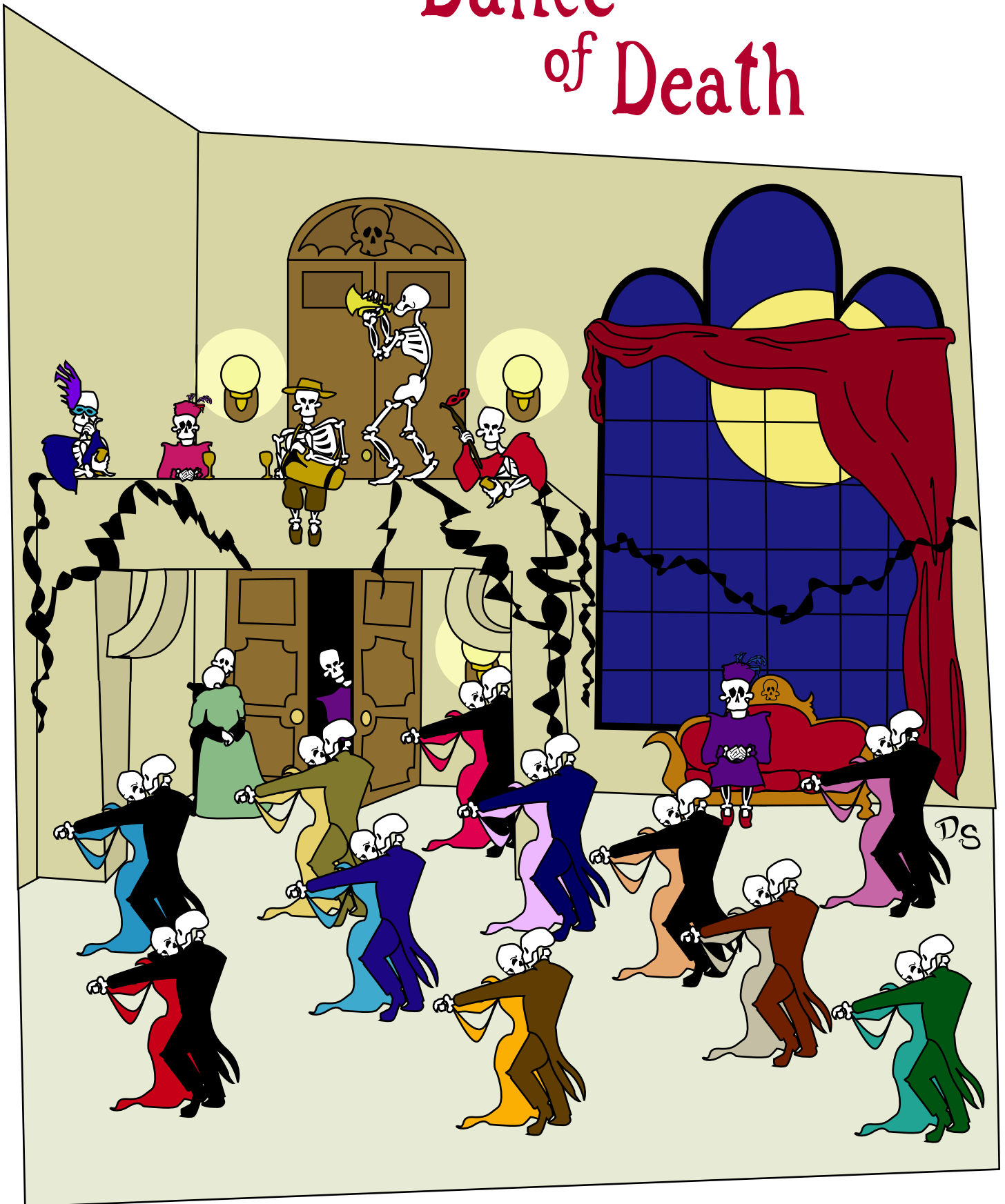
By Darlene Fey

I keep trying to clear my mind and think about death, so as to contribute to this season's Airy Faerie. But whenever I start thinking about death, I see Frankie Padilla's face. Now I don't mean Frankie had a face like death, oh heck no. He was a purdy boy. He was a tad on the heavy side, which is always a good thing in my book. And in all the time that I knew him, he was always such a perfect gentleman. Well, he was a gentleman except for when he took me to the Halloween dance at North-West High School. I remember it like it was only yesterday. I was 16, a sophomore, and Frankie was 20, a senior, and wide receiver or something like that on the football team, the mighty Trojans. It seemed that Frankie had a few problems with school and was held back a few years. We had met in math class, as he was still in basic math. I guess Coach Hitchman was unable to get Mrs. Hellunblock to give poor Frankie a passing grade. Anyway, I was as shocked as I could be that Frankie asked me to the Haunted Hop, that I almost fainted. Well, we started making plans for what our costumes would be almost as soon as he had asked me. We were going to go as a football player and a cheerleader. Except I would be wearing his football uniform and he would be the cheerleader.

Well, when he came to pick me up that night he was in a grim reaper's robe, even had a skull mask in his hands. Now I was as hot as a hornet that he had changed plans at the last minute, but I still went out with him anyway. After dancing a few minutes on the dance floor he took me outside. Once we were behind the gym, he showed me why he had changed his costume idea. He wasn't wearing anything under his costume! Not even so much as a jockstrap. And not only was he naked, but by the time he got his robe up for me to see little Jr., well, he was as hard as rock, and Jr. wasn't that little. At 20, this high school senior had himself a very hairy body and a very thick and long schlong. I was also quick to see why he wanted me dressed as a football player. KNEEPADS! That is all I am going to say about that, except to say that on that fateful Halloween night, he took me out behind the gym quite a few times. I guess being death made him really horny. Several years later I also learned that there was another reason he wanted me to dress as a football player. It seems my Mr. Death had a crush on the school's quarterback. I heard from some old classmates that they are now living happily ever after in San Fran. Oh my, I didn't quite submit my feeling of death now did I? I really tried to think about death, but the memories of going behind the gym with Frankie Padilla dressed as death, has got me feeling like...well...um...I think I need a cold shower! Take care of yourselves, dearies.

*Artist note: The drawing on the facing page is based on a diorama that I created a few years back. It was part of the altar for a Dia de los Muertos (Day of the Dead) celebration. The diorama was titled Dance des Macabre (Dance of the Dead.) - DragonSwan*

# The Dance of Death





# The Owl Messages

by Binky

Many people regard owls as creatures of deep clarity, depth and wisdom. Throughout recorded history, owls have been perceived as paradoxical creatures of both superior intellect and quizzical foolishness, they appear often in folklore and myth as messengers, prophets and transports to other dimensions.

In some Native American cultures, the owl was regarded as a sacred messenger of death and was both feared and revered. As a mysterious guide across the turbulent Styx, the owl became an early Grim Reaper, foretelling death and immediate demise. A modern adaptation in J.K. Rowling's Harry Potter series assigns the owls a somewhat lighter role of magical confidant and postal carrier, a similar take on the messenger mythology.

In my personal experience, the owl has personified a combination of these roles, and I heed the owl with both respect and fear. I've encountered the owl in scenes of pure grandeur and magnificent beauty, and I've screamed at the pure terror of its visit in the darkest corners of night.

My first encounter with a living owl was at the age of 7 years and 2 months of age. I remember walking toward home on a small country road near our home one sunny afternoon that fall. In the distance, perched on a wooden fencepost was the largest bird I'd ever seen. As I slowly approached the post where this large creature stood, I was stunned by its size and presence. As I got closer, I could recognize by the size of its head and the sharp points of its ears that it was some variety of a screech owl, like one that my grandfather had pointed out to me in his books, with its bright yellow eyes piercing eerily at me.

Just as I was near enough to begin to see the detail of the owl's feathers and inquisitive eyes, he quickly unfurled his wings and flew in a direct path towards my head. A shrill screech rang loudly in my ears, - a screech so forceful that it seemed to echo in every bone of my body. My instant reaction was to scream and duck toward the ground. As I did so, the owl swooped even lower, flying forward with a sense of deliberate anger. I watched the instant shadow of his enormous wingspan as the gust of air from his feathers ruffled my hair. Thinking I would be clawed, I held my hands over my face and forehead. In an instant, he had passed over me.

In my instant panic, I stumbled and fell forward, turning around in time to see the owl disappear into the trees behind me. I quickly stood up and ran all the way home – thrilled by the amazingly beautiful creature I'd just encountered, and frightened by his sudden vengeful, frightened flight.

I told my neighbors, my best friend, my parents and anyone who would listen about my encounter with that large flying beast. Although it seemed this encounter was simply a coincidence, the memory of that owl's bright piercing eyes was seared into my memory. Somehow that mysterious creature seemed to see through me. In a haunting way, I felt that the owl was still nearby, perhaps looking at me from the shadows outside my bedroom window that cool dark night.

Before I knew it, I was walking back up the road to our house at the same time of day. A very bright and direct beam of sunlight shone on the fencepost where I'd seen the owl. As I followed the path of light from the sky to the post, my fears were revived when I

realized the same owl was there once more. I immediately turned to run.

I ran in the exact opposite direction from our house, which seemed foolish, but I was fleeing another possible attack. Without looking back, I instantly knew that the owl was again pursuing me. I was struck with freezing fear, and yet, as the owl neared, I could sense that I wasn't in danger. A calm that I couldn't fathom flushed over me. I stopped in my tracks and inhaled, pulling my hands from above my forehead to my chest.

At that instant, I felt the sharp talons of the owl starting to clutch my right shoulder. A chilling wave of sheer terror shot from my head to toes like a bolt of lightning. I instantly expected to feel my shoulder being clawed open by the large reptile-like claws that I could see out of the corner of my eye. I raised my hand to strike the owl in an instant reflex, but the strength of this animal's calming power lowered my hand as quickly as I'd raised it. A thundering screech paralyzed me. I was petrified with fear, and yet there was a layer of this shrill screech which seemed to whisper to me. In a voice much higher than a man's, I heard what sounded like three very clear words. "Harold dies tomorrow."

As quickly as he'd flown towards me, the owl released me and disappeared again into the nearby trees. I tried to scream, but I had no voice. I pushed forward and began to run home when I suddenly felt my hand pressing into my pillow.

I had been dreaming. My ears were still ringing from the loud screech, and I wondered how I could have dreamed such a thunderous noise. I turned on my bedroom light and my room was calm and quiet.

I didn't fall back to sleep that night. I wasn't particularly frightened by my crazy dream, but the shock of waking up with my ears ringing from a noise I'd heard in my dreams was perplexing. Who was Harold? What did the owl mean?

At breakfast that morning, I told my dad about my dream – and how I'd seen the large owl again. I told him how the owl had landed on my shoulders and screeched – and how I heard the distinct words, "Harold dies tomorrow."

My dad explained to me that just because I had a dream that seemed to predict something didn't necessarily mean that anyone was going to die. He convinced me that my dream might be symbolic and not necessarily something prophetic. When my dad admitted to me that he used to have dreams of owls when he was my age, I felt relieved. I was still mystified by the owl's dreary prediction, but comforted by my father's reassurance.

My mom simply shook her head and told me I should stay away from wild creatures or I'd probably have a week's worth of bad dreams.

As I walked to school the next day, I tried to unravel the message from the owl. The only Harold who I knew of was my dad's brother, and I didn't recall anyone ever calling him by his proper name. The only other name I'd ever heard my uncle Harry called was Red -because of his reddish-blond hair, so I wasn't very concerned that my dream had anything to do with him. None of my classmates were named Harold, and I couldn't think of any of our neighbors by that name.

# Called

by Monkey

We are called to where the land meets the sea  
So often  
Because we are more than what we have been  
Told we can be

We go there  
To the place where what is solid  
Meets that which is mysterious and constantly  
Moving

Released from the convictions  
Of modicum  
In a place where the sun kisses us  
Gently

And reminds us that  
We are chosen  
By the Goddess  
To be unique

6/12/2004



The school day passed quickly, and I found myself walking back down the road where I'd first seen the owl at nearly the exact time of day. There was no owl to be seen, however, and my walk home was uneventful. When I got home, my dad's car was in the driveway, which was unusual since he usually arrived home from work a couple hours later, around five-thirty. When I walked inside, I noticed that my mom was dressed up – not in her usual around-the-house clothes. She was talking, almost whispering, quietly on the phone when I walked in.

Holding his hands together firmly, my father walked towards me and explained that his brother, my uncle Harry, had been killed that morning while working with some machinery on their farm.

"The owl!" I screamed at him, but he simply shook his head calmly and told me that I shouldn't be concerned about my owl dream – that it was just an unfortunate coincidence.

After I'd washed and changed clothes, my father loaded our things into the car, and we drove for 5 hours that night to my uncle's home. When we turned down the road from our house I sniffled, imagining that the owl was staring at me with those sharp eyes there in the midst of that dense thicket of trees.

My uncle Harry was buried the following day. He was dressed in a brown striped suit, and a brown derby style hat was placed on the pillow by his head. It seemed odd to see Uncle Harry so dressed up and lying so still. There was a small crown of a feather in the bow around his hat, and I wondered for a moment if it might have been the feather of an owl.

Nearly seven years passed before I ever saw another owl, and on the day that I witnessed one, it shook me with a fear darker than

anything I'd known.

We'd spent Sunday afternoon at my Grandma Mildred's house, and arrived home just before sunset. I was putting my bike in the garage and decided to take a ride instead, for no particular reason. I'd spent most of the afternoon listening to the adults talking about weather and town politics, so I was just wanting to relax a little and enjoy my bike and the bumpy road just before dark.

In a split second, I felt the owl's presence. From out of nowhere, a deafening screech flooded my ears, and I felt the owl's wings brush my face as his talons instantly clutched my right shoulder. In one horrendous swoop of terror, I was paralyzed in its grasp.

The memories of seeing the owl years before flashed immediately through my mind. This was the same owl I'd passed on the road that day – and the same owl who had entered my dream! I could feel my heart beating in my throat, afraid to turn my head to this creature whose presence made me feel as though I would sink into the ground. The strength of his claws seem to grip me right off my bike, and I wondered if my heart would stop beating that very moment.

I felt my bike fall to the ground below me as the owl's thunderous screech roared over me like a wave of earth-shattering thunder. The pitch was high and overpowering, and through the calamity of piercing noise, three words were clear and precise.

"Pappy dies tomorrow." were the dreaded words that I heard clearly. And before I could even translate the echoing screech inside my head, the owl's feathers brushed over me as the owl disappeared in the darkness.

# My Beautiful Life: Stories From Our Tribe

## Building a Faerie Cord by Falcon

It started with an innocent question several years ago. An email was sent to the group saying that someone was thinking about “Lily” as their Faerie name. They wanted to know what kind of ritual was needed to claim the name as their own. The replies given developed into a ritual that involved spanking as part of the process. Anyone who know the folks replying knew that tongues were firmly planted in checks (but if the person wanted to follow through, I’m sure that they wouldn’t have argued with the decision.) Unfortunately, the person didn’t know these faeries and their sense of humor and we never saw another posting from the individual.

Over the years, variations of this question have arisen. “How do I take a Faerie Name?” and “How do I become a Radical Faerie?” The spanking ritual usually gets mentioned. A newer variation has surfaced that substitutes spanking with chocolate syrup. On more onerous occasions, the two merge into a giant chocolate and spanking ritual. Double sigh...no one has taken us up on these suggestions.

This left the tribe with the question of how do we as a tribe help folks acknowledge the transition into Faeriedom? There is strong evidence that people need some form of symbol to mark the occasion. We have it with most of the other milestones in our lives (graduations, weddings, even funerals), so why not something to help welcome a new member of the family? In the discussion that followed several ideas were tossed around. The one that seemed to resonate with the participants was to create a tribal cord. As people joined the tribe, they could add some kind of bead to the cord that would symbolize themselves. As they claimed a name or changed names, they could add a bead that represents that name. In this manner, they physically link a piece of themselves to the history of the tribe. Members of the tribe could add beads to symbolize events that the tribe did, marking milestones in the tribe’s collective history as well.

On the Full Moon in August, six members of the tribe met to create the cord. We gathered at DragonSwan’s nest to make our beads. We encouraged people to make their beads, putting their own energy into the creation of the bead since these were to be symbols of themselves. It didn’t matter if the person was an artistic genius. The bead could be as simple as a round ball of a particular color that was special to them. The bead could be a flat disk that they carved a design into it like a rune. The bead could be a representation of their Faerie name. A bead didn’t have to be made of the polyclay that we were using. One person brought peach pits that they drilled so that they could be included on the cord as part of their symbol. Each bead was to be as unique as the person making it.

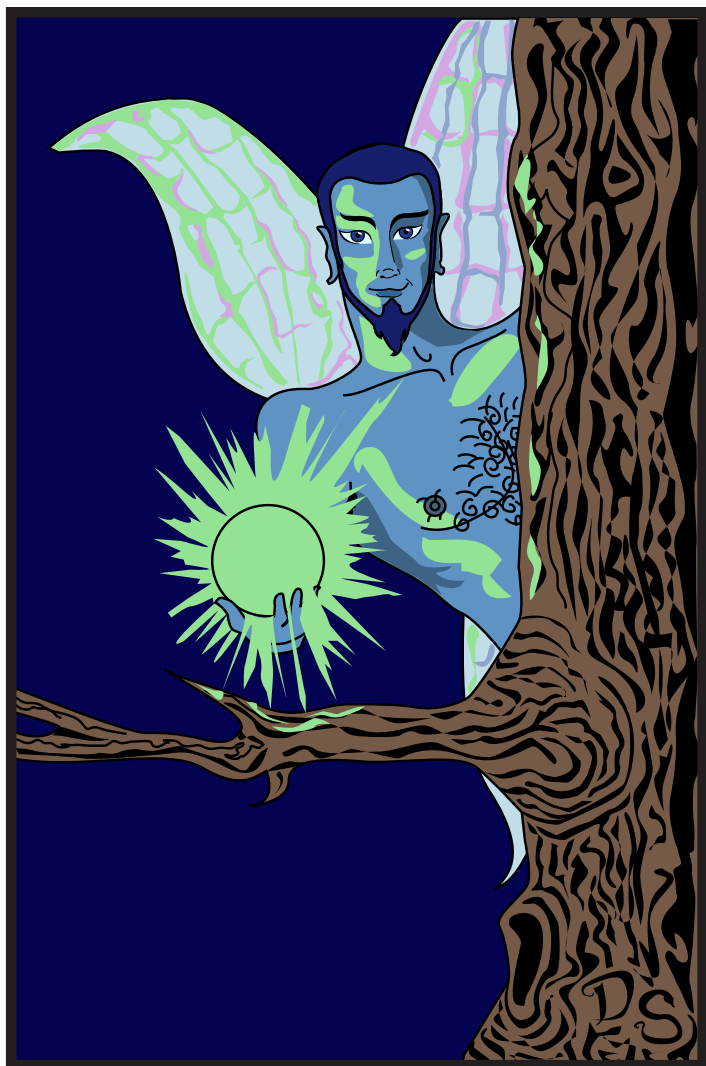
The Faeries were encouraged to make three beads that day. One to represent their past, another for their present and the third for something that they want to bring into their future. The beads were carefully made and each is a work of art on its own. There is a bird, two turtles by two different people for different reasons, an egg, a mushroom with a dragonfly, and a flower among the initial offerings. A single bead was jointly made by three faeries, using scapes from their own beads. A penis bead was made to symbolize not only the male energy that was present, but to celebrate the two skyclad members.

After the beads were cool enough to handle, it was time to start building the cord. Three strands of jute were cut. One is white to

represent the Maiden and our past. The second is red to represent the Mother and our present. The third is black to represent the Crone and our future. The three cords were tied together with a single faerie bead. The process of adding beads is simple - the “past” bead is strung on the white cord, a commercial bead is strung on both the white and red, linking past to the present, the “present” bead is strung on the red, another linking bead is strung on red and black to connect the present to the future, the “future” bead is strung on the black, and a final connecting bead is strung on all three to bind all three together. Each person was encouraged to embellish as they felt called, but the process was the same. As each person added their beads, I could feel the energy connecting us along its length.

Since that night, more beads have been added representing our activities. We had a dinner on Sept 11. A plane shaped bead was added for the past, a shield with the symbol for Mars, God of War, for the present and a rainbow disk with glow-in-the-dark symbols for peace and love for the future. A bead has been added with a picture of our Mabon Harvest Mandala.

It is a beautiful sight and a powerful reminder of the connection we have with each other. Now, when someone asks, we have a something to offer. And if they want chocolate syrup and/or spanking as part of the event, I’m sure that can be arranged too.





## Thoughts on Beading

by Blue

(originally published in Airy Faerie, Winter, 1999)

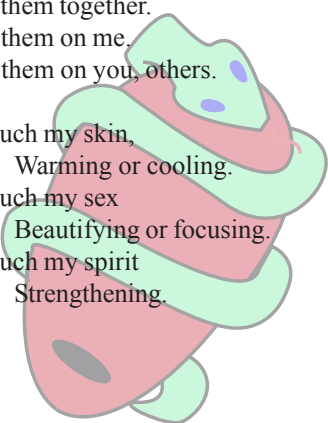


Thinking about beads  
Smooth ones, rough ones,  
Cut, uncut  
Blues, reds, purples, greens  
Seldom yellows  
Never oranges  
Never again clear  
Black yes  
Multicolored too

Glass ones made to order  
Natural ones sorted to size  
Pearl ones grown to shape  
Porcelain  
Brass

Find the compatible ones.  
Let them live on a string  
A family in balance, beauty.

Putting them together.  
Putting them on me,  
Putting them on you, others.



They touch my skin,  
Warming or cooling.  
They touch my sex  
Beautifying or focusing.  
They touch my spirit  
Strengthening.

## Bead Hiaku

by Binky

bright dangling baubles  
beads proclaim then, now and when  
my life on a string

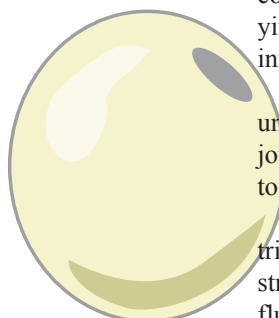
shards of shattered glass  
glowing orbs of red fusion  
tethered on one strand

museum window  
amulets of faerie-tut  
what might they surmise?

bold, ostentatious?  
with a flair for genders mixed  
but you are, Blanche, y'are!

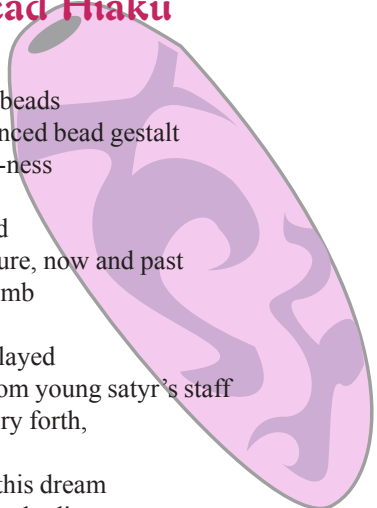
## More Bead Hiaku

by Binky



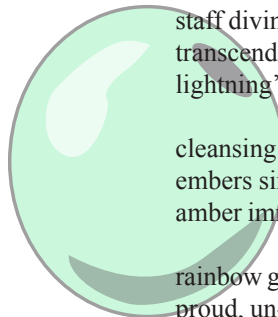
contemplating beads  
ying yang balanced bead gestalt  
inner bead one-ness

umbilical chord  
joins beads future, now and past  
to destiny's womb



tribal riches splayed  
strands flow from young satyr's staff  
flute and lyre cry forth,

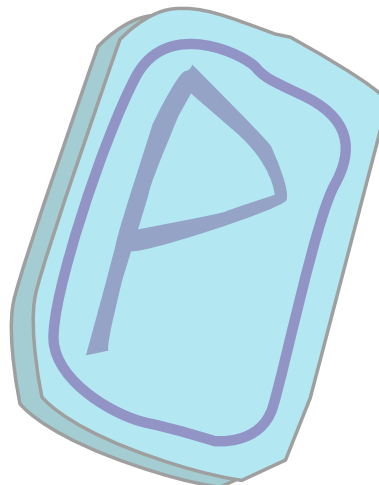
"Witness now this dream  
of souls' pure embodiment  
mystic talisman!"



staff divines power  
transcending earthly portals  
lightning's bolt unfurled

cleansing rain purges  
embers sired of molten rock  
amber immortal

rainbow gemstones' glow  
proud, un-wavered, defiant  
grand, well-hung jewels



# My Man, Mr. Hades

by Persephone

It isn't easy being a beautiful goddess. I know you feel so sorry for me, but trust me, being a goddess isn't all that it is cracked up to be. Living on Mt. Olympus is no paradise; it gets to be boring after awhile. If you think my love life is hot, being surrounded by Greek gods guess again. All the gods are nothing but a bunch of pretty boys. Their smooth chiseled features are so pristine, and too perfect, I am more bored then thrilled. Once on a date with Adonis, he was more concerned about his hair being messed up, then being with me. I have allowed a few gods to attempt to make love to me, but they have always put me to sleep. They treat me like I am a fragile crystal vase. Their touch is so light, I can barely feel it. I get felt up by the wind more then I do any god. It seems like they are all scared shitless of my mom. I swear she has the balls of every god locked up in a jar somewhere.

Since I am on the subject of my mom, let me say I really do love her; she just gets on my nerves sometimes. I think she would prefer that I would have stayed 5 years old for all eternity. There are times she still treats me like I am some simpleminded child. She also likes dressing me up in frilly, flowery outfits. There are times when we are out in the garden that she sees me as the young woman that I am, and we talk like old friends. It is these times with her that I will always cherish. Unfortunately she'll see some human in a silk dress with a floral print, and off we go, playing dress up, with me as her little doll.

One day, I was frustrated with my life as a goddess and was out gathering flowers when suddenly the ground began to shake and split open. I fell to the ground, and quickly looked up expecting to see Zeus standing above me with a lighting bolt in his hand, laughing, he likes to play games like that. Instead, a tall broad shouldered, dark figure stood above me, he was unlike any god I had ever seen before, I mean he was so damn sexy I couldn't take my eyes off him. His strong brooding face was framed by flowing hair and a trimmed beard, as black as the darkest midnight. His broad chest was covered in thick black hair that formed a trail that ran down his stomach disappearing behind his toga that had a huge bulge that stuck out so far I knew that mom did not have his balls. My eyes slowly retraced their path back up to his strong rugged face. This god was no pretty boy; he was a hot sexy man. He reached down and helped me to my feet. His touch did not feel like silken rose petals. His strong hands held me tight, like he did not want to let go. I gazed into his dark passionate eyes, and he pulled me towards him. I placed my hands on his massive chest, and ran my fingers through the thick forest of hair. It was at this point I noticed a new intoxicating aroma. A musky, earthy smell, that was driving me wild. He was drawing me closer and I knew we were about to kiss, when something over my shoulder caught his attention. He asked if I wanted to go somewhere a bit more private. I looked over my shoulder and saw Zeus, looking very disapprovingly and Helios, that all seeing peeping Tom. All it took was a quick smile from me and this tall dark and handsome stud was whisking me off to his palace in the underworld. I knew who he was as soon as we reached his palace, and was kind of shocked that he had heard of me. He



said he never came around because most of the gods did not like him, and he thought I was enjoying the pretty boys at Mt. Olympus. I told him I was tired of boys, and wanted a man. I won't go into all the details of how we made love, nor how many times, because that is not important. The biggest thing that happened that day was that I fell in love. I also found a new home, a home that needed me. Hades didn't seem to mind the fact that I made myself at home, and began straightening up the underworld. I was really getting into it. Hades surprised me a few days after we met, with several new dresses. Instead of the white flora prints my mom gave me, some of the dresses were as black as his hair, and just as soft. The others were a dark red or deep magenta, and I loved them all. At first the joys of my new surroundings and the passion of the bedroom kept me in a state of pure bliss, but reality crept in. With all the work that needed to be done, and Hades always bringing in more and more souls, the Underworld was no longer the paradise that I first thought it was. I still loved being Mrs. Hades, and being there. It's just that I felt I was missing something. I had gotten so busy that, I had completely forgotten about Mt. Olympus. Then one day Hermes showed up with news of how worried my mother was. I felt bad, but knew she would never approve of my marriage to Hades; he was the original bad boy. I was right, mom did not like her son-in-law, and the feeling was mutual. It was, and still is, very hard dealing with the two of them. It seemed that nothing would make either of them happy, until the idea came to split my time between them both, six months with mom and six with hubby. It's not perfect, but what is? I love them both and cherish my time with them. I have even began to like being mommy's little girl, just a little.

What are my feelings about death? I love that tall dark handsome stud.

# Death Thoughts

by DragonSwan

I will admit upfront I am a psycho. As I write and re-write my thoughts on death, I am realizing that my relationship with death is far from being a normal one. Yeah, I do have a bizarre love for spooky things, like skeletons and ghosts, while at the same time being a big scaredy-cat. But it is deeper than that. For as long as I can remember, I have always been very aware of my mortality. Unlike most kids and teens who think that they are immortal, I knew that death was always there, waiting for me. It wasn't that I was obsessed with death; it was just that I always knew that one day, I would die. Death was like the classroom friend who I never really hung out with. We were friendly to each other, and knew about one another, but that was it.

After graduating from high school, I had told a friend that I expected to be dead by the time I turned 21. Fortunately that premonition did not come true. It seems that no matter how close death felt, my time has not yet come. It didn't help matters that when I came out of the closet as gay, the headlines were reading, "GAY CANCER KILLS HOMOSEXUALS". So as I began exploring the joys of gay sex, it was death who was there leading the way. I believe he let me know the moment I was infected with HIV. I was at a Denver bathhouse, and had just been fucked by a young Latin hottie, and it was as if someone whispered in my ear that I had just been infected, and sure enough I was. With as many times as I had been the bottom during unsafe sex, I can't be certain that was the exact time, but I had never had an experience like that before. Now, oddly enough being HIV+ has never felt like a death sentence to me. For me being born is the death sentence. While

there are many "causes" of death, I think they really only make life harder, not bring death. When your time comes, it doesn't matter if you have been eating granola and low fat yogurt or a Big Mac and greasy fries. Now if you live, your body will function better if you take care of it, but death doesn't give a damn. Let me say right here and now that I am a believer in taking care of yourself, but not because you are fighting off death with your tofu breath, but because your body works better when you take care of it. But that is getting into my thoughts about life, and these are my death thoughts

After the death of my mother in 1999, I toyed with the idea of being a funeral director. While the idea of working in a field honoring death appealed to me, the idea of working on the dead bodies made my stomach turn. I was also unsure how emotionally stable I was to deal with the harsh reality of death. I wasn't sure if I could separate myself from the tragedy that surrounds death, and I am not sure that I want to. This seems to be another odd twist, that I could be so accepting of my mortality, but wanting others to be immortal. I said I was a psycho.

What does all this come down to? I am not really sure. I guess my feelings about death are more of a respectful acknowledgement. I know that he is here, and that one day he will take me into his breathless embrace. I do not fear death, I am more afraid of the possibility that there will be pain involved in my passing. I may be a psycho, but I am a wimpy psycho. So, until my final day comes, I will honor his presence, continue to decorate my home for Halloween, and try not to be too scared when I hear noises in the dark.



# Quest for the Crystal Phoenix

## Chapter 7: A Rose and Some Forget-me-nots

by Orpheus

In the months following his Princing Ceremony, Apollo noticed several changes in the Court of Riangellet. After the humorous fiasco over the introduction of the Faerie Queen, Holly, and her Court, Queen Rose had a change of heart regarding her previous demands that anyone coming into Court must be announced with full titles and lineage. To help facilitate the change, King William took charge of rearranging the Court protocol so that the King and Queen were last to make their entrance at most functions. The heralds led the royal couple through the hall stopping at various tables, introducing them to individuals that were either new to the court or had not been in attendance for a period of time. The personal attention paid by the King and Queen eased the tensions of the newcomers. The overall mood of mealtime became relaxed.

The biggest change was that his grandmother was still “grounded.” King William had not lifted his injunction that the Queen was not to speak unless spoken to. Whenever she would start to say something, he would point to her dress. “My wife, until you learn to control that thing, I live in fear for what the faeries would do with your next outburst. As it is, your dress has changed colors ten times since we started this conversation. While they have all been lovely colors, my eyes would appreciate it if you could arrange things so that one color would stick around for more than a few minutes. Until such time, you should conserve your energy by not speaking and focus your attention on what Holly wants you to learn from this experience. The sooner you learn, the sooner we are done with this nonsense.”

The king knew both that the colors were triggered by the queen’s moods and that the faerie queen was giving her a key to learn to control those moods before an ancient curse killed her. He also knew that his words would trigger a reaction in his wife. The dress instantly changed to a brilliant, livid red that lit the corners of the room. But he got his wish and the color stayed for over an hour. When it started to change again, the king chuckled to himself. “She starting to get the hang of it,” he thought. “Last time it took three hours to calm down. Maybe there’s hope.”

With the change in protocol, the prince was no longer required to attend the formal court breakfasts. He decided to join the younger members of court at their breakfast, which was served prior to the adults’ meal. When the king asked his grandson about this choice, he said that these will be the people who will be the courtiers when he becomes king. He reasoned that he should develop those relationships now and not wait until they were grown and in the middle of a crisis. One day, the king and prince were walking in the courtyard and a boy came up and asked the prince to join them in a game. The lad’s father quickly ran up to apologize for his son’s

impertinence in asking a Prince to play a stickball game. The boy replied, “Why not? He’s one of us.” The king knew that the prince had the right idea.

Apollo used the time that the adults were eating as his private time. He would wander into the throne room to take a peek at the Riangellet Rose. He liked to get an advance notice of what kind of mood his grandmother was in. He noticed that the longer she was out of the spotlight, the intensity of the colors softened. Last night, the queen hosted a highly successful birthday celebration for Sir Archibald, one of Apollo’s teachers, who turned seventy. The prince expected to see the rose in a nice cool, summer sky blue. Instead,

he was greeted with constant, changing array of bright, clashing colors that suddenly flared to a flame red and, then, so quickly he could image hearing a “poof”, the rose went jet black and he saw a petal fall. “There’s only one person who can make Grandmother react like that. What has Viola done this time?” he thought. “So much for a quiet morning.”

Knowing what he would find, the prince headed outside to the Garden of the Queens. There sat Viola Saxitilis, Faerie Godmother to the Kingdom of Riangellet, plucking petals out of any flower she could grab. “She hates me! She loves me not! She hates me!”

“Viola, what did Grandmother say that is making you terrorize those poor flowers? Whatever it was, when she comes to the garden today and finds the flowers gone, it is only going to be worse.”

“Oh, it’s not the queen that I was talking about. I don’t need to use flower divination for that. She’s very good at telling me her feelings about me right to my face. No, I was talking about Hilda Harbell. She knows the queen’s feeling about me, yet she insisted that I go to the court breakfast. She said that as the Efggee to the court it was important that I make frequent appearances so that folks don’t forget that faeries exist.” She waved her hand and the petals flew up and reattached themselves to their stems.

“I tried to back out by pointing out that the queen would be there and she had forbidden me to spoil her meals with my presence. Hilda countered that the king had not supported that decision and the fact that I was appointed to him meant that Her Majesty’s demands had no validity and that the queen was the one who needed the most reminding. So, I went. I lost count of how many times she used ‘freak’ but I sat there as gracious as possible. Then she started in on my dress and said that if it was the only thing available to wipe dung off the throne room floor, she would rather use her hands. I told her that while she may not agree with my taste in clothes, at least the colors were of my own choosing.”

The prince gasped in amazement, No one talked back to his grandmother when she was in one of her rages. “You didn’t.”

Viola sighed, “I can’t say I’m proud of myself, but yes I did. Anyway, it got worse and you can image the rest.”





"Yes, I was looking at the rose when the petal fell. So why are you so upset with Hilda?"

"She knew this was going to happen yet she forced me to go. I'm tired of having to face the queen's hatred. It's hard enough living with my curse. I don't need her to constantly point out that I'm a freak. I know that better than anyone else. Why do you think I dress this way?"

The prince thought about how he could answer that without adding fuel to the fire. "I always figured it is because you want to be the center of attention."

"No. It's so that people make comments about it and not me. The queen saw through that the moment we met and went straight to attacking me about how I was a freak. Only after she's run out of things to say about that, does she start on the clothes."

"My, my, my. It's always about you isn't it?" Apollo heard the little chimes that signaled the entrance of the other Efgée, Johnny Jump-up.

"Great! Just what I need. Mr. Faerie Body Perfect coming to comfort me in my hour of distress. What great words of wisdom can you impart? What do you know about being an outcast?"

"Well, I can start with 'Get over it, girlfriend.' We all know that Hilda knew this would happen. We also know that the king has stopped the queen's tirades in the past, but he didn't today. Doesn't it stand to reason that they set both of you up?"

"But why not let me in on their secret?"

"The first thing that comes to my mind," said Apollo, "is that they wanted your natural reaction to the situation. If you had come into the room ready for battle, you might have actually managed to avoid the confrontation. Knowing my grandfather, he was behind the planning of this. He's been tossing little tests of her control at her. What better test than to force her to face her worst fear the day after her great triumph?"

"But doesn't he care about my feelings?"

"Of course he does. But he also knows that you have Johnny and myself to come to for comfort and to talk through things. He knows that you are a survivor and will bounce back and be ready for battle again." The prince took a deep breath. "But he is also concerned about his wife. Who does she have to turn to?"

"Oh. But why would Hilda agree to this? I thought she was my friend too."

Johnny spoke up, "Yes, she is. But she is also our teacher. I think she encouraged the situation so that you might actually open up to us and talk to us honestly about your feelings. Hilda is no dummy and knows that the only way you'll be able to be an effective force in the kingdom is to move past those feelings. If you carry those around like an open wound, there will always be someone around ready to stick a finger in to see how deep it goes."

"Yuck," said Apollo and Viola in unison. The prince added, "I think you could have come up with a better analogy than that."

"I most probably would have if my eyes weren't bleeding from those colors in Viola's dress. Honestly, dear, that has to be the most hideous creation to date. I didn't think you could out-hideous the number you wore to the Faerie Ball last month. Guess I was wrong."

"And just what do you know about fashion mister 'all my men wear black leather or nothing at all?'"

"I certainly prefer the latter."

"My point exactly."

"May I interrupt this friendly banter with an apology?"

The three of them looked up to see a very subdued Rose, with her husband, Hilda, and Lord Cetee, the prince's magical history teacher, at her side. Her eyes were red from crying and her dress was a very muddy brown; a color that could only be matched by something that should be flushed down a toilet.

Rose told them that after breakfast she turned her anger of the situation toward the king. She berated him for not stopping her as he had in the past. That now, that freak ("Sorry, Viola, but that was the word I used") would have everyone's sympathy while she, the queen, would be the butt of jokes for weeks to come. The king just looked at her and asked why she didn't stop herself. It was then that the queen realized that she couldn't and that she had a problem. When the queen finished her cry over the situation, the two of them sought out the teachers to enlist their counsel on how to work through this.

"I know that my words were chosen to drive you away from court," said the queen. "Please accept my apology and I will make a formal, public apology this evening at dinner." She paused for a deep breathe before continuing. "With you at your proper place as a Princess of the Faerie Court at the head table. Or is it Prince of the Faerie Court?"

"I accept and offer my own apology for my ill spoken words this morning. But there is no need to call attention to the situation. The fact that we are at the same table should serve as notice enough." The faerie looked the queen in the eye and said, "But, if I may be so bold in this moment of honesty, if Your Majesty could manage a slightly cheerier color for your dress, people might even believe that we are getting along."

"Well, if Your Majesty's attire was in keeping with court fashion, it might make it easier."

Johnny jumped in, "If that is the only thing that comes out of this, maybe Queen Holly would even forgive you for whatever happened in the past. I've heard her say often enough that she'd do anything for the person that could dress her granddaughter in proper clothes."

"Well, dear," said the king, "that is probably a good spot to start to unravel what is going on. Even though I was Iris's Welcoming Day Feast, I never understood what happened between the faeries and yourself. You were so upset afterwards, I thought it best to wait until you were ready to talk. I think forty years is plenty of time to wait."

"I never understood it myself." The queen's dress was still of a brownish nature, but there were swirls of indigos and violets as she gave into the confusion that the memory evoked. "I sent out ninety-seven invitations. I know that one was sent to Queen Holly. I would not have thought of her on my own, but you had me add her to the list. As each one came in, I carefully checked it off the list. I

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## Quest/Crystal Phoenix continued

received ninety-seven replies all confirming their plans to attend the feast. I added the king, queen and yourself and prepared a feast for one hundred guests.

"The day of the feast was perfect. The sun was shining. The iris in the gardens were at their magnificent best. The food prepared and the tables set. The heralds informed us when all the places at the tables were filled. The four of us were just about to enter when a noise rose in the room as someone was being turned away since there was no seat at a table for them. I was mortified. I had counted and recounted the invitations. I had verified that there were exactly one hundred place settings at the tables.

"I went over to the heralds and talked to the guest, which turned out to be Holly. I apologized for the oversight and instructed the staff to quick add one more setting. That's when I learned that there were only an exact set of one hundred matching place settings of the pattern picked for the feast. The setting added for this guest would have to come from a different setting. That only made matters worse.

The queen's dress settled into a deep blue as she spoke. "The faerie queen stayed, but I could tell that she was anything but pleased. When it came time for the gifting of Iris, she jumped up insisting that since she was slighted in the seating assignments, she should could the honor of being the first to gift the child. She told all that she had a gift of foresight and that in recognition of the joy we had given her that day, she would share the joy that was to come for our daughter. She spun a tale of how, on Iris's sixteenth birthday, her had would meet a prick which would lead to her death within ten years."

"I remember that part," said the king. "We lived in dread for years to come. We took all of her sewing things away from her that week in order to prevent her from that fate. Young Captain Jondar stayed by her side the entire day to keep things away that might injure her. She got no cuts that day, yet she was gone the day of her twenty-sixth birthday."

"I hope you don't blame my queen for Iris's death," said Hilda. "Hers really is a gift of prophecy, not a gift of death. Her timing of the news and manner were unfortunate."

"I realize that," said Rose, "but it doesn't make me like the bearer of such news any fonder."

"Excuse me, grandmother," said the prince, "but all that aside, something about the party doesn't add up to me. You said there were ninety-seven guests, the king, the queen and grandfather. Something seems missing."

"Like what? I've struggled with understanding this for forty years. If you have something, please share it."

"Where were you going to sit? Shouldn't you have had one hundred and one place settings?"

"Oh, my god! How could I have been so blind?"

"Well, it sounds like you and your sister will have something to talk about the next time she visits," said William. "That takes care of one issue. Now, how do we get you to be able to accept the fair Viola as part of the court?"

To no one in particular, Viola said, "Did you hear that? He called me 'fair.'"

"Well, if Viola would try to appear to blend in by wearing male clothes, that would be a start," suggested Hilda

"I've tried that before. Unfortunately, Queen Amaranth was very thorough when she cast her spell. She made sure that

no one would wonder if I were male and gave me an extra advantage in the endowment category. Tight pants that are court fashion are very uncomfortable and leave a bulge that is very unfashionable. That's why I'm always in dresses."

"But men don't wear dresses. I know of your enchantment, but my eyes still say that you are a man. Maybe if you shaved the beard?" asked the queen.

"Again, it goes back to Queen Amaranth. My beard grows so fast that when I'm in a theater show, I have to shave every time I'm backstage. I get five o'clock shadow in about five minutes."

"If I may, Your Majesty," said Cetee, "but where is it written that men can't wear dresses?"

After a brief pause, the queen said, "I don't know. But everyone knows that men wear pants and women wear dresses."

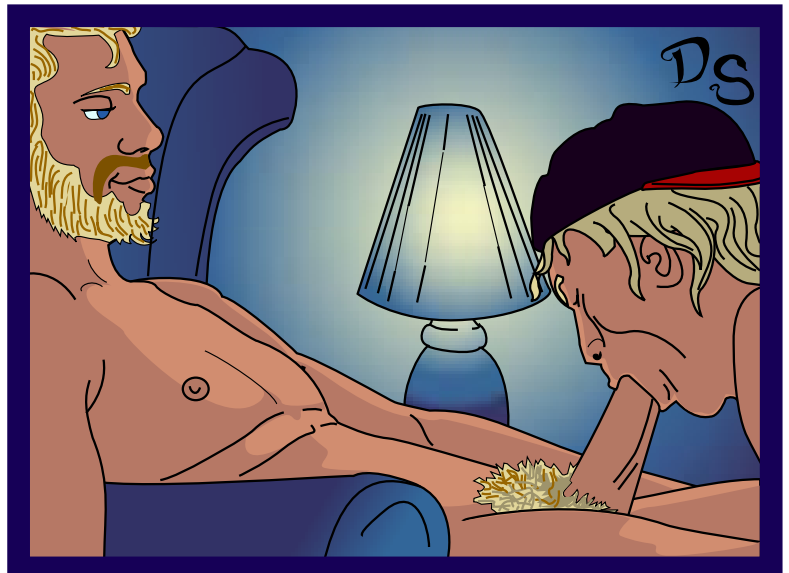
"That may be the current fashion interpretation, My Lady, but that has not always been the case. Please indulge me for a brief fashion history lesson."

"If he says its brief, you might want to sit down anyway," offered the prince.

As people got settled, Cetee got started. He told them that in the long ago time when the kingdom of Wobnair was first settled, the people were a hunter-gather society. The women, because of their smaller frames, were adept at climbing the trees to gather fruits and nuts. They developed tight fitting garments called pants that wouldn't get snagged in the branches. In order to hold the things they gathered, they sewed deep pockets into the pants and added fasteners to keep them closed.

The men, he said, were in charge of hunting. They chose looser, flowing garments that are the base for the modern dress. They reasoned that the wind blowing through them made them look that much bigger to their prey. If something should attack them, the creature would misjudge and only get a piece of fabric. If, by chance, the hunter got injured, they would tear off a strip from their outfits and "dress their wounds."

Everyone snickered at the joke. Cetee continued with his lesson. Life on the island kingdom continued this way for many years. Soon they started building villages and growing crops. One day, the princess of the kingdom had been caught out in a rainstorm and was soaked. When she got home, she went to change into dry clothes but realized that this was her laundry day and her clothes



were outside in the rain. Needing something dry to wear, she donned one of her husband's dresses. She liked the feel of the linen. She liked the freedom of the loose clothes. When she heard a noise in the outer room of the cottage, she quickly stripped and wrapped a towel around herself.

She never was happy in pants after that day. Whenever she could, she would slip into the cottage, neglecting her duties, so that she could put on a dress, even if only for a few moments. She got bolder and bolder in this, until one day, she totally forgot herself and walked outside in a dress. The scandal started but didn't last too long as other women in the village admitted they did the same thing. And some of the men even admitted that they sometimes liked to put on their wives pants. Yes, they were a bit tight, but it made everything look bigger and firmer.

"You would think that everyone would be happy after that," said Cetee. "Unfortunately not," and he continued with the lesson. The masculine 'only men can wear dresses' supporters pointed out that the loose fitting clothes made getting to their manhood that much easier. After the sexual encounter, they could simply drop the skirt and walk away. The feminine 'only women can wear pants' supporter would counter that if men wouldn't be so free and forceful with their manhood, the women wouldn't need to keep the goods locked away. The masculine 'women should be allowed to wear dresses' supporters said that dresses gave them access to what they want quickly. The feminine 'men should wear pants' supporters countered that if a man had his pants around his knees, they couldn't run away. With how fickle men can be about feminine beauty, this might be the only way a woman might catch her man.

"That's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard," started Rose. The king stopped her with 'The Look.' She paused a moment. "But I can appreciate the lesson. Just because something is done a certain way, doesn't mean it has always been that way, nor will it be that way tomorrow."

"Exactly, My Queen," said Cetee. "If you have time, I have many tales of fashion over the ages that you would find fascinating. I would be most honored if you would consent to listen to some of them. I rarely have a student that shares an interest in fashion and I suspect that you would be an excellent student."

Both the queen and her dress blushed with the unexpected compliment.

"That's very nice," said Viola, "but that still doesn't answer the question of what I can wear to dinner that would be acceptable."

The silence was thick as everyone looked around to someone else to make a suggestion. Into that silence came a deep voice that almost sounded like a croak.

"May I offer a couple of suggestions?"

"Please show yourself," said the king.

"I am, Your Majesty. You are just not looking in the right place. I'm here on the fountain."

Everyone turned and saw a toad sitting on the ledge. Not just any toad as this one was equipped with a saddle, just as if it were a horse.

Recognizing this as her own favorite toad-steed, Viola exclaimed, "BeBeep! Why have you never told us that you could talk?"

"Honestly, I never felt that I had anything valuable to say. Besides, even if I did, when Johnny and you get going, who can get in a word?"

"He's got you there Miss Chatterbox," said Johnny. "You got our attention now, so what would you suggest the fashion-taste challenged Viola wear tonight?"

"I have two different ideas that should meet with both the queen's sensibilities and Viola's, hmm, physical restrictions. The first is, why not try some of the looser pants that the gypsies wear? I bet if the queen had not interrupted the lesson, this would have been mentioned as it was one of the compromises the villagers came up with."

"Exactly," said Cetee. "Few people know that story. Have I told it to you before?"

"No, but I did have an excellent teacher. I always listened to what he said. I didn't always agree, but I listened."

"Oh, who was that teacher?"

"Your grandfather," said BeBeep. "Now, back to Viola. The gypsy pants would also make use of some of Viola's gaudier outfits. What looks hideous in a dress can actually work in a gypsy outfit. My second suggestion would be for her to wear a kilt."

"A kilt?" asked Viola.

The queen spoke up. "Why didn't I think of that myself? Viola, kilts are the skirt-like outfits worn by the men in the Northern Moors of Rysbal. My father used to wear one at some of the high court functions. He always looked so handsome. I most probably shouldn't say this, but when the Moorlanders came to court, I would secretly hope a burst of wind would pick up the edge to reveal what kind of undergarments were worn. I never got that wish granted and had to ask one of the boys directly."

The queen and her dress turned a bright, beet red at the memory.

Viola spoke up, "Based on your reaction, I don't think you need to say anything else at the moment. I've seen both of those suggestions and should have thought of them myself. I guess I've been too stuck in the mold of these dresses are what I have always worn so that's what I'm going to wear tomorrow."

"Now you're talking sense," croaked BeBeep.

"Given those choices, I think I would prefer the kilt but from what I've seen but I'll need to find out how to make one."

"I could wish for one," said Apollo and William in unison.

"There's no need to waste a wish on that," offered Rose. "When Father died, I kept some of his kilts. I loved the fabric and always thought that I would make something with them. Maybe with a little alteration, we can get them to fit on you. Would that work for you?"

"It would be my honor."

"Wife and love of my life," said William, "if you can show this kind of compassion in your words, then I lift my edict against your public speaking."

"Thank you," said the queen. "I think that I am learning how powerful words can be, both for good and ill. I may need to impose some restrictions on myself for a while as I sort this out. Viola, do you care to join me and rummage through the Royal Closet?"

The queen extended her hand. Viola grasped it and together, hand in hand, they left the garden.

"Amazing, I never thought it possible," said William.

"What, that the two of them might get along?" asked Johnny.

"No," he replied. "Look at her dress."

That's when they noticed that it was light pink and yellow. But it was marbled with white. The adults left talking about what they

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can do to help keep the queen in this mood for as long as possible.

"I'm glad that they're gone," said Apollo. "Johnny, you're my best friend and I need to ask your advice."

"Anytime. What's up?" asked the faerie.

"I'm not sure. These last couple of weeks have been weird. One day in music class my voice did this weird shift in pitch that I couldn't control. I went to the Healer and they just nodded and said that it was to be expected and sent me on my way.

"They didn't seem to be worried so I let it pass. But something else is happening and I'm not sure if I should talk to them again. They didn't care when it was starting, so why should they care now that it's worse."

"What's wrong? If the Healers can't help you, I'm not sure what I can do. Don't be surprised if I just tell you to go to them."

"Well," the prince paused a moment. "It's about my penis. I figure that if anyone understands about a penis it would be you."

"Ok," said Johnny. "You got my attention."

"It started about a week ago. I woke up in the morning and it was stiff, and sort of felt like a leg cramp, but without the pain. This kept happening every morning. Well, this morning, I decided to try some of the muscle rub tricks that Sir Rondar has been teaching in class after the hard workouts. It didn't help. After rubbing it for a bit, a wad of pus came out and that's when I started to get really scared."

"My young friend, there's nothing to be scared about. I'll tell you that it was to be expected and should tell you to ask your father."

"But I won't see him until this summer. I could be dead by then for all people seem to care."

"I said 'I should' but in his absence, I guess it falls to me to explain about the birds and the bees."

"Oh, you mean that talk about sex and how animals reproduce. The guards have been talking about that for a long time. I asked what they meant when they talked about their weekend activities, and they told me."

"In that case," said Johnny, "the short explanation is you are growing up and getting ready for those activities yourself."

"But what about that pus?" the prince asked.

"Ah, the sweet nectar of life. I don't know all the science stuff of how it all works, I'm just glad that it does. I guess this is a good time for your first lesson in faerie sex magic. Time to get naked!"

In two blinks and a nod, clothes were gone and the boys had activated their invisible spells. Johnny said, "I want to try an experiment. Think about that feeling in your penis that you had this morning and give me a hug. I want to see what happens."

As the bodies embraced, both dicks got hard. "See," said Johnny, "it's nothing to be scared about. If it is an illness, my dick is equally sick."

"But yours is so big. Viola always pointed to your dick and said it was little. Wait until she sees this."

The thought of Viola caused Johnny to wilt a little. "Let's not and say she did. This is our secret ok?"

Apollo nodded in agreement. "So what kind of magic do we work with this?" He held his young penis in his hand and waved it at the faerie.

"Hmm, what I really want to do, I can't. Hilda reminded me of

the 'no-sex with faerie godchildren' rule just yesterday. Wait a minute," he stopped for a moment. "She reminded me of those rules, so she must have seen this coming."

The prince was stretching his penis to see if he could get it as long as Johnny's. "This feels good. But does that mean you can't show me some of the sex magic?"

"Let me think a moment. She was very explicit in saying that the rules strictly forbid a penis of either an Efgee or their ward from being inserted into a cavity of the other's body. After that, it is up to a faerie to understand the situation and take matters in their own hands. That gives me an idea."

The faerie told the prince to keep stroking his penis no matter what the faerie did. The faerie would stroke his own penis and the prince was supposed to keep the rhythm that was set. Johnny started slowly in order to not let the prince get too excited yet (Ok, he really wanted to make this last as long as possible, but we'll keep that as our little secret. Ok?)

Johnny pulled the prince to his side and gave him a kiss. At first, a simple peck on the cheek kind of kiss that they've shared in the past. A couple of strokes later, he kissed him full on the lips and the strokes quickened.

Johnny let the prince's energy build for a moment before using his tongue to start to probe for the prince's tongue. Faster and faster, he added energy and intensity to the kiss. Faster and faster, hands stroked penises until a white shower was released to the flowers at their feet.





## An Elephant in the Living Room

by Okapi

After a few minutes of heavy breathing, the Johnny said, "I've lost count of how many times I've done that with someone, but this is certainly one to remember."

"I don't think I could either," said the prince. "And I don't think we are supposed to forget. Look!" The prince pointed to the small blue flowers that glistened with cum-dew.

"Forget-me-nots!" exclaimed the faerie. "I guess if there was to be a silent witness to this moment, they are the most suited. I wonder what other secrets they hold?"

"You know," said Apollo, "this morning, I felt guilty when I held my dick when it released its load. Why does it feel so good now?"

"That is the first step in mastering sex magic. It is a good and healthy way to release energy and there is nothing to feel guilty about. Practice this as often as need to. If you want me to help," the faerie gave him a wink, "you know how to call me."

"I think I'm going to need lots of help." The prince winked back.

"It's a burden, but I shall try to rise to the occasion."

"Speaking of burdens, it's time for me to get dressed for dinner. I can't wait to see if grandmother and Viola have managed to keep the peace for all this time. Are you coming?"

"Not for a while. After a shot like that, I'm spent. Oh, you meant to dinner. I wouldn't miss it for the world."

To be continued...

## Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Lord

By Chef Binkley

Peter Peter Pumpkin Lord  
Such a thick curvaceous gourd!  
Hung so boldly on display  
When the goblins came to prey

Brightly torched for all to see,  
Monsters drooling gleefully,  
All admire such length and girth -  
Grandest gourd in all the earth!

Stong in stem and full of seed,  
Firmly mounted, pedigreed.  
Untouched by blade, sheathed, unshorn,  
Trumpets Harvest's mighty horn!

Fauna, Faeries' true delight,  
Harvest's son burns bright this night!  
With chalice raised, gourds stand tall,  
Hail the phallic king of fall!



Back in my Episcopagan days, the minister liked to preach about sex and death. I think he liked saying the word "sex" from the pulpit and watch the congregation look around to see if lightning was going to strike the church. It never did. Whenever he did broach the subjects, he liked to akin them to an elephant in the living room—something everyone knows is there but no one likes to talk about.

Think about it for a moment. We all know that our parents had sex at some point in time, but it is doubtful that we really want to hear the details; our own family "don't ask, don't tell" policy. Dealing with an elderly parent is much the same. We don't want to talk about things like what kind of extended care would they want in case something should happen? What music do they want? What are we supposed to do with the ashes? From the parent's side, you will hear, "What? Are you trying to get rid of me already?" From our side, it means we have to accept the fact that one day they will be gone.

Within our community, you would think it would be easier to talk about death. We are free enough talking about sex, but why not death? Even as our friends were dying around us, even as we went to the funeral of the week, we still didn't want to face our own mortality. We would sit and wonder who would be next? Is it me?

We listen to the horror stories of how families would swoop in and strip a lover of all possessions and rights at their moment of greatest grief, simply because the recently deceased couldn't face their own mortality and prepare the proper documentation.

Do you want to leave things to chance? Do you want to be a news story where your lover and family are in the courts battling whether or not you should be kept on life support? If the answer to those and other related questions is "no" then take the time to get power-of-attorney papers drawn up (giving someone the authority to act on your behalf when you can't), draw up a living-will (instructions as to what kind of medical care you want) and even a basic will (what happens to your possessions in case the worst happens.) Taking the time now to plan these things now will save your loved ones and yourself a lot of suffering in long run. When you are lying in a coma it is a little late to let someone know that you don't want to be on any form of artificial life support. Your friends may all "know" it, but without those legal papers, will your parents or lovers will agree? If the plague years have taught us nothing else, they have taught us that we are never too young to die. Take the time today to plan and then you won't need to think about it for a while. Take the time now and you will have it ready when you need it.

While you are it, talk to your family about their own wishes and plans. It helps prepare you for the time that emotions will be the highest and your rational thinking will be at its lowest. Don't forget one other simple thing; take time to say "I love you" when you see them. That's another things that's best said while people are alive.

<-3 <-3 <-3

by Monkey

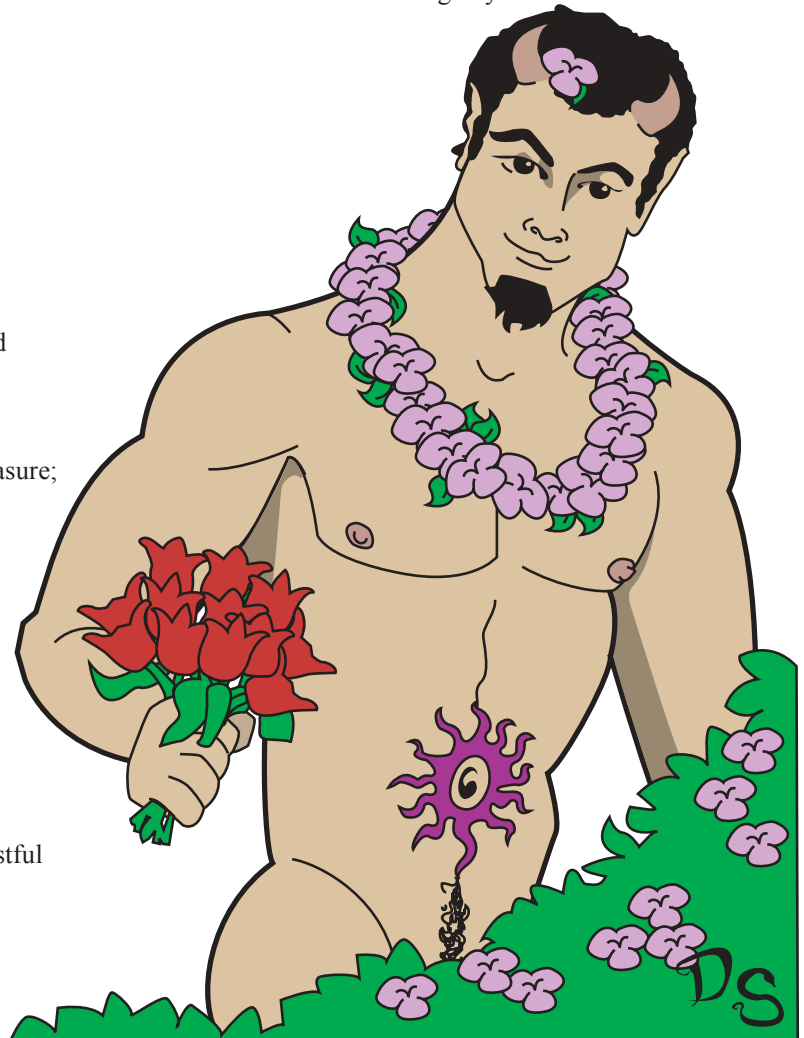
Does it make you hard to know that you are living the life of your dreams?

# The Language of Flowers - S to Z

## (Part Six of a Series - Conclusion)

Compiled by Orpheus

Saffron	Do not abuse; beware of excess	Tulip (general)	Fame; charity; declaration of love;
Saffron Crocus	Mirth	Tulip (red)	Believe me; declaration of love
Sage	Wisdom; long life; domestic virtue; esteem	Tulip (variegated)	Beautiful eyes
Salvia (blue)	I think of you	Tulip (yellow)	Hopeless love
Scabious	Unfortunate love	Valerian (red)	Accommodating disposition
Sensitive Plant	Timidity; delicate feelings	Venus's Looking Glass	Flattery
Shamrock	Light heartedness	Vernal Grass	Poor, but happy
Smilax	Loveliness	Veronica	Fidelity in friendship
Snapdragon	No; deception; gracious lady; presumption	Vervain	Enchantment
Snowball	Thoughts of heaven; purity	Vetch	Shyness
Snowdrop	Hope	Vine	Intoxication
Sorrel	Affection	Violet	Modesty; faithfulness, calms tempers; induces sleep
Sorrel (Wild)	Wit ill-timed	Violet (blue)	Watchfulness; faithfulness; I'll always be true
Sorrel (Wood)	Joy	Violet (white)	Let's take a chance on happiness
Southernwood	Jest, bantering	Virginia Creeper	Ever changing
Sowbread	Diffidence	Viscaria	Will you dance with me?
Spearmint	Warmth of sentiment	Wallflower	Fidelity in misfortune
Speedwell (Germander)	Facility	Water Lily	Purity of heart
Spider Wort	Esteem, but not love	Weigela	Accept a faithful heart
Spiderflower	Elope with me	Wistaria	I cling to you
Star of Bethlehem	Atonement; guidance; purity		
Statice	Lasting beauty		
Stephanotis	Happiness in marriage; desire to travel; come to me		
Stock	Lasting beauty; promptness		
Stock (ten-week)	Promptness		
Stonecrop	Tranquility		
Strawberry	Perfect goodness		
Strawberry (Wild)	Perfection		
Strawberry Tree (Arbutus)	Esteem and love		
Sunflower	Loyalty; wishes; you are splendid		
Sunflower (dwarf)	Adoration		
Sunflower (tall)	Haughtiness		
Sweet Basil	Good luck		
Sweet pea	Goodbye; departure; blissful pleasure; Thank you for a lovely time		
Sweet William	Grant me one smile; perfection; gallantry		
Syringa	Memory		
Syringa (Carolina)	Disappointment		
Tansy	I declare against you		
Teasel	Misanthropy		
Tendrils of Climbing Plants	Ties of love		
Thistle (common)	Austerity		
Thistle (Scotch)	Retaliation		
Thrift	Sympathy		
Thyme	Strength and courage; ensures restful sleep		
Tiger Flower	For once may pride befriend me		
Traveler's Joy	Safety		
Tuberose	Dangerous pleasure		



## If Death My Friend and Me Divide

by Charles Wesley, 1762

If death my friend and me divide,  
Thou dost not, Lord, my sorrow chide,  
or frown my tears to see;  
restrained from passionate excess,  
Thou bidst me mourn in calm distress  
for them that rest in thee.

I feel a strong immortal hope,  
which bears my mournful spirit up  
beneath its mountain load;  
redeemed from death, and grief, and pain,  
I soon shall find my friend again  
within the arms of God.

Pass a few fleeting moments more  
and death the blessing shall restore  
which death has snatched away;  
for me thou wilt the summons send,  
and give me back my parted friend  
in that eternal day.

### Flowers- conclusion

Woodbine	Fraternal love
Woodruff	Sweet humility; modest worth
Xeranthemum	Cheerfulness under adversity
Yarrow	Health; healing
Yew	Sorrow
Zephyr Flower	Expectation
Zinnia	Thoughts of friends
Zinnia (magenta)	Lasting affection
Zinnia (mixed)	Thinking of an absent friend
Zinnia (scarlet)	Constancy
Zinnia (white)	Goodness
Zinnia (yellow)	Daily remembrance

### Special Edition Coming

The Language of Flowers series is now concluded. My apologies if your favorite flower was not on the list. This actually works in your favor. Since no one has pre-associated a meaning to the flower, you have full empowerment to make that determination yourself. Of course, you always have the right to change the meanings that are listed. As long as both parties understand the intent, it shouldn't matter what the traditionalists would say. I always thought that yellow roses were for friendship. Everyone "knows" that, right? Imagine my surprise to learn that they represent jealousy and hatred. Sigh, no wonder those relationships never lasted. Maybe we can change the meaning to "You are so nice. Let's stay friends." At least that way, when you get a bouquet of yellow roses you'll know that this is the last time you will see that potential beau.

A special edition of the Airy Faerie will be coming your way in the near future that will have the complete list from A to Z in a single issue.

## Death, My Friends and Me

by Cubby

I remember the time I first saw the words to *If Death My Friend and Me Divide*. My lover at the time, Carl, was an organist for a Methodist church on the north side of town. The church had just gotten their new hymnals and he found the title to one of the songs too funny to not check out. It is called *Fix me, Jesus*. He was laughing so hard at this song in the funeral section that I don't think he noticed this poem on the facing page. I do mean poem since there was not music associated with it on the printed page. Another good reason for Carl to not notice it—nothing for him to play.

During the first year we were together, the church had an AIDS Sunday. A couple of people paid for the traditional bud vases that they had on the altar. We sang *Amazing Grace*, said a prayer and went back to our quiet lives. The following year when it came around to AIDS Sunday, we decided to not be quiet. We put together a memorial list for the bulletin of our friends that had passed away. We limited it to those that had special meaning and had changed our lives. The list was still fifty strong. We worked with the florist to have a huge floral display worthy of honoring all of them. Carl wrote a piece for the handbell choir called *Amazing Gifts*. The adult choir worked on a selection from John Rutter's *Requiem*.

That Sunday morning, it all came together. The silence that followed the bells was filled with tears. The words of the requiem were uplifting. The Lord's Prayer was said with the most feeling that I had ever heard from them. We had gotten past the surface feelings of saying simple words to a prayer that were rote recitations to saying something that they felt. They began to understand what we felt about losing so many friends.

Carl and I were sitting in the courtyard between services and were approached by Jeanette, the wife of the Associate Minister. She wanted to thank us for everything as it had special meaning for her. Not only had her brother died of the plague, his lover was one of the friends that we had listed in our memorial. We spent the remaining time chatting about Hal and Jim's antique car collection. When she left, she was all the more grateful for having had the chance to make that extra connection with us. She said that while folks at church had known she had a brother that had died of AIDS, she had never been able to talk about him with anyone.

I am thankful that she felt comfortable enough to share that with us. Carl and I broke up less than a year later. We managed to recognize that magic moment when you can part ways and remain friends and not be enemies. Two years later, I was back at the church for Carl's memorial. Jeanette had been at his side when he died. She spoke that day and told the tale about the AIDS Sunday when we met. She said that she hadn't been able to be with her brother when he died, but she made a promise that morning to be there for all of his friends when they needed her. After that Sunday, she realized that depth of the void that the plague was creating and she rolled up her sleeves and got involved. When she finished, she said that Carl had a special request and she read *If Death My Friend and Me Divide*.

I guess he noticed after all.

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