

Airy Faerie  
Mabon, 2005



DSGF  
Dancing  
in the Moonlight

## Publisher's Notes

Hey Faeries! Welcome to the Mabon Airy Faerie. This is not a special edition, just a regular Airy Faerie. It feels like it has been a long time since we put together a regular Airy Faerie. This issue may not be a "Special Edition" but that doesn't mean it is not special. While we were putting together the special issues, Falcon and I started playing with our artwork, putting in special effects, while trying to keep file size in check. Falcon has been having way too much fun playing with the special effects. In this issue and in upcoming issues you will see some of the stuff we have been playing with. We hope you like it. The art is becoming a group effort, with Falcon enhancing my art.

I wanted to say that with this issue we are getting back to work after our little "Airy Faerie" vacation. But putting the special issues together was work, so I guess we are back to work after a working vacation. Speaking of vacations (How is that for a lead in?) I wanted to share a bit about a real vacation I took this summer. In July, Falcon and I went to the International Association of Gay Square Dance Clubs convention, in San Jose. Well, as some of you know, a few days before we left I twisted my knee while I was dancing on the square dance float in Denver's Gay Pride parade. So during the convention I sat by the pool and doodled while Falcon danced his cute little bootie off. Several of the doodles I created poolside are the base for some of the art in this issue. The cover is based on watching the bears and many wolves dancing during the "moonshine tip" where the clothes come off and penises go twirling free. Being in a leg brace during a weekend long dance, I learned just how much of a voyeur I am. I really did enjoy watching people dance, not to mention the yummy bears at the pool. I could sit and watch them all day! Anyway, for my knee update, I am doing better now. Of course I never do things the simple way and went and developed a big blood clot in my right leg. So I am currently on blood thinners and going to therapy to get my leg going again. OK, enough about me, back to the issue.

Here is NUDITY WARNING; if you're a long time reader you can skip this. For any new readers, please note that there are images of naked men, and of men having sex in this publication. There are also stories in which the characters get naked and some even have sex. So PLEASE, if you DO NOT want to view naked men or gay sex, or if you are too young to view such things, please just close this and walk away slowly. If you are receiving this as an e-mail and you want to be removed please let us know and we will remove you.

OK, now that the warning is out of the way, please sit back and enjoy our Mabon issue of the Airy Faerie. Happy Autumn!!!

Faerie Blessings  
DragonSwan

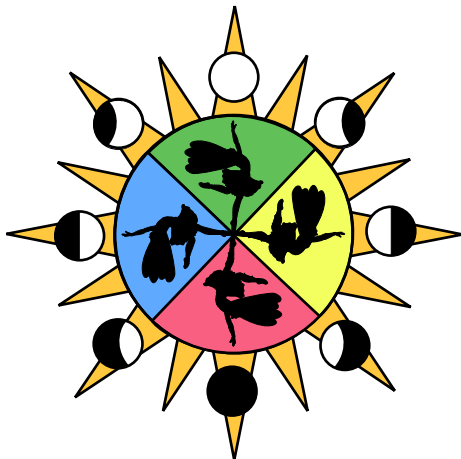
## Publisher's Notes, Too

Once upon a time, about a year ago, DragonSwan and I started compiling a list of some of the fun names that have been given to one of our favorite topics - our penises. It is truly amazing how many different ways people have come up with to talk about their manliness. Of course, there are many variations on a theme such as "the one eyed" this or that (my favorite of these is the one eyed wonder weasel) and the trouser family (shark, snake and trout). There are the familiar terms like "Dong" and "Schlong."

After reading Professor Grinn's recounting of our summer class on Sun and Moon Gods and Goddesses, we decided to try out his suggestion and started writing the words down on a piece of paper. It was truly amazing what happened when we started to randomly put the words down. We used 157 different names in our creation. For each one used, I'm sure you can think of ten more. See the results on page 5.

Falcon - who is thinking that "Sir Martin Wagstaff" would make a fun faerie name.

## Airy Faerie



Mabon, 2005

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

For more information you can contact us at:  
Denver Radical Faeries  
PO Box 631  
Denver, CO 80201-0631

or send an email to:  
[DenverRadicalFaeries@yahoo.com](mailto:DenverRadicalFaeries@yahoo.com)

or visit us at  
[www.geocities.com/denverfae](http://www.geocities.com/denverfae)

## Zodiacal Essence

by Monkey

Search the stone of earth  
How immobile it seems

But gentle water flows  
And washes away  
Stasis, one grain at a time

And as deep and as loving  
As this caress may be  
Where would fair water be

Without

The wind

Push of air on water

Susurrations of quiet peace  
Majesty in motion

And warming them all

Heat

Fire stirs the air  
Warms the water  
And embraces Mother Earth

To let her know  
She is  
Not

Alone

*Wednesday, March 16, 2005*



## Nefertum

I am he who rises and lights up wall after wall,  
each thing in succession.  
There will not be a day that lacks its owed illumination.

Pass on, O creatures, pass on, O world!  
Listen! I have ordered you to!

I am the cosmic water lily that rose shining from Nun's black  
primordial waters, and my mother is Nut, the night sky.

O you who made me, I have arrived,  
I am the great ruler of Yesterday,  
the power of command is in my hand.  
— Spell 42, The Book of the Dead



# My Beautiful Life: Stories From Our Tribe

Faerie University by Professor Percival "Perry" Grinn

This summer the students at Faerie University had the pleasure of a guest lecturer, Dr. Henry McCoy, PhD, AAGG (which is All Around Good Guy for those of you who might not be familiar with all the various academic initials). Not being so old that I can't learn a few new things once in a while, I attended this special evening. As an educator myself, I don't want to relate the details of the event, instead I wish to give you some of my impressions so that you might be able to use this information to take your own magickal journey.

The topic of the evening was our relationship with the Sun and Moon Gods and Goddesses and the energies that they represent. A pre-lecture assignment was given to the students to research a solar and/or lunar deity that comes from a pantheon other than the Greco-Roman mythos that is so familiar to most of us.

The lists of deities that were brought to the lecture were as diverse as the students. Being so ingrained in a culture that has been dominated by the figures of Apollo and Diana, it was eye opening to see the variety that was presented. I was fascinated by the cultures where the genders were reversed and they have a Sun Goddess and Moon God. Most cultures seemed to have a family relationship between the two - husband/wife, parent/child, or brother/sister (or in classic mythological tradition, multiple combinations of those). There are stories of one of the pair being a jilted lover, doomed for all time to chase the other through the sky. In some cultures, the sun deity does double duty as a war god, while for others, they are the ultimate symbol of life, death and rebirth.

I was also fascinated by an aspect of these deities. We have one sun and one moon. In most of the cultures that were presented at the lecture, there was a single solar deity. On the lunar side of the pantheon, there are some with the single deity while others celebrate a triple deity. The question I'm still researching for my own journey is why there are few examples of a triple god of the moon. The pantheons with the triple deity of the moon seem to be feminine aspects, while masculine aspects of the moon tend to be represented by a single god.

At the end of the sharing portion of the evening, Dr. McCoy led us into a group exercise to create something for our faerie altar. Since both the sun and moon are sources of light, we created candles. We cut strips of tissue and wrote down the names of the various deities that had been discussed. Using a base of those tall candles that are in glass (found in most groceries stores and ultimately on most altars), we adhered the tissue strips to the candles with a decopodge glue. As we finished adding the names, there were many blank spots, so we started filling in the gaps with strips that had words associated with the solar and lunar energies. We cut out some of the images that had been on our computer print outs that we brought to class. DragonSwan added his creative talent and humor and included drawing of a "full moon" of the human variety.

Once we started, the words flowed. I was intrigued by all the variety of words that we associate with the lunar energy. All the phases have their own name. Each lunar cycle has its own name. The candle quickly filled up with words like "nurture", "flexible", "madness", and the like. The words to fill in the gaps on the solar candle were slower in coming. "Growth", "order", "sunburn". Each word that we came up with for the sun candle usually triggered

additional words for the moon candle.

The completed candles are as different as, well as different as day and night. The color choices for the tissues are different (one is mostly reds and yellows and the other is mostly blue and lavender. How the names and words were layered on the candles are different (one highly structured and the other very loose and random). The joy of the exercise is that many the various aspects of the solar and lunar energies are represented. The joy in the candles themselves is that all those energies are present as well as the energy of all who participated that evening. The burning of the candles will bring all of that together.

For those of you who could not participate that evening or might be attending Faerie University via our correspondence courses can do these exercise on your own or with a group. Do some research on gods and goddesses of other cultures. Think about the words you would use to associate with solar and lunar energies. Take some time to think about what you want to invoke when you invite a solar or lunar deity to your circle. Think about the relationship of the deity to their culture. If you are working with a deity that is part of long standing feud with another, you might want to be careful about who else you invoke that evening.

If you don't want to make a candle, simply take a piece of paper and some markers or crayons and start writing. Fill the page with words and names. If you can't draw, cut and paste pictures you can print from the internet or copy from books. Create a page in your Book of Shadows.

When you are done, use this exercise as a launching point to look at the other deities of something (rain, war, love, etc). How about the elements? Look at the various totems that we associate with the quarters when we cast a circle. Look at the colors, the scents, the herbs, even the sounds that you associate with the element.

The list of possibilities is endless once you get started. Even if you have done this in the past, it is fun to revisit the process once in a while just to see how much you've grown in your understanding since the previous time.



In Alphabetical Order: 3rd Leg, Ankle Spanker, Appendage, Artist's Brush, Bagpipe, Baloney, Banana, Bat, Bayonet, Beef, Bloody Tackle, Boner, Bushwhacker, Butter Knife, Button Flicker, Candle, Cane, Captain Standish, Chum, Cock, Cockrobin, Cod, Credentials, Davy Crockett, Dick, Ding Dong, Dingle, Jing Jang, John Roger, John Thomas, Johnson, Joint, Joy Device, Joystick, Junior, Kick Stand, Kinney Cracker, Knob, Lance, Torpedo, Pipe, Plaything, Pleasure Piston, Pleasure Weapon, Pocket Rocket, Pointer, Pork Sword, Prick, Prick, Pride and Joy, Privates, Probe, Prong, Purple Helmut Warrior, Rapid Fire Love Gun, Roasted Rump, Rod, Rooster, Root, Saber, Salty Pedro, Scepter, Schlöng, Screwdriver, Sex Upright Citizen, Veined Plunger, Wacker, Wang, Wang Dang Doodle, Warhammer, Wazoo, Weenie, Wee-wee, Whizzer, Wick, Willie, Winkie, Woody, Yogurt Thrower (btw: while you have been trying to find these words in the picture, you have been staring at Falcon's Magic Wand)

## Where's the Beef?



# Quest for the Crystal Phoenix -

## Chapter 8: The William Brogrim Challenge

by Orpheus

Prince Apollo reread the letter in his hand for what seemed like the millionth time. He had procrastinated as long as he could. The letter was written by his mother shortly before her death and mentioned how she felt responsible for the death of Jondar, brother of his weapons instructor. In the months since his great-aunt handed him the letter, he could find the time to talk to Sir Rondar, but he never could figure out how to start the conversation. Somehow, "Oh, by the way, my mother felt responsible for your brother's death. Do you know what she's talking about?" never seemed like the best opening.

The prince wanted to talk to his father about it. Unfortunately, on those rare occasions that King Adam made the journey to Riangle, he spent most of his time with Rondar deciding on Apollo's next weapons instructor. At the end of last summer, Rondar announced that he was leaving the Riangle court to return to his home in Adbalm. Tomorrow, the two of them were to start out on the journey, so the prince knew that this was going to be one of the last opportunities he would be able to talk to his teacher alone, so it was time to seek him out.

He was lost in thought as he walked towards the courtyard that served as the main weapons training center. His feet were on automatic as he turned the last corner and walked into a brick wall that shouldn't have been there. Apollo looked up and that wall had a face; Rondar's face to be exact.

Almost in unison, the two said, "Sorry, I was lost in thought." As each of them realized who the other was, their unison continued, "You're just the person I was looking for."

The prince deferred to his teacher to start the conversation. He felt that whatever moved him to seek the prince in the present was more important to his own quest to find answers about the past.

Rondar and Apollo headed out to the courtyard as the weapons instructor told him about his plans for the afternoon demonstration. "As you know, today is the day that we are supposed to choose your teacher for next year. My personal assessment is that your skill at archery exceeds several of the candidates. King William doesn't believe me so I need you to participate in today's final challenge of

their skills." Rondar talked the prince through the different parts of the challenge to make sure that he was comfortable with the plans. As expected, the prince said that he was ready for the events.

"I have something else to tell you," said Rondar, "but first, your turn. What were you looking for from me?"

Finding a total lack of words, Apollo handed him the letter from his mother and waited for him to read it. Rondar started to hand it back, stopped and read it again before giving it to the prince.

"Well, what do you think?" asked Apollo.

"I'm not sure," was his reply. "I was never that close to Jondar. We were nearly ten years different in age, so he had left home to join the Riangle Guard before our parents died. The few times we talked, he was always telling me about the next great adventure he planned. I always got the impression that he wanted to be the knight that rescued the fair damsel and lived happily ever after. When I learned of his death, no one could tell me how he died. I always imagined that he became someone's lunch. I don't think he ever realized that sometimes the 'monsters' win the fight."

"So where does my mother fit into that?"

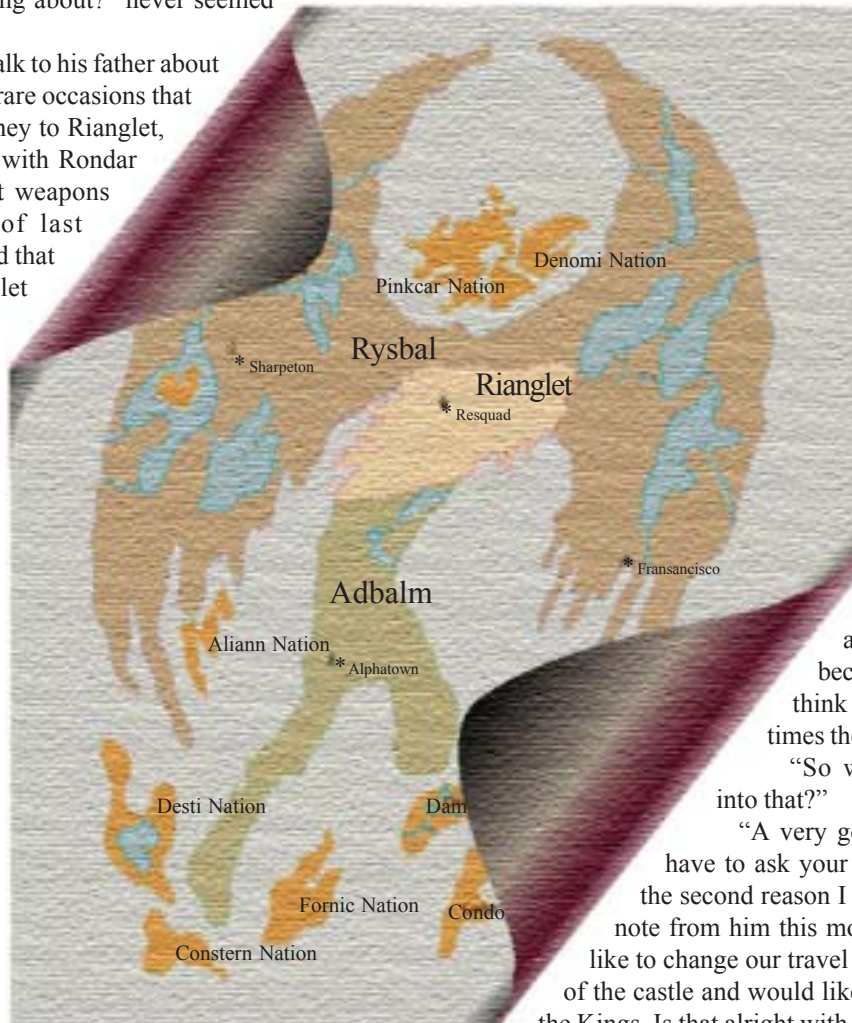
"A very good question and one we'll have to ask your father. Which brings me to the second reason I was looking for you. I got a note from him this morning saying that he would like to change our travel plans. He is eager to get out of the castle and would like to meet us at the Valley of the Kings. Is that alright with you?"

The prince let out an enthusiastic "Yippee!" But even as the sound left his lips, a thought occurred to him, "But won't that delay your return to Alphatown?"

Rondar got a strange smile on his face. "If you don't mind me tagging along and spending time that should be for you and your father, then I can live with the delay. I've been in Riangle too long and I can't imagine a better way to return to your fa..., our country than a visit to the valley. Can you?"

The prince had to agree that given a choice, he would rather see the valley first. Since he was given that choice, he would take it.

They parted company, Rondar to get ready for the afternoon's activities and the Prince to go to his final class for the season. As





Apollo headed back into the castle another thought occurred to him. Last year, his father and he spent the entire time at the valley naked and he had looked forward to that this year as well. But with a guest there, would he have to keep his clothes on? That thought depressed him. But it also sounded like Rondar had been there before, which means he probably got naked too, so it should be alright. And that thought excited him. Of all the men in the guard, Rondar had the body that he most wanted to see naked. Others had deeper chests and bigger, bulkier arms, but there was something about Rondar's body that fascinated him. On more than one occasion he wished that Rondar would join everyone in the showers after a hard workout. He would tell the class that he didn't like to socialize with them after lessons because that level of friendship might make him less than completely disciplined while he's teaching them something that might save their lives. Now that Rondar won't be his teacher, maybe he would get his wish. That thought excited other parts of him as well.

The prince realized that he would have to wait for a while before he could follow through with what his body wanted to do with those happy thoughts. He began the climb up the stairs that led to the classroom where Lord Cthdéhâssêsbüt taught his lessons on Ancient History and Magical Creatures. Yesterday was his final exam and he wasn't sure how he did. From the little exams during the year, Apollo knew that his teacher liked to ask obscure questions, but the final was worse than he expected. He surprised himself by remembering that King Weston of Rianglet was the father of the queen who's second cousin married the woodsman who killed the wolf that ate the old woman who lived in a house with three bears that had been built by someone who traded a cow for some magic beans. What bothered him was that he struggled trying to remember if Sexona Beach was the capital of the Fornic Nation or was it the Condom Nation? He knew his faerie friends would never let him forget his error if he got it wrong.

"Ah, there you are," said Cetee as Apollo entered the room. "I have some good news and some bad news for you. Which do you want first?"

"I guess I'll get the bad news out of the way first," said the prince, feeling the horror of a failing grade looming. "Just how bad was my test?"

His teacher gave him a puzzled look and slapped his forehead. "Oh, I almost forgot about that with the other news of the day. You passed with a perfect score. I am pleasantly surprised. You have been one of my most attentive students and I deliberately put in some questions that I didn't think you could answer just to challenge you. How did you know that Sir Evan was the forty-fourth knight to face the Dragon of Mount Phire?"

"I remembered the picture you showed me of him standing over the slain dragon. In the background, there was a person holding up a card showing 'Dragon 43, Knights 0.' I figured that must have meant that the dragon must have killed or maimed forty-three knights prior to the fight with Sir Evan."

"Excellent," said Cetee, giving him a pat on the back. "Do you know why I asked that particular question?"

"I wondered about that last night. I lay in bed and wondered who cares if he was the first, tenth or ninetyeth. What seemed important was that he was the last knight to face the dragon. Then it occurred to me that wasn't the number that really mattered. What was important is that it was a detail that I had seen but hadn't realized at the time. It is in seeing these hidden details that might make a difference when trying to solve a big problem."

"Exactly," said the teacher, glowing with pride at his pupil.

"Well, then, if it wasn't about my test score, what is the bad news? You're not leaving court are you?"

"No, you aren't getting rid of me that quickly. Or have you forgotten my promise to bring in an expert on the phoenix next year. I am as curious as you on that subject. That is one of the rarest of the magical creatures and my information is more myth than truth. A priest from the Temple of the Phoenix has agreed to come to fill in the gap."

Cetee led the prince back down the stairs, and headed toward the dining hall. "The bad news is that Queen Rose has decided not to journey with you this summer. Even though she has gained some control of her emotions, she feels that making the journey to your father's court might not be best for someone in her delicate condition, as she puts it. She knows that Sir Rondar will be traveling with you on the south bound journey, so she asked if I would be willing to escort you on the return trip."

"Yippee!" exclaimed the prince. "Oh, I mean, I am sorry that she feels that way, but I do feel that she knows what is best for herself and that the journey might be a strain on her at this time."

"Yes," agreed Cetee. "Rondar says that you will be traveling directly to the valley, so it works in your favor that the queen won't be joining you." Giving the prince a conspiratory wink, he added, "I don't think the valley would be suited for a lady of her sensitivities."

"You know about the valley?"

"Yes. My own village is just north of the valley. This brings me to the good news part. Although as I think about it, I'm not one hundred percent certain that it is good news. My father wants to meet you. He says he wants to meet the boy who is destined to take his place. He said that he was ready to tell me some of the things that he has kept hidden for all these years. He also said that he didn't trust me to repeat the information correctly and he wanted you to hear it from the horse's mouth."

"So, in other words, your bad news is that I get a summer vacation away from my grandmother?"

"Right."

"And the good news is that Hades is about to freeze over?"

"That about sums it up."

Cetee left the prince at the door of the dining hall saying that he needed to get his things packed if they were going to be heading out in the morning. Apollo sat through his meal thinking about everything that was said that morning. He was torn between the elation that he aced his test and terror that he felt when he imagined the things that would cause Cetee's father to want to divulge his

*-continued on page 8*

secrets. Somewhere in the middle of all that was the excitement he felt about the fact that in four days he would be camping in the Valley of the Kings. He decided that since he couldn't do anything about what Cetee's father had to say until he actually said it, he would focus on the important things in life. In four days he would get to see Rondar naked. If the world was going to end soon, then at least he could die happy.

"Are you excited to see me, or is that a unicorn in your pocket?" came Johnny Jump-up's voice from out of nowhere.

Apollo gave his Efgee a hug and filled him in on the events of the morning. "Oh you lucky dog!" was Johnny's comment on the situation. "How I could wish that I could be with you for that. I liked what I saw when your father invited his friends to the valley one summer; and that was back when Rondar was still skinny. Now that he has had years to develop something to really look at..."

"You said that father invited you in the past?"

"Yeah. Your grandfather wasn't able to go one summer so he told your father to take some of his friends. There were four of us there; your father, myself, Rondar and Cetee. I didn't spend too much time with them since the village where I grew up is on the river that flows out of the valley and I was overdue for a visit with my family."

The prince thought a moment. "Well, since three of the four of you are already going to be there, why don't you come along and make it a full reunion?"

"Great! And since you have to go through Faerie Aerie to get to Cetee's village of Chtðkcðrrål, I'll take you to meet some of my old friends on your way to meet old Ctholbêahæssêsbut."

"That sounds like a good plan to me. We'll have to ask Cetee this evening. But first, I have to scoot to get to the demonstration. I don't want to start off on the wrong foot with my new teacher by being late on the day we pick them for the job. Are you coming?"

"I'm not even breathing hard yet. But if I keep thinking about memories of my time at the valley, I'll be real close."

The prince gave him what he considered 'the look.' He knew that he didn't have it down yet when Johnny started laughing at him. "When will I ever learn to not use that phrase around you?" asked Apollo. "I really should know by now what you will say."

"At least I'm consistent," said the faerie. "And the answer is yes. Rondar asked me to participate in a part of it. Let's go."

The two chatted about the Valley of the Kings on their way to the archery range. Johnny could tell his friend was a bit nervous about his part in the demonstration, so he figured talk about the peaceful valley would have a calming effect on the teenager. It did. By the time they arrived, the prince was calm and ready to show his grandfather, King William what he had learned from Rondar. He was calm up to the second that he noticed that hundreds of people were sitting in bleachers that lined the front edge of the range.

"W-what are all these people doing here?" stammered the prince.

"They love to watch these kinds of competitions. I know that many are here because the archers are among the best in the area and they want to cheer on their personal favorite. Some are here to see how their bets pan out. I've heard that Lord Shaftwood is the favorite, with three-to-one odds."

"I've heard that too. But that still doesn't explain why there are so many."

"Well, my guess is that they heard that part of the demonstration is shooting an apple poised on the top of head of some victim and they are here hoping that one of the archers misses."

"Yeah, I was supposed to be the head, but grandfather vetoed that notion."

"I know. Why do you think I'm here? Rondar figured that I can shrink fast enough to dodge any stray arrows." Johnny pointed toward Sir Rondar, who was approaching a table slightly to the side of where nine masked archers were seated. "Looks like it is time to begin."

Rondar bowed in the direction of King William, who was sitting in the front row of the gathered crowd. "Your Majesty has already approved my choice of asking Sir Rowan to come out of retirement to serve as my replacement as the main weapons instructor. You also know that Sir Rowan has asked us to pick several strong lieutenants for him due to the limitations that had forced his initial retirement. He still has the knowledge, just not the strength to serve in the full capacity. Most of the lieutenants are coming from the men already filling those positions for me. However, there is one student that surpasses the majority of the candidates that we have available. Since that student is Prince Apollo, I want to ensure that we have the best teacher available. We have invited the best archers around to participate. They are masked so that we will judge their ability based on their performance, not the person."





"While I love my grandson," said the king, "I do question your exaggeration of his abilities. Surely a thirteen year old can not exceed the abilities of the instructors."

"I knew that was your feelings, Your Majesty, so a quick demonstration is in order." The weapons instructor told the assembled guest that Lord Cthdêhâssêsbut had told him about an archery tournament between the three princes of the House of Charming in the years prior to the sundering of the kingdom. It seemed fitting to Rondar to use the same challenge that King William Brogrim gave his sons to help select the teacher of the one who will reunite the kingdom.

Rondar pointed to the first of three challenges. In the trees to the left of the field were five targets at varying heights; from twenty or more feet off the ground to one that was barely off the ground. He explained that in battle, an archer wouldn't always have the benefit of having a target at just the perfect height. The candidates were to try to shoot all five targets in less than two minutes. Points would be added to their scores for completing it faster, and deducted if they took longer.

Rondar pointed to the second of the challenges. To the right, there were five targets, all of which were the same size but at various distances. Again, he explained that in battle, an archer would need to be prepared to shoot things at both close range and far. The same time and point system would be awarded to the archers for the completion of this challenge.

Then Rondar pointed to the tree that was in the middle of the field. Johnny stood in front of the tree with an apple balanced on his head. "The archers have been instructed that the apple is the face of the enemy. They have the victim by the throat and the archer has thirty seconds to kill the enemy before they slit the victim's throat. Bonus points will be reward for completing this faster than the time, but failure to complete it would mean the death of the victim and thus a forfeiture of the competition."

"That's very nice, Rondar. But I'm not convinced that Apollo is that good."

"Let me show you, Sire." Rondar picked up his bow and proceeded to shoot all eleven targets in a total of four minutes and fifteen seconds. Each shot was a perfect bull's eye.

He gestured to Apollo to take his place. He took aim at the targets in the trees and got off all five arrows in two minutes and twenty seconds. Even though he went over the time, the crowd went wild as three of his arrows split the ones Rondar shot. He repeated the performance with the three closest targets in the second challenge. The fourth target, he hit the bull's eye, but just barely. His fifth arrow didn't make it to the target. The crowd let out a collective sigh of disappointment.

Before he could think about it, he took aim and shot his last arrow at his friend. The crowd was on its feet as the arrow shattered the first. "As you can see, Your Majesty," said Rondar when the crowd quieted, "your grandson is nearly my equal. His failing came from distance and speed which will come as his body develops."

The king couldn't argue with the logic and told Rondar to continue. "The archers will divide into three groups. The best score of each group will continue to the final round. Scores from both rounds will be added to determine the winner."

The archers divided and quickly rotated through the challenges. Things were running smoothly until Sir Stephen got to the apple challenge. He stood there with the arrow notched and aimed and then froze. He stood there staring at the apple. He stood there staring at Johnny. Then suddenly, he collapsed to his knees and started sobbing. "I can't do it. I can't shoot at a human even in a test. It's one thing to hunt deer, but I can't do it."

Rondar started to go to Stephen when a voice came from the back of the crowd. "If it were up to me, I would give the job to him. At least he's honest about his feelings about battle." Everyone looked behind them and saw Queen Susan and several others coming forward.

"You men always make such a production of these things. I don't see what's so hard about this."

She picked up one of the bows and the arrows that were prepared for the second round. She took aim at the first target; fired and had the eleventh arrow off the string in exactly four minutes.

"Susan," exclaimed William. "I had no idea that you were an archer."

"What did you think I did in weapons training when I earned my nickname? Did you think I was a pampered princess like my sister?" chided the Queen of Rysbal. "No, my father knew that I would need to understand weapons and the guard if I were to become an effective leader in times of battle."

She looked at Rondar, saying, "I'm disappointed in you. You talked to your people both here and in Adbalm seeking a new teacher, but did you bother to ask me? He is my heir too and I think I should have a say in his education as well."

Rondar dropped to his knees and begged for her forgiveness. "I am so sorry, Your Highness. When we started to look for a suitable teacher for the prince, we did not realize how difficult it would be to find one."

"Your apology is accepted. But that still does not get a teacher for my grand-nephew. Frankly, I am not impressed with any of the archers I just saw. I can name several in this court that can out shoot any of them. Johnny, come here and demonstrate."

The faerie picked up a bow and managed to split eight of Susan's arrows. It took him five minutes to do it. "You're getting slow. I haven't beaten you in the time trial in years. Johnny was taught by the same person that taught me."

"I didn't know you could do that," said Apollo.

"You never asked," replied the faerie.

Queen Susan said, "Here is another that is known to you that you did not ask to teach the prince." She motioned for Hilda Harbell to come forward.

One of the contenders shouted, "What? You think that fat, old lady is more qualified than us? The safest place I can think of is to be standing in front of the tree when she is shooting."

"If that is your desire, so be it," ordered the queen.

Hilda addressed the crowd. "Many of you don't know me, but I was the bodyguard for the Faerie Queen, Amaranth, before she retired to become the Queen of Rysbal. She felt that my sisters and I needed the finest instructors, so she convinced Prince Oliver, winner of the initial competition, to teach us."

*—continued on page 10*

She turned to the band that was sitting on the side. "Could you please play battle candence sixty for me?" The drummers started a heartbeat like rhythm.

"Archery is a fine hunting sport," she said. "But in battle, it is life and death. The archers need to be prepared to kill as many as possible before it ever gets to sword fighting." As she spoke, Hilda gathered the bows and arrows from the nine competitors and laid them in a row. "Gentlemen, start your timers now!"

In one beat of the drums, Hilda separated into her nine parts. In two counts, she and her sisters had the quivers on the back and bows in their hands. Before the crowd could react to the site of the full Hilda Guard in their battle leather, nine arrows had shattered the apple. A second later, the five hanging targets and four closest targets each had an arrow that shattered the ones shot by Queen Susan and Johnny. A second after that, nine arrows were flying toward the farthest target. The force of the nine simultaneous hits shattered the target.

Taking a beat for the crowd to realize what they just saw, the Hilda Guard turned their attention back to the man in front of the tree. They took aim and before he knew it, nine arrows were embedded in the tree...right under his groin. If anyone saw the wet stain in his trousers, no one said a thing.

"That is what archers are supposed to do," she said into the stunned silence. A descendent of the man who taught me is the one that taught Queen Susan and Sir Johnny Jump-up. Does anyone here doubt his qualifications as a teacher?"

A great shout of "no" came from everyone. Apollo noticed that most of the competitors were part of that shout.

"Now that the students have made the case for their teacher," said the queen, "let the teacher stand forth to make their own case." With her words, a tall, thin figure came forward. Like the original competitors, this person was masked. Even so, the prince thought he looked familiar.

"Since the one target is destroyed, let me make a slight alteration to the challenge," he said. He gestured to a couple of the Hildas and they got four of the hanging targets and moved them to each side of the apple. Other Hildas brought the two closest targets to the center and placed them on each side of the tree. Queen Susan stepped forward and took the position of apple holder.

"Susan, what are you doing?" asked William. "What if he misses?"

"Well, my heir will be one step closer to uniting the country."

"Now that the targets have been placed," continued the stranger, "the apple still represents an enemy holding the queen. The other targets are his guards that are standing at his side, swords drawn and ready to kill her. I have ten seconds to save her."

Queen Susan spoke. "As an added challenge, the Hilda Guard will be rushing to disarm him before he can 'kill' my attackers before they can kill me. Now!"

The sisters charged at the stranger. In a blur, he fired off arrows. In a single thud, the arrows at the targets had an arrow in their center. Other arrows were flying toward the hearts of the five Hildas rushing toward him and they quickly poofed out and returned to their natural state as part of Hilda Harbell. Two final arrows left

his bow, aimed at the two lower targets. When they hit their mark, each had a piece of the shattered apple speared on its point.

"Time," shouted the time keeper. Looking up from his watch "Did he succeed in saving the queen?"

"Indeed he did," said the king. "I never thought anyone human could do that. I thought that was a skill limited to the cen..."

"You would be correct, Your Majesty. Let that be our secret for now." The archer took off his mask, revealing Lord Cetee.

"Rondar," said the king. "Did you know about his skills? Why wasn't he selected up front?"

"I can answer that," said Cetee. "Yes, he did. But it has taken him the better part of the year to convince me that the prince was prepared to take his skills to the next level. Patience as the student fumbles with the basics is not one of my strengths. Once they can pass the basic William Brogrim Challenge, that's when they are ready for what I have to teach."

Rondar added, "Today has been Apollo's weapons final exam for this year as much as it has been a way to introduce his new teachers. When I first mentioned to the other weapons masters that I was considering a faerie, a woman or a history teacher as the archery master, I was met with stares of disbelief. Today's demonstration was the only way we could think of to prove beyond a doubt their qualifications to everyone."

The king turned to the crowd. "Do you approve Lord Cetee as the next Archery Master?"

The shout of approval was instantaneous.

As people started to head back to the castle, Apollo said to his friend, "I wish I could shoot like that."

The prince's faerie godfather looked at Hilda Harbell and said, "He said 'I wish.' Does this count as his first wish that I can grant?"

"Yes and no. Let's ask him a question first," said the senior member of the faerie godperson corps. "Young man, do you truly desire to take a short cut and magically earn the skill? Or were you simply hoping that with hard work, you would be able to earn that skill on your own?"

"The latter, my lady."

"Johnny, the answer is no, it doesn't. Good prince, this wish could have been granted. In the future, it would be good to remember the difference between wishing something will magically be true and hoping that some effort will produce desired results."

"Thank you kindly for this gentle lesson."

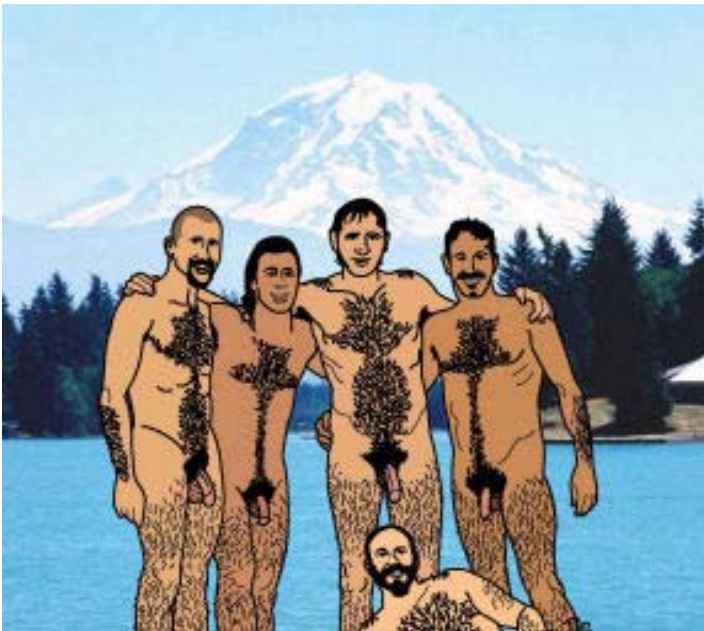
"You are most welcome. I just don't want to see you waste your wishes on things that you can achieve on your own given the proper time."

The prince and his Efgee headed off with arms around each other's waists. It was time for them to get packed for tomorrow's journey.

*To be continued...*



What we did on  
summer vacation...



...or is it who we did?



## Dante's Dream - Part 1 of 2

by Falcon

Dante Miller woke up in the usual way; not with a noisy alarm or the dismal news to break the peace of the morning. He reached over to his nightstand to grab the fresh cup of coffee that was brewing there. He had long ago discovered that the subtle building of the scent of fresh coffee penetrated the morning fog in his brain long before he was aware that he was awake. With the fog cleared he could take advantage of the extra minutes that his brain was active before his body caught up.

He took his first sip and thought, "This is better than sex." As often as he thought that, this was one of those days that the thought took a life of its own. "And just when was the last time you had sex?" came the flood of thoughts. The first thing that came to mind was the manager at the garage the previous month when his car needed its routine maintenance. "You look like you need a lube job yourself," the man said with a wink, as he added, "No extra fee of course."

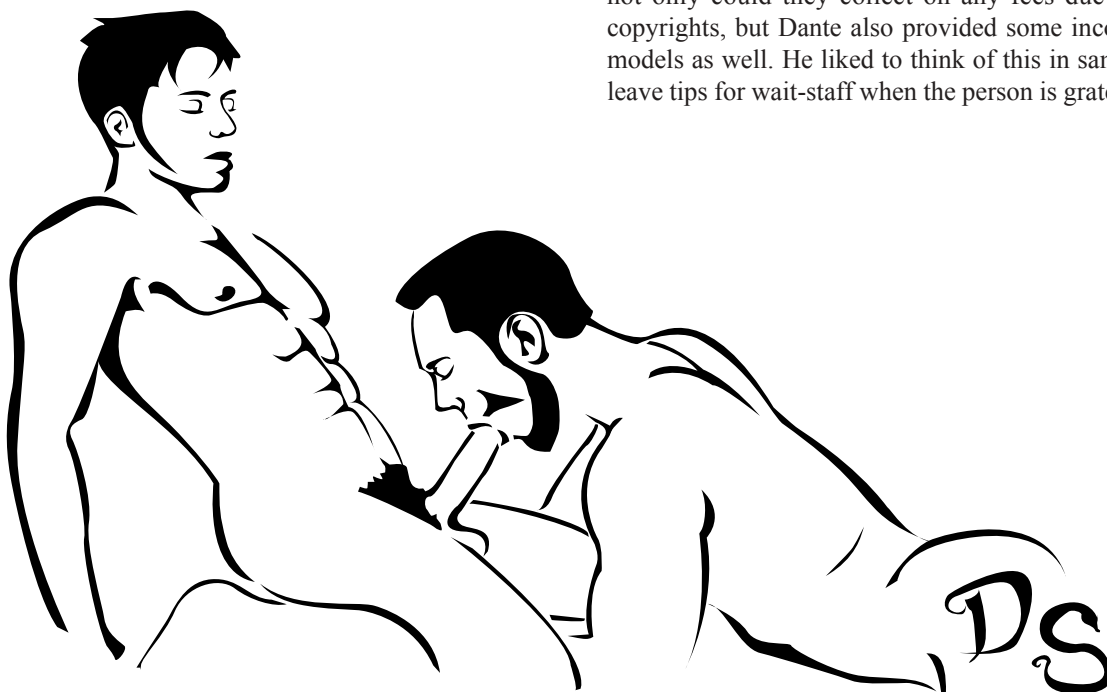
Dante's thoughts kept nagging him that the occasional tryst he allowed himself doesn't exactly make up for the months of celibacy in-between. "Shit," he thought, "just what I need today. A body that is on hormonal overdrive and I have meetings scheduled all day." His dick was rock hard as he got out of bed. "I should slap you around, you bad boy, but you would like it too much."

The reflection in the mirror caught his attention. A few months ago he had received an offer for a trial membership at a new gym that opened up in the area. Dante had looked at himself in the mirror that morning and thought that he was wearing his prosperity a little too proudly. He took the offer as a sign that *Someone* else agreed with his assessment and went in. Now, months later his efforts were starting to have visible results. He ran his hands over his chest and felt how the pecs had been firming up. His abs probably would never be washboard perfect, but his pants weren't as snug as they had been. He played with his dick a moment and said, "We'll save the rest for later. We have our training session with Bruce today and we should be able to find something to play with in the steam room afterwards."

His one concession to his dick was to not stuff it inside a pair of boxers. Dante knew it was silly to be the only one in his home and put on clothes to walk around. It wasn't as if anyone could look in his windows since he lived in a penthouse unit and his windows faced the park. No, it was more a business sense that prompted him to put on clothes at home. His normal routine was to check voice messages and emails first thing in the morning to see what fires developed overnight that needed his immediate attention. That little scrap of fabric on his groin helped remind him to be professional. "I guess they'll just have to deal with 'Casual Wednesday'", he thought.

He turned on his computer and grabbed his cell phone and dove into his morning routine. Three hours later after non-stop multi-tasking, he noticed an odd pattern develop on his calendar. Almost all of his meetings for the next couple of days were cancelled. Most of those were sales calls and he would normally be depressed to see the number of cancellations, but not today. Almost every one of those cancelled calls said that they were ready to sign the contracts and a meeting would be a waste of everyone's time.

Dante looked at his clock. It was time to grab a quick shower and head to office for his first appointment. While he showered he thought how lucky he was. What seemed like ages ago he had gotten tired of receiving internet porn that had stupid file names like "4.jpg" when it was obvious who the model was or getting "hothunk.jpg" and "studonarock.jpg" only to realize they were the same picture. He developed a database to log in key aspects of the picture which then gave him a consistent file name and would help alert him to duplicates. One of his friends found out about the program and worked out a way to make graphics software also recognize key features and color placement within the file which increased the elimination of duplicates even further. It wasn't long after that their collection of photos grew into a file trading web service much like the ones for music. As his site grew, he started to get the porn studios involved with the picture identification. They started giving him access to their full collection of photos so that not only could they collect on any fees due to them based on copyrights, but Dante also provided some income directly to the models as well. He liked to think of this in same way that people leave tips for wait-staff when the person is grateful for the service.



As he dried off, his thoughts rushed on to his upcoming meeting. After months of negotiation, Sweet Lethe STUDIO (*"We've put the studs back into the studio"*) was going to sign up. Dante had been collecting data on the SLS models that were already cataloged on the site and presented the numbers to the right people. The SLS studs were some of the most popular on the site. While \$0.00001 doesn't seem like a lot of money per picture, when you multiple it by an average of 10,000 hits per day for each of the 2,469 photos that they've identified as SLS models...well, it adds up really fast.

Dante got in his car and headed to the office. As he drove, he checked messages that had come in while he showered. During the twenty minute drive, he returned five calls. "How did I ever accomplish anything without this little thing," he thought as he put his phone back in its case.

He had just settled down at his desk when Marvin buzzed him to let him know that Thaniel Atos of Sweet Lethe STUDIOS and a guest had arrived. "Perfect timing as always," he thought. He greeted Mr. Atos ("Please call me Thaniel or Than. Mr Atos was my grandfather") and was introduced to Basil Hallward, head photographer for the studio. Dante gave the proper polite attention to Basil, a quite shy type who looked like he lived his life through what he saw in the camera. Thaniel was another matter. Dante had seen the formal pictures published in the magazines, but did little to capture the raw sexual energy that filled the room when the brunette giant stepped into the room.

As they were finishing up the paperwork, Dante asked, "I've always been curious about the name of your studio. Where does the name come from?"

"Lethe is the name of the river in mythology that causes people to forget things," replied Thaniel.

"That's an unusual choice."

"Not really," he said. "It comes from a desire on our part that once someone sees our models in action they will forget the rest."

Dante nodded in understanding. With the paperwork signed, Dante escorted his guests back to the reception area. He hadn't gotten back to his desk when he heard the click of his door being locked. He turned to see a totally naked Thaniel standing in the doorway. "I have to admit something," he said. "You know I work with only the hottest models." Dante nodded, wondering where this was headed. "Ever since our companies started negotiations and saw your picture, I have had a fantasy of having sex with you and having those as the first pictures we release to the web site. What do you think?"

The first thing that came to mind was a mixture of "Yippee" and "Did I miss something or did he just include me in the group of hot men?" and "I've died and gone to heaven" No matter what he was thinking, his dick grew hard. Even in his suit it was obvious to Thaniel.

"I had hoped that would be your answer," said Thaniel. He walked over to Dante and pulled him into a naked embrace and kissed him with a passion that could not be ignored. In the back of his euphoria he could hear Basil clicking picture after picture. "Do we need to sign a model release or something?" Dante asked.

"We'll do that when we do the formal photo shot. These are just for you to convince you that you really do have what it takes to

be a Sweet Lethe Stud." Thaniel didn't give him another opportunity to speak and Dante melted into the moment. It was not long before Dante's shirt and tie had come off and Thaniel was admiring Dante's chest. "Exactly what I imaged. Smooth with just those wisps of hair on the nipples." As Thaniel's mouth explored the upper body, his hands released Dante's cock from its confinement. The cloth restraint was quickly replaced with Thaniel's mouth as the hands coaxed Dante to step out of his pants.

Dante could feel his cum building up but he wanted to make this last for as long as possible. He coaxed Thaniel back to his feet. Lips met once again as the two men pulled each other into another embrace. "Ah, so much better without the clothes? Don't you think?" whispered Thaniel.

Dante moaned his pleasure as he nibbled on Thaniel's ear. He repeated the path that Thaniel's mouth had followed on his body. He enjoyed the soft moans that he heard as he played with Thaniel's nipples. Dante was eager to get to Thaniel's cock but he forced himself to enjoy everything on his way to the goal. After moments of exploring Thaniel's chest and abdomen, his tongue finally found the tip of the cock. He was about to savor the taste of Thaniel's pre-cum when a riot of sound broke the trance-like state Dante had gotten into. Not only was Dante's phone ringing, but Thaniel's was as well. Both men said they would ignore it. Almost in unison, they said "That's what voice mail is for."

"Boss, I didn't want to interrupt," came Basil's quiet voice, "but since you've stopped for a moment..."

"Yes?"

"I just got paged from Studio Nine. They have a diva that is insisting that they are too good to perform. The diva is saying that since their contract is with you they don't have to take orders from anyone else."

Than sighed, "When will they learn?" He pulled Dante back up to his feet and into an embrace. "Please forgive me but duty calls. Are you doing anything this evening?"

"Amazingly, no. My dinner meeting was cancelled."

"How about weekend plans?"

"Again, no. My calendar opened up this morning and I haven't had a chance to figure out what to do with the free time yet?"

"Good. Why don't you plan to come to my retreat this evening and stay for a while? One nice thing about the retreat is that no one can bother me unless I want them too. And after that sample, I can definitely say that for a couple of days I can be convinced that I don't want to be bothered."

Thaniel handed him a card. "Meet me at the Cock Eat Us Ferry. It is a private ferry so this card will get you past the security checkpoint. I was planning to be on the 7:06 run. Do you think you can make it?"

Dante nodded. "I hope I don't sound like a school girl, if it means being able to sail off into the sunset with you, I'll do whatever it takes to make it on time."

As Thaniel headed out the door, Dante thought he saw Thaniel wink at Basil and say "I'm counting on it."

*To be continued...*

# The Cubby Diaries - New Beginnings

by Cubby

It seems like Peter and I have been together forever. I have known him since Jesus died. How long does that make it? The calendar shows that it has only been a year since I had to take Jesus, my German shepherd, to the clinic to be put to sleep. Peter was the vet working that shift and eventually we started dating. This past year has been full of new discoveries. It is amazing how much better life can be when you have a supportive partner.

I knew I had found someone special the first time he saw me without my shirt. Most people run screaming from the room when they see the hair that covers my chest and spills over to my back. Half of those will run back with a razor in their hand to help me get rid of the disgusting growths. Peter, on the other hand, started to stroke it. His soft touch ran through me and I got all goose-bumpy. I had never had a lover that actually wanted to touch my fur. When I told him my experience with being made to feel like a second-class citizen because I did not fit the body perfect image being sold in magazines, he told me that I was beautiful just as I was. He told me that he loved each and every hair on my body and spent the rest of the evening proving it.

One weekend, I wanted to go to an event hosted by the Faeries and invited Peter to join me. We had talked about our spirituality and found that I had a kindred spirit. When I told him that I was with the faeries, he said he had stayed away from them in the past since he had heard that they just sit around in a circle and talk. I had to laugh at that because my last boyfriend played the super jealous game and wouldn't let me go because he had heard that being a faerie meant one sex party after another in the name of some great sex god. I told Peter that the truth about the faeries was somewhere in-between. This particular event was being hosted by a faerie that has a huge costume collection and he has an annual dress-up party. It was his way of letting folks let out the child spirit of their inner god or goddess.

When we got to Mabel's home, folks were already various stages of undress rummaging through the racks of costumes trying to decide which one they wanted to pick first once the party started. Whenever possible, when I am with the faeries I like to go skyclad, so after introducing Peter to everyone I stripped. I had told Peter that he could make his own decision about what his comfort level would be and was proud to see that he was stripping as well. Soon, our hostess gave the signal and everyone dove into the costumes and it looked like sale day at Macy's. Laughter filled the room as the various outfits were modeled. Some of the shier members were slower at picking out something, but Mabel has a gift of knowing which outfit would be perfect for everyone and they were soon in the thick of things trying to figure out the proper accessories to go with their outfit. Even those that had kept on their briefs found themselves in a naked condition as they changed into different costumes.

When everyone settled on their favorite outfit, we sat down for a circle. Mabel started it off by having everyone tell which god or goddess they were drawing down via their selection.

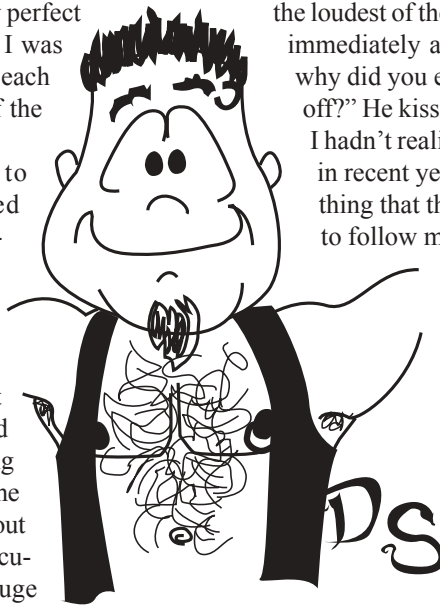
Each person walked around the circle giving everyone blessing appropriate to the deity. Peter had settled on a old-fashioned pink poodle skirt. The pink sweater was stretched and showcased the results of his workouts. When it came to his turn, he stood up and announced, "I'm Fifi, Patron Goddess of Lost Puppies." He twirled and the skirt floated up. Someone shouted, "Look, its Fifi with a peepee!" He twirled again and said that they were correct and that his name is properly spelled "P-h-i-P-h-i." The group chanted "PhiPhi! PhiPhi! PhiPhi!" and with each call of his name, he twirled and flashed everyone. Thus, Peter was given his first faerie name.

When we got back to his place, he told me that he had a great time and thanked me for inviting him. He said that he noticed that we were the hairiest men there and none of them ran screaming at the sight of our fur. In fact, he added, the wolf howls that came when we were in outfits that revealed some of the fur were some of the loudest of the night. He then asked me a question I couldn't immediately answer. "With them loving you and your fur, why did you ever date people who asked you to shave it all off?" He kissed me and let me think about it. I told him that I hadn't realized how much like a lost puppy I had become in recent years. He kissed me again and said, "It's a good thing that the Goddess PhiPhi has entered your life. Care to follow me home?" I thought he would never ask.

It wasn't long after that Peter moved in with me. I know what you are thinking. This is the third or fourth lover that I've talked about since I started writing for the Airy Faerie and here I am pulling out the wash-and-wear wedding gown. I can tell you that this was different. I know that's what they all say, but we had two very compelling reasons. The first was basic economics. Peter's lease on his townhouse was ending and the company wanted to go condo. My house has a mother-in-law suite in the basement that he could claim as his own space and he could retreat there when he would have gone back to his place. Ok, that part never happened, but it was the working theory at the time.

The second was the deciding factor as it was the bigger of the two reasons: his dog, Hamlet. You may recall that Hamlet is a Great Dane and that makes it a very big reason. One weekend when Peter and I had several plans, he asked if he could bring Hamlet over so that he didn't have to run back and forth to let him out. I have a big yard, so that was a no-brainer question to me. What I hadn't factored in was Hamlet's reaction to having a real yard. When it came time for Peter to head home on Sunday night, Hamlet planted his four feet in the ground and refused to get into the car. He decided that he had enough of a small townhouse and a wanted more space. The fact that Jesus's doghouse was still in the yard with its stained glass windows, plush carpet and wood shingled roof probably had nothing to do with it. Anyway, since Hamlet had invited himself to stay, we figured that Peter should take up residence as well.

We lucked out with the move as one of Peter's clients runs a moving company. They worked out a trade of services so that we





didn't have to tap our friends for the effort. It wasn't long thereafter that Peter's friends began to call wondering when they would get to meet me. Peter accepted an invitation from Jack and Gil to join them for dinner at their place. He told me that Jack was a gourmet chef and handed me the phone. Jack wanted to know if there was any special he could fix for me. When I looked at the frozen Cordon Bleu that I prepared for dinner all I could think of was wishing for the real thing. "Consider it done," he said.

When the day came, I was nervous as a new bride. Would his friends like me? Ok, Peter's mother loved me on first sight and his dog refused to leave my house, but these were his friends. They can have a way of putting you under a microscope and point out every reason why the relationship won't last. Peter finally gave up trying to convince me that his friends would adore me and took me out shopping. A couple of hours later, it was close to the appointed time and we were still out and about in our jeans. When I asked Peter if we should go home a change, he said "no". He reminded me that this was to be a casual evening and our hosts would love me no matter what I wore. He did allow me to put on one of the new shirts we bought, but that was as far as he would give in.

When we got to close to the house, I began to feel very underdressed. It was in one of those nice manicured lawn neighborhoods where each house could easily have three families living in it. When Peter rang the doorbell, my heart was pounding. This house had to cost a fortune and there I was in blue jeans and polo shirt. As the door opened, I began to feel better. Peter introduced me to Gil, who is a slim, trim gentleman with some of the hairiest arms I had ever seen. He was wearing grey sweatpants and an old baggy t-shirt. He gave me a big hug and led us through the house back to the kitchen to meet Jack.

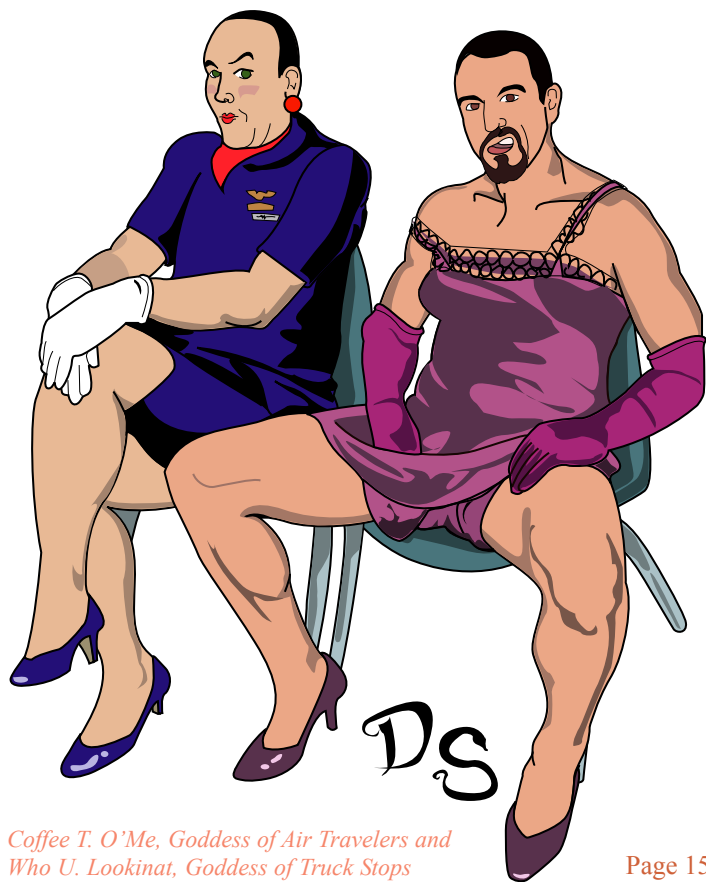
As we entered the room, I was met with a loud "SURPRISE!" mixed in with "Happy Birthday." It took a moment for it to dawn on me what was said. I had been so focused on my nerves that I didn't even realize it was my own birthday. As that started to penetrate my brain, my eyes began to register that the room was packed full of naked men, each one with his own thick pelt of fur. I soon found myself a part of one naked hug after another. If someone had told me I would have been overdressed at a party wearing a pair of jeans I would have thought they were crazy.

As it was, I wasn't allowed to feel that way very long. As soon as the first round of introductions and hugs were completed, I was given the chance to strip. As my shirt came off, someone shouted, "Peter, you lucky devil. No wonder we haven't seen you for a while." When the last of my clothes were off, Peter hugged me saying, "Happy Birthday, Cubby. These are my friends, The Bare-all Bears. I hope you don't mind that we didn't wrap your presents." The others took that as a signal and we found ourselves in the middle of a massive naked bear hug. I could feel the joy that each of them felt, both in being naked and in being able to share their furriness with each other.

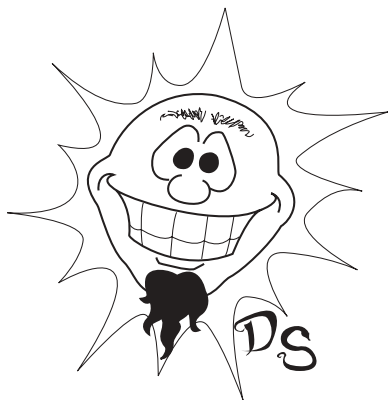
As promised, Jack truly is a gourmet cook and soon the two dozen of us sat down to an elegant meal. Afterwards, I started to help clear the tables but the surprises had only begun. Gil and his ex-lover, Matt, escorted me to one of the back rooms for a four-handed massage while everyone else cleaned up. As they

finishing up, the rest of the gang lined up on each side of the massage time. Gil announced that now that I was warmed up it was time for the "Birthday Blowout", only instead of candles on a cake, it was me that was going to get blowed. They had collected \$5 from everyone and drawn a name from the hat and put it in the envelope with the money. If I shot my wad while that person had control of my dick, I got the money. If not, that person got it. As people rotated in and out of the sucking station, other were kissing and stroking any part of my flesh they could touch. As much as I wanted to make it last, I eventually let out a load that caught a couple of people in the eye. When I looked down at my crotch, there was Peter, giving my dick one more lick before standing up. When the envelope was opened and I unfolded the scrap of paper inside, the name I saw printed was Peter's. Double Happy Birthday to me! I got a great group blowjob and I got to keep the money.

Of all the presents that Peter could have given me, that evening had to be the best thing possible. More than simply giving me new friends that I can share naked times with, he gave me a community that celebrates hair, not shaves it. But mixed in with all of that, he gave me something more precious than anything money could buy. He gave me back a part of myself that I didn't even realize was gone. My previous boyfriends had convinced me that I had to change myself to fit their notion of the body beautiful. Peter gave me a fur-covered mirror so that I could see that I am beautiful just the way I am.



*Coffee T. O'Me, Goddess of Air Travelers and  
Who U. Lookinat, Goddess of Truck Stops*



# Sun and Moon Gods/Goddess Puzzle

by Professor Percival "Perry" Grinn

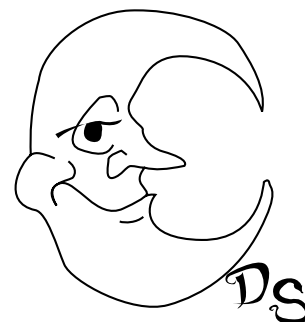
I've gathered many of the Gods and Goddesses of the Sun and Moon that were discussed at the recent class at Faerie University. In order to not be accused of playing favorites on the solar-lunar scale or the male-female scale, there are six each of the combination of deity and celestial body, for a total of twenty four deities listed from seventeen cultures. You know the drill – words can found horizontally, vertically, or diagonally, forward or backward. I have given you the cultures that honor these deities, but for extra credit can you identify which are the Gods and which are the Goddesses? How about which are the solar or lunar deities? (*Answer to the bonus questions are at the bottom.*)

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

**Amaterasu** (Japanese)  
**Annigan** (Inuit)  
**Apollo** (Greek)  
**Artemis** (Greek)  
**Coyolxauhqui** (Aztec)  
**Hina** (Polynesian)  
**Huitzilopachtli** (Aztec)  
**Ix-Chel** (Mayan)

**Khons** (Egyptian)  
**Kidili** (West Australian)  
**Liza** (West African)  
**Lugh** (Celtic)  
**Malina** (Inuit)  
**Mawu** (West African)  
**Nefertum** (Egyptian)  
**Pah** (Pawnee)

**Quilla** (Incan)  
**Shakaru** (Pawnee)  
**Sol** (Norse)  
**Soma** (Hindu)  
**Tsohanoai** (Navajo)  
**Tsuki-Yomi** (Japanese)  
**Unelanuki** (Cherokee)  
**Yarikh** (Sumerian)



Answer to Puzzle Bonus Credit Questions:  
 Sun Gods: Apollo, Huitzilopachtli, Liza, Lugh, Nefertum, Tsohanoai  
 Sun Goddesses: Amaterasu, Malina, Shakaru, Sol, Unelanuki, Yarikh  
 Moon Gods: Annigan, Khons, Kidili, Pah, Soma, Tsuki-Yomi  
 Moon Goddesses: Artemis, Coyolxauhqui, Hina, Ix-Chel, Mawu, Quilla