

Airy Faerie  
Yule, 2005

Yuletide Fun



## Publisher's Notes

### Happy Yule, Gentle Readers!

This time of year brings with it so much stress and anxieties that it is sometimes hard to be merry and jolly. I often wonder if the Gods are laughing or crying as they watch us dealing with this holiday. The returning of the sun after the longest night should be a time to rejoice and celebrate. Yet, in the rush to make the season merry and bright, we forget that we should be enjoying this time of the year.

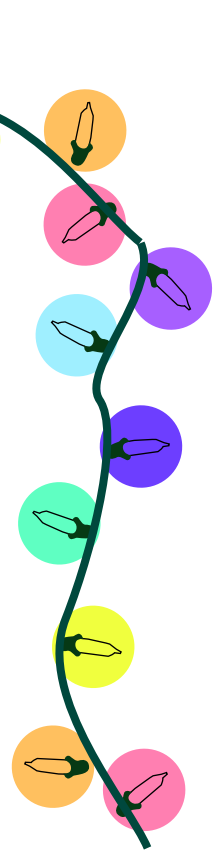
At one time or another everyone, myself included, has said they have lost the spirit of the season. Some of us have the spirit drained from us as we witness the mass marketing of the holy day. Others often feel alone in an over crowded world that almost makes a mockery of togetherness. As I list the problems of the season, I struggle to give a solution that isn't dripping with the sugary gingerbread that fills my head from watching one too many Christmas specials on TV. Now don't think for a moment that I am turning into a Scrooge or a Grinch, heck I just bought the Charlie Brown Christmas DVD, and I am looking forward to putting my train set around the base of my holiday tree. So while I am one who will be decking my halls, I know that this is the hardest season for so many. I wish I had more to offer them than warm wishes and a glass of egg nog. But then, maybe I underestimate the power of a wish. Maybe there really is special magic in the evening star on the darkest night that makes wishes come true. If that is the case, then let me make this wish. I wish that all the wonderful faeries and yes, even the bitchy ones, feel the real magic of the season. May we all rejoice and celebrate the return of the light with dear loved ones. OK, where is that damn "Muppet Christmas Carol" video? I need a little holiday cheer right now damn it! I hope you all enjoy this season! Goddess bless us, every one.

OK, I have gone on long enough and have yet to mention the 2005 Yule issue of the Denver Faeries' Airy Faerie. I hope this issue brings you some holiday cheer. Are you tired of singing the same old words to the music that fills the air during this season. This year, we offer you some alternative lyrics that you can substitute in place of the traditional words. Some are focused on the sacred nature of the season. Other songs have fun faerie twists to them. If you have created some Yuletide carols of your own, please send them our way and we'll add them to the Faerie Songbook for next year.

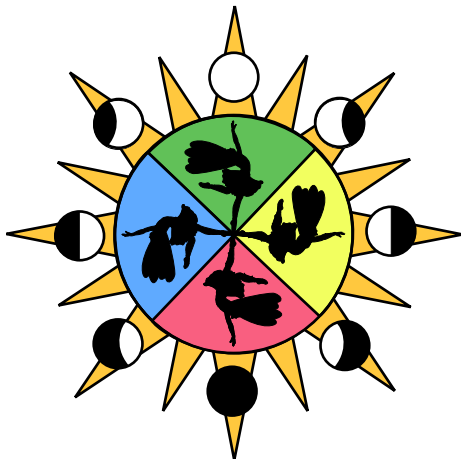
I will shut up now and let you enjoy the gifts of the Denver Faeries. Please remember that some of the gifts in the Airy Faerie contain male nudity, or gay sex. Share this with only those who wish to view such things, and if you are not interested in seeing naked men or queer sex, then please close this issue, but keep the wish for holiday cheer.

Enjoy the Yule issue of the Airy Faerie and enjoy the season.

Naked Hugs and Faerie Blessings,  
DragonSwan



## Airy Faerie



Yule, 2005

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

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### Publisher's Notes, Too

I am going to tell you a bit about the collaborative effort that goes into some of the art that you see in the pages of Airy Faerie. DragonSwan is constantly working on various graphics. As we approach an issue, he presents me with a wide range of choices from which to select. He then works on the selected ones to add his finishing touches to make them ready for publication.

Many times while I am working on the layout for an issue, I see a spot where some art is needed and tell DragonSwan that I need something that fits a certain space or mood. A few days later, the perfect graphic shows up in my in-box.

At other times, we sit a talk through ideas such as a graphic to fit a particular story or what the cover should look like. Since we are in a cover series featuring the bear and wolf, and their little friendly otter, we sat and talked about what they might be doing - hanging stockings with the otter in one, or decorating a Yule Log, or maybe building snowfigures that looked like the other character.

This issue has a special piece of art, and I want to tell the story behind its creation. Many years ago, I tagged along with the Denver Gay Men's Chorus on their concert tour to Washington D.C. and Boston. My partner and I went early so that we could spend a couple of days wandering through the museums in D.C. The day of the concert we discovered the Renwick Gallery, which is across from the Old State House. In the main gallery was a beautiful picture of an angel with an arched back, wings and robe swirling around her as she ascended toward the heavens. The painting was in shades of blue and we stood in amazement at the artistry of the picture. To the best of my fading memory, the picture was called "The Blue

Angel." Time was short and we had to get to rehearsal and didn't have time to learn about the artist.

When we got home, the image was still in my brain, so I got out my pencils and created my version of "The Rainbow Angel." Over the years, my hand drawing had been put away in a box and I would find her and say to myself, "I really want to do something with this picture...if only I were a more skilled artist." Enter DragonSwan.

With his encouragement, I started playing with the graphics program we use and I created the background for the picture. I roughed in the wings and body and turned the graphic over to him for refinement. For the Airy Faerie, we decided that instead of the traditional female form in flowing robes, we wanted a male angel in a sarong. As DragonSwan added his talent for drawing the male body, we realized that this angel didn't need a sarong. The finished design can be found on page 9.

Thank you, DragonSwan for helping make my vision a reality. A thank you goes to the unknown artist that inspired the picture in the first place.

I have to add that when I look at most angels, I have to wonder something. We always see the long blond hair and flowing white dresses, generally of a feminine shape, but the only major angel names that I know of are names like "Michael", "Peter", and "Gabriel." You don't think they are really drag queens, do you?

Happy Yule! And may all your snuggles be tight!  
Naked hugs,  
Falcon

## Faerie Yule Sing-A-Long

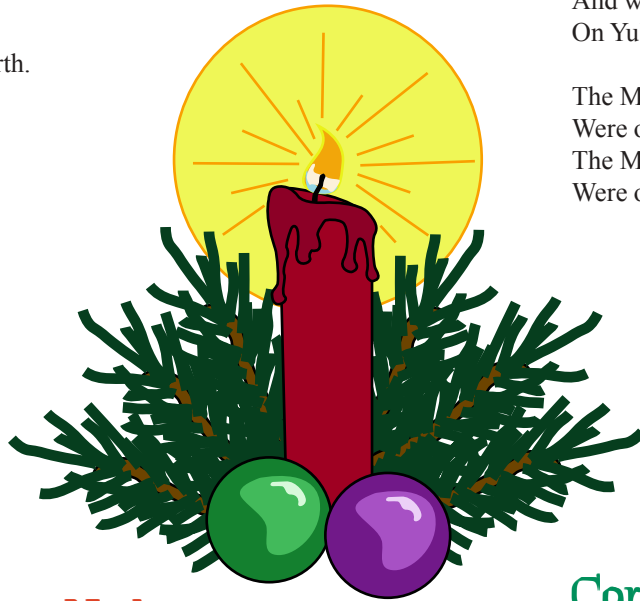
### Spirit Guides From Realms of Glory

Tune: Angels From the Realms of Glory

Adapted by Falcon

Spirit guides from realms of glory,  
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;  
Ye who sing creation's story,  
Now proclaim the Sun Lord's rebirth.  
    Blessed Yuletide  
    Blessed Yuletide  
    Blessed be the Sun Lord's birth.

Sages leave your contemplations,  
Brighter visions beam afar;  
Join the Crones and take your stations  
Ye have seen his natal star.  
    Chorus



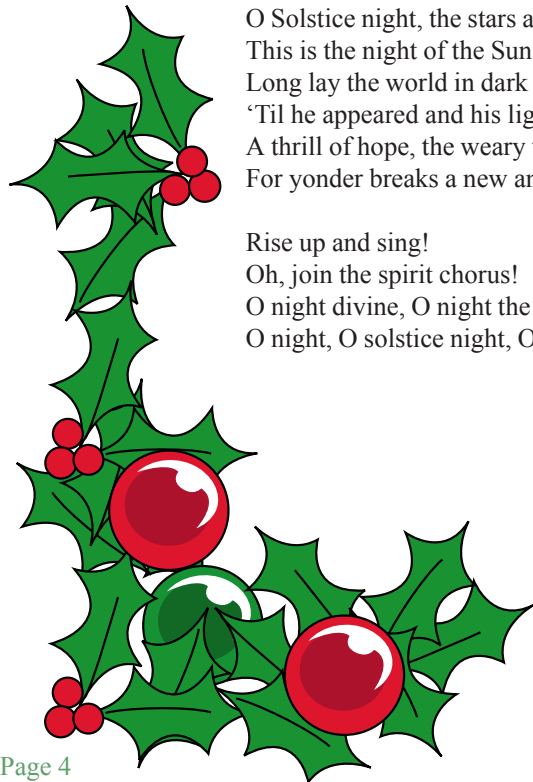
### O Solstice Night

Tune: O Holy Night

Adapted by Atian and Jowir

O Solstice night, the stars are brightly shining,  
This is the night of the Sun Lord's rebirth.  
Long lay the world in dark anticipation  
'Til he appeared and his light touched the earth.  
A thrill of hope, the weary world rejoices,  
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn.

Rise up and sing!  
Oh, join the spirit chorus!  
O night divine, O night the Sun Lord comes!  
O night, O solstice night, O night divine



## I Saw Three Ships

Tune: I Saw Three Ships

Adapted by Falcon

I saw three ships come sailing in  
On Yuletide day, on Yuletide day.  
I saw three ships come sailing in  
On Yuletide day in the morning.

And who were on those ships all three  
On Yuletide day, on Yuletide day?  
And who were on those ships all three  
On Yuletide day in the morning?

The Maiden, Mother and the Crone  
Were on those ships, were on those ships.  
The Maiden, Mother and the Crone  
Were on the ships that Yuletide.

## Carol of the Quarters

Tune: Carol of the Bells

Lyrics by Orpheus

Hail to the East!  
Hail to the South!  
Hail to the West!  
Hail to the North!

Hail to the Air!  
Hail to the Fire!  
Hail to the Water!  
Hail to the Earth!

Faeries are calling, come join our circle,  
Join with the Faeries this longest night.  
(repeat)

Blessed, blessed, blessed, blessed Solstice!  
Blessed, blessed, blessed, blessed Solstice!

Hail to the East!  
Hail to the South!  
Hail to the West!  
Hail to the North!

So mote it be!  
Hssssssssssssss

## Hail to the Maiden

Tune: Come All Ye Shepherds

Lyrics by Okapi

Hail to the Maiden, Hail to the Mother,  
Hail to the Ancient Crone!  
Hail to the Green Man, Hail to the Oak King,  
Hail to the Holly King!  
Hail to the Lords and Hail to the Ladies,  
Hail to the Lords and Hail to the Ladies,  
Come, join our Yuletide Feast!

## Calling Quarters

Tune: Westminster Quarters

Lyrics by Okapi

Hail to the East,  
The home of Air.  
Be welcome here,  
So mote it be.

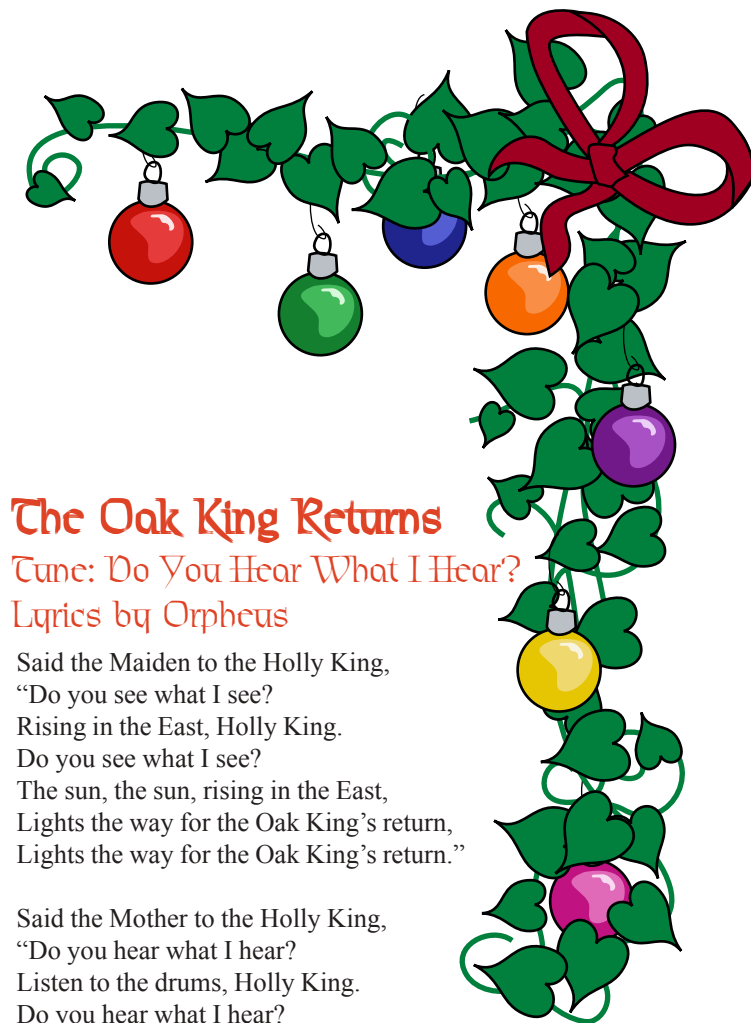
Hail to the South,  
The home of Fire.  
Be welcome here,  
So mote it be.

Hail to the West,  
The home of Water.  
Be welcome here,  
So mote it be.

Hail to the North,  
The home of Earth.  
Be welcome here,  
So mote it be.

When done in circle, this is very effective when done as the traditional round. East sings their part completely through. Once they repeat their "Hail to the East," South then starts their part and so on until all parts have been added and sound is rolling around the circle.

At this point, "Hail to the Maiden" (above) can be added by the leaders as a descant to call the Goddesses and Gods to the circle. Once the descant has been added and sung through once, each of the Quarters should finish their part of the round and join in the call to the Lords and Ladies.



## The Oak King Returns

Tune: Do You Hear What I Hear?

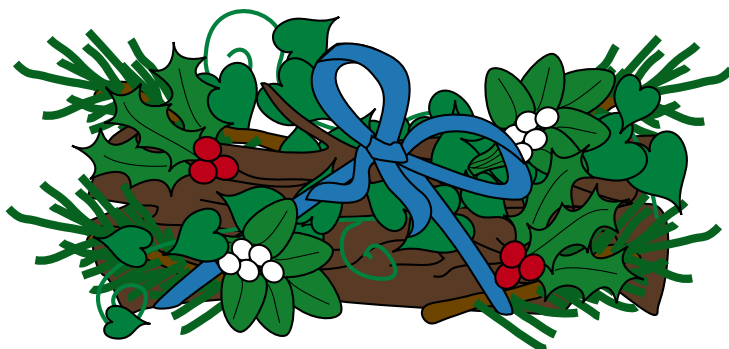
Lyrics by Orpheus

Said the Maiden to the Holly King,  
"Do you see what I see?  
Rising in the East, Holly King.  
Do you see what I see?  
The sun, the sun, rising in the East,  
Lights the way for the Oak King's return,  
Lights the way for the Oak King's return."

Said the Mother to the Holly King,  
"Do you hear what I hear?  
Listen to the drums, Holly King.  
Do you hear what I hear?  
With drums and song, they praise Oak King's return,  
He brings light to end the longest night.  
He brings light to end the longest night."

Said the Ancient Crone to the Holly King,  
"Do you know what I know?  
Now your reign is through, Holly King.  
Do you know what I know?  
Oak King is here to take his throne again,  
Let His light grow stronger every day.  
Let His light grow stronger every day."

Said the Ladies Three to the new Oak King,  
"Listen to what We say.  
Spread your light for all the world to see.  
Listen to what We say.  
You were cut down, but now you have returned,  
Let your light give hope to the world.  
Let your light give hope to the world."





# Quest for the Crystal Phoenix - Chapter 10: Secrets in the Valley

by Orpheus

Prince Apollo enjoyed the past couple of days on the road with Johnny, Cetee and Rondar. He had enjoyed the trips between Resquad and Alphatown with his grandmother, but this was different. For Rose, travel was something that had to be endured to get between two places. There was little that fascinated her about the pastoral countryside, so they would spend most of the journey inside the carriage, often with closed curtains. This year, he was riding on his own horse and could actually see the places where they were riding.

It was more than just that for him. His traveling companions made it fun. Johnny had taught him some basic magic during the past year. Now, when they traveled through the forest, Apollo could see signs of the magical elf trails that could allow a person to travel quickly and unseen by those on the main road.

Rondar made a game of archery practice by using the game "I Spy." Someone would shout out something like "I spy a tree with a knothole the shape of Viola's nose." The first archer to shoot the correct target before they passed it got to pick out the next object.

Apollo loved his history classes with Lord Cthdêhässébüt. On the road, his teacher told him tales about various towns they passed through. When he learned that Sir Evan, slayer of the Dragon of Mount Phire, was buried in one of the local cemeteries, he persuaded everyone to make a quick detour to visit the grave. He was surprised to see it overgrown. Even the grasses and wildflowers that had taken over cemetery had the feel of neglect. Everything was brown and withered. Cetee could see this disappointment in his student's face.

"Don't forget that he's been dead for over two hundred years. Those that cared the most about him are long gone. Those that cared most about his glory lived in Resquad. After he killed the dragon, he grew tired of the celebrity of being the 'Great Dragon Slayer' with everyone wanting to have his company so that they could claim that they knew him. He hated the notoriety and the hatred he got from others. They would jeer him as being the killer of a great and noble beast that had harmed no one."

"How could they say that?" asked Apollo. "Wasn't the dragon responsible for the destruction of several villages around Mount Phire?"

"That had been the thought at the time. Villages were burned and there was a dragon on the prowl, therefore it must have been the dragon. Sir Evan learned later that another village was destroyed while he was fighting the dragon. Someone had wanted people to believe that the dragon was responsible. When Sir Evan learned of the deception, he quietly retired, changed his name and settled out here in the country. Only after his death did his friends learn about his past."

"Did they ever figure out who was responsible?"

"No. Father has his suspicions, but without evidence he won't tell me his theory. It falls into the 'when you are old enough to understand' category that drives me crazy," said Cetee with a sigh.

While they talked, the prince had cleared the grave of the worst of the growth that had claimed dominance of Sir Evan's resting place. He placed his hand on the simple headstone. "Your actions may have been wrong in hindsight but the intent was to save lives. On behalf of the people of Riangle, I thank you for your efforts and I forgive you for causing the unnecessary death of a noble creature. Rest in peace."

A soft breeze brushed his face and the prince imagined that he heard the words "Thank you" in its touch. He turned back toward his friends and saw an amazed look on their faces. Johnny was pointing to something behind the prince. Apollo turned back

toward the grave and saw that a wave of green was washing out from the headstone. The grass and flowers looked healthy again. Flashes of color could be seen as blossoms opened. The prince stood dumbfounded at the transformation around him.

"Don't look so surprised," said Johnny. "The power of love and forgiveness is some of the greatest magic. Sir Evan has been blaming himself all these years. His self-condemnation was poison to everything around him, even in death. You cared enough to forgive him and thus cured the sickness in the ground that was killing the plants."

"But didn't others say that to him back then?"

"Certainly," said Johnny. "But none of them were the voice he needed to hear. The forgiveness of the Crown that had ordered him into battle in the first place is what he has been longing to hear."

The group silently got back on their horses. As they rode out of the cemetery, the prince looked back. What had been a place of neglect and pain, now looked restful. "I'm glad we stopped," he said.

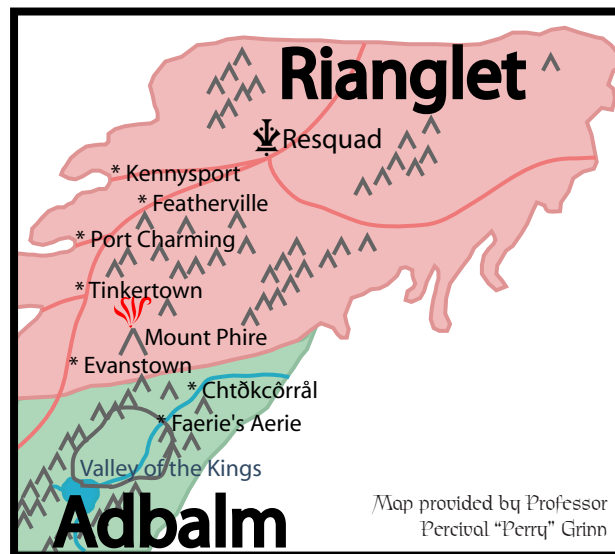
"So are we," said his friends, almost in unison.

The group rode in silence as each of them thought about what had happened. Rondar broke the silence with the announcement that they were stopping for the evening and were going to set up camp. Apollo had been so lost in his thoughts that he had not realized that they had come to a town. He looked around and was surprised to find that they were in a clearing in a forest. "Where are we?" he asked.

"Welcome back," said Johnny. "From that look on your face, you have been visiting someplace nice while we've been riding." Johnny helped him dismount and gave him a hug.

"I agree," said Cetee. "I don't think he was aware of anything since we left the main road."

Rondar added, "As long as you weren't falling off your horse,



we decided not to disturb you. How do you feel?"

"Physically, I feel fine," he said, "but I feel drained. I know I've been riding all day, but I feel like I've had one of Rondar's heavy workouts."

Johnny led him away from the campsite and had him sit by one of the tall pines. "You are suffering from the effects of working some pretty powerful magic this morning. I want you to think back on our lessons about grounding yourself and close your eyes."

The faerie led him through a meditation that helped the prince reconnect with himself. By the end, the prince felt restored. "Thank you," he said. "When you had me connect with the earth, I felt something strange. It was almost like it was waiting for me to connect so it could give something to me."

Johnny told him it wasn't so strange. He reminded the prince that everything in the world is connected in some way. Everything that Apollo had healed was waiting for the chance to give something back as a way to say thank you.

Apollo turned to face the tree he had been sitting under. "Please share with those to whom you are connected, that it was my pleasure and honor to be able to help today." He gave the tree a hug.

"Hey! Save some of that for me," exclaimed the faerie.

When Apollo turned to face the faerie it finally connected in his brain that Johnny had been naked ever since he helped him dismount. "Can we be naked here?" he asked.

"Why not?" he replied. "One, we are out in the middle of nowhere and no one is here to see us. And two, we are on Saddleback Ridge, which is the western entrance to the Valley."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"We did, but you weren't exactly listening at the time. So hurry up and get your clothes off and give me a proper hug."

Apollo quickly did as he was instructed. He expected the faerie to turn the hug into something a bit more playful, but the faerie just held him. He felt Johnny grow a little bit larger so that his head rested on Johnny's shoulder. The faerie put his hand on Apollo's head and stroked his hair. "Just relax," he said. "You did good today and I'm very proud of you."

After a long embrace, Johnny leaned over and kissed Apollo's head. "It smells like supper is ready. Are you hungry yet?"

Apollo's stomach grumbled at the mention of food. "I think that answers your question," he replied. "And thanks for everything. I needed that hug more than I realized."

"You're welcome," said the faerie.

They walked back to the main campsite. To Apollo's disappointment, Rondar was wearing a light brown caftan. Worse yet, he was handing a similar caftan to him. "Here, put this on." Seeing the disappointment on the prince's face, he added, "Yes, you can be naked here, but this fabric has been treated with special herbal dyes that help repel most of the biting insects that live here on the ridge."

While Rondar was talking, Apollo felt the sting of several bites, and accepted the gift of the caftan. After putting it on, the group settled down to dinner. By the time they finished eating, the prince was yawning. "Someone looks tired," said Johnny.

Apollo was about to deny that when he yawned again. Johnny lit a faerie light and led him to the tent they shared. The two snuggled

for a while and soon the prince was asleep. Johnny kissed him on the head and slowly shrunk down to faerie size so that he would not disturb him. As he flew out of the tent he said, "Good night, sweet prince."

Johnny went back to the campfire. Cetee had gone to bed and Rondar was sitting alone watching the fire. Johnny grew to mortal size and said, "I need a hug."

Rondar pulled the faerie into his embrace. After a moment, Rondar felt the faerie crying. "What's wrong?" he asked. He leaned back from Johnny so that he could look in his eyes. "Never mind, I know the answer. You love him don't you?"

"No more than I did his father before him."

"That bad, huh?"

"Worse. You would think that being a teacher all these years, I would learn not to get emotionally attached. But every so often one comes along that is special and something connects. My head knows that there will come a day when they grow up and then they won't have time for faeries anymore. That doesn't make my heart feel any better. With that little taste of his potential today, he's growing up fast and I don't want that yet. It's too soon."

"I think I know what you need. Hold on a second." Rondar got up and grabbed a couple bundles of grass that were next to the fire. After tossing them into the flames, the area filled with smoke. "That should keep the bugs away for a while." Rondar stripped off his caftan. He pulled Johnny into a naked embrace.

"Just because adults don't have time for faeries, doesn't mean we don't need you. I have a secret for you. If Apollo hadn't asked you to join us, Adam had told me to ask you. And if you said 'no' I was told to ask Hilda for the special faerie rope that stretches with your size so that I could tie you up and bring you anyway."

"With a threat like that, I wish I had known so I could have played hard to get."

"Adam still loves you and so do I." Rondar gave the faerie a long kiss.

The fire popped, breaking the silence of the night and startling them momentarily. "It's getting late and I want to get an early start," said Rondar. "Do you want to help me say thank you to the fire spirits?"

"Like the old days?"

The two kissed again and then parted to stand on opposite sides of the fire. Each grabbed his cock and began stroking it. The firelight played on each of the bodies. Johnny loved looking at flesh, but something was more intense when he saw the shadows along Rondar's muscles. He felt their connection though the fire; from his dick into the fire and into Rondar's massive manhood and back again. Johnny would be stroking out to the tip while Rondar's hand was at the base of his cock. Back and forth, faster and faster like men with a two-handed saw, until a stream of cum flowed between the two of them and into the fire.

"Thank you, Fire," they said in unison.

Silently, the two circled back to each other for another embrace. They sat down and watched as the flames dwindled down to embers. Rondar kissed the faerie good-night and went to his tent.

*—continued on page 8*

Johnny flew back to Apollo's tent and snuggled in beside the prince.  
"Hey you two, time to wake up." Rondar was standing at the tent flap.

"It's still dark out," said Apollo.

"The sun will be up by the time we finish packing up the tents. If we get moving quickly, we should join your father by noontime."

"Yippee!"

"That's uncivilized," complained Johnny. "How about we sleep until noon and get there by sunset?"

Rondar grabbed one of Apollo's pillows and tossed it at the faerie. Even sleepy, Johnny could shrink fast enough to avoid the blow.

"Now that you're out of bed, we can get moving," said Rondar. "And don't forget to get dressed."

"Do I have to? Johnny told me we were in the valley already."

"That's true. But riding naked all day can leave certain areas very raw. I doubt you want to spend the next several days with blisters on your thighs and butt."

Apollo couldn't think of a good argument, so he began the sad task of putting on clothes. Everything was quickly packed and soon they were on their way. Within a few hours Apollo started to recognize places that he had explored the previous summer. As expected, the sun was just reaching its zenith when they spotted the campsite.

"Remember, first one naked gets the first naked hug with father," said the prince.

"I won that contest last night," said Johnny. "Just because you weren't paying attention doesn't invalidate the fact that I was naked before anyone else even got off their horse."

"I never got my horse off," said Cetee with an air of indignity. "Even if I wanted to, I couldn't because she's a mare."

Before Johnny could respond, Apollo let out a loud whoop. He had spotted his father and raced ahead of the others. All thoughts of getting naked were second in his mind to just being with his father. He nearly knocked his father over as he leapt off the horse into Adam's arms.

The king gave his son an enthusiastic hug, lifting him off the ground. "I won't be able to do that much longer."

"What? Is life on the throne making you weak?" asked Rondar, still sitting on his horse. As he dismounted, he added, "Or is it that you are just getting old?" Rondar held out his right arm, which Adam grabbed at the elbow and pulled him into a 'manly' hug.

"You two know nothing about being old," said Cetee. "When you get to be my age..."

"May we never live that long," said Adam, cutting off his former teacher. Adam held up his hand to help Cetee dismount. The two quickly hugged.

"My turn," said Johnny, "but first that sarong has to go. Why are you wearing it anyway?"

"It would be socially rude to welcome clothed guests in the buff."

"Don't scare me like that. You sound like Queen Rose. Socially rude, my eye," said Johnny. "Since when is it socially rude to greet me in the manner of my choice?"

"I don't know, but it was the first thing that came to my mind,"

Adam said. "Either you take the hug offered now or you don't get any later." Johnny pouted but accepted the king's hug. "Now that everyone has had a formal hug, everyone can strip as far as they want and come in for a group hug."

Apollo had already taken off his shirt and was busy watching Rondar. He had always been fascinated with the smooth silky hair on his weapons teacher's arms and wondered if it covered his entire body. Rondar had just started to pull up his shirt when Cetee spoke, "Are you sure this is wise, your majesty? After all..."

The use of the formal tone diverted the prince's attention. He turned toward them and noticed that Cetee was using his head to toward his direction.

"Why not? He's seen me naked before, as well as Johnny. Why should that be a problem?" Adam paused a moment and got a look of enlightenment on his face. "Oh, you mean is it alright for him to see you naked? He's going to learn sooner or later that you're..."

"Really a horse's butt," interrupted Johnny, who started to burst out laughing at his joke. "Or is it that you are hung like a horse?"

"Johnny, for all of your teasing of Cetee, I would think you are jealous," said Adam. "Cetee, please feel free to get comfortable."

Apollo was puzzled by the conversation. He had never thought about what his teacher looked like under his formal court clothes. He was a respected person and didn't have the girls in court swooning around. To the prince's eye, Cetee looked like an average older man, slightly taller than most. He carried himself with the air that filled the room with feelings of honor and trust, more than something that inspired childhood fantasies.

All conversation stopped as Cetee stepped out of his pants. As soon as the fabric was removed, Apollo stole a glance at Cetee's groin and didn't see anything that seemed to be unusually large. Then he noticed a strange line appear down the sides of Cetee's legs, from the hip on down to the toes. Cetee let out a loud "Arrgg" and before Apollo could ask if something was wrong, he felt his father's hand on his shoulder. Adam told his son that this was normal.

Apollo watched with horror and fascination as the line grew into a split and slowly what had been two legs now looked like four. The split continued to grow and Cetee's body began to stretch and his legs began to darken. After a moment's time, Johnny's comments started to make sense as Cetee's lower body began to look more like a horse with each passing moment. Apollo looked up and saw that the upper body no longer looked like an old man. The torso had deepened. The frail arms were now larger and stronger than most of the guards that Apollo had seen in the showers. "Oh, it feels so good to have four hooves under me again." Cetee's frail, scholarly voice was now deep and resonating.

"You're a centaur?" gasped Apollo in amazement.

"Guilt as charged," Cetee responded. "I truly don't know how you creatures manage to live your entire lives on only two legs."

Still in shock, the prince said, "When we talked about centaurs in class you never mentioned that they could do that."

Cetee explained that he was the only one that could. He explained that the kings of Adbalm had always enjoyed the teaching of his father. By the time King Alanzo sat on the throne,

*-continued on page 10*







something had changed and people began to distrust everything magical, much like your Queen Rose. Fearing for the safety of any centaur scholar, King Alanzo petitioned Queen Amaranth to come up with a solution. She gave Cetee the ability to change into human appearance. She was wise in many ways, for each time he changes, his appearance changes to resemble the male human that he is closest to at the time. The spell was set that as long as he remained clothed among people, the spell would last. The spell would be broken if he was naked around human or if a centaur was within a hundred feet of him.

"But why you?" asked the prince.

"Amaranth said that by nature centaurs represent natural magic and as such it is very difficult to perform transformation magic on them. She said that I was the only centaur qualified for the position that had enough human blood that she ensure that the spell would work for any length of time."

"Speaking of centaurs," said Adam, "Your father sent a message this morning that your presence is expected at dinner tomorrow. He said that he has some things to share with you before you bring Apollo for a visit in a couple of weeks."

"Then I had better be running along," said the centaur.

"Don't you mean trotting along" said the faerie with a snicker.

"And your mother sent a message as well," said Adam. "She said you were twenty years late for supper and she won't take no for an answer. She has taken up residency at the summer lodge at Faerie's Aerie. If your mother's simple request is not met, then she said to tell you that as Princess Myrtle Thornwood of the Insemin Nation, she would love to announce your pending marriage to Adele Vise."

"That's blackmail!"

"Sad but true, and effective I'm sure," said Adam. "And Cetee, to you she extends the hospitality of her humble home for the evening."

"Gracious lady, as ever," said Cetee. "Since we seem to be going the same direction Johnny, do you want to ride me?"

"I thought you would never ask, you big stud. But don't you think we need to get moving if we are to make it to Mother's by dinner time?"

Adam, Rondar and Cetee all looked at each other. "Incorrigible," they said.

"Climb on and let's go," said Cetee.

Johnny gave everyone a quick hug and did as he was told. As they rode away, Apollo heard Johnny say to Cetee, "You know I prefer you like this. But next time you have to change, can't you stand next to someone like Rondar so that you are more pleasant to look at?"

"And give people more reasons to try to get me naked?" was Cetee's reply. "Besides, would that stop you from calling me a horse's butt?" Any reply from Johnny was lost as they traveled out of the campsite.

Rondar grabbed the reins of the horses. "I'll get the horses unsaddled and settled into the pasture."

"I'll come help," said Apollo.

"Thanks, but I can do it," he replied. "It will give you some time alone with your father."

Apollo saw his father mouth the words 'thank you.' As a totally

naked Rondar walked away, Apollo realized that he had been so distracted by finding out that his teacher was a centaur that he still didn't know if Rondar had a hairy chest.

Adam pulled his son to his side. With his arm around Apollo, they walked down to the lake. "I'm glad we have some time alone. There is something that I need to tell you but I'm not sure exactly how to start."

"Well, you always said that honesty is best even if it isn't the easiest way."

"True," he said. Adam took a deep breath. "You know that I've never given any serious consideration to marrying anyone after your mother died."

"Are you saying that Lady Jedra finally convinced you to marry daffy Daphne?"

"If it were only that simple," he said. "Remember last summer when I told you that there had been someone I loved before I married your mother?"

"Yes. So does this mean that you and Rondar are getting back together?"

The prince's question caught his father off guard. "Why do you ask that?"

"Last summer, Lord Apollo said that I would get to see you smile again when you opened up to someone from your past. Grandmother has taught me too much about how to watch people's body language for me to not notice that the two of you light up when you look at each other now. It wasn't that way in the past, but something changed last fall. So it wasn't too hard to put it together."

Adam asked his son how he felt about it. Apollo thought about it for a moment and told his father that he thought that it was great. He had watched many people in court pretend to be in love but it looked nothing like what he saw in his father. "If something is as beautiful as what you share, how can I complain?" he asked. "Besides, you are happy which can only be better for everyone."

"I'm glad to hear that. I was nervous that your grandmother's feelings about same-sex pairings might color your opinion."

"It might have, if you hadn't taught me about some of the oaths that you took when you became king."

"Oh?"

"You said that one of the oaths was that you could not do harm to others. If there was something bad about your love for Rondar, I don't think you could be capable of doing it."

"You may be right about that, but how do you think the people of Adbalm will think when they find out that they have a gay king?"

"I'm sure that some might struggle, but when they think about your oaths of office, they will come to the same conclusion."

"At least someone in your family has been listening," came a deep voice from behind the prince.

Father and son turned around and saw Lord Apollo standing there. They started to bow when he held up his hand. "Don't even go there," he said. "When there is an audience maybe, but here in the valley we are friends and equals." The god pulled them into an embrace before they could respond.

"Adam, why don't you go help Rondar with the horses. He was still grooming the others when I left Sunbeam in his care."

"As you command, my lord."

"Don't give me that 'my lord' stuff. You want to go up there and you know it."

"And give him a proper welcome, father," said the prince. "He deserves more than that pat on the back you gave him a while ago."

"I'm going to have to find out what that faerie has been teaching you," said Adam. "Don't answer that. I already know the answer."

"Get going," said the god. "He's been waiting over eighteen years. Don't keep him waiting longer."

As Adam raced off, Apollo felt a shift in the camp energy. The world seemed brighter. He mentioned this to the god.

"Secrets cloud the world," he said. "Now that your father is willing to openly admit that he loves someone, the world is a better

place for it. Any deception or lie takes energy to maintain."

The prince thought about his lessons with Johnny. "So by revealing the truth, the energy is released back to the world."

"Very good," said the god. "Let's give them some time alone. Ready for a swim?"

"Race you," said the prince. "First one in gets to decide how we get to thank the water spirits for the gift of the cool water."

"Just what has that faerie been teaching you? Never mind. I think I'll concede the race right now just to see what you've learned. Just remember one thing. The rules that apply to the Efgees also apply to gods."

"Oh. But we can still have fun, right?"

"Plan on it."



Readers' Poll - Which of the following song titles best fits this picture?

- A) A Lay in a Manger
- B) O Come Join a Three Way
- C) We Three Kings are Horny as Hell
- D) All of the Above



## Experiment In Incense

By Beast and Cielo

### The Idea

As the weather cools and as we move indoors away from the outward richness of life in the spring and summer, it only seems natural to take some of the sensory delights we relished in warmer times with us. Incense is one way of doing this. Winter is a time when we want to surround ourselves with warmth and light and beauty to stand against the cold and dark (which has its own austere beauty, of course). We had this in mind when we came up with the idea of creating this Yule incense. We put our two pointy heads together, shared ideas and ingredients and skill, and the result is this “Experiment In Incense.”

### The Ingredients

The ingredients were chosen for their rich scents (of course) but also for their energetic and symbolic qualities. Since Yule is a Sabbat that honors the return of the Sun from the depths of darkness, many of the ingredients have solar/fire qualities. This energy is represented by the use of Cinnamon, Aloeswood, Myrrh, Cloves, Sandalwood, Frankincense, Dragonsblood, and Frankincense.

Saturn is another energy we associate with the winter. In the winter, the world is stripped of its raiments, and what we see around us are the bare bones of stone and wood and frozen earth. Bones and skin and that which gives shape are under the rulership of Saturn. Saturn is also associated with a mythic Golden Age of peace and plenty that was celebrated by the Ancients in the feast of Saturnalia, the traditions of which live on in our Yule celebration. In our incense we have used Yew as the ingredient with Saturnine energy. Yew is a plant with ancient associations to healing and spirit. Like many healing herbs, in larger doses it is a poison.

In Winter we bring in plants that have evergreen leaves to remind us of the continuance of life. The incense contains materials taken from some of these evergreen plants: Balsam Fir Oil; Pine Resin; and Yew

There is rose in the incense also. The rose may seem an odd plant to use in a winter incense, but it, too, has associations with the season. In the lovely carol, *Lo, How a Rose Ere Blooming*, it is used as a symbol of Christ’s birth, which in itself is a symbol of the rebirth of Light from Darkness:

*O flow’r, whose fragrance tender  
With sweetness fills the air;  
Dispel in glorious splendour  
The darkness ev’ry where.*

### The Technique

(Cielo’s skill, technique, and scientific training truly came into play here!)

#### Tools Needed

Coffee grinder	Dry herbs and spices
Mortar and pestle	Resins and gums
Measuring spoons	Essential Oils
Covered work surface	Rubber gloves
Brushes (to manipulate fine powders)	

Ingredients were ground and blended with mortar and grinder and oils incorporated by hand into the mixture. We created a base and then created seven variations for burning on charcoal and two cone incense variations by adding materials to this base. The recipes follow below:

### Yule Incense

Measurements: t = teaspoon, gtts = drops

#### Base

6t White Sandalwood  
6t Red Sandalwood  
1t Pinon Pine  
1t Dragon’s Blood  
1t Unknown Colorado Pine  
1/4t Benzoin  
pinch yew (only a pinch - toxic)

#### Variation #1

1t Base  
1/2t Frankincense  
3 gtts Balsam Fir Needle oil

#### Variation #3

2t Base  
1/4t Cinnamon  
3 gtts cinnamon oil

#### Variation #2

1t Base  
½ t Frankincense  
½ t Myrrh

#### Variation #4

2t Base  
1/2t Agarwood  
4 gtts Agarwood Attar  
(Aloeswood infused into Sandalwood oil)

## I'm Wishing for a Blue Faerie

Tune: White Christmas

Lyrics by Falcon

I'm wishing for a Blue Faerie,  
Just like the one in Pinocchio,  
Where she'll take my Billy  
And make his willy  
Grow with each lie that he tells.

I'm wishing for a Blue Faerie,  
With each Tom of Finland doll I buy.  
May his arms be hairy and strong,  
And with each lie he tells he'll grow a schlong!

## Experiment In Incense continued

### Variation #5

2t Base  
¼ t yew  
Rose Oil in excess

### Variation #6

1t Base  
½ t Oak Moss  
½ t Osha Root (blend last-it  
contaminates everything else)

### Variation #7

2t Base  
4 gtts Clove oil

### #1 Cone

4t Base  
1t Gum Arabic  
1 gtts Balsam Fir Needle  
1 gtts Cinnamon  
7 gtts Rose Water  
Until putty consistency add Liquid Fire (1/4 t Saltpeter to 4t water  
concentration)

### #2 Cone

4t Base  
1t Gum Arabic  
2 gtts Juniper Oil  
1 gtts Clove Oil  
Until putty consistency add Liquid Fire (1/4 t Saltpeter to 4t water  
concentration)

If you have any leftover base, you can create an eighth variation  
by adding:

17 gtts Rose Water  
4 gtts Balsam Fir Needle  
4 gtts Cinnamon  
4 gtts Sandalwood Oil

Our experiment was a blast to create, and the kitten's  
helped! We will be debuting the incense at the Yule Circle. We en-  
courage you to try and experiment creating your own incense blends!

## Up on the Rooftop

Tune: Up on the Housetop

Lyrics by Binky

Up on the rooftop, Faeries Dance!  
Oh what joy to watch them prance!  
Dancing at Solstice winter's peak-  
Waltzing naked, cheek to cheek!  
Oh ho ho! Who wouldn't go?  
To tonight's faerie show, oh  
Up on the rooftop faerie boyz –  
Dancing and making lots of noise!

First comes a hoe-down, country style,  
Do-si-do then single file,  
Notice the special faerie flair-  
Everyone bears their derriere!  
Chorus

Next comes the faerie hip-hop fling!  
Pimps and Players and lots of bling!  
Faeries from the hood up on the roof  
Gettin' their bang-on woof! woof! woof!  
Chorus

Next come the ballroom faerie queens,  
Tails and gowns and sequined things!  
Tangos and Fox Trots and high-heeled struts,  
Chorus-line kicks with hanging nuts!  
Chorus

Last comes the Solstice Faerie Flair!  
Faerie boys rise in the air!  
Lighting the skies for miles and miles-  
'neath the moon's broad beaming smiles!  
Chorus





# The Cubby Diaries - Have a Beary Faerie Christmas

by Cubby

A couple of people have asked me what kind of work I do that I can afford a house with a mother-in-law apartment. Let me get those dollar signs out of your eyes. I am a florist and that doesn't translate to a lot of money. I inherited the house from my Grandmother Sarah, on my mother's side. Mom grew up in a large family, having six siblings. Grampa Joe owned a construction company and as the family grew, so did the house. By the time Uncle Phil (child number seven) was born, what had been a simple floorplan had morphed into a multi-level home. Gramps hated sharing rooms with his brothers when he was a kid and said that every child deserved some space that they could call their own. He was a clever man and even added a room off of the garage as the "Senior's Retreat". He remembered the struggle he had when he moved out from his family. He designed the space to be his children's first apartment. When the child became a senior in high school, the tradition was that they would move into a near barren basement and have to buy the things they needed. They could only borrow something twice from the main house before they had to purchase things for themselves. It was his way of helping them identify what they would need to survive on their own while they had family support to count on.

The retreat has everything one would need in an apartment including a kitchen, small washer and dryer and full bathroom. After Gramps died, Uncle Phil moved back into the Senior Retreat to help Grams with the house. When she fell and broke her hip, they traded spaces so she wouldn't have to deal with the stairs. When she was diagnosed with cancer, he adjusted his schedule as a nurse to be able to stay home as much as possible. I was one of the few family members still in town, so I often went over to give him a night off.

I should say before I get too far that Uncle Phil was the greatest. When I came out to my parents, mother told me that her brother was gay and invited him to join us for dinner. Since there were fifteen years between mother and her brother, Phil and I were only eight years apart in age. I found it easy to talk to him and he introduced me to the gay community. I won't say that we were lovers, but we did share some playful times together when we didn't have partners of our own. When he started to have problems with his battle with AIDS and started needing his own help, I moved in to help with both of them. As things got worse, Grams sold off some stock and paid off my bills so that I didn't have to work and could focus on helping them. Grams had long ago signed the title of the house over to Phil, knowing that he would stay in the house after she died. Phil did the same with me.

I won't go into detail, but the two of them died within weeks of each other. Phil was the baby and had earned the honor of being Grams's favorite. When he died, she couldn't handle the pain. All she could say was that parents were supposed to die before their children. She never recovered from the loss and the cancer quickly

took advantage of the situation and kicked into high gear. I was with her at the end. She was crying out Phil's name, so I placed his old teddy bear in her hand. She left out a sigh and settled into a peaceful sleep.

It has been eleven years now, but their memory is strongest here at the holidays. Phil died on Dec. 21 and everyone was thankful that he hadn't died on Christmas. Phil is the one who introduced me to the faeries and the fact that he died on the longest night of the year did not escape my notice. Every year, I pull out the massive collection of holiday decorations that Grams and he had collected and feel them nearby. When Peter moved in last year and discovered the basement bedroom that had been turned into the

holiday storage room, he declared that we were going to host a party and then added ten storage tubs and two trunks worth of decorations to the treasure trove.

With a collection of over a thousand ornaments between the two of us, we decided to host a "trim a tree" party. We never realized what was in store for us. Twinkle, one of the faeries, was very frustrated living in an apartment. His favorite memory of the holidays is all of the lights. He decided that if I was going to have a party, then my house just had to be the best lit one in the neighborhood. He brought out his lights from storage and assembled a crew to come over after Thanksgiving and started decorating. I stopped counting after handing him the twentieth strand of icicle lights and thirtieth strand of basic lights. When he was done I thought I was in a winter palace at Disneyland and told him so.

He said that shouldn't surprise me since that was where he had his first job.

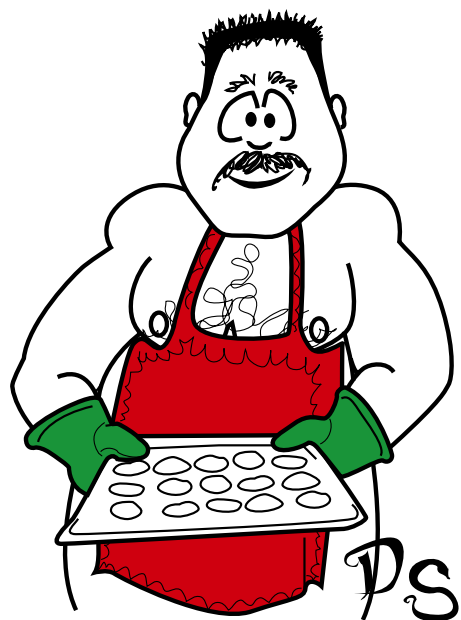
Then Jack found out about the party and insisted that Bare-all Bears would do the food. He came over the night before and started cooking. Several of the others came over to help, so we had a naked "get the house ready" pre-party. It is a good thing that Gramps had that second kitchen installed. Jack had both of them going and would bounce back and forth between them directing his able-bodied assistants in the preparation. Several of the gang stayed over night to be ready for the first wave of guests in the morning.

As the party plans grew, people got excited and started inviting other people. We settled on a staggered start times for the event. The BABs, bless their hearts, helped all day. The faeries, more blessings to their hearts, came a bit later in the day to help keep things cleaned up. We told family type people to come over around ten. The first wave of people looked like a PFLAG convention. They were greeted with brunch. Co-worker types and other social group types were invited to start coming at noon and were treated to cold cut sandwiches. All day long, people picked out ornaments from the boxes and Peter and I stood by to help tell the story that went with each one. There were a total of four trees scattered throughout the house. The tree in the family room was set aside for the "special" ornaments. What made an ornament "special?" These are the ones



that have the stories attached to them; the ones Grams made to represent each of her children and grandchildren, the vacation ornaments, the AIDS ribbon that Phil and I picked up on our last trip to San Francisco. As we watched the “specials” coming out of the boxes, we told the story and directed the person to that tree. For the rest, the person got the task of finding the perfect place on whichever tree they wanted. As hoped, the party started to thin out by three o’clock, the food picked over and the trees were stunning. When the last friends of the friends left, we looked at the guest book and were surprised to see over three hundred names listed. Then the Cleaning Faeries kicked into high gear so that the real party could begin at five. For Peter and myself the rest of the day was dedicated to spending time with our friends from both groups.

With the house completely decorated and the last of secondary guests gone, the BABs collapsed in a heap. I should say the BABs with the exception of Jack, who kicked everyone out of “his” kitchen so that he could start cooking the evening feast. With the family oriented portion of the day complete, Peter and I stripped and gave everyone proper naked “welcome” and “thank you” hugs. As the bears and faeries joined us in relaxing, out came the festive holiday apparel. For those that were comfortable in skin, the general attire was a birthday suit with green sequined bow tie or a Santa hat. For others, it was cute boxers with mistletoe on the crotch or fancy red lace skirts. Mabel wore a tree skirt. I don’t mean a skirt that looked like a tree. I mean it was literally one of those tree skirts that you put around your tree. The outfit that won “best costume” that night was Jack, in a sheer red, ruffled apron. Jack is a big bear and at its widest, the top portion of the apron barely was large enough to cover his tits. He said that it was his mother’s best serving apron and he had been waiting for the perfect party to borrow it. After seeing the house during the first wave of guests, she went home and brought it back for him. She said that a party this festive deserved the best in serving things and would be embarrassed to see him in anything but the finest she had to offer.



Jack entered the room carrying a tray of fabulous appetizers. In the air was the smell of a turkey cooking with many other scents mixed in. Jack prepared a huge banquet including several vegetarian selections for some of the faeries. He said that just because they weren’t going to have the same main course as others, didn’t mean they deserved second best food. With bellies filled, we stepped outside to admire Twinkle’s display. And no, we did not put clothes on. Twinkle had thought of that and the entire display was in the backyard for our private viewing. I tell you, Hamlet’s doghouse will never be the same. Speaking of Hamlet, he even got into the spirit of the evening and allowed us to put on a hat with a single antler on it, like the dog in the Grinch story.

After the appropriate amounts of oo’s and ah’s, people headed back inside for dessert. I noticed that Twinkle was just standing there and looked like he was ready to cry. At first he tried to convince me it was because everything was so beautiful. I knew that it had to be more than that. We talked for a while and I reminded him that I was a faerie and he could trust me with whatever was bothering him. He said that when he told his lover that he was coming to the party he was told that he was tired of playing second fiddle to a bunch of faeries and that Twinkle was going to have to choose what was really important to him. The fact that he was at the party meant I didn’t need to ask what his choice was. I gave him a hug and that’s when the tears he had been holding back started to flow and he said that Jackson made him pack his bags before he left. Peter came out to see why I still outside and I signaled him to come join us. Peter sat down on the other side of Twinkle and we filled him in on the problem. Peter looked at me and said, “I think the Goddess PhiPhi has just found a lost puppy.” We went inside and threw on some jeans and went out to Twinkle’s car and brought all of his worldly belongings inside and the Senior Retreat became officially known as PhiPhi’s Lost Puppy Campground.

When we got back upstairs, we found everyone stretched out in front of the television watching the Grinch (the cartoon version, of course.) At the end of the show, Mabel got everyone up (in the vertical sense, not the erectile manner) and made everyone stand around the “special” tree and started singing.

*“Fah who for-aze!  
Dah who dor-aze!  
Welcome Christmas,  
Come this way!”*

It was amazing listening to thirty grown men, mostly naked, singing that song. That was Uncle Phil’s favorite show and he would sing that song for hours when decorating the house. We stood there for a half hour, arms around each other singing songs of the season. I noticed that I wasn’t the only one with tears streaming down my face during “Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas.” When someone started singing “Frosty the Dildo” we knew it was time to move to the ritual portion of the evening. With a kiss passed around, we cast the circle. When Peter and I talked to the groups about a joint holiday party, we knew that this would be the first time that many of the bears had been to a pagan ritual. We offered any that might not be comfortable with ritual a chance to gracefully leave before we started. I was proud of the bears as no one moved.

*—continued on page 16*

We started the evening by decorating the Yule log. I led everyone into the workshop in the lower-basement where I had laid out the supplies. As people added the fresh pine and holly to the log, we talked about the old traditions that existed long before they were borrowed by the early Christians. We talked about how the early Yule trees were decorated with things that people hoped would come into their lives the following year. Someone asked what I had been wishing for with all the things that went onto the trees. That was simple to answer. I said "I wanted friends to fill this house so that I could share this evening with them."

Peter led the way back through the darkened house with a simple lantern. We gave the honor of carrying the log to Jack and Twinkle for everything they did to help make the evening magical. With the log in the fireplace, Peter lit a taper candle from his lantern and lit the log. Someone added magic faerie dust to the pinecones on the log and everyone was enchanted by the green and blue flames that danced in the midst of the yellow and red. We gave everyone some paper to write their own New Year wishes on so they could add them to the fire and then invited people to talk about them as they desired.

I had a hard time deciding what to write. That year had been so full for me. My dog had died and I found a perfect lover as a result. Through him I found a group of guys that told me it was ok to be hairy. The house that had been empty in too many ways for too many years was now filled with friends. After all that, what more does a guy need? The words finally came to me and I was the last to toss in my paper. I was amazed at some of the things that people said. At least three of the faeries said that they wished that there were more bears in the world and two faeries said that they had wished for the strength to give up their razors. A couple of the bears said that they wished for more faeries in the world. I got the feeling that night that the number of faeries in the tribe had doubled.

We stood up and passed a hug and a kiss to open the circle. Ever the ritual perfectionist, Sister Thelma (whose heart and thighs are open to all mankind) huffed that I had not properly devoked the quarters. I bowed to her and started to thank the Spirits of the North. "Oh honey," she said, "That is going to take too long. Keep it simple." I asked her for the proper words and she replied, "North, West, South and East, go if you must but stick around for the orgy if you can."

A couple of guys brought out their drums and others danced. Some, like myself, just sat and watched the flames or the flickers of light on the dancers' bodies. As the fire died down, clusters of bodies were forming around the room. In one corner, I noticed that

*Quote of the evening:*

*"Deck my dick  
with boughs  
of holly!"*

*Ouch!  
Maybe not."*

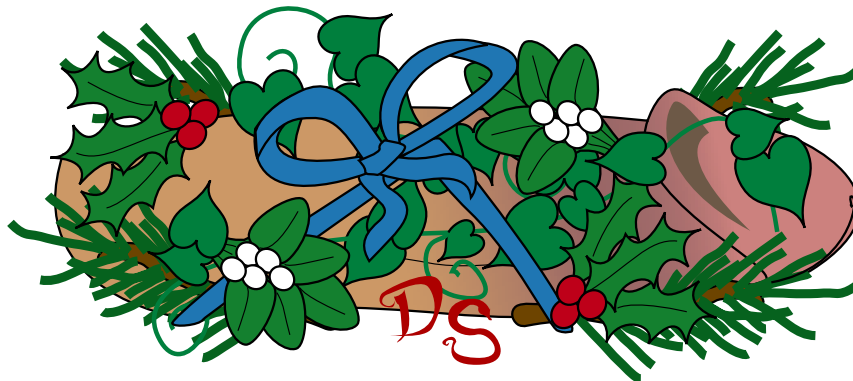


Twinkle was all cuddled up with his head resting on a bear's leg. From the way Steve was purring as his chest hair was caressed, I didn't think that the puppy camp was going to be occupied for too long.

The party lasted until dawn. Jack was up first and started cooking. The scent of fresh coffee filled the air and the clusters began to dissolve back into individual bodies. By nine, everyone headed out the door. As Peter and I stood in the doorway watching the last of our guests head to their car, he said that he noticed that I hadn't said what my wish was. I kissed him and told him that my wish was simple. "Same time next year."

I have got to be careful what I wish for. Twinkle and Steve started hanging lights right after Samhain. The neighbors were jealous with what they could see of the lights in the back, so this year he worked on both the front and back of the house. We held a two day naked trim the tree party Thanksgiving weekend and are hosting a series of mini-parties during the month so that our friends and their family and friends can come in the evening to see the Faerie Wonderland that Twinkle created. Jack and Potsan Pans have been plotting the holiday feast for the past month.

People have asked me what my grandmother would think of all the happenings going on in her house. I stayed over the first Christmas after I came out. Mom and dad went to Florida to visit dad's parents and I was feeling alone. After dinner, she kissed Phil and I good night. As she headed to her room, she told us, "Remember boys, Santa likes his cream fresh when he comes down the chimney." Grams was a cool lady. So when people ask, I just tell them that she would have been trying to figure out how many cookies to bake to go with all the cream that was going to be prepared.





## O Mistletoe

Tune: O Christmas Tree

Lyrics by Falcon

O Mistletoe, O Mistletoe, my true love waits beneath you.  
O Mistletoe, O Mistletoe, my true love waits beneath you.  
He's waiting there to steal a kiss.  
To be with him, my fondest wish.  
O Mistletoe, O Mistletoe, my true love waits beneath you.

\* \* \* \* \*

Have you ever wondered how the tradition of kissing under the mistletoe got started? It is such a part of our holiday festivities, yet it was the only plant to be banned from being brought into a church. That seems like an unusual situation for something that is so associated with the festivities surrounding the birth of one of the Church's central figures. Could this be a throwback to older traditions?

In the Celtic traditions, mistletoe is a very sacred plant with healing powers. Its name means "All Heal." It's curative powers were believed to range from the basic healing of physical ailments to the more metaphysical healings of cleansing a home from evil spirits. It could aid in fertility, bring good luck into a home and even bring enemies together in peace. A piece of mistletoe would be hung in the home to be a symbol of peace to all who entered.

Why is mistletoe hung and not part of other decorations that might be on a table or altar? As a plant, mistletoe is a parasite that grows on another tree, most often an oak. When mistletoe was harvested, care was taken to ensure that the plant did not touch the ground otherwise it would lose much of its mystical power. When a sprig was brought into a home, it was returned to its position of height so that it could bless all who passed beneath it.

Now what has that to do with the winter holiday? Probably nothing. The roots of kissing under the mistletoe come from the Norse traditions.

Balder, God of the Summer Sun, had a dream of his death. His mother, Frigg, sought the assurance from everything she could find that they would not harm her son. In one version of the story, she did not see the mistletoe so did not secure its promise. In another version, she dismissed the plant as being too young. Either way, the protections she got from the others proved true and Balder was invulnerable to anything that was shot at him. Loki realized that the mistletoe had not made the promise, so he crafted an arrow that was tipped with a mistletoe point. He tricked Balder's brother, Hoder, God of the Winter Sun, into testing it. Thinking it would not harm Balder, he agreed. The arrow killed Balder and with the God's death the world was plunged into darkness. For three days everyone tried to revive him. Finally, Frigg was able to bring him back to life. It is said that the tears she shed during those days became the white berries of the mistletoe. She was standing beneath the mistletoe as people came to share their joy in Balder's return and kissed them. (I realize that this basically means that her tears fell upwards - but we are talking mythology, not logic, so don't think too hard about it.) Frigg decreed that should someone pass beneath the mistletoe, they would not be harmed and should receive a token kiss.

As Christianity moved into the northern cultures, mistletoe was so associated with the local beliefs that it was prohibited from churches as being too pagan. The Victorians revived the tradition of kissing under the mistletoe as their way of justifying some fun public displays of affection during the holiday season.

## See the Blazing Yule Before Us...

by Falcon

Fa la la la and la de da...

Oops, some of my seasonal cynicism is coming through. In this issue of Airy Faerie, we have many samples of holiday songs that reclaim the season for its traditional roots of being a celebration of the Solstice, the rebirth of the Sun King (or the Oak King, if you follow that tradition.) Of all of the standard songs sung during the season that are not of the pop culture secular nature (Rudolph, Frosty and the like), *Deck the Halls* is one that needs to have not one word changed to return it to its pagan origins. It is one of only two songs that come to mind that actually mention Yule. (The other song is *The Christmas Song* with its mention of "Yuletide carols being sung by a choir.")

I can remember growing up and being puzzled by the phrase of "See the blazing Yule before us." What was a 'Yule?' Father explained that it was the short way to say the Yule Log. He told me that the people in olden days would pick the biggest log they could find that would then burn the whole day of Christmas, and that was the Yule Log. If it lasted the day, we would have good luck the coming year. I would watch to see if our Yule Log burned all day.

As a child, that sounded reasonable. As an adult, I've learned the real story. The Yule Log is a large log that is supposed to burn for a long time. In that, he was right. However, it was supposed to burn all night to help light the world during the darkest night. Its energy was supposed to help rekindle the sun. Before burning, the Yule Log is often decorated with boughs of pine and holly. The evergreens are the symbol of life even in the depths of winter.

But the Yule Log is more than just a log that is supposed to burn for a long time. There are different traditions about what log is used as the Yule Log. For some, the Yule Log comes from the previous year's Yule Tree, bringing the energy of last year's celebration into the current celebration. A piece of the burnt Yule Log is saved to be used in lighting the next year's log, strengthening the connection with the past even further (it's the Crone to the Yule Tree's Maiden.)

For others, the Yule Log is a section of that year's Beltaine Pole. In that tradition, they are acknowledging that the Sun King that is being born is the result of the union of the Goddess and God that is symbolized by the insertion of the Beltaine Pole into the Earth's Beltaine Hole.

As people moved away from using large fireplaces, two new traditions developed. For the first, a smaller version of the Yule Log would be placed on the table. Among the evergreens and ribbons, three candles would be added to symbolize the three aspects of the Goddess. If you decide to do this, please remember to use proper care with candles that have plant material around them. Don't let the candle burn down to the point where they can catch the decorations on fire.

The second version of the Yule Log was created by the French. It is a rolled cake called the *Bûche de Noël*. The warm cake is covered with a filling and then rolled. The spiral pattern of the roll resembles the rings of a tree. The cake is frosted in a way that looks like bark and decorations added in the same manner as the other logs. There are many variations of how this cake can be prepared. A recipe for this can be found on the back page of this issue.

## Faerie Yule Sing-A-Along

### Dasher, the Well Hung Reindeer

Tune: Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer

Lyrics by sinnrgee

You know Santa's got Prancer, and  
Dancer, and Vixen,  
Comet, and Cupid, and  
Donner and Blitzen.

But do you recall  
The greatest Porn Star reindeer of all?

Dasher, the well hung reindeer  
had a seventeen-inch prick  
and if you ever saw it  
you would think it's quite a dick.

All of the other reindeer  
wanted him in their orgies  
They really hoped that Dasher  
Would join in the revelry!

After a fresh, clean Summer's Eve  
Rudolph made hir move:  
"Dasher, you're so hard and long,  
Can I sit on your ding-dong?"

Then all the others pouted  
as they muttered jealously,  
Dasher the well hung reindeer,  
You better save a turn for me!

### Naked Hugs

Tune: Jiggle Bells

Lyrics by Cubby

Naked hugs, naked hugs (Faerie kisses, too!)  
An embrace that's flesh to flesh, that's what I like best!  
Naked hugs, naked hugs (Faerie kisses, too!)  
Heart to heart and dick to dick, that's what I like best!

Dashing through the house, without my clothing on,  
When I heard a noise out on my front lawn,  
When I open'd the door, there was mailman Joe,  
He handed me my new porn tapes and stayed to watch the show.  
Oh...

*Chorus*

While dressed in a sarong, my neighbor came to call  
He wanted to say, "Happy Yule to All."  
He came in through the door, and then untied the knot,  
Underneath my mistletoe, this is what I got...  
Oh...

*Chorus*

### Dollar Matinee

Tune: Winter Wonderland

Lyrics by Binky

Cell phones ring... ain't it chillin' ?  
While the kids' drinks are spillin'  
I'd head out the door, but I'm stuck to the floor,  
Sitting at the dollar matinee....

Dollar Shows don't cost tons now...  
But the kids... carry guns now..  
They squeak and they squawk  
but I'm too scared to talk..  
Sitting at the dollar matinee...

In the distance, I swear someone farted!  
Everybody chuckled nonetheless!  
Someone tell those bimbos to stop chewing-  
before I have them placed on house arrest!

Movie's done, I'll go home now...  
Lesson learned, it's no fun now...  
I'm happy and pleased  
To rent DVDs  
And never see another dollar show...

No hassles, no smell, - in dollar-movie hell  
watching Star Wars in my BVD's!



### Daddy Might Be Bi

Tune: I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus

Lyrics by Binky

I saw daddy blowing Santa Claus  
underneath the Christmas tree last night...  
As I watched them bump and moan.  
I took out my picture phone  
And soon I had some snapshots  
of that 10-inch Santa bone!

and, I saw daddy rimming Santa Claus  
round his little hole so furry white!  
What a shock Ms. Claus will find  
When she see's St. Nick's behind  
once I download my j-pegs online!



## Frosty the Dildo

Tune: Frosty the Snowman

Lyrics by John Thomas and Willie

Frosty the Dildo  
Was a jolly happy pole  
He's a twelve inch cock and three inch 'round  
And two balls so round and full.

Frosty the Dildo  
Was a faerie's tail they say  
He was made of snow  
But we all know  
How he came to life one day.

There must have been some magic  
In the double A's we found  
For when we placed them in his balls  
He began to dance around.

Frosty the Dildo  
Was alive as he could be  
We knew right away  
He could cum and play  
Just the same as you and me.

Frosty the Dildo  
Knew the sun was hot that day  
So he said let's run  
And we'll have some fun  
Now before I melt away.

Down to the village  
With a big grin on my face  
With Frosty strapped between my thighs  
We went around to every place.

We wandered 'round the streets of town  
And found the cutest cop.  
And we stayed and played a moment when  
He said he needs a top.

Frosty the Dildo  
Had to hurry on his way  
But he waved goodbye  
Saying don't you cry  
I will cum again some day

Humpety hump hump  
Humpety hump hump  
Look at Frosty blow!  
Humpety hump hump  
Humpety hump hump  
Shooting his cum of snow!

## We Need Some Shining Sequins

Tune: We Need a Little Christmas

Lyrics by Binky

Haul out the high heels!  
Put on some gowns and beads and let the show begin!  
We're bending genders,  
It's time to watch our bustlines lift and grow again now!!!  
For we need some shining sequins! right this very minute!  
It's called a faerie pagaent, and everyone is in it,  
So get out your feathered boas,  
your rubber boobs, and show us  
that You're so hot you give us fever,  
You're our shining glamour diva!

Roll back the curtains!  
and take a second bow for those adoring fans!  
Just blow some kisses,  
while they stuff dollars with those friendly Roman hands now....  
For we need some shinng sequins! right this very minute!  
It's called a faerie pagaent, and everyone is in it,  
So get out your feathered boas,  
your rubber boobs and show us,  
That You're Our Sexy Diva Now.....  
We Love Our Sexy Divas NOW!!!!

## Have Yourself a Hairy Little Christmas

Tune: Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas

Lyrics by Binky

Y'know, That Derek Guy Sure Was a Furball!  
— aka "Have Yourself a Hairy Little Christmas"  
(sung to the tune of "Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas")

Have you ever had a furry cowboy?  
Or a fuzzy bear?  
A hunky fireman carpeted with plush brown hair?

Have you ever snuggled in the arms of  
some strong hairy beast?  
So furry that you glided through his manly fleece?

Hirsute men whom the gods have blessed,  
brillo-padded chests so thick,  
Shaggy fur in each crack and crease,  
(not to mention balls.. and dick....)

Through the years, you'll smile when you remember,  
Your first venture there...  
A man completely covered with a fur so rare...  
A vast frontier and forest rich with manly hair!

# La Bûche de Noël

Submitted by Two Birds

## Chocolate “Yule Log” cake with coffee flavored cream filling.

### INGREDIENTS:

For the cake:

- 1 cup sifted cake flour
- 1/4 cup unsweetened cocoa powder (not Dutch processed)
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 3 eggs
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract

For the filling:

- 1 cup whipping cream (very cold)
- 1-1/2 Tablespoons instant coffee powder
- 1/2 cup sifted confectioners’ sugar

For the icing:

- 4 Tablespoons unsalted butter
- 2 oz. unsweetened chocolate
- 2-1/2 cups sifted confectioners’ sugar
- 1/4 cup sour cream
- 2 Tablespoons Kahlúa

For garnish:

shelled, chopped pistachio nuts

### PREPARATION:

*Preheat oven to 375°F. with rack in the center of the oven.*

*Grease the bottom of a 15 x 10-inch jelly roll pan and line with parchment paper. Butter the parchment paper.*

1. Sift the flour, cocoa, baking powder and salt together in a bowl or onto a piece of waxed paper.
2. Beat the eggs until thick. Beat in the sugar, 1 tablespoon at a time. Stir in the water and the vanilla.
3. Add the sifted ingredients all at once into the egg/sugar mixture. Using a rubber spatula, fold the flour in until thoroughly combined.
4. Pour the batter into the prepared pan and spread it evenly into the corners with a metal off-set spatula. Bake 12-15 minutes, or just until the cake has begun to come away from the sides of the pan.
5. While the cake is baking, spread a dishtowel flat and lay a piece of parchment paper, the size of the cake, on top of the towel. Sprinkle the paper with some sugar.
6. Invert the cake onto the paper and carefully peel off the lining paper. Trim about 1/4-inch from all sides. Slowly, roll up the cake with the paper inside, and starting from a short side. Wrap the towel around the cake, place on a rack and allow to cool.

### Prepare the filling:

1. In a bowl set into a larger bowl of ice and water, beat the cream, coffee and confectioner’s sugar until stiff.
2. Unroll the cake and spread with the coffee cream. Re-roll and place on serving platter. Refrigerate while making the icing.

### To make the icing:

1. Melt the butter and chocolate in the top of a double boiler over simmering water. Cool slightly.
2. Beat the confectioners’ sugar, sour cream and Kahlúa together. Gradually beat in the chocolate to make a smooth frosting.

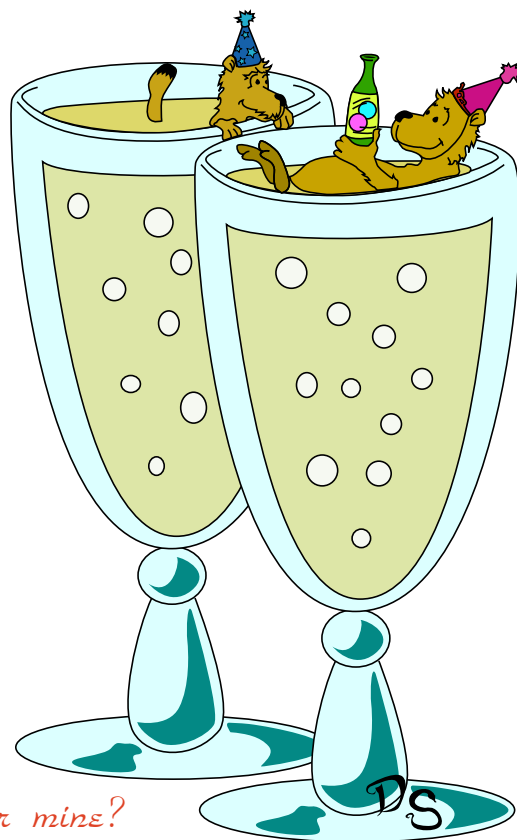
### Finish the cake:

1. Cut a small, diagonal slice from one end of the cake and place it off-center on the cake, so that it resembles a knot.
2. Spread the icing on the cake. Using a fork, place the back of the tines against the icing and drag them down the length of the cake. Store in the refrigerator until ready to serve.

### To serve:

Sprinkle with pistachio nuts and sift a bit of confectioner’s sugar on top to resemble snow.

*Happy New Year!*



*Your glass or mine?*