

Springtime Fun



## Publisher's Notes

Greetings all, and welcome to the 2006 Ostara issue of the Denver Faeries' Airy Faerie. During a recent shopping trip I was amazed at how many products are out there that try to recreate that spring time freshness. From air fresheners and fabric softeners to candles, people want to wrap up that wonderful freshness of spring and hold on to it. Even we at the Airy Faerie are looking to recapture that wonder of springtime freshness. We asked the Denver tribe to look back into their lives, and rediscover the feelings they had around a first time. There is nothing quite like a first time, a sense of wonder, the joy of discovery, the innocence about it all. For many, the spring brings with it thoughts of romance, and their first crush, first kiss, first love, first mind blowing orgasm. We let the Denver faeries choose their first time, whether it was being the first person to open a new jar of peanut butter, or becoming a father for the first time. We put together the replies we received, as well as some other goodies, with the hope that you will spend sometime remembering your favorite first. If you feel so moved to share your memories of your firsts with us please do so. Who knows? We may just publish them.

There is nothing new about this part of my note, with its warning of the adult, gay male content of the Airy Faerie. If you are new to the Airy Faerie, you might be surprised to discover that there are images and stories with male nudity and gay sexual activities. Most of our readers enjoy this type of publication, if you do not, please do not go any further, as we do not wish to offend you. If you are not of legal age to view such matters, or you are using a work or public computer, we also ask you to not continue on, as we do not want to get you or ourselves into trouble.

Ok, now you can sit back and enjoy the 2006 Ostara issues of the Airy Faerie. If this is your first time to view it or if you are a faithful reader, we hope you enjoy our little fae-zine with its new spring time freshness.

Naked Hugs,  
DragonSwan

## Publisher's Notes, Too

When you remember things that were important to you in the past, do you ever stop and wonder why they aren't important to you now? It doesn't really matter if you are remembering something from your childhood or from last week. What matters is that it was important to you at the time. Take a look at yourself in the here and now. Is it still important? If not, was it really as important as you thought?

How about that time you were so focused on that important project at work that you forgot someone's birthday? It was oh, so important at the time, but did anything really change because of it?

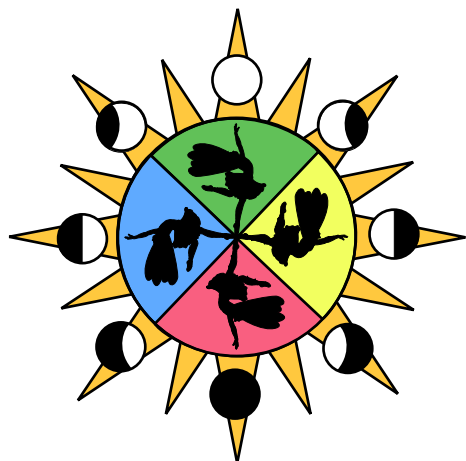
Ah, but what about that first book you picked up where you discovered the world of King Arthur? You read everything you could find. You acted out the stories. You wanted to be a part of that world with all your heart. When was the last time you read one of those books? Is that still something that is a part of your dreams? If not, what changed?

What about that hobby you started? You had fun and bought all the supplies you would need in this lifetime...and probably the next three or four lifetimes as well. But now, those supplies sit in a box, moved from one house to the next without being opened. Did your enjoyment of the hobby change? If so, why are you carrying that stuff around with you? Or did you change? Are you better for the change? Maybe it's time to open that box and reconnect with the old you.

Spring is about new and fresh. But it is more than that. It is about renewal. Think about the pattern of Spring, the things that you haven't seen during the long Winter are returning. Think of the joy that brings to your soul. Now, think of some of the things that you have missed in your personal life; those dreams, and fantasies, you had when life was simpler. Revisit those dreams and see where they fit in your current life. Let them live again in your heart. It is never too late to give life to a childhood dream.

Welcome Spring!  
Falcon

## Airy Faerie



Ostara, 2006

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)

# The Call of Spring

by Phoenix

Hey, little seed, did you hear the call of Spring?  
The sun is shining and it's time for you to wake up.  
It's time to come out of your shell  
And show the world that you live;  
And show that the potential that you hold inside is real.  
Listen to the call and answer it.

Hey, old oak tree, did you heard it too?  
The sound of the call causes the sap inside you to rise.  
It's time to wake from your winter slumber  
And show the world that you live;  
And show that even something old can be renewed.  
Listen to the call and answer it.

Hey, fuzzy caterpillar, can you hear the call in there?  
Last fall you retreated to your sanctuary of silk,  
But now it's time to reveal your true self and spread your wings  
And show the world that you live;  
And show that change is possible.  
Listen to the call and answer it.

Hey, friendly faeries, did you hear the call?  
The time is now to make potential real,  
The time is now to let the sap rise and be renewed,  
To show the world that we are alive;  
And show that we are ready to test our wings and fly.  
Listen to the call and answer it.



# Stories From the Tribe: My Beautiful Life - A Father's Tale

by PchE

When I was 12, I became an uncle. WOW! How impressive is that? I was in the seventh grade and I was an uncle. Being the youngest of five and most of my family much, much older, this was really important!

Maybe I should mention here that my Grandfather had an uncle that was only a few years older than he. And one of my cousins had at least a niece, and maybe a nephew, that were older than he. So for me it wasn't unheard of that the proper sequence of uncles and aunts and nephews and nieces was that the uncles and aunts be considerably older than the nieces and nephews.

Then I went off to colitch and came home after my first year, I was down in the field on the back part of our farm and saw my oldest sister walking down the lane. I was 18 and she was coming to share the news we had another nephew. I admit, 18 probably seems more appropriate of an age to be an uncle but it was still an awesome feeling.

Before it was over and done with, I ended up with five nephews, a niece and a great niece before I was out of my twenties. My ex-wife would brag that she was a great aunt before her mother. How interesting that we might think familial relations should be so chronologically perfect and correct! HA!

I mention this because of how exhilarating it was for me to become an uncle, each and every time it occurred, including when my oldest nephew who was born 12 years after I was made me a great-uncle!

Then I became a father. I was considerably older than my peers and in fact, one of my grade and high school classmates, in her typically tactless way, said when my daughters were born and I was in my very late 30s rapidly approaching 40, "Serves him right (to have twins) for waiting so long!"

Sometimes, we do know what we are doing and make the right decisions in spite of ourselves. I would have been a terrible father any sooner. I'm not so sure I was very good at it as it was.

I do remember thinking at the time my children were born, "OH MY GAWD! I am responsible for these two little creatures for the next 20 years at least!" At almost 38 years of age, that is one monumental thought! To take it further, it became, "Will I be around that long?" Then, "Will I be able to provide financially for them?" "What will the world be like when they are growing up?" "To what 'terrible' fashion fads will they be driven?" (I should have known their mother would NEVER allow this to take place!) While I tend to be the more lenient, she is the epitome of strict!

Before their birth, it was determined I could/would be in the labor room. I was terrified but never uttered a word. I joked that since one of the obstetricians was a fellow Kiwanis member, we'd probably be joking and telling Kiwanis hi-jinks much to my ex-wife's dismay. It didn't happen. The births had to be performed caesarian since one of them was breech and the other was transverse. I have often thought that had it not been for the modern technology available in 1976 none of them would have survived.

They weighed exactly one-half ounce difference, a factor one of their doctors said indicated they formed very early in the pregnancy. Yes, they are identical twins.

While I tend to let those who are knowledgeable and of particular expertise take control when situations demand, this might

be considered very Pollyanna-ish. When one of the girls developed meningitis in their first years of life before they were potty trained, their mother and grandmother were stressed big-time! I just knew somehow that everything was going to be all right. Thanks to the doctor's foresight and training and prescribed aggressive treatment, it was.

My favorite picture of 'them' as a baby, is of only one of them lying in my lap not even taking up all the space from my knees to my abdomen. Their mother claims to know which one it is but to me, it represents them both. Another amazing memory is that I could also hold them on one arm with their head in my hand and their feet barely touching the inside of my elbow at the base of my bicep.

Having experienced my nephews, children were really not much of a mystery for me. Their mother, on the other hand, was the oldest of several cousins and had not had the same opportunity I had to be around babies. She took things much more seriously while I benefited from my sisters' children.

But my experience had been with boys. Little girls are not as rambunctious, and being twins, they entertained each other. We often would awaken them and bring them down to evening gatherings to show them off, much to the dismay of our guests. The girls didn't seem to mind and would quickly go back to sleep.

Most of my memories are in the first five years of their lives since I was divorced at that time. On weekends, it was housecleaning time. I did the vacuuming and their mother dusted, two chores we agreed quickly there was no problem because she hated vacuuming and I hated dusting. One weekend I lightheartedly told the girls they had to pick up their room before we would do anything else because it looked like a pigsty! When I looked in to check their progress, one was very much involved in picking up things and putting them away while singing, "It's a pigsty! It's a pigsty!" Obviously, I had to make a very hasty retreat before bursting into laughter!

When I visited their second grade class for parents' day, they were showing me something they had done on computers (I was just learning to use a computer myself!) I suddenly realized that they were touch typing and they were only in the second grade. I was a high school junior before I learned to type! Their teacher decided if they were to learn to use a computer, they should know how to type and acquired several electric typewriters to teach them the touch method.

By this time I had learned little children are very adaptable and accept things much more quickly than adults. While my daughters were very young when their parents divorced, they still experienced the loss and sadness of not having both parents at home. They expressed this to me once when they mentioned they wished their grandma, their mother and their father lived closer together. Grandma lived 500 miles in one direction while dad lived 100 miles in the opposite direction. Either trip was a great distance in their minds.

One of my sisters had been killed in a one-vehicle accident. Her daughter was five or six, just having started school. I remember the funeral director telling us to leave her in school, try not to upset her routine anymore than necessary and answer only the question she asked.

This was brought home to me in a very direct and most

interesting manner when my daughters were visiting me and we had stopped by the apartment of a couple of my gay friends. The guys kept apologizing for staring at the girls because they were so identical. The girls blithely told them not to mind, they were used to such attention. When we left the apartment and were in the car, one of the girls asked, "Dad, were those guys (pause) roommates (meaning partners)?" I knew immediately what they meant and said, "Yes!" That satisfied their curiosity and nothing more was said! I smiled at their perceptiveness!

Another instance of this was the Christmas celebration we had shortly after the guy with whom I had moved to Denver and I had broken up and he had moved out. Since it was close to Christmas and he and the girls had known each other, I had invited him to come over one evening while they were visiting. When I gave him a present and he hugged me, they asked why we were hugging. It had never occurred to us that we unwittingly had never hugged in front of them. Nothing done purposely, we just never had done that.

Our response was that we were happy. That was sufficient response for them but for us, we began laughing because that was our terminology for gay men!

The girls are almost 30 now, will be this summer. They still do things that make me very proud of them and send emotional reactions all through me. One of them is a podiatrist and the other is

a very successful electronic media advertising account executive.

When one was married last summer, their mother and I both walked her down the aisle. Their mother had included me in the plans and the many problems planning the wedding so I really felt as much a part as if I had been there all along.

Another instance was when I had my recent surgery. Both girls were unable to be at the hospital during the day of my surgery which I told them I thought was great. Why should they be sitting in a waiting room while I was out cold not knowing anything and then being so drugged and out of it immediately afterwards. Much to my surprise and enjoyment, they showed up in my room a couple of days later on the weekend, a much nicer way to express their concern, I thought. We had a very nice visit which would have been impossible immediately after the surgery.

To me, the most difficult thing about being a parent is remembering all the wonderful times and wanting to be a part of all of their adult life. That is not possible. I believe the best gift to give a child is the ability to make their own choices and to do what they want to do, but also to understand you cannot prevent them from making mistakes and solve their problems for them. The best you can do is to be there for them when they need you, no matter the circumstances.

## The Great Seasonal Oopses by Professor Percival "Perry" Grinn

I was telling one of classes the saga of how the God and Goddess move and interact through the various Sabbats. The birth of the God at Yule is really easy to understand given how another religion overlaid their birth festival on Yule and society as a whole invests a lot of energy in that celebration.

The tradition of Ostara is that this is the festival that celebrates the union of God and Goddess that results in the Goddess becoming pregnant with the God who will be born at Yule. Nine months from Ostara to Yule...sounds about right. Going back to that other religion, it is interesting to note that they overlaid their death ritual on this Sabbat instead of on Samhain. Of course, they turn around and he is reborn on the third day. Rebirth is certainly appropriate for the season. One of my students asked, "If he was killed on Good Friday, and rose from the dead on Easter Sunday, isn't that only two days?" Oops #1. I think the common explanation is that he said that on Thursday morning and he meant three days from then. Yeah, that's it. The class didn't believe that any more than I do.

Of course, the next Sabbat in the Wheel is Beltane, where we celebrate the marriage of the God and Goddess. Another student asked, "Do you mean that the Goddess was already pregnant when she got married? Do you mean that even the Goddess will do things out of order?" Oops #2?

I said, "Who are we to say that She did it in the wrong order?"





# What is Ostara?

By Beast

Of the eight sabbats that make up the wheel of the year, the ones that mark the solar equinoxes (Ostara and Mabon) are considered the “lesser” Sabbats. This is because they are considered “solar” festivals, overlaid on the calendar of the more seasonal Sabbats of the British Isles by the Saxon invaders. In fact the Farrars state that these Sabbats were not even traditionally celebrated in Britain, except in the earliest times when the Sabbats marked by astronomical events (that is, the solstices and equinoxes) held a greater importance. Now, of course, these Sabbats have been embraced by modern neo-pagans.

That being said, and for me on a personal level, this is one of the Sabbats that we feel in our bones. I can feel the energies of dark and light shifting now, and sense the quickening energies of life in the womb of the cold earth. The energies of light and dark are in balance, and the balance is shifting to the light. And the plants and the earth know this. In Wiccan belief, the God—who was born in the darkness of Yule—is a growing youth. The Goddess emerges from the underworld and begins to blanket the world with life.

The word “Ostara” comes from the name of the Saxon Goddess of rebirth and spring, “Eoestre.”

Ostara also has etymological echoes with the names of the ancient Great Goddesses Ishtar, Astarte, Ashtoreth, and Isis. Another name for this Sabbat is “Lady Day,” and this reflects the sacredness of this time to the Goddess. In the Roman world about the time was marked the Megalesia Mater—the week-long festival in honor of the Goddess Cybele—another face of the Great Mother. In Cybele’s myth, her consort, Attis, went mad and castrated himself under a pine tree. He died of his wounds, and became another face of the dying and reborn lover/son of the Goddess. Cybele’s priests (called the “Galli”) castrated themselves in honor of Attis and the Goddess. They dressed in women’s clothing (saffron and chartreuse were their sacred colors), and grew their perfumed hair long. Cybele’s festival in Rome was filled with such noise, blood, and madness, that sensible Romans locked their doors and stayed at home or left town altogether during this time (much like many of the inhabitants of New Orleans do at Mardi Gras).

Ostara is a festival of fertility, and the symbols associated with

it reflect this. First of all, the day of the Vernal Equinox marks the first day of the sun sign Aries—symbolized by the ram. Sheep are famously fertile, and the ram with his spiraled horns symbolizes the urgent energy of life to express itself in new beginnings. Also associated with this time is the egg—an obvious symbol of life and fertility. The idea of a Cosmic Egg—from which is born all things—plays a role in many of the world’s creation myths. Eggs and seeds are the containers of potential, and this is the energy that is coming forth at this time. The Christian holy day of Easter retells the myth of the dying and reborn God, and the ancient pagan symbolism of fertile hares and eggs filled with new life form all the trappings of the secular part of this day.

So life and light, growth and fertility, potential springing forth but not yet shaped or complete, are the themes of Ostara. A “minor” Sabbat, but one expressing the awakening sacred energies of the earth.

I’d like to finish by sharing the beautiful and powerful words of a Denver Faerie that sum up this time so perfectly:

*With the coming of the Vernal Equinox, light makes its return to power in the never-ending cycle of the seasons. This is a point of balance. Light and dark define each other equally. This the time of Germination. Seeds—like ideas, goals, and dreams—which have slept since the winter solstice, are now being seduced into waking up.*

*As you light a candle and place it on our mother earth, let it be a symbol of this awakening light—this perfect balance of light and dark. See the edge of the flame where it stops and dark starts and realize that one could not exist without the other. They both define who the other is. At this perfect point of balance, open awareness to the daily increase of light. Let this daily increase activate germination within you. Let it bring more magic and mystery. Then, as fairies, let us spread this magic to others in our unique and playful ways. We are the emissaries of the celebration of existence.*

*Focus on the candle flame once more. Let his light soak into your being, then radiate that light to everyone around you.*

*We fairies are the pollinators of magic.*

— Cigale

Vernal Equinox, 1998

Works Consulted:

Farrar, Janet and Steward. Eight Sabbats for Witches. Washington: Phoenix Publishing, 1981.

Farrar, Janet and Steward. The Witches’ Goddess. Washington: Phoenix Publishing, 1987.

Stacy, Barbara. Ancient Roman Holidays. Rhode Island: The Witches’ Almanac, Ltd., 1998.

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ostara>

## Ostara Incense

2 parts Frankincense  
1 part Benzoin  
1 part Dragon’s Blood  
1/2 Part Nutmeg  
1/2 part Violet flowers (or couple of drops violet oil)  
1/2 part Orange peel  
1/2 part Rose petals  
To be burned during Ostara rituals.

Source:

<http://www.angelfire.com/journal/cathbodua/Incense.html>

# Breaking the Ice

By Orpheus

There he sits, back in the same seat that he has sat for three years.  
Nearly every day, he is seated there when you get on the bus.  
Nearly every day you think he is handsome,  
And wish you had some way to break the ice.  
He always sits there, wearing silence like a cloak'

He disappears for a couple of days, and you wonder where he is.  
A vacation to some far away place? Or just staying home?  
Today, he is back, and you realize that you have missed him.  
Silence and all, he is part of your life.  
No words are spoken as you take your seat, but you wish you had.

Something is different, there is a smile on his face.  
Not a big grin, but a secret smile,  
The kind that says "I know something you don't."  
Is he remembering a someone or a somewhere?  
Whatever the source, it must be a pleasant memory.

It is time for his stop, he gets up to leave.  
You hear him speak to the driver as he does every day.  
The baritone sound fades as the bus pulls away.  
You are alone on the bus for yours is the last stop.  
Just you and the driver, both lost in your thoughts.

"May I join you," you look up and it's him.  
He says he knows that it was silly to do,  
But he couldn't pass up this moment to speak to you.  
Alone on the bus, where no one could hear,  
He had a secret that he wanted to share.

He woke up this morning and knew something was different.  
He got on the bus and the feeling grew stronger.  
When you smiled as you passed, he knew the answer.  
In silence, you both waited for someone to break the ice.  
In your smile, he knew it was time for him to speak.

A handshake goodbye as he started to rise,  
Which was turned into a kiss to your grasped hand.  
"Until we meet again," and out the door he flew.  
You look at the paper he pressed into your palm,  
And realize that he didn't mean for you to wait until tomorrow.

The ice has been broken, now what is your move?  
The river is flowing and he's waiting for you.  
The time is past for skating on thin ice.  
Once the ice has been broken, there's no turning back.  
Now is the time to dive in and swim.

# Forsythia

by Beast

Stands singly in the center of the garden  
Surrounded by green grass and English daisies  
Where, once, it crouched in the dry eave of the old house  
Holding itself in

They planted it there, not knowing its ways  
Of wanting to breathe and arch out  
Green branches starred with  
Flower crosses - chrome yellow  
But there they cut it back each fall  
Thinking it messy and unshapely  
And shaping it to their plan  
Of a privet or a boxwood  
Not Forsythia

But someone recognized it for what it was  
And moved it out  
To an open place  
In the lawn, ringed by daisies and in the  
Bright sun  
And now it arches grandly  
Golden  
And children play under the supple green branches  
And look out through yellow stars.

April, 2000



*The earth begins to thaw with the first kiss of spring.*

# Quest for the Crystal Phoenix

## Chapter 12: A Centaur's Tale

### by Orpheus

When Adam poked his head into the tent the next morning, he found his son curled up with Johnny Jump-Up. He stood there for a moment remembering his own youth and time with the faerie. A sleepy voice came from the bed, "Is it that time already?"

"Yes. So get up and I'll get breakfast started."

While he was cooking, Adam heard the sounds of his son and the faerie splashing in the lake. Soon the pair joined him at the cook fire. While they were eating, Apollo told them about one of his dreams. In it, they were all fighting a dragon and Johnny had to use his new special gift to become giant-size. The battle lasted for hours and Johnny was going to be stuck in that size until the end of time.

"I don't want that to happen to you, Johnny."

"Well, if it happens, it happens. I knew the risks that I was taking. But don't worry, if it does, then I'll change my name to Redwood."

Adam laughed. "No, if I know you, you would be known as the Giant Woody. And when you got a hard on, people will see it from miles away."

"Hum? That doesn't sound too bad. Where can we find a dragon so we can test this out?"

Cetee brought Johnny's and Apollo's horses down from the corral and soon the trio were on their way. The conversation that day was filled Apollo asking his teacher about his grandfather, King Andrew. At noon, they had arrived at Faerie Aerie, so they stopped at one of the open markets for some lunch. When they were back on the road, Johnny let out a heavy sigh of relief that his mother hadn't found them and turn it into a formal visit.

"That wouldn't have happened," said Cetee. "When I picked you up, I promised her that you would bring Apollo for a visit after you met with my father."

Apollo listened as the two old friends bickered about who had it worse when it came to parents. Having not met either parent, Apollo kept quite and enjoyed the scenery. On either side of the road were large open meadows. Off in the distance, he could see smoke rising from Mount Phire. "Does the mountain always smoke?" he asked.

"Yes. The legend is that the mountain is grieving the death of the dragon. It erupted shortly afterwards and has been smoking ever since. Every forty five years, six months, seven hours and thirty seven seconds, it erupts. There is an old tale that if all five of Wobnair's volcanoes erupt at the same time, it will be a signal of the end of the House of Charming."

"Is that likely to happen?"

"Mount Phlicker has never erupted. But the other four have been erupting like clockwork. If nothing changes their individual cycles, those four should erupt simultaneously eleven years, five months, fifteen days and some odd minutes from now. I have already heard that people are preparing a big festival at the base of

Mount Phlicker so they can watch for themselves if it will erupt with the others."

Apollo thought a moment and did some quick math. "You mean to say on my twenty fifth birthday, the party is going to be topped off by the eruptions of four volcanoes?"

"I hadn't really thought about the date, but you are right."

Johnny snickered, "Talk about a birthday blow-out. You're going to do it in style."

They crossed a little bridge and soon Cetee started to pick up the pace. "The village is just over the next hill. I'll race you to the village gate."

Any further conversation would have to wait. Apollo got caught up in the euphoria of riding his horse at a full gallop. At home he could only get short bursts of speed. Here on the open road, it felt

like he was flying. He looked behind him and Johnny's horse was just about a nose length to his left. He looked to his right and Cetee was a couple of lengths behind him.

As the gates came in sight, Apollo set his focus on his goal. He took a quick look behind him and the others were still there. He looked at the gates and there was Johnny standing in front of him. As his horse slowed down, he looked back and realized that only Johnny's horse was there. Johnny was not in the saddle.

"I win!" said the faerie.

"You cheated!"

"Hey, nobody said I had to

stay on the saddle. What did I win anyway?"

Cetee led them into town. Apollo was amazed at how big everything was. Each building was almost the size of a barn. As he watched the centaurs go in and out of the doors, he realized that the buildings had to be that large to accommodate the tenants.

They began to approach the largest of the buildings. It looked like a palace when compared to the simpler architecture of the other buildings. A golden chariot was parked outside the entrance.

"Here we are," said Cetee, "It looks like Father has company so we may have to wait for a while before we can go in."

They stopped at the entrance. As Cetee started to open the door, the sounds of an argument came wafting through. Apollo could hear one booming voice say that he had the other one already, so why didn't the second voice give him the other. The other was a much older sounding voice, which seemed to be making excuses to avoid doing something. Cetee signaled to the others to stay quite and pointed toward a door at the back of the main hall. As they started to tiptoe down the hall, one of the floor boards squeaked.

"It seems that your guests have arrived, Oli," said the booming voice. The door opened and Cetee led the way in.





In front of him as he walked into the room was an old centaur. His hindquarters were resting on a low coach-like bench. His hair and body hair had more white to it than russet. The door behind him closed, and the prince turned to see the person who closed it. He dropped to his knees when he realized that the booming voice he had heard belongs to Poseidon, God of the Oceans.

"Do get up. Save that for an audience. We are all family here." He came over and pinched Apollo's cheek. "My how you have gone since your Princing Ceremony. How long have you been out there."

The prince knew it would not be wise to lie to a god, "You were saying something about people needing something for protection, especially since *She* was active again."

The centaur spoke up, "We can talk about that later. Son, please introduce me to your prize pupil."

"Certainly. Father, I present to you, Prince Apollo Phoenix, son of Adam Solari, King of Adbalm." Since Cetee was using such formal language, the prince accorded the centaur a formal court bow. "Apollo, please rise and meet my father, Lord Ctholbêahâssêsbut."

"I am very pleased to meet you, child," he said. Apollo noticed a flash of white on the centaur's finger as he spoke.

Poseidon turned to the centaur and spoke in a sharp tone. "Lord Ctholbêahâssêsbut? Why do you continue to hide behind that lie? The future king deserves to know the truth."

"But he is so young. He's not old enough to handle the truth." Again, Apollo noticed a flash on the centaur's finger, but this time the ring was jet black when he looked at it. "Confound it. I'll never figure out why it does that."

"That alone should be proof enough that you never learned to use the gift I gave you. Hand it over so it can be turned over to someone who can."

Reluctantly, the centaur slipped off his ring and handed it to the god.

"Thank you," said the god. "It will be needed in the days ahead. Now will you tell him the truth, or shall I?"

"I'll tell him. Do you remember the question I told my son to ask your father to answer if he wanted to come here?"

"Yes. 'Where is the first King of Adbalm buried?'"

"Do you know the answer?"

Cetee spoke up, "Think carefully before you answer."

"Father said that he couldn't find anything in the Royal History books. Queen Rose drilled into me all the facts and figures of my heritage and nowhere is it even mentioned when he died. The last mention of him is when he abdicated in favor of the twins, Angelo and Angelina. This has to be a trick question. Either he never was buried after he died or he was cremated like mother was and his ashes were scattered in the wind."

"Very good. I didn't believe my son when he said you were the smartest in the family. You have gotten closer than most of your fore-fathers, but you missed a third choice."

"The one where I am supposed to believe that he never died?"

Poseidon stomped his foot. "I'll never know what my daughter sees in you. You always try to get out of telling the truth by turning it into a guessing game. Time has run out of the clock. What my

son-in-law is trying to avoid telling you is..."

The centaur spoke up, "What he is trying to say is that your third choice is correct. He never died. I should know. I am he. I am Oliver Benedictus Charming, youngest son of King William Brogrim, and first King of Adbalm."

"But how can that be? There is no mention of him being a centaur," said the prince.

"I wasn't always a centaur. Please have a seat, this is going to be a long story."

Poseidon hugged Apollo. "This is where I leave. I've already heard this story before. I have what I came for. Now talk to my however many times great-grandson and make sure he understands what needs to be done."

"As you command, sir," said Oliver as he escorted the god to his chariot. Turning back to Apollo, he added, "But first some supper."

"Father, you are procrastinating."

"No, just hungry and this is going to be a long story," he replied.

Oliver refused to say anything else until after supper. With the last of the dishes cleared, he led them back to the study and settled on his couch and pulled out a pipe. He had Apollo stoke the fire while the others pulled over some chairs. Oliver started off, "Once upon a time..."

"I thought you were supposed to tell the truth, Father, not some faerie tale."

He said that is what his life had become and it was hard to remember which was the real fact verses the fancified stories that had been passed on over the years. He told them how he had first met Annette. He had been wandering in the woods and discovered a hidden lagoon where several young maidens were bathing. He stood behind a tree and watched them play for a long time. When it became apparent that the maidens were nude, he stripped so that he could fully enjoy the scene before him. He must have made some noise because all but one of the maidens disappeared quickly. The remaining maiden shouted for him to stop playing with himself and join her in the water. Rather than be embarrassed, he thought "Oh lucky day" because he had found a nymph. She coaxed him to join her in the lagoon and dove underwater and brought him to climax. When he tried to get her to return with him to the castle, that's when he learned that she was a mermaid. After several trysts during the following weeks, Oliver remembered that he had saved one wish to do something special for his true love. He approached Amaranth, who agreed to the request to turn Annette human with the condition that if ever she touched the ocean again, the spell would be broken. Together, they concocted the tale of how he had been caught in a storm and Annette had rescued him. It seemed to be better royal publicity to have her be heroic and love at first sight instead of telling people that he had been caught jacking off while spying on her when she was naked.

"So, how does that related to you being a centaur?" asked Apollo.

—continued on page 10

## Quest/Crystal Phoenix continued

"Does he always want the final lesson before learning all the history behind it?" asked Oliver.

"Not always," Cetee replied. "Only when he catches me trying to avoid answering the original question."

"In this case, it is important," said the elder centaur, "so let me tell the story my way." He said that Annette and he were very much in love and were constantly together. One day, Kenneth's wife, Belladonna, had been trying to seduce Oliver. When he refused, he told her that he could never leave his wife. Belle replied that while that may be true, could he say that Annette would never leave him and that they would always be together? "Mark my words," she said. "There will be a time that she will not come home. If you do not sleep with me at that time, then I can ensure you that you will be joined with another so that you will never be alone."

Oliver said that he laughed at her. As he left the room, Belle threw something at him and smoke filled the hallway. A few years later, after the sundering, Oliver and Myron went on a hunting trip. Kenneth found them to tell them the news that Annette had died. He said that she found out that Oliver had been seducing Belle and threw herself off a cliff in grief. Belle assured her husband that she would never sleep with one of his brothers and that Oliver deserved whatever he got. Oliver said that was when he realized how devious his sister-in-law was. He jumped on his horse to ride to her castle to tell her how revolted he was to think that she would be so low as to cause someone to suicide by telling lies. When he patted his horse on the neck, the effects of her curse became apparent as he merged into the horse and became a centaur. "It was a good thing I had a stallion and had patted his neck. I can only image the horrors if it had been a mare or I had patted it on the rump."

"But sir," said the prince, "that was nearly five hundred years ago. How is it that you are still alive?"

"When father's wish sundered the kingdom, the god's blamed my brothers and I and our wives for the root of the problem. They said that we could never rest until we set things right again or until the last drop of Charming blood was removed from the world. At the time, we believed that we were doomed to live as ghosts. I have always guessed that because I was turned into a centaur that my curse mutated into a curse of never dying. Events in the past hundred years have led me to believe that Belladonna managed to survive and is continuing her plan to unite the kingdom under her rule once all members of the Charming bloodline have been killed or have sworn fealty to her."

"Sir, Cetee said you asked about papel sodoipen tree," said Apollo. "What does that have to with how my mother died?"

"That was Belle's special creation. She magically grew a tree with fruit that looked like an apple but had all the characteristics of her namesake. In other words..."

"A poisoned apple!" exclaimed everyone.

"A poisoned apple," repeated Oliver. "I heard tale of your mother's ill health, and I can bet that Belle convinced your mother that it was a magical apple that would cure all her problems."

"And since mother grew up without real magic, she would only want to believe in the faerie tale magic and would not think to question that there could be evil magic as well."

"And Belle added another victim to the list of family members

she's killed."

Johnny had been sitting listening to the story. "If both Belladonna and you are alive, what about the others?"

"I was told that when they tried to pull out the heel of Ashleigh's shoe that had splintered into her foot, they couldn't stop the bleeding. Ken and I were told to never return to Myron's court, and I heard that she was never seen again. I already told you about Annette. My brothers? I guess anything is possible."

"I beg your pardon," said Apollo, "but I think I know that at least one of the other's is alive."

Cetee raised an eyebrow. "What makes you think that?"

"When Poseidon left, he said he never could figure out what his daughter sees in your father. I noticed that he said 'sees,' present tense, not 'saw' as in the past tense. Wouldn't that be an indication that he has talked to her recently?"

"You know, you could be right. I had noticed that had sounded strange, but it could be true," said Oliver.

"And if what Ken told you is true, if she's alive, she's been thinking you have been sleeping with Belladonna all these years," added the faerie.



"Which is probably why Poseidon has never told me that she was alive."

Oliver said he needed some time to think and sent everyone off to bed. Over the next couple of days, he shared some of the happier memories of times before the sundering. Anytime someone brought up the times after the sundering, he said that he needed to rethink everything to see what he may have forgotten. "Or at least recover the parts I've rewritten in my mind because I didn't want to believe the truth," was his honest assessment of the situation.

Three days after arriving at Oliver's home, Johnny and Apollo made ready to head back to the valley. For the umpteenth time, he made the prince repeat the various messages that were to be given to Adam. Once he was sure that Apollo knew exactly when to pass each one on, he bid them farewell.

As the two of them left the centaur meadows, they came to a bridge that crossed the river that marked the edge between centaur and faerie lands. Standing in front of the bridge was a troll. Even if it had been at night and they couldn't see him, the stench told them he was there.

"That will be one hundred solaris to cross the bridge," said the troll.

"By what right can you charge a toll on this public bridge," demanded the prince.

"I was told to collect money from all travelers by order of the King of Adbalm."

"Even if that were true, he would never charge that outrageous price."

"Well, if that's too high, what might you have that is of equal value?" The troll grabbed Apollo by his shirt and pulled him off his horse. He ripped off the shirt and began to touch the prince's nipples. "Hmm, nice flesh. Feels virginal, let's see what else you have." He grabbed Apollo's arm and started to rip the prince's pants, when the smell of burning flesh filled the air. The troll looked at Apollo's godmark and cursed. "Well there are other ways to claim my fee."

"Leave him alone, Oscar," shouted Johnny.

"I would have thought you had learned your lesson years ago, you pansy. If I can't touch him, then at least you can provide some satisfaction."

"Apollo, grab my hand," said Johnny.

"What? The little faerie is scared and needs someone to hold their hand when they have sex?"

The prince grabbed Johnny's outstretched hand and the faerie quickly grew to eight feet tall and gave a quick punch to the troll's stomach, followed by another punch to his jaw. The troll went flying backwards with the unexpected move and hit his head on the bridge posts, knocking him out.

Johnny brought his fist to his mouth. "Yike's that hurt, but man did that feel good! I've wanted to do that for years. How long do you think it took and more importantly, how do we tell the spell that we don't need it anymore?"

They decided that since touch was needed to activate the spell, then maybe contact between the two of them would be the signal as well. They hugged for a moment and then Apollo found some rope in their saddlebags and quickly tied the troll's hands and feet. Johnny kept apologizing for not doing something sooner. Oscar had been

the town bully and always found ways to corner Johnny and to force him to have sex. When he saw the troll grab the prince off of his horse, he just froze. "But you managed to find the strength to take action. That's all that matters," said Apollo.

"One thing I couldn't understand," said Johnny. "Why did he scream in pain when he touched your arm?"

"He put his hand on the mark that Apollo made on my arm last summer. He said that it showed the word that I had his blessing. It looks like it has some protective qualities as well."

The two debated on what to do with the troll. When Oscar woke up, the prince questioned him and learned that he had been collecting tolls in the king's name for nearly two centuries and had a tidy book with notations of each collection and no mention of payments to the crown. With Johnny's assistance, Apollo tapped into his regal powers and laid a geas on the troll. At his command, the troll stripped and put on a pink skirt that they had picked up as a gift for Viola. The geas stated that the troll could not remove the skirt or put on any other clothing until he paid the full amount of tolls collected (plus interest and late fees) to King Adam. Each sexual encounter that served in lieu of payment would be assessed double the base rate. Apollo added that if the geas was not fulfilled by the winter solstice, then the troll would be charged with the attempted rape of the Prince of Adbalm.

"Oh, I've heard how lenient the Adbalm courts have gotten with rapists," said Oscar. "I don't think they can come up with anything worse than this tutu. Maybe I will take my chances."

"Don't bet on it," said the prince. "You have the burn mark on your hand that proves you touched My Person without My permission. That is all the proof of your guilt that the courts will need. When combined with the rape charge, I would expect a minimum sentence of castration. Since the charge involved a member of the Royal Family, the only person capable of passing judgment is the King himself. Chances are He will inform the surgeons to remove anything between your legs, not just the testicles. His Majesty has no tolerance for rapists. And since you triggered the Godmark Protection, I would have no doubt that Lord Apollo may have some additional penalties to add to your sentence."

With each addition penalty, the prince watched the defiance leave Oscar's eyes. "It was never rape. Everyone of them consented to the sex."

"Only after being forced to agree when we couldn't meet your outrageous price," said Johnny.

"In your case, pansy, I got short changed on the deal."

"Don't make Me add a vow of silence to your geas. Now get out of My sight," said the prince.

The two of them watched Oscar scramble away. As he disappeared under the bridge, Johnny let out a groan and doubled over in pain. Apollo touched his friend trying to see what was wrong. As soon as they touched, the faerie shrunk down to his normal size. "Now we know how to tell when the time limit is up," said Apollo.

"And if that is any indication of what to expect if you aren't around at the appropriate time then I am going to be in a heap of trouble if I do that too often."

# Peanut Butter Ritual

by Cubby

It was my morning ritual, pop a couple of pieces of bread in the toaster and get the jar of peanut butter down off the shelf. This morning, something felt different. As soon as I opened the jar, I knew why. It was nearly empty. Someone left that last little bit in the edge and put it away. I scraped that bit, and it was barely enough to cover the tip of the knife. I reached back up to the shelf and the sudden electrifying feeling hit me. Today, I got to open the new jar of peanut butter!

My hand shook with anticipation as I opened the jar. Every pore of my being was waiting for that first sniff of aroma as I pulled off the seal. I thanked the Peanut Butter God for granting me this moment. There it was before me, untouched by human hands, the pristine smoothness of its unbroken surface. I caressed my knife, trying to figure out whether this was a “scoop it from the middle morning” or was it a “take it from the side morning.” You have to understand the importance of this kind of decision. One can’t be too careful when faced with penetrating the virgin surface. And I had to do this before I had coffee!

“Should I leave you two alone? Or can I join in?” Peter’s question broke the solemn moment. I showed him the jar and his eyes glazed over as he put his hands over mine. “Shall we do this together?”

“Hey, wait for me!” Jim came rushing in the room. “If you are going to sacrifice this virgin to the Peanut Butter God, you have to do it right!” He grabbed the jar from the counter and set it on one of

the kitchen stools. I had not noticed the three carefully placed knives that formed a triangle. It was into the center of the triangle that he placed the jar. “It was a good thing I left the old jar on the shelf! I knew that would delay you long enough for me to get down here.

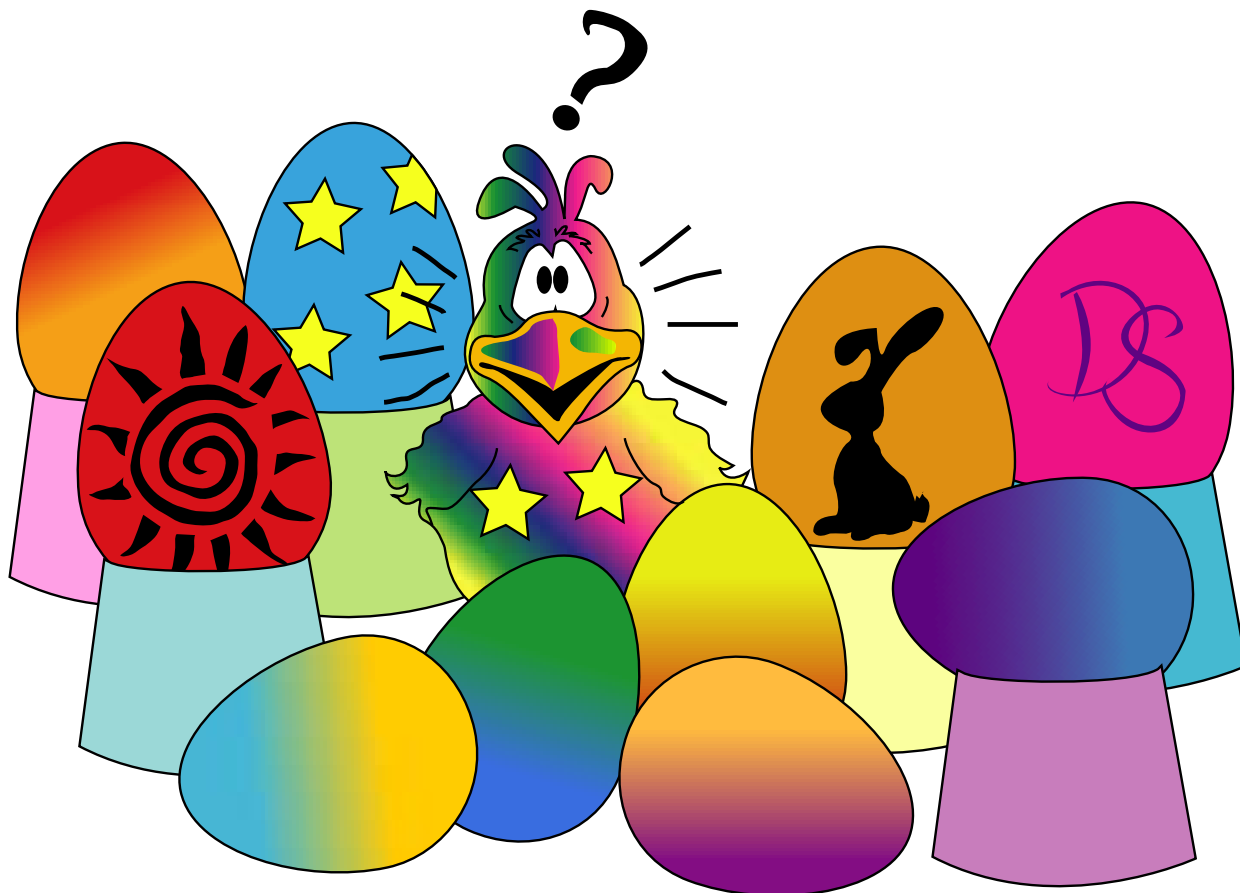
We stood in a circle around the stool and passed a kiss. We each picked up one of the knives and in unison, we plunged into the creamy surface that was before us. I held my knife to Peter, “Share in my creamy goodness.” He took a lick and then I repeated the same with Jim.

Peter and Jim looked at each other and took their knives and spread their peanut butter on my cock. In unison, they said, “We thought you would never ask!”

After repeating that portion of the ritual feast with my partners, I think that Jim had it right when he said that it was the combination of two of his favorite foods, and not quite as messy as chocolate syrup. I had to thump him when he added that only thing that would have made it better was to have virginal cock to go with the virginal peanut butter.

“You need to get a refund on that jar,” added Jim. “It said it was creamy, but I distinctly found some nuts in the peanut butter.”

Before Peter or I could thump him for that, Jim jumped up, “Is the coffee ready?” When I said that I hadn’t gotten that far yet, he headed over to the counter. In a moment, I heard the distinctive “psssst” of a coffee can being opened. This was going magical morning. Jim always insists on fresh cream for a fresh can of coffee.





# Life's a Stage

by Falcon

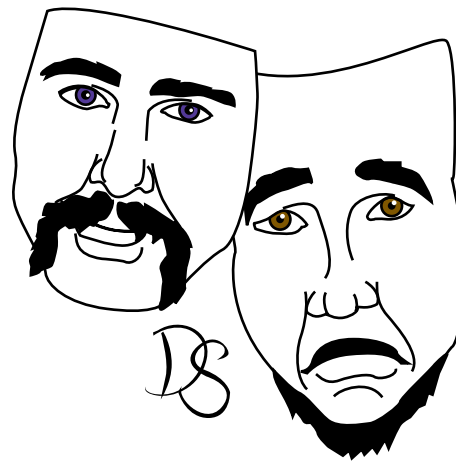
I can still recall the first time that I went to see live theater. It was part of the Children's Theater series at the Bonfils Theater. I was about eight or nine and I can recall wondering why mom was making such a big fuss about my needing to be on my best behavior. After all, I had been to movies lots of times and had never had problems. Well, I guess if you don't count the time my folks took the five year old me to see Sinbad and in the most tense moment I yelled for them to change the channel and then promptly fell asleep. Soon after that episode I learned the difference between television and movies, just as I was about to discover the difference between Theater and movies. I look back on that show and realize how much that one small production changed my life.

Watching the show, I was at first bewildered. It was fun, but the lack of a screen puzzled me. The show was a space melodrama. Its name is long lost to the mists of memory but it was of the Dudley Do-Right meets Flash Gordon variety. Mother's words were forgotten by the third act when the hero asked the audience if we knew where the villain was and we all shouted that he was right behind the hero. The villain was dressed in a cape that magically matched the forest that was at the back of the stage. The end of the show came and as we left the theater, there were all the characters ready to sign autographs and I got all of them. Of course, now-a-days I probably would stop after I got the villain's signature and would have been a happy camper.

That continued for several years. One show stands out even more than that first one. The plot is even faded with the story name, but that doesn't matter. The thing that makes this particular show shine was Sean the Leprechaun. The fact that he was one of the tallest members in the cast didn't matter at all. He was handsome and when I got his autograph, I was one of the lucky ones that got some of his magic fairy dust. I knew it was just glitter, but it came from Sean the Leprechaun himself! Looking back at that memory, that is my first memory of having some kind of attraction to a man. I was too young for that to be a real sexual desire kind of thing, but something about Sean the Leprechaun made me want to stay close to him as long as possible. Was my young gaydar starting to activate? Was there something he saw in me that caused him to pick me for that handful of glitter and not the one who was in line right before me? Was it real fairy dust that worked its magic on me?

Dates in high school and college consisted of going to dinner and then to a play at Bonfils. There were many nights with the church youth group to a movie, but a true date meant going to Bonfils. One year I got to participate in a series of classes that they offered about the behind the scenes part of a show. I tried my hand at acting in high school and in church productions. I learned that I really didn't like being the star of the show. If I ever were to ever give serious consideration to being a part of a show, it would be on the technical side.

In my adult years, live theater is important to me. I could wish I had both the time and money to support each and every show, but that is just not possible. However, my mind is so full of memories of the shows I have seen. The chills of watching the chandelier rise the first time I saw Phantom, the chills I got the fifth time I saw it. The tears that fell as Whizzer collapses in Falsettos as the newly reunited lovers learn that he has AIDS. The spectacular nature of



shows like Will Rodgers Follies and Lion King; the sheer power of Wicked; the stellar performances of Chita Rivera and Carol Channing can't be replicated on the silver screen. There is the beauty of the interplay between voice and sign language in Big River that can't be captured on film.

There is something special about sitting in the theater and seeing a performance that only exists in the here and now. A movie will be the same today as it was yesterday and it will be tomorrow. But anything can happen during a live performance, and I can think of many examples of that. There is no editing. The oops that happened can't be cut out. It was as real as the rest of the show. There is something hopeful in the thought that maybe tonight will be the night that the nude actor on stage trips on the posing sheet and reveals that he truly was naked (the show was Dorian – he didn't trip, but I said I was hopeful, not that it happened or maybe I was just there on the wrong night or sitting in the wrong seat to have been able to see).

There is something special about how a live performance feels. Even though the majority of the sound goes through a sound system, there is still the live vibrations that fill the body. There is something special in the ability to pick what I want to focus on in the action and not be forced to see only what the director wants me to see. If I get to see a show multiple times, I like watching the ensemble and how they bring everything to life around the stars. I love watching the show with an understudy to see how that changes the performances of the others.

But the most special thing about live theater is that I haven't lost my wonderment in it. Yes, some shows aren't as good as others, but I don't regret seeing them. Something else hasn't changed – for our first date, I took DragonSwan to see the stage version of Beauty and the Beast. I love sitting in the Buell Theater, with over 2,000 people around us and holding his hand as we watch shows together.

To all the Sean the Leprechauns out there in the world – keep singing and dancing. We love you.

To everyone reading this, when held in your hand by light of day, it might just look like glitter. Inside the theater, it really is magic fairy dust. If you believe hard enough, you can actually bring the glitter into the world and turn it back into magic fairy dust.

**by Cubby**

It had been a long week at work. It was prom week and we had two weddings already scheduled. After eight hours of hunched over my workbench making corsages, I was ready to soak in our new hot tub. When Jim moved in with us, Peter and I made it clear to him that he was not to try to buy our love. If the purpose of living with us was to get back to the basics in life, then we didn't want him to try to turn our home into a carbon copy of the nightmare he had created when he won PowerBall. For the most part he abided by the rules, but when the old hot tub gave its last gurgle, he insisted on replacing it with a larger one that could hold more of our friends at a time. When we tried to remind him of the rules, he pouted and said that it was all of our unbirthdays and we deserved a proper present to celebrate the occasion. I don't know why we ever introduced him to that cartoon, but he's managed to use that excuse to justify a couple of things.

When I got home, Aeric was just finishing mowing the lawn. He was shirtless, showing off his hairy chest, and his young muscles were glistening with the sweat. My baby had grown into a mighty good looking young man. I bet you didn't think I had it in me to have a child. Well, you would be right. Aeric's parents live a couple of houses up the street. His dad, Norman, was playing for the NFL when I first started spending a lot of time at the house with Grams and Uncle Phil. Norman was good at playing Tight Receiver, or something like that, but just not good enough to play for the same team for two years in a row. Aeric's mom, Kathy, insisted on keeping a "normal" life for their son and didn't want to move from city to city. She stayed here so that Aeric could have his friends and Norman would get an apartment wherever he was playing. Kathy would travel several times during the season, especially when the team was having a "player's wives" function. Grams would baby-sit whenever that happened.

Aeric was five the first time I met him. Phil and I were working in the garden and he was being a good helper. We would pull the weeds and Aeric was right beside us to make sure that everything got into the trash bag. I took off my shirt and he took one look at my fur and started screaming “Bear! Bear!” I scrunched up my face, raised my “claws” and growled at him and he went running to hide behind Phil. He peeked around Phil and gave a small growl. The three of us played bear cubs and wrestled around the yard for a while. At the end of playtime, he petted my chest and said that he wanted to be just like me when he grew up. Phil was his Godfather, so he made a wave of his hands and went “Poof. Wish Granted.” From the amount of hair I could see from the car, it looked like Phil had been a real Faerie Godmother and really had granted him his wish. After that day, he started to call me “Uncle Cubby”. Phil said that was a perfect Faerie name for me and started to introduce me to his friends as Cubby. I had almost forgotten that it was Aeric that had really given me my Faerie Name.

When Phil got sick, Aeris started to help with yard work and I paid him \$1 to mow the yard. Now, years later, he has a thriving business and he still won't take more than that from me. He says that was our negotiated rate and he doesn't go back on a deal.

I got out of the car and shouted a hello to him. Aeric came over and started to give me a hug but pulled back. He apologized that he

was all sweaty and didn't want to get my clothes wet. I said I was already sweaty from the drive home so it wouldn't hurt. He gave me a hug. I asked how things were going with his boyfriend, Marvin. His usual reply was something about how he was ok but not so great that he wouldn't turn me down if I wanted to make an offer. Today he was very mellow. He said that Marvin dumped him that morning. Marvin said that he knew that it could never last because he knew that Aeris was in love with another man. I asked if it was true and he replied "yes and no." He said that there was someone that he loves but that person never seems notice him that way. He said that his someone has always been a perfect gentleman around him and never seems to take Aeris's flirting seriously. Aeris said the guy has a great lover, to which I quickly said "Time Out." I told him that even if his friend could return the flirting he was asking for heartache. Aeris said that normally he would agree but the lover caught him one day staring and tricked Aeris into revealing his feelings for the other. Aeris told me how the lover said that there was enough love in their relationship to share with others, but that his lover and Aeris would have to be honest about their feelings first. Aeris told me that this guy's lover had even given him some hints but nothing had worked. After getting over the shock that my baby was looking at getting into a three-way relationship, I told him what I would do in the situation. I said to take a leap of faith and to be honest with his friend. I suggested that he find a time when his friend was alone since maybe he would be more open to express his own feelings if his lover wasn't around. He said that might work and headed to his truck.

I went inside and quickly stripped, grabbed a towel and went out to the hot tub. I was just about to get in when I heard the gate open. I started to step down and grab my towel. Aeris took one look at me in my nakedness and apologized. He realized that in his depression he had forgotten to finish trimming the back but he would come back later. I told him that I didn't mind if he didn't mind a naked man watching him work. He said that I wouldn't be the first



one that day, but I was certainly the handsomest. That sounded more like his usual self. He plugged in his trimmer and started to work. I climbed into the tub and started to unwind.

As I watched Aeric, I remembered the first time he saw me naked. I never hope to be that scared again. Not because of him seeing me naked, but I thought I was going to lose him. It was about five years ago. I had just gone to bed when Jesus started barking up a storm. Jesus was one of the quietest dogs I have ever known, so for him to bark, something had to be happening. I rushed downstairs to see what was wrong. There was Aeric backed into Jesus' doghouse trying to calm Jesus down. When Jesus saw me, he stopped barking and sat down. I asked Aeric why he was in the yard, he said that he needed to talk to someone and he knew that Jesus wouldn't tell anyone his secret. He said he often came over when I wasn't around and Jesus never barked so he didn't know why he started tonight. I said that Jesus was smart and must have known that someone else needed to hear that secret. I promised that I wouldn't tell if he told me. He said it was foolish and that he should go home. He stood up and started to walk out the gate when Jesus did something I had never seen before. He lunged at Aeric and before either of us could react he tore off the pocket of Aeric's coat. Something fell to the ground and he started to bend down to pick it up. Jesus growled at him and Aeric backed away. I went over and found a knife and a bottle of pills. I picked them up and asked him to tell me what was really going on. He broke into tears so I pulled him into a hug. With his head on my shoulder he said that he was gay. His family had been watching the movie *Jeffery* on cable and his father had exploded about how wrong it was to have two guys in love. Norman had said that all Gays deserved what they got and should all go to Hell. Aeric decided that he couldn't face his father's anger when he found out so he decided to end his life before that happened. He said that he came down to the house to say good-bye to Jesus. A chill came down my spine and thanked the Gods that my dog called for help. Another chill came down my spine as the night wind caressed Aeric's tears on my skin made me realize that I was still buck naked and had a teenager in my yard. Visions of Norman storming in to "rescue" his son from the evil faerie filled my head.

I convinced Aeric that he could talk to me by reminding him of the fact that I, too, was gay. I took him inside so that I could get some clothes on. As I started to head upstairs, he begged me to not get dressed. He said he always remembered his "human teddy bear" and needed be held in that furry embrace. He said he would tell me everything if I would do that for him. Little warning lights were going off in my head. I managed to negotiate a deal and got him to let me get some boxers on. He agreed that maybe it wouldn't be a good scene if his father found us together without some clothes on. Once dressed in some old boxers, I stretched out on the couch and he snuggled in beside me. He told me that he had known he was gay for a couple of years. There were a couple other gay kids at school and got together every couple of days for jerk off sessions. One of the guys had been really pressuring him to let him fuck Aeric and while he wanted the experience, something didn't seem right. He felt so confused and wanted to talk to his mom, but each time his



dad exploded over the latest gay article in the newspaper, he would back way. That night had been a final straw and decided that they only thing he could do was to make the world a better place by getting rid of a faggot.

I told Aeric he was a good person and that the world, and I especially, would be sadder for him being gone. I told him that he should listen to his feelings regarding his friend. If something didn't feel right, then probably there was a reason. I said that when it comes to the gay community there is a lot of pressure to have sex but for myself, I couldn't have sex with someone that I didn't love. It would be hard for Aeric, but I told him that he should wait to fuck or be fucked until he knew that the person was right and that there was real love behind it. He asked if I loved him and would be willing to be his first? My dick started to stir with the thought of having sex (with a virgin at that) since I hadn't had a boyfriend in a couple of months. But my head reminded me that we had some bigger issues here, the least of which was the fact that he was underaged and I didn't want people accusing me of child molestation. I said that I loved him but I had to decline his offer. I said that when he was twenty-one and still needed that first time experience, then we could talk again. I said that as much as I appreciated the offer, I knew that he would find someone his own age that will be special enough to fall in love with and to share that first time together and live happily ever after. He asked "What am I? A fairy tale princess?: To which I said, "Get used to it because one day you will be a queen." He said he would be happy being a princess for a long time because he would only become queen when the old queen died. He looked me in the eye and made me promise to not die on him like Uncle Phil had. I saw a new tear forming in his eye and got one of my own and promised that I would always be there for him. We talked a long time about how he knew he was gay, his parents, and life in general. I told him I was going to keep the knife and drugs and made him promise that if he ever felt that he needed to commit suicide again, he could only use those and he would have to ask me for them. He said that it was a deal. He started to yawn so I got up and covered him with one of Gram's Afghans and let him drift to sleep.

**...to be continued**

# Yelling at the Rock

## by Okapi

I was walking past the house of the Great Teacher who is famous for his gardens. Books have been written about his abilities. People have been hanging on his every word; searching every detail for a secret tidbit that could help them with their own garden. I was drawn into the beauty of the place and soon found myself knocking at the door. I was met by the Teacher himself. When I praised him for the beauty of the gardens in the front of his home, he offered to show me his private gardens.

When I stepped through the back door, I knew how Dorothy must have felt. The colors were so vibrant and alive that anything I had seen before seemed washed out and pale. I asked him how he accomplished such wonder. He said it was all done with one basic ingredient, Love. He said that he found the best quality soils and praised them for their excellence. He pulled out a seed from his pocket; sang it a love song and then placed it in the ground. Within a matter of seconds, the seed sprouted and flourished.

I told the Teacher that I was amazed at the power of his love. He told me that he had a confession. He said that sometimes even love isn't enough. He took me to a back corner of the garden, where a large mass of twisted, spiked weeds grew. A small seedling stood in the middle of the bed, spikes from the other plants were poised to cut into its side should it grow any bigger. The Teacher stood there and started yelling at the seedling. He told it that he had given it all

the finest things that the other seeds had and this was how he was repaid for his efforts. I watched as the seedling shrunk away from his words. The weeds stood taller and grew thicker. I asked him why he was yelling at the seed, did it not deserve the same love as the other seeds? He said he had tried love, but it wasn't enough. This seed had fallen into the wrong crowd. Since the seed's companions thrived on anger, he had decided to give the seed the same treatment.

I asked the Teacher if I could try an experiment. He agreed and stepped aside to give me room. As soon as he moved, the sunlight struck the bed and you could see the weeds pull away and hear them clammering, "Bright light! Bright light!" I bent down and talked to the weeds. I told them that if they let the seedling grow, it would soon become a giant sunflower and would give them all the shade they needed. I told them that they were the most beautiful thorn plants I had ever seen and there was enough love in the world that both they and the seedling could live together. I sung them all the love song that the Teacher had sung earlier. Soon, the seedling became a giant sunflower and the thorn plants bloomed. The Teacher stood in amazement. He said that when the seed fell among the weeds, he had never thought about loving the weeds. I reminded him that the Mother created the weeds. Everything She creates is beautiful and deserving of love. A weed is only a flower that is





## A Meditation for Spring

### by Lazarus Graves

growing where it wants regardless of what you want growing in that spot.

We started walking again and came upon a pair of seeds that had fallen on the path. Again, the Teacher surprised me by yelling at the seeds. He said they were lazy for just laying in the road doing nothing. A bird landed; grabbed one of the seeds and flew off again. The Teacher started yelling at the remaining seed. "See what happened to your brother. You could be next." I asked him why he was yelling at the seed. I told him that he is the one who cast the seed onto the path. Should he not be yelling at the path that got in the way of the seed's ability to touch the soil? He said that he could not do that because he is the one who laid the path in the first place. The seed should have known that the path was absolute and unyielding and gotten out of the way.

Another bird landed and took away the remaining seed. The teacher started yelling at the bird. I asked him why he was yelling at the bird, it had done him no harm. No harm, he asked. He said that bird had stolen the fruits of his labor, without asking mind you, and he wanted it back. I told him that he never truly appreciated that seed. He left it out where it could be trampled without any protection. He yelled at it because it never grew into the potential that he had seen in it. The bird on the other hand, saw that potential and appreciated it for what it was. I asked him to ask himself that when he knew those seeds were in danger, why he didn't move them to safe ground. Was he expecting someone else to do that for him? In this case, the birds did what he did not, so why did he yell at them?

We started walking again and came to a huge boulder. In a crevice, a seedling was struggling to grow. The Teacher started yelling at the rock. He told it that it was too big, too unyielding and that it needed to get out of the way. As his words of anger touched its surface, the edge melted a little. He was proud of accomplishment and yelled some more. I stopped him and pointed at the rock and showed him that the edge had turned to glass and his words were just sliding off. I said that if he yells long enough, he will soon have a mirror and his words of hatred will be reflected back to him. I bent down and started singing the love song to the seedling. As with the others, its growth was immediate. Its roots were finding the smallest cracks in the rock. The Teacher joined in singing the song. Others passing on the street heard the song and were drawn to our side and joined us. Soon, in a moment of silence in the song, a loud crack was heard. We looked up from our reverie and there before was a mighty oak. Its roots had pierced the rock, sundering it in two, and were now deep into the ground.

We parted company. I went home and pulled out one of the books that had been written about the Teacher's garden. I found the story that someone wrote after seeing the garden, and how only a seed will grow in fertile soil. I shook my head and grabbed my pen so I could annotate the page. I wrote:

*This is a lazy gardener who takes the easy way out. Anyone can grow things on fertile ground. The sign of a great gardener is when they can plant a seed anywhere and make it grow. It takes love and sunshine, it takes not waiting for someone else to do the work. It takes time and energy, but it is possible. And one more thing, stop yelling at the rock.*

*I know I generally don't contribute during a season so tightly connected to life. However, the idea of something buried under the ground, and bringing forth life, is not totally foreign to me.*

Now I want you to relax, and when you are ready start by imagining yourself in a hard shell. This shell completely surrounds you and it is very tight within this enclosure. The shell is very solid and seems almost unbreakable. Even though you are cut off from the world, you are still alive and able to breathe. The shell is very cold, and you realize that it is because you are deep inside the cold world.

In your cold hard shell you call out to the Goddess. She answers by warming the shell. Her energy seems to vibrate through the shell and into your whole being. As the power of the Goddess fills you, you find the strength to crack the shell around you. You continue to push against the shell and slowly more cracks appear.

As you break through the shell, you can feel the earth around you. It earth is still very cool, but you can draw in the energy of the Goddess much easier now. Take a moment and draw in the energy of the Goddess. She is more than happy to give you all that you need.

You now notice that the earth is warming in one certain area and move towards the warmth. Feel your body as it moves through the cool damp earth into the warmth. Move through the warming earth until you start poking out into the air. Most of your body is still under the ground, but the fresh air washes over you.

You are kissed by Father Sky, draw in the breath of the God, let it fill you. Let His breath draw you out from the mother earth. Keep your feet, your roots in the earth as your body stretches out into the wide open air. As you stand tall in the garden of the God and Goddess take a moment to look at yourself. Are you flowering? What color are your petals? Do you have blooms that will turn to fruit in the autumn? As you notice your new life, realize that in the garden of the God and Goddess you are both plant and gardener. While the God and Goddess support you and will give you what you need, it is up to you to go from seed to harvest. Thank the God and Goddess for Their gifts, and Their endless support. As you come back, think about what you need to do in your life to take care of the seeds that They have planted in you.

### Subscription Information

The Airy Faerie is a free electronic publication. If you have received a copy from a friend and would like a copy sent directly to your inbox, just send a note to [DenverRadicalFaeries@Yahoo.com](mailto:DenverRadicalFaeries@Yahoo.com) and we can include you in our distribution list.

We do recognize that due to the nature of the graphics, an electronic solution is not always possible. If your electronic access to the Airy Faerie is restricted for any reason, we do offer snail mail distribution. Send an email (or snail mail to the address on the page 2) and we can add you to that list.

## Ostara Food

### by Potsan Panz

Naturally, when we think of food at Ostara, our major thought is about how many ways we can use up the seven dozen eggs that got dyed for ritual. There are so many variations out there on ways to create deviled eggs—everything from the simple basic egg and mayo to fancier ones with salsa and other goodies. I bet we all have that favorite aunt's recipe tucked away somewhere. You know the one I'm talking about. It's the one she made for every church sociable. Maybe it's the one that was her "signature recipe" with peanut butter and tuna fish, and no sociable would be complete without it. Of course, the fact that only her immediate family ate them went totally unnoticed by her.

Honestly, my first thought when it comes to Ostara is that it is finally time to go to the store and get some honest Peeps. None of those imitation things they try to sell throughout the year that still have the name "Peeps" on the package. None of those glow-in-the-dark colored chicks. Pure, simple, original yellow chicks. There is nothing like the original. I wait eagerly each year for the true first sign of Spring. You know that Winter is nearing an end when you see yellow peeps on the shelves at the stores.

I know that they are supposed to be exactly the same, but Peep purests all agree that they aren't. There is simply something unnatural about a Hot Pink Peep. I like all of my food to be natural. Nothing artificial passes these lips.

Then, there are the chocolate bunnies that seem to magically appear for the season. There is something perversely satisfying about biting into that chocolate shell that can't be matched when compared to eating a basic candy bar. It's special and only found during Ostara. So, if Peeps are imitated (very poorly, mind you) during the rest of the year, why aren't chocolate bunnies? Shouldn't we have hollow chocolate flags for July 4? Chocolate witches and ghosts for Samhain? A chocolate turkey for Thanksgiving? Now I will say I have seen chocolate Santas, but I think I prefer chocolate covered men to men made out of chocolate. There is something seriously wrong about a man who melts in my mouth.

I'm sorry, but if chocolate bunnies can be spared the indignity of having to be dyed in funny colors and twisted into weird shapes to suit the commercial greed of corporations, then surely a small innocent yellow Peep can likewise be spared.

Okay, deep breath, Potsan, deep breath.

In honor of the candy of the season, I thought I would share a couple of fun candy ideas as alternatives to the basic, common candies that can be found in the stores. We always think of baking sweets during the Yule season, but we seem to get lazy during this season. These three recipes are quick and easy to make. If you really feel like baking something, the most common foods linked to Ostara are Hot Cross Buns and Honey Cakes (the latter being featured last issue).

Enjoy.

## Ostara Egg Candies

1 package vanilla or white chips  
1 package cream cheese, cubed  
1 tsp. water  
1/2 tsp. vanilla extract  
Colored sprinkles, colored sugar and/or jimmies

In a microwave-safe bowl, melt the chips at 50% power. Add the cream cheese, water and vanilla; stir until blended. Chill for 1 hour or until easy to handle. Quickly shape into 1 1/4 inch eggs. Roll in sprinkles, colored sugar or jimmies. Store in an airtight container in the refrigerator.

## Jelly Bean Bark

1 Tbsp butter, melted  
1 1/4 lbs white candy coating  
2 cups miniature jelly beans

Line a 15-in x10-in x 1-in pan with foil. Brush with butter; set aside. Place the candy coating in a microwave safe bowl. Microwave, uncovered, at 70% power for 3-4 minutes; stir until smooth. Spread into prepared pan. Sprinkle with jelly beans. Let stand until set before breaking into pieces. (Similar to Peanut Brittle)

## White Almond Bark

Ingredients:  
1 lb. white chocolate  
1/2 lb. unpeeled whole almonds, roasted and cooled

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler, but do not let water boil. When chocolate is melted, add almonds. Mix well. Turn onto ungreased baking sheet. Spread out. Let stand at room temperature for 20 minutes. Refrigerate until set. Break into pieces.

