

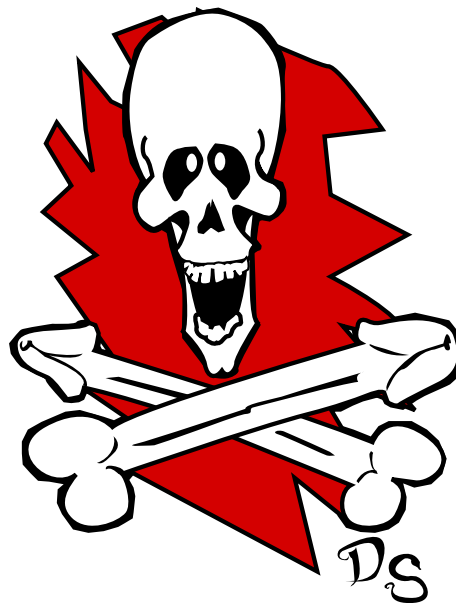


Publisher's Notes

Avast there me maties! Yo ho, a bottle of rum, shiver me timbers, and all that other pirate hoo-haw. Now before you think we here at the Airy Faerie have sold out to Disney and jumped on the Pirates of the Caribbean band wagon (or would that be jumping on the pirate ship?) let me put that rumor to bed. Although Disney's timing was perfect to have the movie come out prior to this issue, we have been working on our pirate ideas for a long time. I am sure longer then Disney did. But who could find fault with wanting to join Captain Sparrow (Johnny Depp)? Now there is something worth jumping on! WOOF!!! OK enough about my pirate fantasies, let's get this issue underway. So all hands on dick...oops, I mean deck, and full speed ahead as we set sail for the Denver Faeries' Lammas 2006 issue of the Airy Faerie.

As summer comes to end we thought it would be fun to give you all a little reminder of some childhood play. I think as kids, most of us played like we were a group of pirates or maybe cops & robbers, or cowboy & indians. For me, my friends liked to play Star Trek, and I was always cast as Mr. Spock, but I wanted to be Lt. Uhura, the lady who was the communications officer, as I had the poses memorized. ANYWAY! For most kids, no matter what they played, summer was the time to have fun all day and all night long! I hope that even in these sizzling temperatures you are able to have some fun. I bet some of you are still dressing up and playing pirates. Of course what you do in the privacy of your bedroom is none of our business, but we want to see some pictures! While you are out having fun, make sure to take the Airy Faerie with you and enjoy the stories, poems, artwork, recipes and a fun puzzle.

The Airy Faerie is a treasure trove of images of naked men, and gay male writings. So ye have been warned. Please close this fae-zine if naked men are not your idea of treasure; if you are being watched by an unfriendly eye, (using a public or work place computer); or if you are just too young to play with the big boys. We don't want anyone to have to walk the plank for reading the Airy Faerie.

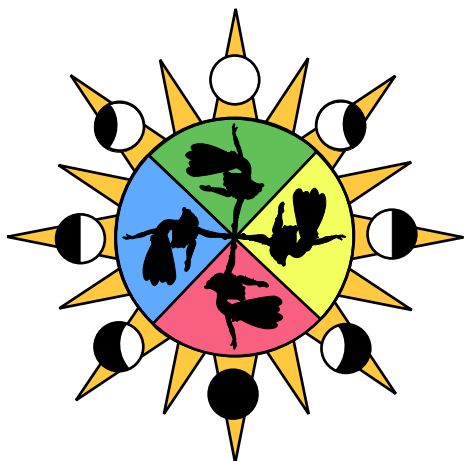


ARRRRRRRR maties, now we be ready to set sail. So weigh anchor, and cast the sails on the Airy Faerie pirate ship, swaying with the rolling tides. Unless you get sea sick, then just imagine yourself kicking back at an old tavern somewhere in the Caribbean, and enjoy a pint as your peruse the Lammas issue of the Airy Faerie. I will be thinking about serving under Captain Jack Sparrow! Aye aye my captain! WOOF! Of course Phoenix is still my first mate! Hmmm...a Phoenix, a Sparrow and a Swan, what a trio!

Naked Hugs,
DragonSwan

PS. Yes I realize I went the whole note without mentioning that "Dead men tell no tales". I guess it is because I have spent too many Samhain celebrations realizing that sometime dead men don't shut up! LOL!

Airy Faerie



Lammas, 2006

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Lure of the Ocean

by Okapi

The soft sound of waves fills the silence of the night.
The waves are the only sound.
The ocean has absorbed all other sounds this night.

The gulls are silent.
The ships on the horizon have long faded from sight.
The sizzle of sound as the sun dipped into the sea has ended.

This is the time that the breath of the living waters fill the air.
Slow and steady, luring me into its timeless eternity.
As it was yesterday and as it will be tomorrow.

My breath is one with the tide.
Slow intakes with a soft release.
The rhythm lures me to sleep.

A distant call breaks the silence.
A conch shell is blown to get my attention.
What is the need so great that I need to be called?

The tide has receded, the land around me is dry.
The morning mist fills my eyes as they open to the sound.
There it is again, the sound that broke my peaceful slumber.

Alas, it is not a conch that calls me forth,
The ocean tide ebbed as my nightly recording ended,
And now the morning alarm is calling me to start my day.

Invocation of Rain

by Tom

Rain fall, fire rain, green man, monsoon upon us, drizzle us with heat, yes, but also drizzle us with two days a week with slow penetrating rain. Sound your drum of thunder with the vibratory beats of rain, light rain, leaf vein rain, shower your foliage and seeds, spray rain as fine as fox whiskers, spiraling, twining into rays of flower and ivy.

Let it come down gently, slow as a serpent, flow into streams, creeks, rivers and lakes, making harmony with the songs of birds and low moans of traffic.

The magical alchemical chemicals of hydrogen to oxygen to quench earth's green beard, glitter the fruit and vegetables, feeding the fine hairs of roots and suckers that form the underground network of life.

Each drop, perfect orb, reflecting your perfect-icity on this glorious solstice, rain, form puddles in the streets where your drops merge and form interlacing circles, radiating out the ephemeral edge, feeding hills and valleys, expand and elongate the slender stalks of grain till they reach to your stars.



What is Lammas?

by Beast

Lammas is a “cross-quarter” sabbat—meaning that it is part of the agricultural calendar as opposed to the sabbats that are celebrated on the solstices and equinoxes. In traditional British Craft, the cross-quarter sabbats were “moveable feasts” based on natural occurrences. For example, the blooming of the first white flowered trees, like the hawthorn, marked Beltaine. Lammas is the first harvest festival, and would be celebrated whenever the first grain was harvested from the fields. In fact the word “Lammas” means “loafmass,” since these first grains would be ground to make a ceremonial “loaf” used in the celebration of the harvest. Mabon (the Autumnal Equinox) is the second harvest festival, and Samhain, the final harvest, is another cross-quarter feast celebrated whenever the final harvest occurred. Since we are now mostly urban pagans, we celebrate the cross-quarters on set days: Lammas on August 1st and Samhain on October 31, for example.

Another name for this sabbat is Lughnassadh, named for the fire and light god Lugh who was also a god of crafts and skills, known as “Lugh Samhildanach (‘of many arts’) and Llew Llaw Gyffes (‘the shining one with the steady hand’). Lammas/Lughnassadh commemorates the sacrifice and death of the Corn God who sacrifices himself for his people and is reborn as the grain. Some Neopagans mark the holiday by baking a figure of the God in bread, and then symbolically sacrificing and eating it.

This sabbat is also known as the sabbat of the “First Fruits,” and in my garden now I begin to harvest cucumbers, beans, squash, and tomatoes. This is the time when the heat and humidity makes me disinclined to spend as much time in the garden as I should, since there is still much to be done—weeding, feeding and watering. I think of this as a lesson that the cycle is not yet complete and the things I have planted in my life still need my energy and nurturing to come to fruition.

So the lesson of this sabbat? Sacrifice. Transformation. Nurture. Thanksgiving. And on other levels, look to the things you may be neglecting. Pull out the weeds and the dead and dying things so that the other things in your life have room to flourish and thrive! Be ruthless with the weeds that sap your strength and life-energy. Don’t forget to water! And give thanks for the Perfect Fruits in your life!

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Rosemary Diamante Bread

Submitted by Potsan Panz

21 grams dry yeast (3 small packages)
3/4 cup warm water
3/4 cup milk at room temperature
1/4 cup olive oil
3 T finely chopped fresh rosemary
1 T salt
About 4 cups unbleached all-purpose flour
1 t coarse sea salt

Stir the yeast into the water in a large mixing bowl; let stand until creamy, about 10 minutes. Stir in the milk and oil. Combine the rosemary, salt and flour and stir into the yeast mixture in 3 or 4 additions. Stir until the dough comes together. Knead on a floured surface until velvety, elastic and smooth, 8 to 10 minutes. It should be somewhat moist and blistered.

First Rise: Place the dough in an oiled bowl, cover tightly with plastic wrap, and let rise until doubled, about 1-1/2 hours.

Shaping and Second Rise: Gently punch the dough down on a lightly-floured surface but don’t knead it. Cut the dough in half and shape each half into a round ball. Place the loaves on a lightly floured peel or a lightly oiled baking sheet, cover with a towel, and let rise 45 to 55 minutes (but not until truly doubled).

Baking: Heat the oven to 450 F. If you are using a baking stone, turn the oven on 30 minutes before baking and sprinkle the stone with cornmeal just before sliding the loaves onto it. Just before you put the loaves in the oven, slash the top of each loaf in an asterisk (or other designs) with a razor blade or sharp knife. Sprinkle half the sea salt into the cuts on each loaf. Bake 10 minutes, spraying 3 times with water. Reduce the heat to 400 F and bake 30 to 35 minutes longer. Cool completely on racks.

The Treasure of Davey Jones' Locker

By Darlene Fey

The one thing that I do not care for in the summer time is how unbearably hot it is at night. My poor little fan is on my night stand just a fanning away, but I am still too hot to sleep. So I do what anyone does at times like that, I go watch TV. Well, one night while flipping through all them channels, I heard something about a show that was going to be looking into the tales of the treasures of Davey Jones' Locker. Now that caught my ear 'cuz I knew Davey back in my early days of high school. Now why his locker was the subject of some TV show I have no idea, but unfortunately while I was remembering Davey, I had switched channels, and stopped when I saw Tom Selleck taking off his shirt. Now that is quality TV in my book. Well, the sight of Tom's hairy chest just made me forget all about old what's his name, until the show cut to a commercial asking me if I felt summer's eve fresh. What? I am sweating like a pig at bar-b-q and they want to know if I feel summer's eve fresh? Well anyway, for some odd reason that reminded me that I had heard about the show on Davey Jones' Locker. So I started flippin' channels trying to find that program again. Well, of course no matter how hard I tried I could not find that show again. There was something about pirates and old sunken ships in the ocean somewhere, but since all the guys had their shirts on I wasn't interested. So my mind started wanderin' as to why all this interest in Davey Jones, and his locker. Come to think of it, even in high school his locker was quite popular, but I could never quite figure out why.

You see, my dad had gotten a job at the Coomfookmee Pumps Shoe Factory in a small town in Kansas, so we had to move just after the school year had started. So I spent my freshmen year at Coomfookmee High. The factory was a big thing in that small town. Anyway, since I was late to sign up for school and all, I was given one of the leftover lockers. It was a small double stacked locker all the way in the back of the school, near the janitor's supply closet. The hallway was almost always empty, except for Davey Jones, who had also switched schools during the school year. My locker was right on top of his. He was as cute as bug in rug, but a very queer boy (by that I mean odd.) Now he seemed nice enough, but just very queer. He was very shy and never dated any of the girls. He was too small framed to be a jock, but all the same his locker seemed to be the gathering spot for lots of the guys at school. Even a few of the teachers were at his locker from time to time, like Mr. Donkeydick, the shop teacher (I know strange name but I swear that is was all the boys called him) and Mr. Longdong Silvers, the gym coach (again, strange name but that is what the boys called him, I swear). When I would show up to get my books, I would see Davey on his knees in front of his open locker and some guy standing there. I don't think any of them liked me, 'cuz every time they saw me walking to my locker they would gather up their stuff and run off, leaving poor ole Davey all alone. Sometimes when I got there it looked like the two of them had been sharing a quick snack, 'cuz Davey would have something dripping from the corners of his mouth. Anyhoo...

There was several times that one of the football jocks would tell Davey to show up after practice, even though he was not on the team. It wasn't until almost Christmas break that I found out why they all wanted Davey to show up after they were done practicing. One day I saw that he had a bunch of their jock straps in his locker. I guessed that Davey was the laundry boy and had to clean all those

sweaty jock straps. When I asked him about it, he was able to smile at the thought of cleaning all those sweaty jocks, so he seemed to be a good sport about it all. I told ya he was a bit queer.

I never did find that show about the treasure of Davey Jones' locker. I guess the treasure of his locker in high school was nothing but sweaty, used jock straps. Now I know it has been a few years since we were freshman at good old Coomfookmee High, more years then I will ever admit to. And I have no doubt that little Davey is all grow up now and doing quite well for himself. Well he must be doing something big if a whole TV show is talking about his locker. I had a good laugh that night thinking of a whole TV show about a locker full of used jocks. Oh well, I guess I have taken enough of your time going on about Davey Jones's locker and his treasure of used jocks straps. Not quite the summer tale I was going to tell, but what the heck, the deadline is close and I have to run out to the thrift store and buy me another fan.



Quest for the Crystal Phoenix

Chapter 15: Enemy Approaches

by Orpheus

Apollo's butt hurt. No matter what else was going on around him that was the one thing that had his attention. After nearly fourteen hours of nearly non-stop riding, it was hard for the prince to even remember how the day had started. His father wanted to be on the road as soon as the gates in Phlaretown opened. Despite the urgency of the situation, the day had started off humorously. The post guard assigned to bring them breakfast was more focused on being drug out of his bed before sunrise to serve food to a bunch of guests who were overly eager to get on the road at an ungodly hour than he was concerned with whom he was serving. Without thinking, he opened the doors to the Transition Barracks and had planned to put the food down on the table and get out as quickly as possible and get back to his comfortable bed. Unfortunately for him, the king's guards had leaned an empty bed frame against the door which fell with a loud clatter as he opened the door. Before he could react to the noise he created by entering the barracks, he found himself staring at the points of three swords and two arrows were aimed at him from opposite sides of the open room. The only thing saving him from meeting with any of those sharp points was the fact that Cetee had been standing right behind him.

"I'm sorry, my friends," said the prince's teacher. "I had hoped to get back here before he arrived with our breakfast. I had a feeling that something like this would happen."

Rondar and the king's guards lowered their weapons and directed the young guard to where they had relocated the table. No one commented on the growing wet spot on his trousers.

Rondar spoke into the silence, "Young man, I hope you now understand the importance of following protocol when entering the Transition Barracks. You never know how your guests will react to unannounced visitors, especially when traveling with members of the royal household."

With that, King Adam stepped out of the shadows that Rondar had shoved him into at the sound of the alarm that they had set on the door after Cetee left to get the horses ready. "I think our young friend will remember this in the future." Adam rubbed his shoulder. "Rondar, did you have to push me so hard? I am going to have a bruise for a week."

"Better a bruised shoulder than a dead king," he replied. "Besides, that wasn't such a hard shove. Methinks that we need to get you back to tumbling classes in order to refresh your memory on taking a fall."

Adam let out a groan as he remembered his days in training on taking falls. He did have to admit that he had probably had lost a lot of the basic skills of physical combat. He had to force himself to not smile as he thought about the workout sessions that he would have with his lover and the shower time afterwards.

While Adam and Rondar were talking, the post guard had hoped to slip out unnoticed, but Cetee blocked the doorway. "Your Majesty, shall we report this to Captain Pike?" he asked.

"I think that the experience is all the lesson he needs," said the king. "I don't think we need to mention this to the captain." Adam looked directly at the young man. "Don't you agree?"

"Yes, Sir," he responded weakly. "I mean, Yes, Your Majesty."

"Good. Then hurry along and you should be able to get cleaned up before your reputation is, shall we say, soiled by your lapse in protocol?"

As soon as the young man left, Adam and his guards burst into laughter at their overreaction and grabbed their breakfast and started to rearrange the furniture back to their original positions in the barracks. Apollo was assigned to gather the used towels and bed linens and run them over to the Post Laundry. When he returned the beds were made and everything looked like it had when they arrived, ready for the next tenants.

After that, the morning was a blur for Apollo. As soon as the gates opened, the king, his son and the others were racing towards home. By noon they had reached Sun City. The prince remembered this city as one they normally stopped at in the late afternoon and stayed the night. While they ate lunch and gave the horses a brief rest, Apollo asked his father if he had gotten any more ideas as to what was happening at home. He replied that the feeling was the same and that the wind was still just carrying the sound of a single person crying.

"If I may offer a tidbit that I've learned from my father," said Cetee. "His experience with your forefathers has led him to believe that the gifts of this nature in your family are most often a gift of foresight. The event itself hasn't happened but the magic of the land itself knows that the king will be needed to resolve the crisis."

"That makes sense," said Adam. "It wouldn't be too good to warn me about something that is happening this instant if I can't do anything about it. However, in this case, it would be nice if the warning came with a bit more information."

"Having a mother with a strong gift of foresight, I've seen this before," offered Johnny. "The details may not be known yet. There could be many things in motion and the final path of the problem may not have manifested yet. Based on what both you and Apollo have said, the only things we really know is that a big problem is brewing and that at the heart of it, you will find someone crying."

They ate the rest of their meal in silence and were soon back on the road. After about an hour, Apollo wished that they had stayed in Sun City. Not only did his butt start to hurt but it started to rain. At first, it was a light gentle rain and Apollo welcomed the rain's gift of



relief from both the heat and the dust of the road. But the storm grew and showed about as much signs of stopping as his father did. Johnny used some of his magic to create a swirl of wind over their heads that kept the worst of the rain out of their eyes. Because they were moving, it couldn't block the rain they were running through, but at least it stopped the rain that was coming down over them.

There were times that the road was so wet and full of gullies that they had to slow down. At one of these points Apollo heard Tobias say that this storm didn't feel natural. He had grown up in that area and couldn't remember a storm like this during the summer. "This be a winter storm," he said.

"I agree," said the king. "It almost feels like someone is trying to make us stop and get to Alphatown too late to stop whatever is happening. That's why we have to keep going."

Listening to the conversation, Apollo turned his "magical eye" to the skies. He sensed a black core high in the clouds that did not feel like the rest of the clouds. He mentioned this to Johnny, who likewise turned his attention to center of the storm. "I can sense something," he said, "but that is not something I recognize. I can say that is not natural. It is resisting all of my attempts to probe it with faerie magic. From what I can sense from here, it is some kind of dark human magic that is concentrating this storm on our path and it seems to be following us."

"Is there any way to stop it?" asked Adam.

"Not that I can figure out"

"I don't know nothing about magic," said Toby, "but if it is following us, wouldn't it have to have some way to see us? What if we hid for a little while? Maybe it would move away."

"From my understanding of human magic," said Cetee, "I don't think that would work. It would follow us to our hiding place and stay there until we came out."

"What if it can't see us leave?" asked Apollo. "We could seek shelter in a barn and then I could turn us invisible. We could ride away unseen." Apollo quickly turned both Cetee and himself invisible for a moment. Everyone gasped at the demonstration.

"You can do that, son?" asked the king in amazement.

"Yes. That was one of the first things Johnny taught me. Queen Holly just gave me a lesson in things I can do with that invisibility. I wonder if she knew I would need it so soon?"

"Knowing both my grandmother's and mother's talents in that area, I would bet on it," said the faerie. "I have never known my grandmother to take interest in a particular student's lesson without purpose."

"I'm tired of this rain and want to get to Betweenstville tonight," stated Adam. "So anything we can try is worth exploring."

"Farmer Haywood has a big barn about a mile up the road from here," claimed Toby. "The detour should only delay us a couple of minutes."

"Let's go!" shouted the king.

True to his word, the turnoff to the farm was just around the next curve in the road. The king's company found the farmer in the barn with his animals. They explained what they wanted to do. The farmer started to laugh at the thought of people turning invisible, so

Apollo gave him a quick demonstration by turning Stane and Patrick invisible.

"Well, your strange eye in the sky is going to know something is up when the barn doors open and close by themselves, don't you think?" he said as he warmed up to the plan. "Now that your eye has seen you come in here, why don't I just mosey up to the house to get you some warm blankets? And supposing I forget to close the door behind me while I'm gone? It should look natural enough when I return with the blankets and some grub for my guests."

"Perfect," exclaimed the king. "That should give us a couple of minute window to slip out unseen behind you."

The company tied ropes to each other so that they would stay together as a group when they were invisible. "How long do you think you can keep us invisible?" asked Rondar.

"I don't know," replied the prince, "but I will try as long as I can."

"That is all we can ask of you, son" said the king, beaming with pride at his son's ability.

With the preparations all ready, Haywood headed out to his house. As he stepped into the doorway, he turned back, "If you are invisible, how will I know if I've given you enough time to get away."

"We won't answer when you ask if we are here," said Rondar.

"Makes sense," he said, nodding his head. He turned around and went out into the rain.

Apollo turned the group invisible and they slowly headed out of the barn, taking time for the group to get used to being tethered together without seeing each other. It was not long before they got used to the new reality and started to pick up some speed. After about a half hour, they felt like they went through a curtain. On one side it had been pitch black with rain and on the other, it was normal twilight.

A half hour beyond that Adam shouted back to his son, "How are you doing? I think we are clear, but I would like to go a bit further before attempting to return to sight."

"I'm doing fine. I should be able to hold on for a while longer," came the reply. His words sounded strained, much like they would when he said the same thing to Rondar at the end of a long workout.

Johnny looked back toward where they had come. "That odd spot in the sky hasn't moved. It looks like the full fury of the storm is concentrating on the farm. It should be safe now and I don't think we should push the prince's ability too far on this initial trial. We should conserve his strength for later as needed."

"True," agreed the king. "Son, if you please..."

Apollo turned everyone visible and they untied the ropes. "I don't like the thought of Haywood's farm being flooded because something thinks we are hiding in his barn," said the king. "Johnny, is there any way you could set one of those wind shield things over his farm?"

"Not alone I can't. That would take the work of several faeries working together," he replied. "But not to worry. That has already been taken care of. I talked to his garden faeries and they were

-continued on page 8

Quest/Crystal Phoenix continued

going to set up something after we left. They were going to petition Queen Holly to see if she could do something to contain the artificial storm."

Soon they were on their way and back up to full speed. Johnny shrunk down and flew over to the prince's shoulder. "I'm proud of you," he said. "You held nine people and their horses invisible for over an hour!"

"Hmmpf."

"What is that all about?"

"If I know teenagers," said Cetee, "he is torn between having you end his challenge before he found out his limits and being grateful that he didn't have to admit he was reaching that point and look like a whim in everyone's eyes."

"I was not!" shouted Apollo.

"Take a couple of deep breaths and try that again," said Cetee softly.

"Well, maybe a little of both. But I know I could have held on a bit longer."

"Do you have the strength to face Oscar right now?" asked Johnny. When Apollo shook his head, he continued. "That is why you will need to learn to pace yourself. You won't be of much help to anyone if you suddenly collapse the moment to reveal your hidden troops in the middle of battle."

"I'm sorry. I will try to remember that next time."

About two hours later they crested a hill and could see the lights of Betweenstville in the distance. As they got closer, they heard the village clock strike the eighth hour. Adam signaled for Johnny to fly ahead and alert the sentry on duty of their approach. The gates of the village opened as the company neared. Johnny flew out to rejoin his friends.

"Saundra has been watching for us. She says that based on the messages received earlier, they have prepared quarters for us at the Halfway Inn. I flew up there to let them know we were here. They setting a fresh kettle of stew on the hearth for us. They figure that we should have enough time to get the horses settled and washed up before the food is ready."

Both Adam and Rondar got off their horses and went over and hugged the sentry. She was an older woman with a long scar down her left cheek. Rondar introduced her to the rest of the company. Saundra had been one of his teachers when he first joined the guard. When she was introduced to Cetee, she said, "I am so honored to meet you. My son, Stenson, was one of those competing to become the Weapons Master in Resquad and has not stopped talking about you since he's been home."

"You have a fine boy. If Queen Susan hadn't stopped the competition, he was well on his way to being one of the top contenders," said Cetee. "Having now met you, I can see where he has learned his skill. I should have seen that he does many of the same things that Rondar does."

Saundra glowed at the praise of both her own abilities and her son's. She made note of the king's arrival in her log book and then directed them to the Halfway Inn. As they road away, Rondar told Cetee that it was a very nice thing he had said about Stenson.

"I meant every word," he replied. "Now, which one was he?"

"He was the one that missed the apple over Johnny's head by

the widest margin. So why did you say that he was a top contender?" asked Apollo.

"Do you think he told his mother that?" When Apollo shook his head, Cetee added, "Then, neither was I." He paused a moment, lost in thought and then turned to Rondar. "I don't ever remember seeing a female teacher of the guard under King Andrew. What did she teach?"

Adam and Rondar looked at each other and started to chuckle. In unison they said, "Knitting." They went on to explain that Sir Ivan, her husband, felt that the Night Guards needed something to do in order to prevent them from falling asleep and Saundra suggested knitting. At first, the guards were hesitant about his idea. But after a storm flooded parts of Hickory Docks, guards started seeing the usefulness of keeping a supply of afghans ready. One guard created a flame pattern using red, orange, yellow and blue that became the unique design of the afghans knitted by the guards. While a guard may do other patterns on their own time, they only do the Guardian Flames while on duty.

As Apollo listened to the story, the pace on the cobblestone streets seemed so slow after the day's hard ride. The sound of the hooves echoed on the empty streets. He could see faces peeking out behind curtains, trying to figure out who was clip-clopping outside.

They soon arrived at the Halfway Inn. Cetee took charge of the horses. The head groomsmen, Hoss, was an old friend of Cetee's and invited him to stay in the stable's guest room in the hay loft. Before they parted company, Apollo asked Cetee why he would want to stay in the stables and not join them for dinner and lodging inside.

"Just remember what happens when I am naked around humans," he replied. "It is hard enough for me to manage in the palace. In tight quarters such as the barracks and a place such as this...well, you will understand soon enough why I need to stay elsewhere tonight."

"Do you want company?"

"No, I am fine. Hoss truly is an old friend and it has been a long time since I've had a chance to visit with him."

Everyone collected their gear and headed inside. They were met at the door by Timmy and Jimmy, the twin owners of the inn. The smell of fresh baking bread and hot stew filled the common room as they passed through it on their way to their quarters. They were led to the King's Suite, a pair of private rooms with a large antechamber where beds for the guards had been set up. When Rondar started to set his things down on one of the guard's beds, Toby spoke up, "Methinks not, laddie. We don't know what is causing the king's angst. So as long as we don't know, I think you should be guarding the king from the inner chamber. I'll take responsibility for the prince's safety and the others can doss down out here."

Rondar couldn't argue with his logic so he picked up his things and went into the room that Adam had picked. "How convenient," he said. "Do you think Toby knows about our relationship?"

"I honestly don't think so. I think he is protecting us from the shenanigans of the other three when left alone with Johnny. By taking responsibility of my son, he's setting the situation so they can have playtime without fear of leaving either of us unguarded."

"I don't think you give him enough credit, but if that is what you want to believe..."

"What I really want to believe is that you want to get naked and kiss me," said the king.

Rondar kissed the king. "That's all you are going to get for the moment," said Rondar as he handed Adam the bathing robe he needed to put on to head to the bathing house.

They quickly changed and joined the others and headed out to the back of the inn. Apollo was disappointed that the bath house did not have a sauna. That had felt so good the previous evening and he had promised Toby that he would give him a rub down in return for the one he had gotten from him. When he said something to Toby, he replied, "Why do you think I took the responsibility of guarding you? A bed will work as nicely as a sauna bench. Better even. You don't have to get up to go to sleep when you're done."

With showers complete and everyone freshened up, they headed back to the common room. Apollo found it strange to be sitting in a public space eating food in what seemed like a bathrobe. He looked around the room and realized that most of the guests were similarly dressed. Others were only wrapped in a towel. Every so often, someone's robe would open or a towel would fall off. Apollo got the feeling that not all of the flashes of manhood were accidental. However, if the robe was not quickly closed or the towel retied, Timmy or Jimmy would be quick to remind their guests that groins must be covered while the kitchen was still open. As Apollo looked around, he hoped to see if he could catch another glimpse of someone's penis he realized that there were no women present.

Timmy brought a large platter of bowls of hot stew to their table. Since Apollo's back was to the common room, he had to turn his attention back to the others. His father and the guards were trying to figure out what could be going on in Alphatown that no one was there to receive the notes from the messenger birds.

"Hey, Johnny, why haven't you flown ahead so you can bring back a first hand report?" asked Apollo. "I've seen you outfly the horses, I would think that you should be able to have enough time to have gotten there from the valley and still have met us here tonight."

"I could only wish," he replied. "As to the first, your father didn't ask me to as he knew that it wouldn't have worked that way. He knows that when it comes to flying. I'm a sprinter, not a long distance flyer. Even one of the STUD Delivery faeries couldn't do it. They can fly fast at long distances, but they generally need to rest twice as long as they flew. So when they take fourteen hours to deliver a message, they usually have to sleep a full day to recover before they can fly again. At home in Faerie Aerie, it seems like I can fly fast because I know all the air currents and shortcuts so I'm not limited to following a road. It's been so long since I've flown in Adbalm that I could be in Gingerbread Village before I realized that I had missed the capitol."



"I also didn't ask him," said Adam, "because we don't know what is happening at home. If something killed the people, then Johnny might end up flying into the same fate and we are too far away to be able to help him. It seems better to keep us together until we know more." Adam reached over and ruffled the faerie's hair. "And I was glad for his company today. That wind shield was a stroke of genius."

The others voiced their agreement and Johnny blushed with the praise.

"I'm puzzled," said the prince. "How is it that a small messenger bird can fly between Phlaretown and Alphatown and back in the same day and the faeries can't?"

"They cheat," said the faerie with some mock disdain at being compared to a bird. "Actually, it is because of one of the oldest known wishes that a Faerie Queen granted to a King of Wobnair." Johnny explained that when Amaranth's grandmother, Acacia, first encountered the people of Wobnair she granted their leader the traditional three wishes of friendship. The king's first two wishes were of the material nature for things that would meet his people's immediate needs. The third wish was saved. One day, he realized that it took weeks to get messages to people on the far ends of the kingdom. He called to Acacia and made his final wish. He pointed to his flock of messenger birds and wished that they and their descendants would be able to travel between cities quickly. When she pressed him as to what he meant by quickly, he said four hours. She granted his wish but no one knows exactly how she did it.

"It is rumored that the Faerie Queens through history have a book of every wish that has ever been granted," said Johnny

-continued on page 10

Quest/Crystal Phoenix continued

winding down his tale. "If it says anything, no one has ever told. Seeing grandmother's power the other day, I might suspect that the birds create some kind of magic portal"

Rondar spoke up, "I've often wondered about that myself. As you were talking, I realized that the birds fly fastest between the oldest cities. There must have been something in the wish that specified the cities. Beyond those, the bird must be limited to their own ability."

"I never thought a wish could have that kind of lasting effect," said Apollo. "That makes me think all that much harder about what my first wish might be."

At the end of the meal, they listed to the musician who had been playing his lute by the hearth a while longer before heading back to their rooms. When Toby closed the door to their chamber, he said to Apollo, "You really don't have to give me a rub down. You did some amazing stuff today and I know you're tired."

"I know I don't have to, but I promised and I can't go back on a promise just because I'm tired. I know I can't do as good as you did last night, but I'll try."

"Whatever you do, I'm sure it will be good." Toby handed him the jar of oil, took off his robe and lay face down on his bed. Apollo spread some oil on his back. He knew he didn't have the skill, but he figured he could draw on the healing ability that Lord Apollo showed him last winter to make up for the lack of skill. He touched Toby's back and sensed a tight spot and started to draw it into his own body.

"I wouldn't do that, Little One," came a voice from the shadows.

Toby quickly stood up at the unexpected voice and pushed the prince behind him. "Who's there?" he asked as he reached toward the head of the bed where his sword was leaning but it fell with a soundless clatter before he could grab it.

The figure stepped out of the shadows. He was a tall, slim yet well muscled man. He was also totally nude. His skin was silvery white in the moonlight that was streaming in through the window. His long hair was equally silvery white, yet he did not appear to be old.

"My name is Dion. I am a traveler and a healer. I could sense the prince's pain from where I was and knew I needed to help him. As you can see, I have nothing to hide. Now, lay back down and I will do what the prince started."

Dion touched Toby's shoulder and the guard felt instant relief. "How did you get in here?"

"Lie down," he replied in a voice that commanded obedience. Toby did as instructed. "I came in through the window. I came in through the cracks in the walls. I was in here when you walked into the room. Does it really matter how?"

Toby's response was lost in a soft snore. "Good," said the stranger. "I have sent him into a deep sleep. He will not remember that I was here. He is having dreams about rescuing you

from enemies and I will just be part of one of those dreams." Dion sat down on the prince's bed and motioned Apollo to join him.

"I had to stop you from trying to heal your friend because you are too tired and too sore yourself. One of things you need to learn before you can really do what you planned is to heal yourself, and that is why I'm here—to give you a lesson in doing that."

"Who are you? I know your name, but I sense that you are more than just a simple healer."

"You would be right, but anything else I am doesn't matter right now. One who cares for you asked me to watch over you and here I am. He also asked me to give you some lessons in healing so that you don't have to collapse like you did at your Princing Ceremony."

"You heard about that?"

"I was there. That was good work you did, but if you were to try that right now, tired and sore, you could end up crippling yourself. I decided that tonight would be a good time for your first lesson."

Dion had the prince do a simple grounding exercise. With the earth's energy flowing through him, Dion had him tie that energy to the healing energy that the prince was trying to use earlier. They directed that energy to various places in the prince's body and tied the pain into the energy flow and sent it out of his body. "Good," said Dion. "Keep practicing and when it becomes instinctive for you, then you will be ready for your next lesson."

He had Apollo lie down and kissed him on the forehead. "Now, it's time for you to rest. Like Toby, it's time for you to dream and I will just be a part of it."



"But why can't I remember you?"

"You have been marked by another already. Until He allows, I am limited to interacting with you in dreamtime. I think the time will be soon, but not tonight." He got up from the bed. He kissed his hand and touched Apollo's godmark. "Through me, He sends His love to you. Dream well." He kissed the prince's forehead and Apollo fell asleep. With that, Dion stepped into the moonlight and disappeared.

Adam let everyone sleep in a bit later than he had the previous day. The rain had really worn them out and he wanted people rested for the final ride. At the pace they had been riding, he knew that they should arrive in Alphatown mid-afternoon. Over breakfast, Toby regaled everyone with the tales of his dreams. In one, he had fought off an entire army single handed to rescue the prince. Apollo struggled to remember his dreams. He knew that something important was in them. He also knew his butt wasn't hurting so something in one of those dreams helped him get rid of the pain and he was determined to figure it out.

Everyone, except Toby and the prince, let out a moan as they mounted their horses. Tired muscles protested the abuse that they knew was about to commence. Patrick noticed the spring in Toby step and commented, "Hey, if you feel that good after a princely rub down, then next time I get to have his guard duty."

"And who is going to guard him from you?" retorted Toby.

Before Patrick could reply, Adam gave the command to start riding. The hours flew quickly as they sped through the familiar lands near the castle. About an hour away from Alphatown, Adam stopped abruptly and grabbed his head.

"What's wrong?" shouted everyone.

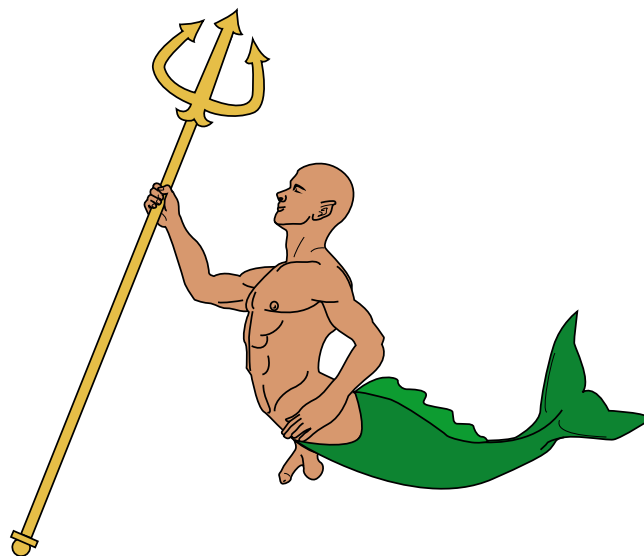
"I don't know. All of the sudden, I felt wave after wave of anger. Something is happening right now. We need to ride harder than ever." He started to ride and urged his horse to go as fast as possible. Just as they spied the outer limits of the town surrounding the castle, they heard a strange clanging bell. Apollo had never heard it before but saw the others shiver with each gong. "What's that?" he asked.

"Something I never thought I would hear," replied his father. "That's the claxon announcing 'ENEMY APPROACHES!'"

Apollo never thought that their horses could go faster than they had already demonstrated during the ride from Valley of the Kings. Something in the unearthly tones of the claxon inspired them to draw on inner strengths in a way that no spoken command from a rider could match. The prince told himself to ask Johnny if this was the result of another of those ancient long duration wishes.

In the matter of a few minutes, they found themselves racing through the deserted streets of the outer city. Even the animals were missing. The vendor carts in the market squares they passed through were boarded up as they would have been at night. The shutters on every window they saw were closed tight. Not one chimney showed signs of smoke.

They came to a halt where once gates were wide open to allow people access to the gardens of the castle. Patrick and Stane got out their trumpets and announced the arrival of the King of Adbalm. Tobias and Lance rapped on the gates the special offsetting dual rhythms that were only known to the King's Guards. The drumming



on the gates provided an eerie accompaniment to the trumpet's call. The presence of anything less than all four parts to the fanfare would be a sign that castle would have to use extreme caution when opening the gates, if they did open them at all.

At the end of the fanfare, all was quiet. Apollo heard a soft sound coming from the other side of the gates. His father rapped his own special rhythm on the door and soon Apollo heard the sound of the massive bars being lifted from the inside of the gates. While they waited for the gates to open, Apollo asked Johnny why he didn't just fly inside to tell a guard that they were there as he had done back in Betweenstville the night before.

"It is not as simple as that," he replied. "Given the circumstances, I probably would have been shot before I could find the right person to talk to."

"He's right," added his father. "As was the case in Phlaretown the other morning, it is better to follow the protocol once the alarm has been raised. I would rather wait the extra couple of minutes to follow the formality than risk the life of anyone."

"And as long as people on both sides of a door or gate follow the protocol, people won't be hurt in friendly fire," added Rondar.

They sat in silence the rest of time while waiting for the gates to swing open enough to allow them entrance. Once the gates were open, they saw Sir Dinsmore, captain of the palace guard, with a full complement of palace guards behind him. Apollo could feel waves of hostility coming from them and their faces were filled with anger at something they saw. He looked around to see if something had come up behind them while the gates were opening. There was nothing there.

"Adam Solari, King of Adbalm," shouted Sir Dinsmore, "By the laws of this nation, I am hereby directed to place you under arrest for crimes against the People of Adbalm."

Cetee was the first to find his voice after the shock of the announcement. "What crimes has he been accused of?"

"He has been named as a co-conspirator in the destruction of the Adbalm nation, an accomplice in the death of Queen Iris and in the death of the maiden known as Daisy May."

Airy Faerie Tarot Update

by Phoenix

It should be no surprise that DragonSwan and I love pictures of naked guys. The new tarot deck will certainly feature these in abundance. I thought I would use this issue's column to expand on how that nudity will be incorporated into the deck rather than just being a deck that has gratuitous pictures of penises.

Not every character in the deck will be nude. The level of clothing a character is wearing will be indications of personality and attitude. Think about a picture of a clothed person in a room of naked men. Now, think of the reverse, a nude man in a room of clothed people. All characters could be in exactly the same poses, but the energy surrounding the central figure is different. In the first, he is struggling with that freedom. In the second, he is making the statement that he will be himself.

The penis erectile status will often be an indication of the energy charge of the situation. Picture a man standing in a doorway with an open robe revealing his dick. A fire is roaring in the background. Now visualize him with an erect dick. Now visualize him with a flacid dick...stop thinking about the erect dick and let it return to a neutral state. In one case, he is inviting you to warm yourself by the fire. In the other, he has a fire of his own that needs to be stoked.

Now, let's combine those two thoughts by thinking about a group of guys in a locker room or sauna. One guy might be sitting there carefully figleafing himself with his towel. Another might be sitting with his towel folded on his leg, revealing his erect manhood to all who want to see it. The one has chosen to hide himself. The other has made his decision. He did not "accidentally" drop his towel. No, he folded it up and set it aside. Put yourself in the scene. Which person are you looking at? Do you like the boldness of the one? Do you wish you could see the penis of the other? Do you wish the one would cover up? Do you wish the other would lighten up and join the party? Where is your towel in response to how you feel about the two? Are you erect too? Yes, clothing makes a statement about the person wearing or not wearing it and how we react to the encounter.



The Magician

by DragonSwan

I have always loved magicians. Maybe it is the fantasy of having powers that can control nature. Maybe it is because some of my earliest crushes were on those tall, dark and handsome TV magicians.

For the tarot, my Magician, I concentrated on the power that comes from a bance of nature. His card is divided into the four elements/directions/quarters symbolized by the four colors behind him. The Sun and Moon also add their power to his.

I have kept the traditional pose: one hand to the heavens and one hand to the earth. I have used the pose of the traditional Temperance card—standing with one foot in water and one on land—to reinforce the balance of the magician. He plays with and mixes the elements to his desire. Even though he is in balance with nature and in control, he also knows how to have fun.

The Magician, Too

by Phoenix

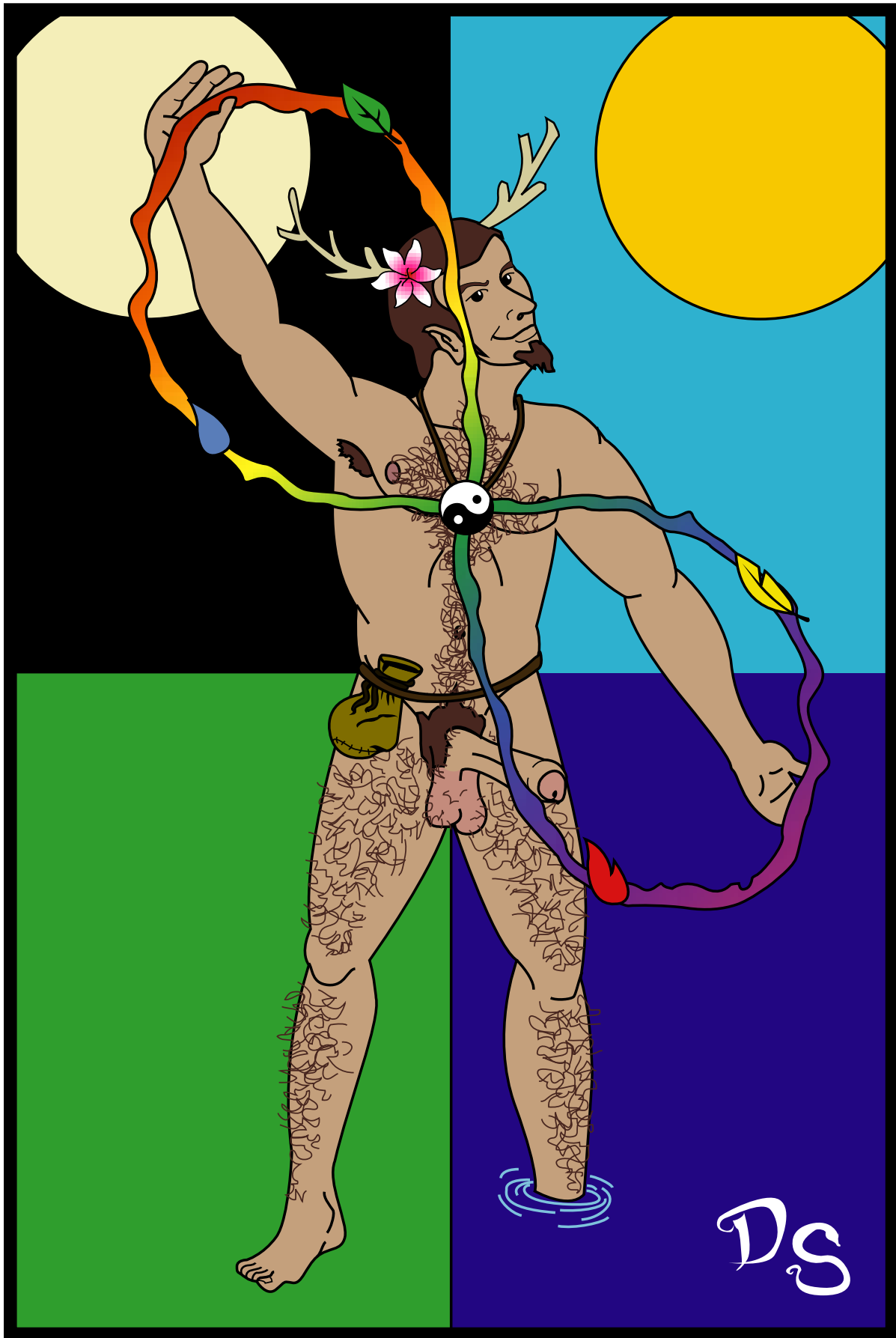
The Magician represents the last of the cards that had been previously published in the Airy Faerie. Unlike the other two, The Lovers and Brotherhood, this card is going to undergo his own magical transformation.

As the magician slips into the energy flow of the new deck, his essence is less about the balance aspect and more about the playing and mixing of the elements. He is one of the steps of evolution of the fool. The initial entry to the deck is about discovery. Last issue we revealed one of those discovery points in "Caught Me." After the discovery process, we take time to learn about what we discovered. The magician is then that point in our lives where we can start to play with that knowledge.

The new magician will likely be closer to those television showmen that DragonSwan loves (OK, I loved them too and always thought that Doug Henning was cute). The image of the magician himself will be more like the fellow that graces this page. He wears his cloak so that he can make a show of the fact that he has nothing to hide, yet we all know the truth. In front of him will be the tricks of his trade. In this case, that won't include a black hat and playing cards, rather it will be an altar ready for ritual.

The magician is also our priest. He has learned enough about himself that he is ready to take a leadership role. He is smart enough to know that some people need that showmanship in order to believe that magic exists. They can't take it purely on faith, so he puts on the show. His robe holds secrets that he has yet to reveal. His robe is extended like a curtain, held out in open invitation to all who wish to step through to the world that awaits beyond. His body is also in an open position, inviting you to join him in the warmth of the cloak if that's what you need. He is many things to many people and therein lies the source of his magic.

In a reading you have to decide whether you are the magician or if he someone that comes into your life. Are you there to offer something to someone else, or they for you? Is the stage set for what is needed in your life? Is the magic that is revealed real or is it all smoke and mirrors?



The Cubby Diaries: Woodies in the Woods

by Cubby

Jack and Gil had been trying to get a group of the Bare-all Bears to join them on their annual trek to a camping event known as Bears in the Woods. It sounded fun but between Aeris, Peter and I, we could think of a dozen reasons why we couldn't go. Jim liked the idea and really wanted the whole family to go. He said it would be just like those family vacations we used to take when we were kids. Peter groaned at that and said he was adding a thirteenth reason to the list. Over the course of the next couple of weeks, Jim worked through the list and convinced us that we really need to get out of town and relax.

Once it had been decided that we were actually going, I thought I had been better start paying attention to what it was that we were going to. I knew that it was an event called "Bears in the Woods" up in the hills of Wyoming. Gil liked to call it "Woodies in the Woods" because it usually had about two hundred of the hottest bears from around the country that you could imagine to meet. He said it was a clothing optional event, which meant naked bears looking for sex. The image he painted gave me a hard-on, to which he simply said, "Bingo! We have a winner."

Now, the one thing that scared me the most was that the event was at some place called Camp Iwannamountu. According to the flyer, the camp was located at the base of BareButt Mountain. The part that was scaring me was the fact that the only buildings on the property were the dining hall and the showers. Everything else was honest camping in a tent. I hadn't done that in over twenty-some years and my back could still remember each rock that found its way under my sleeping bag. Jim promised me that it wasn't like that anymore.

A few days before we were to leave, Jim came home with a new trailer behind his Tahoe. He said it didn't make sense for folks going down to have to overfill their cars with gear when a single trailer could haul all of it for them. He said that way more folks could carpool to the camp. The night before heading out, everyone came over to load the trailer. When Jim opened the door, I was surprised by how much stuff was already in there. So much for traveling lightly!

The next morning, folks returned to the house at 8:00 and the caravan headed out an hour later. We had three vehicles with a dozen BABs members going. It was nice to see a couple of the other bear-faeries, or baeries as we called ourselves, among group. As soon as we got the doors closed, Jim announced that the clothing optional part of the trip had started and stripped off his shorts. He had Jack reach under his seat to pull out a set of towels for us to sit on. It didn't take much to convince us and we quickly joined Jim in the natural state. The naughtiness feeling of riding around naked made me hard and Gil announced that we hadn't gotten to the woods yet and he had already spotted his first woody of the trip. Peter reached over and held my cock and I did the same with his. Riding into an adventure, with five naked guys and holding/be held by Peter all at the same time, I was beginning to feel relaxed already.

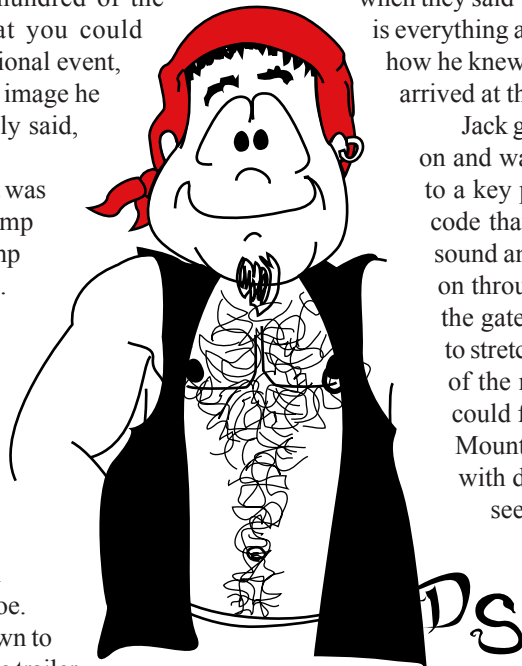
We stopped a couple of times to get gas, to go pee or just simply to stretch. Whenever we stopped, we rotated people between the cars. This had the desired effect of giving everyone a chance to talk to everyone. By the time I was driving, the conversation had died down so I put in the DVD of *Buck Naked and the Jolly Rogers* that Jim had put in the car for just that kind of moment. The movie turned out to be so badly made that conversation perked right back up as everyone shared their personal opinions as to what they would do to make a great porn movie. Sparkle said that he thought that was the best movie he had ever seen. Twinkle told him that if he really liked that movie he should check out Floppy Hard Drive Studio's number one film called *Buck Naked and the Jolly Old Goats*. Sparkle said that always thought older guys were sexy and thought he would check it out. Twinkle laughed and told him that when they said "old goats" they meant it literally. Timing is everything and Twinkle was spared having to explain how he knew about that movie by the fact that we had arrived at the gates to Camp Iwannamountu.

Jack got out of the car without putting his shorts on and walked over to the gates. He stepped over to a key pad on the gate post and punched in the code that unlocked the gates. I heard a clanking sound and Jack pushed the gates open. We pulled on through and waited for him to rejoin us once the gates were closed. I stepped out of the SUV to stretch a moment and take my first deep breath of the mountain air. I looked around to see if I could figure out which mountain was BareButt Mountain, but the road was along a river bed, with dense foliage on either side, so I couldn't see anything beyond the nearest bushes. Jim came up behind me and put his arms around me. "Feels good, doesn't it?" he asked. Between the filtered sunlight, soft breeze and his cock pressed up against my ass, I couldn't

find a word that would adequately describe my feelings at that moment. I let out a soft purr of approval. My body showed its own approval of the situation by getting erect. We got back in the vehicles and headed on into the camp. The road started to rise out of the ravine and after about five minutes we pulled up to the lodge. We were greeted by Matt, who insisted in giving everyone a bare bear hug before he would say one word of business. He had a full, fiery red beard, a long ponytail that cascaded to his waist and no body hair. Anyone who thinks that to be a bear one must have a hairy chest needs to be hugged by Matt. They will know that they have been hugged by a bear.

Hugs complete, Jim opened the trailer and started sifting through everything. He handed out box after box of food stuff and under Jack's direction we hauled it into "his" kitchen. I should have known Jack was going to be involved with the cooking. He always takes delight in feeding people.

With that out of the way, we got back in the vehicles and headed up to the bluff where we were supposed to set up the tents. We





drove into a large meadow. Jack directed me to his favorite spot. As I turned getting out of the Tahoe, I got my first glimpse of The Mountain and my eyes popped out in amazement. It didn't take much to figure out where it got its name. I'll let you decide for yourself when you look at the picture. Everyone grabbed their gear and scattered to different parts of the meadow so that the others wouldn't see who came and went out of the various tents. As if that would stop us from figuring it out on our own.

We got working on setting up the tents. I was surprised at how easy it was to get them set up. Simply slip the poles in the casings and poof there was a tent. A couple of stakes pounded in the ground and the job was done. Of course, with Jim, nothing is quite simple. He had gotten two large 8-man tents which we connected via the side panels and ended up with a tent mansion. He pulled out king sized air mattresses and began to pump them up. He commented that I should like these much better than rocks. While Peter and he were working on the living quarters, Aeris and I were in charge of the tent decorating. We hung up wind chimes and beads, sarongs were used to as curtains on the front porch to help control sunlight. We had solar lights that changed colors to give everything that faerie-festive look. When Jim and Peter let us inside to see the finished set up, the front room held our gear. This opened to a meditation room that held our family altar. The connecting tent had wall to wall mattresses so that we could sleep together on one giant super king sized bed, with plenty of room for playmates as desired.

We wandered over to the registration tent and picked up our packets and signed up for various tasks that needed to be done during the week. With camp set up and reading material in hand, we headed back to the tent to grab a brew and relax. People stopped by

the Fur Palace, as it was quickly being named, and visited. Steve and Twinkle set up a volleyball net and called us over to play. Nice idea, but every five minutes we had to stop so Gil could say hello to someone new. That meant introductions and hugs before we could continue. There was one very handsome couple, Buck and Kevin, that Gil tried to get involved in the game. Buck was a cute, 30ish otter that moved like a dancer. Kevin was about my age and was the husky athletic type with that deep barreled chest that I always wished I could have. Both were still dressed, but even a hug with skin on fabric gave my dick the "swell" idea that it would be great to get a real naked hug from these guys. Alas, they begged off saying that they needed to help get supper on the table. As they headed down the trail to the lodge, Kevin turned back to yell something at us but the words were lost in the wind. He turned back to the trail and walked smack into a tree branch. That had to hurt.

Between the fits of laughter, Gil managed to say that he had tried to get into Kevin's pants for several years, but he wouldn't even take off his shorts when getting a massage. Now that he had a cute new lover, he knew that a hot spot would freeze over before he would succeed. The wave of incoming people slowed down so we actually got a good game going. The warning bell for dinner rang, so we ran back to the tent to grab some sarongs. While we could eat naked, the benches were old and wooden, so some kind of covering was highly recommended. There were about fifty of us at dinner that night. All through dinner I kept seeing Kevin watching Peter. I am proud of my partner and always think it great that someone else admires him the way I do. I pointed it out to Peter and told him to go for it. He kept trying to tell me that it wasn't he that was being

—continued on page 16

The Cubby Diaries continued

cruised. The more I watched, the more I knew I was right. I stayed to help clean up and saw Peter talking to Kevin. They made a handsome looking couple and I thought it would be hot to watch them play. Buck came in and invited me to join them for a walk down to the lake when I finished. With duty done, we walked past the “beach” where some of the bears were splashing around and Buck led us to Green Man Grotto. The four of us played for a while, nothing intense, just a lot of kissing, blowjobs and hand action kind of stuff. Before any of us came, the bugs started coming out for their evening feast. The constant swatting at the mosquitoes broke the mood so we retreated back to our tent to continue. When we got there, the rest of the gang was lounging around with Jim and Aeris so we pulled up a couple of chairs and joined in the conversation. As it got dark, Matt got a bonfire started so folks started drifting that direction. Kevin asked if we wanted to go join everyone. Peter said that he was feeling a bit anti-social at that moment. He held open the flap to the tent and asked if anyone wanted to be anti-social with him. To which Buck said that both he and Kevin wanted to play Auntie if the two of us were willing to make them yell ‘Uncle.’ Apparently, the two of them were 100% tops but had decided that we were the ones to help them learn how to be bottoms. This was going to be a fun vacation.

The next morning I woke up at my usual too-early time and went outside so I wouldn’t wake up the other four bodies. I’m not sure who was cuddled up with Jim, but whoever it was had a smile on his face. I looked out at BareButt Mountain. The final glow of the sunrise behind me gave a rosy tint to the mountain’s cheeks. “What a view,” came Peter’s voice behind me. I agreed that the mountain was breathtaking. “Who was looking at the mountain?” he asked as he wrapped his arms around me. We both agreed that we were glad that Jim talked us into coming. I got the camp stove fired up and started a pot of coffee. At the sound of the can being opened I could hear Jim’s faint voice coming from inside that he was too tired so I would have to start the “Virgin Can of Coffee Ritual” without him. At the thought of virgins I looked over at Buck and Kevin’s tent. Kevin was standing there in his sweatpants starting to take down their tent. We turned off the stove and went over to see what was going on. When we got there he said that the two of them stayed up half the night and decided that they wanted to go home. Peter asked if we had done something wrong to make them feel that way. We both said that it had been a beautiful evening and if we hurt them we apologized. Buck stood up from where he was pulling up the tent stakes and chided his lover for being such an evil tease. He said that they decided that they would need lots of lessons but they didn’t look forward to walking across the bluff every night with sore butts. They had hoped to get their tent moved to the vacant spot next to ours before we woke up to surprise us. We helped them get things moved and we had time to make some cream for our coffee before heading down the hill for breakfast. Kevin started to put on his sweats and decided against it. He said that if he was going to submit to our teachings in other areas then he should honor his teachers by following our example. We saw Gil rushing on his way to the trail to help Jack serve breakfast and shouted a good morning to him. He waved back to us and started on his way

down the hill. He did a quick double take as he realized a naked Kevin was standing next to me and then he smashed into the same branch that we had seen attack Kevin the day before.

Nothing was planned for the morning so Peter and I took a walk around the lake. On the map we had been given there were several sacred spots marked. We planned to find each of them and gave thanks to their respective Spirits. At the first one, Herne’s Hideaway, we came upon a trio involved in a masturbation ritual in Herne’s honor. We started to apologize for interrupting, but one of them beckoned us to join in. They grabbed the bottle of lube and anointed our dicks. As we joined in the circle, Peter passed a kiss to his neighbor. By the time it made it to me to kiss Peter to complete the circle, it had grown from a simple peck on the cheek to a true passionate kiss, which I had no problem taking up a notch as I kissed my lover. With the electricity flowing between us, the ritual climaxed in a fountain of man cream that showered the central rock that served as the altar. The creamy white drops lay on top of the stains of cum from many such rituals over the years. Thus began our morning routine—breakfast followed by a celebration to wake up the Horned One. One morning, Gil joined us and insisted on laying on the altar so that he would be covered in cum. The group was happy to help him live his fantasy. On the final morning, we had groups of nine guys in each of the sacred groves. By then, we had played with each other enough to be in sync even across the lake. Once the first growl of ejaculation was uttered, almost instantaneously you could hear the same sounds from the other groves. I don’t know about the Spirits but I certainly was impressed.

During the week I went to several of the workshops that were offered. One of the more unique ones I went to was on divination. I had a passing knowledge of some of the different techniques and was interested in learning more. After going through some of the standard ones, Scottie introduced one that I had never heard of—Semen Divination. He showed us some paper that someone had



Quote of the Trip

“They told me to get Off to help with the mosquito bites. I jerked off six times today and it didn’t help.” *Sparkle*

We won’t repeat what he said when he found out that Off is a brand of insect repellent.

ejaculated on. He said the shapes of the splat patterns could be interpreted in the same manner as reading tea leaves. Everyone laughed at that but he showed us his tea leaf reading book and indeed, some of the patterns matched. He asked for a volunteer to demonstrate this process. When no one volunteered, he said that surely one of us enjoyed jerking off while people watched. My dick ever mindful of my voyeuristic tendencies quickly volunteered for me. When I shot, it went past the paper all together. Not one drop landed on the page that was lying on the floor at my feet. Scottie didn’t miss a beat. He picked up the page and examined it as if there were something there. He consulted his book a moment and announced that he could see two clear images of the future. The first was that I was going to go far in life, to which everyone snickered. The second was that someone was going to get very lucky that night, to which everyone raised their hand to volunteer to be that person.

One of my favorites was series of sessions on photography. The clinician, Joey, was a professional photographer who frequently had his stuff in *Bare Bearz*. On the first day he told us that we didn’t have to have fancy equipment to take great pictures. He handed everyone a generic box camera and we wandered around the camp. He had us climb trees or get on the ground for perspective pictures, or get cool close ups. He had his portable darkroom with him, so after class he retreated to the darkroom he set up in the basement of the dining hall. He brought the pictures to dinner and they turned out great. On another day, he did a workshop on 3-D photography, the kind of stuff used in the old stereoscopes. After class that day, he invited my clan for a private photo shoot for the magazine. After a little hesitation, the Cubby Family Foursome agreed. Buck and Kevin asked if they could watch and Joey said that he had assumed they were part of the clan. I asked them if that was what they wanted and thus we became a Sex-tet, at least for the duration of the trip. Joey snapped a couple of carefully posed solo pictures and group shots. Then he told us to do what we did best...make love to each other. That night he showed us the proofs sheet and let us pick out the ones that we thought he should turn in to the magazine. He had already picked out a couple of the ones that he was going to print up for the fundraiser auction that was going to be held on the last night of camp.

The days and nights raced by quickly that week and it was suddenly nearly over. We met some great guys and had lots of great sex. I knew I was going to miss Buck and Kevin, but I knew that they would be heading home to Wisconsin. We all sat together for the auction. At the start, Matt stood up and told people of some of the things that the camp needed financial assistance in making reality. He asked the attendees to be generous in their donations. After the small gifty kind of things were auctioned off, Joey stepped up to the stage with two large brown-paper wrapped packages. He unwrapped the first one, which was a picture of Buck and Kevin in a naked embrace, with BareButt Mountain in the distance behind them. The bidding started slowly until Jim piped in that the bids wouldn’t even cover the cost of the frame and he jumped the bid up to \$100. That got people’s attention and the real bidding began. When the bid grew to over \$500, someone asked if they could use

their credit card to pay. Matt said that something could be worked out. Now, you and I know that if Jim really wants something, he can afford it, so I was surprised when he dropped out of the bidding when it reached \$1,000.

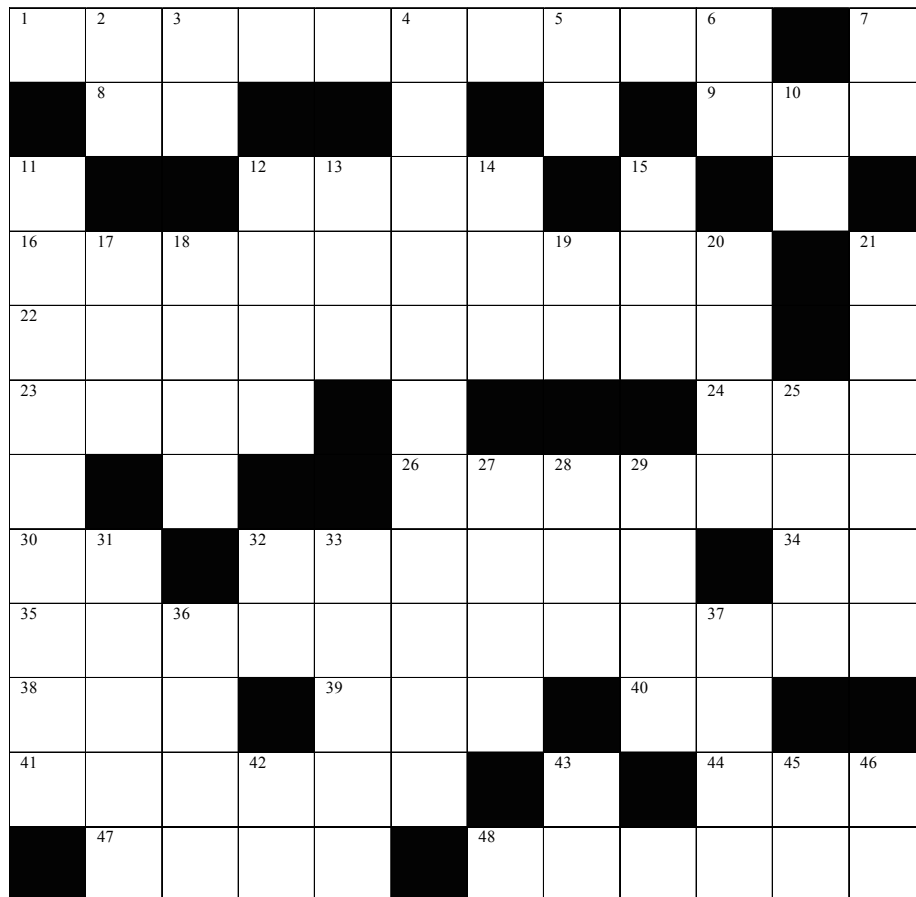
Joey opened the other package which was a butt shot of Peter and myself looking at a sunset behind the mountain. Again, Jim dropped out when the bids got up to the \$1,000 Kevin. At the conclusion of the auction, Jim got up and said that he had been willing to spend \$1,000 for one of those pictures in support of the camp and said he was going to give Matt the money even though he didn’t get the final prize. That was met with a loud cheer and then he kicked into his salesman persona and got most of the others who had been bidding against him to give at least half of what they had been willing to give up in the auction. At the end, I told Jim I had realized what he had been doing since he had often said that people seemed to appreciate something more if they help contribute to something instead of when someone else foots the bill. Still, it would have been nice to have the picture of Buck and Kevin for the house. He said that the frames were wrong for the house and the print was too small. He said that he already had Joey working on some prints for the house that would be of finer quality than he had time to get made outside of his personal studio.

That night our little Sex-tet sat in a cuddle cluster in front of the fire. The closeness I had felt with Buck and Kevin felt special. They had fit in so well with the Cubby Family Foursome that I knew something was going to feel empty when we parted company in the morning. I stayed behind to watch the flames while the others went for a final moonlit swim. I was so lost in the flickering light that I jumped when Kevin sat down beside me. I wondered when the next time they would be able to leave Wisconsin to come for a visit. Kevin laughed. He said that they had only been in Wisconsin to celebrate Buck’s grandmother’s birthday before packing things to come camping with the bears. It turned out that their apartment was only a couple of miles from the house. He asked if I remembered that first day that we met when he smacked into the tree. He had suddenly realized that I was the “Woody Wonder” that Gil had talked about the previous summer, so he had turned back to call that out he wanted to meet me later. I said that I hadn’t heard that. He said that he realized that but Peter gave him the thumbs up sign that gave him hope that they had found the right guys to fuck them.

That empty feeling suddenly disappeared as the possibilities having two more handsome men as regular visitors at the house filled my head. Kevin said that time for heavy talk was over and it was time for mouths to do other things. Just at that point, the others wandered back from the lake. We grabbed a couple of blankets from the tent and headed out to where we could make love under the sea of stars. I remembered that first night and asked Kevin if he was ready to cry “Uncle” yet. He slid his ass onto my cock and said, “Not yet, but ask me again in about ten years.” Ah, yes. The possibilities were going to be fun to explore.

Puzzle #1

by Pa'a



ACROSS

1. Ancient monument in the UK
8. Provided
9. Cornholer
12. Skull Island resident
16. Rising signs
22. Common symbol for 18-down
23. Justice Thomas's accuser
24. Some
26. Naked
30. PQ Follower
32. Director's command
34. Most pop. state
35. One at a time
38. Keanu role
39. Those holding office
40. Brazil's cont.
41. ALS is named for him
44. _____ show you if you show me
47. Norah's dad
48. Radical _____

DOWN

2. Scale note
3. Possessive preposition
4. Type of commitment ceremony
5. Uh-uh
6. Spielberg alien
7. ____ your ass
10. Take too many drugs
11. Large get-together
12. Ship balancer
13. Plastic ____ Band
14. Four qts.
15. Div. of Treasury Dept.
17. Hindu title
18. Ancient Briton
19. Symbol for a certain metal
20. Marine mammal
21. Time to dance around a pole
25. Formula for table salt
27. Children
28. Second person
29. RN's helpers
31. Contmptuous facial expression
32. Type of sloth
33. IX x XII
36. Qatar's capital
37. Den
42. Williams-Daniels movie
43. Perth's prov.
45. Symbol for the lightest metal
46. French article

Cucumber Soup

Submitted by P'chE

- 1 large cucumber (10-12' English or 2 regular small ones) scored with fork
- Generous bunch of fresh dill
- 1 bunch green onions
- 1 handful fresh parsley, thyme or tarragon to preference
- 1 lime squeezed
- 1 T honey
- 24 oz sour cream
- ½ pint cream
- 2 large garlic cloves

In food processor, chop scored cucumber chunks, onions, herbs, garlic and mix with honey, lime, sour cream and cream until desired consistency. Let set 6 hours for flavors to wed. Original recipe used yogurt rather than sour cream and no cream. I substitute parsley for tarragon.

I do not peel or seed the cucumber. If the food processor "purees" the mixture too much, I would suggest chopping cucumber and onions very finely by hand and mixing the other ingredients in the blender. Or perhaps reserve 1/4 of the cucumber and chop it finely for texture in the soup so it isn't just a thick, creamy soup, unless that is what you prefer.

