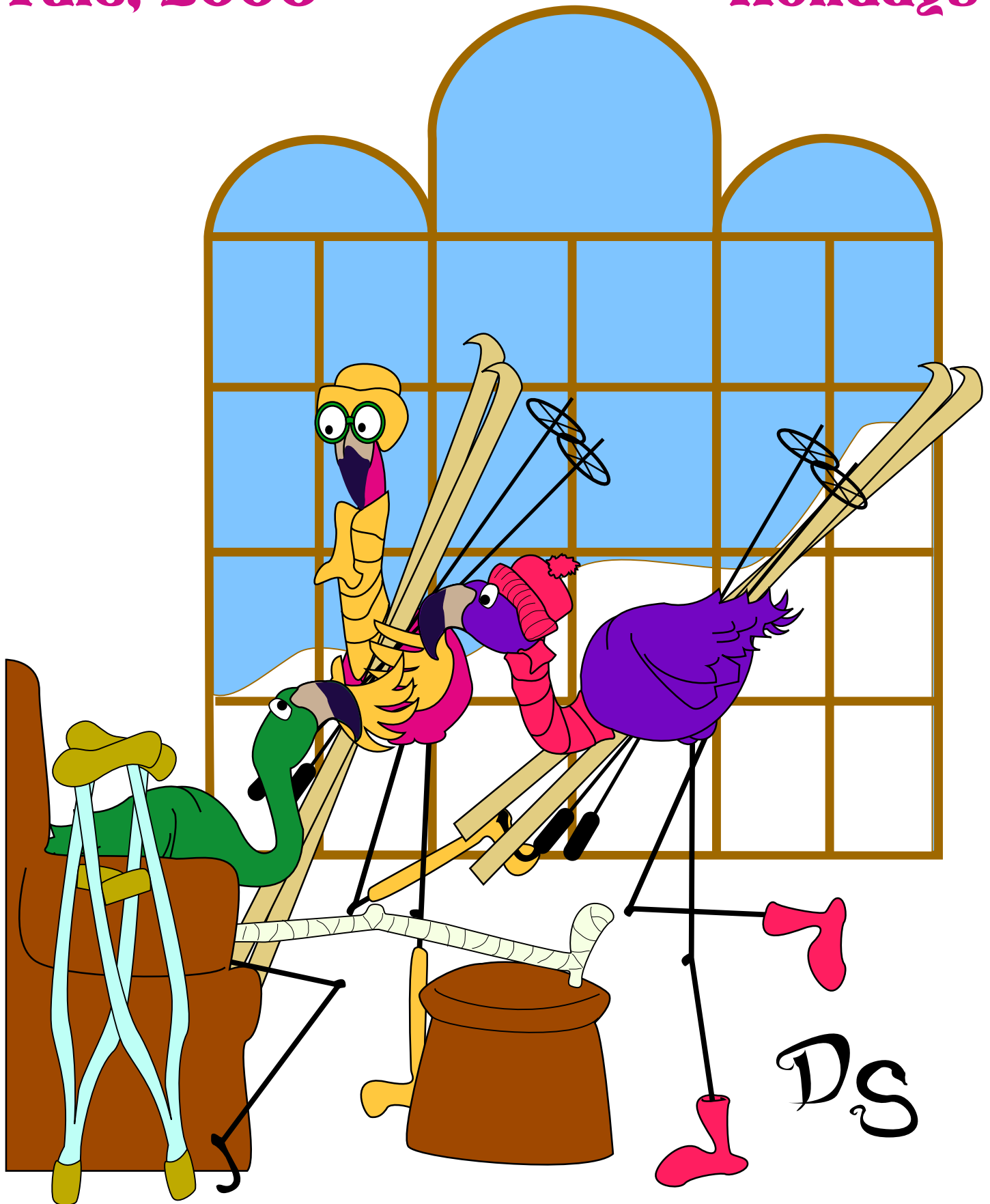


**Airy Faerie
Yule, 2006**

**Flamingo
Holidays**



Publisher's Notes

Well gentle faeries, Welcome to the 2006 Yule issue of the Denver Faeries' Airy Faerie. I think I can safely speak for the Denver Faeries when I wish you all a magical and blessed Yule and a wonderful New Year!

Since we are coming to the END of the year, we here at the Airy Faerie thought it would be nice to take a moment and look at some ends. Not the ending of the year, but the butt, cheeks, fanny, hind end, rump, ass, or backside. Whatever you call it, I think most of enjoy a nice bubble butt on a hot guy. So through out this issue you will find many images of the gluteus maximus. I hope you enjoy or look at the end.

I think a birthday card I found sums it up well.

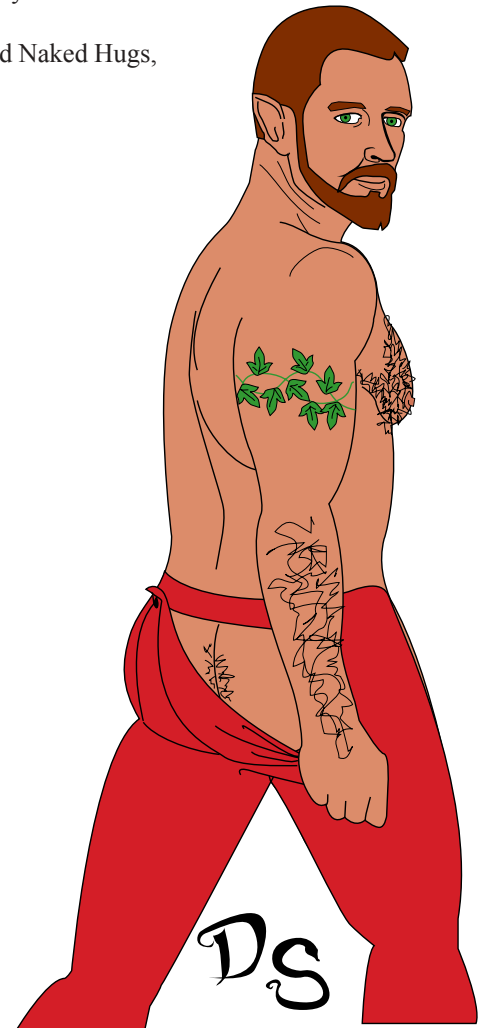
"Life is all about asses. You are either covering it; laughing it off; kicking it; kissing it; busting it; trying to get a piece of it, or behaving like one. So get you ass in gear and celebrate!"

Since I already mentioned the images of the buttocks, I will give you the nudity warning and let you know these are images of naked hindquarters. There are still a few penises in the issue, as well as some gay sexual actives. So please do not go any further if this type of stuff offends you, or if you are too young to enjoy such things. Also be aware of using public and work computers for viewing the Airy Faerie!

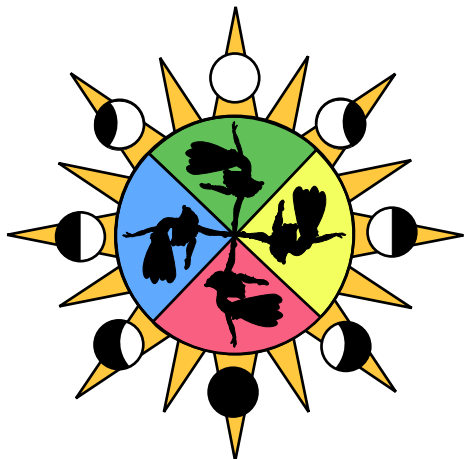
Ok with that said, on to the issue at hand. The Yule issue is also full of the talents of the Denver Faeries, a great way to end 2006. I want to give a big THANK YOU to all who have contributed to this issue and all the issues of the Airy Faerie. And if you see something in the Airy Faerie that you really like, please let us know. It is fun to realize our little fae 'zine is shared with faeries around the world! Feed back is always welcome, as it lets us know what you want to see. If you do like an image let us know and we will look at the cost of offering them as stickers, on tee-shirts, or prints. So please let us know what you like.

Ok it is time for me to get my fat ass to bed, so I will close and let you get to the ends. I hope you enjoy the 2006 Yule issue of the Denver Faeries' Airy Faerie.

Faerie Blessing and Naked Hugs,
DragonSwan



Airy Faerie



Yule, 2006

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

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Tom's Page

Art and writings from Tom's journal

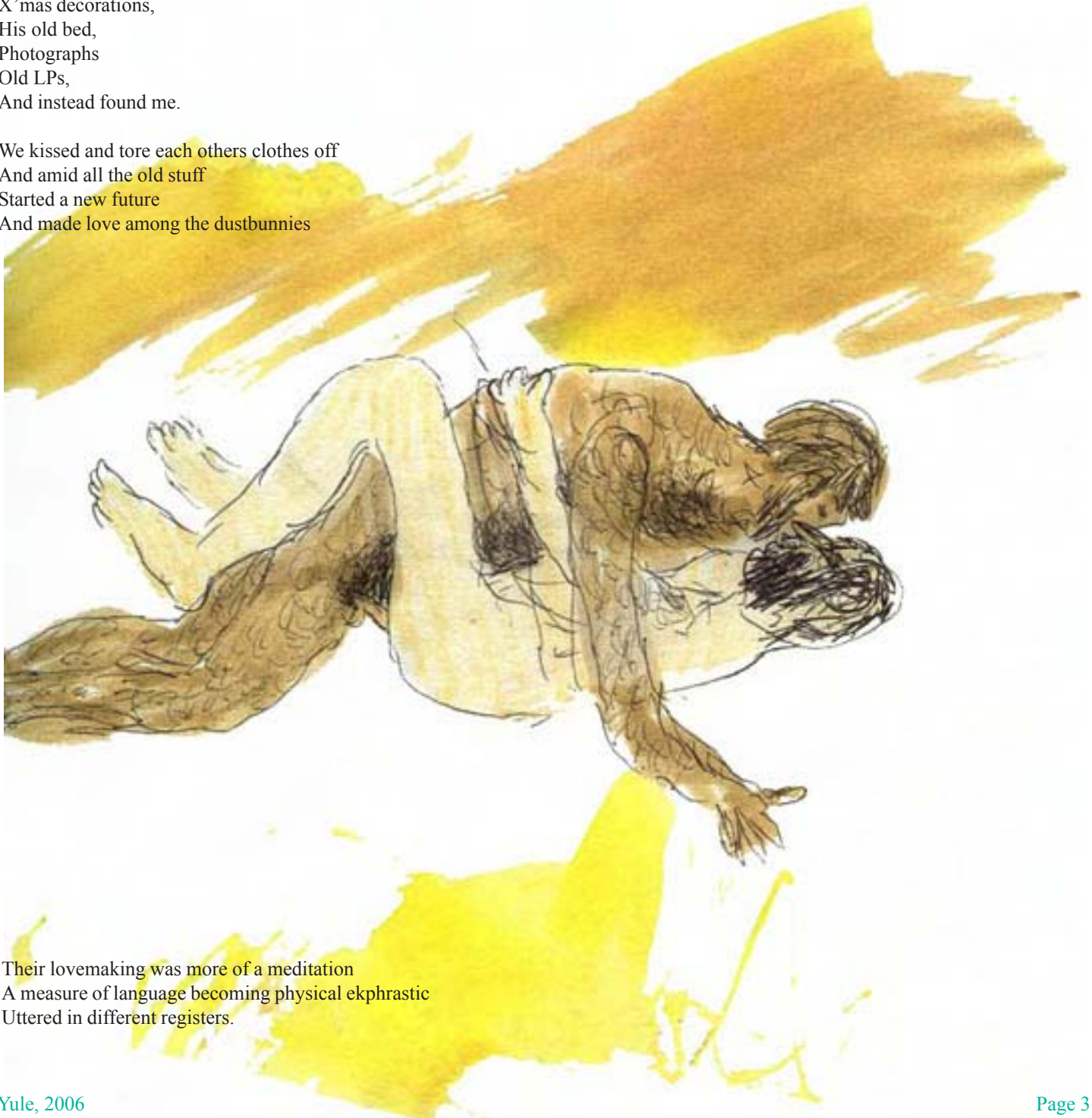
The Attic

They went upstairs to explore the attic
The sloping roof where Eric conked his head
And laughed.
Think!
"How Dumb!"

He had gone up, looking for his past,
All the toys,
X'mas decorations,
His old bed,
Photographs
Old LPs,
And instead found me.

We kissed and tore each others clothes off
And amid all the old stuff
Started a new future
And made love among the dustbunnies

See the past with compassion
Don't be hard on yourself or others
See the future with love
So the present can be in peace



Their lovemaking was more of a meditation
A measure of language becoming physical ekphrastic
Uttered in different registers.

What is Yule?

by Beast

Although the Christians keep going on about how “Christ is the Reason for the Season,” the truth of the matter is the Yule is the most out-and-out Pagan of the Christianized Pagan holidays. It has trappings going back millennia. Too much even to catalog, really. The tree (associated with nature worship and the cult of the dying/reborn Attis/Adonis); the Madonna and Child (see photos of Egyptian statues of Isis holding her son for the template for that iconic image); the wreath of evergreen boughs (see the serpent Ourobours swallowing his tail—symbol of Eternity); and on and on we could go. The (re)birth of the Sun/Son at this time of greatest darkness has been marked by human cultures in all times and on all the continents of the world.

To the Romans, this was the time of the festival of Saturnalia. Saturn was the god who had presided over a mythical Golden Age of peace and plenty. To celebrate his festival, the Romans feasted and partied, with the added twist that the slaves got to lord it over their masters at this time (I was always reminded of this when, during the office Christmas parties, the executives at the bank in which I worked with deigned to wait on we poor office drones—serving the inevitable rubbery chicken and rice pilaf with a pasted-on smile). Anyway, I digress.

So Saturnalia was a time of yearning for and nostalgia about a time past. This yearning lives on at the soul of Yule. It is about nostalgia. The ancient songs we sing, the traditional foods we prepare, the heirloom ornaments we hang on the tree, are all symbols of this yearning for a Golden Age which, truth be told, perhaps never existed except in our most heartfelt dreams. A time of peace and plenty and unconditional love for all beings—some of the highest ideals of the human spirit.

So this light of spirit is what we hold up, our little light against the darkness. And added to our neighbor's light (helped by the 500 feet of LED lights he just tacked up on his house) we chase away the darkness of the night, and the even deeper darkness of the all-too-human evils of war, and poverty, and ignorance, and hatred. And from the womb of night we call forth the young and shining God, whose hair shines gold like the Sun, and whose eyes are the blue of the Summer sky...

Blessings of light, love, and laughter to you all this Yule...

Beast

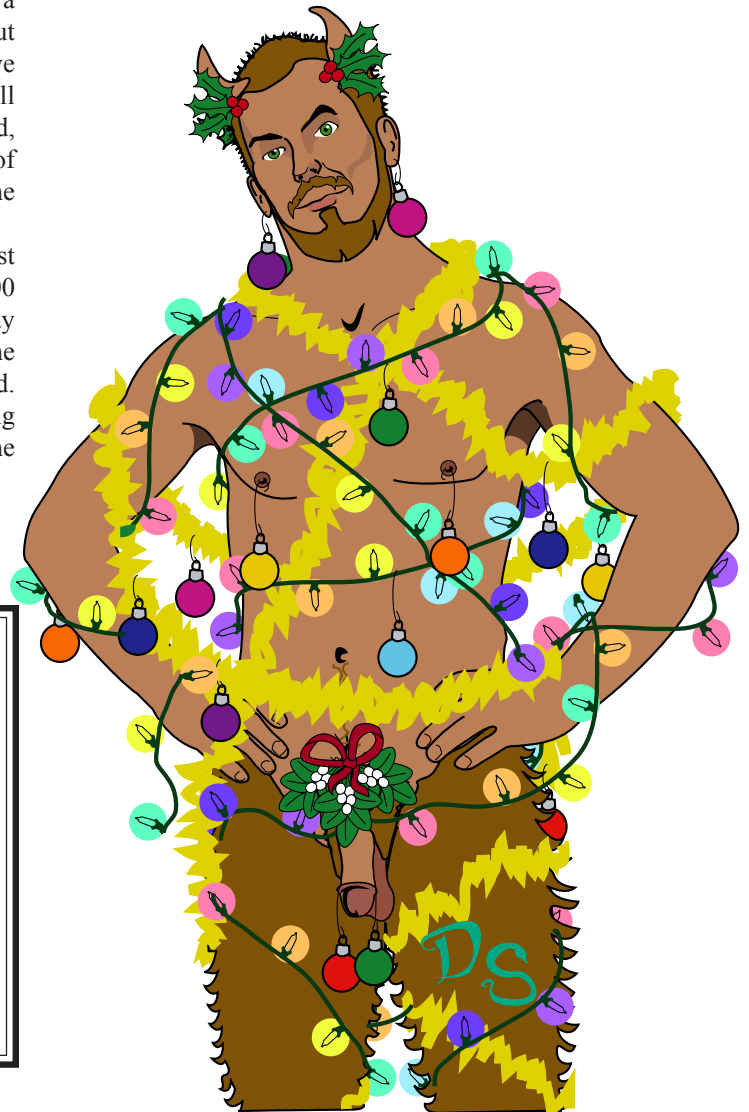
2006: We Did What?

by P'chE

A year passes quickly! It may seem to be crawling at the snail's pace or reminiscent of molasses on a cold winter day but looking back, it seems the faerie 'dick-or-raters' were just finishing turning the Orchard into a Yule wonderland with garlands and miniature trees and preparing for Yule. Now the group has finished turning the ever-changing lair-nest of the DragonSwan into a porn winter wonderland and ready to celebrate another Yule!

Fair warning now — any resemblance to chronology of 2006 is purely accidental and unintentional. It is not the way of the writer to be so organized but rather to ramble without discretion!

We saw Full Moon heart circles, increased fay-gan 101 discussions with incense, consensus, what is a faerie and community, heart circle, dying eggs and embellishing clay phalluses (phallusye?) for altar and personal space. Amazingly, we were even able to come to consensus on consensus! The making of incense brought some new interest in the group (Did we scare you away? Come back to the faeries!) as well as a new fae host. Thanks, Cielo.



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The Chinese New Year again saw the faes gather for a feasting and celebrating the year of the Dog. Could that be why (1) 2006 was such a bitch, (2) some of us were so bitchy, or (3) our bark was worse than the bite? Rumor has it some decided to try doing it doggie style! While others still tried to make like the dog and experience oral self gratification!!! Let it be known now if the Dog didn't do it for you this past year, The Year of the Pig enters February 18, 2007! OINK!

The first ritual of 2006 was Imbolc. Will we be able to pull off 2007's Imbolc at Valley View? While the weather tried to not only dampen but chill the Fae Valley View Mabon experience, a most successful trip was finally achieved late in 2006. All totaled, eight faerie friends gathered and saw the creation of the Wicker Man in all his Hun-Tom of Finland male glory and then made reverential as various objects were placed in and around the symbol and watched as the offering went up into flames carrying hopes, desires and offerings into the ether. Had we harvested what we had planted?

Beltane was truly an outstanding event. *(Author privilege to so judge!)* A delightful complement of faes, friends, another new fae face gathered among the familiar in the immaculate back yard of Tigerling and Sadalia to observe a Hand Fasting of the fae formerly known as Falcon, now Phoenix, and DragonSwan as well as Tigerling and Sadalia renewing their intentions.

Then there was the trip of quality (as opposed to quantity) to the Medieval Festival in Fort Collins which turned out to be an experience in searching for the Medieval Gods but they were eventually found. The location had changed from the east of town along side the interstate to the west side in a more remote setting. The scenery was even better than a RenFest past when the Rocking Horse Man was the delightful attraction! There were many occasions to feast ones eye and wipe the drool from one's chin as the vendors were overlooked for the several hunks participating in the festival took precedence. Hot and dusty but well worth it, not to mention the wonderful garden shop on the south side of town where many ideas and plants and an occasional hunk were observed!

RenFest at Larkspur was another quality excursion, as four made the trip and wandered from shop to shop in the light rain and resorted to attempting to imagine the hunks with less outer garments than were being used for protection from the moisture. Still a good outing!

The Summer Solstice saw another memorable trip to Hank McCoy's Garden of the Beast as did the ending of the Dragon Boat Races when home made ice cream was embellished with watermelon sauce!



First Friday Art Walk in the Santa Fe district revealed The Pussy Project! So many wonderful galleries, niches, narrow alley entrances into large display areas with a variety of artworks so vast the mind could hardly register all of them. Not to be ignored by a feast for the eye, a feast for the stomach was mid-east fare!

How DOES Lazarus transform the manor into such an appropriate locale for Samhain? This year outdid last's wonderous space if that can be imagined! But it did! O to see it next Samhain!!

The fae awards once again go to Hank McCoy, DS and Phoenix, The Peach for hosting and making their spaces available for the many circles planned and observed and throughout the year, obviously not to forget Tigerling's wonderful back yard! While the Orchard has been sold, it will be most interesting to observe how the much smaller 'pottlunt tree' will lend to the faerie plannings!

Adieux, adieux, 2006! Willkommen, willkommen 2007 — The year of the Pig!!!

The 4-F Tarot: Update

by Phoenix

Scattered throughout the issue you will find the 4-F of Fire + Work. Being “work” means that they have a lack of the element and thus have to “work” to get their fire. Lack of fire is fairly easy to interpret as that translates to cold very quickly. We have interpreted that “work” part loosely since a couple of these cards are fairly playful in nature. As was the case with the cards presented last issue, I’m not going to spend a lot of time going into the significance of each as all four of the cards will have their own meaning to you during a reading. Look for the penguin, crocus, koi and polar bear and have fun thinking about the meanings they bring to the deck.

Below you will find a story about the guys on the right. It is just one possible story about the lives of the characters that will be presented through the deck. As you work with the deck, it is hoped that you will find your own connections and create your stories and thus discover your own interpretations on the divination level.

Here are some thoughts that went into the creation of the card. This was originally going to be just the gentleman in the robe. His robe is open, just as he is open to you. He has a fire blazing to keep you warm. Were you coming to join him? Or were you him waiting

for someone else. As the energies settled in the deck, he was joined by his lover, totally nude. Neither are hard, but if you think they have forgotten the mistletoe over their heads, guess again. Are you going to keep it friendly or will your own fire match the one in the background? Again, neither character is hard, but the triple candles in the background certainly hint at things to come. Is it the fire that is important?. The occasion is Yule - maybe it’s something about the Sabbat that is important for your reading. Is it the waiting? The greeting? The doorway into the sanctuary? Maybe it is just the smile that melts its way into your heart. Maybe its the closeness of the lovers and the fact that they are inviting you in (or if you are one of them, the fact that there is room to invite someone in). No matter what I say on these pages, you are the one who gets to say what the card means when you see it during a reading.

Have some fun and place this image next to any of the others we have presented. Place this first then place it second and watch how the energy changes. Try it with a different card. Let us know what you think as you start to play with these. Our address is on the inside cover of the issue.

The 4-F Tarot: Kings of Fire by Phoenix

Brian Holly and Bryan Oaks had been friends for years. The friendship started at the gym when they partnered as work out buddies. The two brought out the best in the other. If one did 20 reps at 150 pounds the other simply had to do 30 reps at 150 or 20 reps at 225. Neither was satisfied to let the other hold the record at any of their exercises for any length of time. As their friendship expanded beyond the boundaries of the gym, so did the competition. It wasn’t a matter of “keeping up with the Jones’s,” it was more like a poker game where each would raise the stakes to see if the other would yield. If Brian bought a 36” screen TV, then Bryan had to buy a 36” (or larger) flat screen.

The competition was not limited to material things. Brian noticed that the two of them had similar tastes in men. While the two never openly said anything, it would be obvious to their friends when the two spotted the same guy in the bar and would start trying to impress the target to see who would be the one to score. At first Brian loved the game, but over time, he would often back down when Bryan honed in. Brian had come to love his friend but knew he could never get Bryan to stop the game long enough to take him seriously. Any of their friends who suggested that the two were more like lovers than most lovers would be quickly given Bryan’s lecture on how friends don’t screw around with friends. When Brian saw Bryan connecting with someone, he secretly felt the twinge of jealousy but also hoped that this might be the “special one” that Bryan needed that would take him out of the game so that he could find his own lover without the competition.

One night at the bar, Brian had been getting close to Jason. The evening had progressed from stimulating conversation to shirtless touching and passionate kissing. During a moment when the two weren’t locked in a kiss, Jason would watch Bryan watching them. Brian had been about to ask Jason to follow him home when Bryan came over. “Keep your hands off my boyfriend,” he said in a direct

tone. Brian tried to avoid a confrontation by saying that he hadn’t realized that the two were involved. Bryan told him to be quiet since he wasn’t talking to him. Before Jason could say something, Bryan started to walk away, but before going too far, he turned back and said, “You win. I love you,” and then headed back to the other side of the bar.

Brian tried to apologize to Jason, who in turned stopped him. He said that he had mistaken the two of them as lovers and had been hoping for a three-way but obviously the two of them had some issues to work out. He handed Brian a card saying to call him when things settled down. He gave him a wink and added that if things didn’t work out, he might lower his standards for a little one-on-one action. Jason then faded into the crowd.

Brian sat there stunned. He didn’t know if he should chase after Jason or hunt down Bryan and demand an explanation. He was caught in the feeling of the wonderful potential represented by Jason and the astonishment that Bryan picked that moment to declare his love. Brian put his hands to his face and began to cry. Bryan came over and put his arms around Brian, who sunk into his manly embrace. The two talked in the corner until the bar closed. Brian asked Bryan if he meant what he said and Bryan said that if Brian let him come over he would show Brian just how much he cared. It was only when the two got undressed and in bed that the two realized that their competition continued in bed. As much as they loved each other, neither was going to quickly yield the dominant position to the other. Over time, the game of competing to be the top for the evening became as much a part of their sexual interaction as the fucking itself.

One night Brian cleaned out his wallet and came upon Jason’s card. He talked it over with Bryan and they called. Jason said that he had been about to go to the bar as it was Yule and had no place else to go. Brian told him that they would have a fire waiting.



Quest for the Crystal Phoenix

Chapter 18: On the Road Again

by Orpheus

Rose wanted to be on the road back to Riangler by early afternoon, so despite the late night at Viola's performance, King Adam and Rondar joined the queens and his son shortly after sunrise to honor the late Faerie Queen Amaranth. Adam had set aside some of the gardens that lined the front gates of the castle to receive the seeds she left behind and they wanted to have some private time alone before the gates were opened for the day.

Apollo pulled out the small packet of amaranth seeds and started to plant them. Each of the queens told of their memories of their mother so that the prince would know more about the woman he had barely met before she died.

"Sister," said Susan, "I have never understood what happened between mother and you. You were always her favorite. I was too rough and tumble for her gentle ways and you were the perfect lady. She always said that you would make the better queen. Then one day, poof, you two didn't say a word to each other."

"I've been thinking about that since we had that memorial at the sanctuary," said Rose. "I remember being very mad at her because she destroyed something that I wanted. I had helped an old woman down in the market one day. Her cart had tipped over and she was busy picking everything up. No one seemed to pay attention and I stopped to help her get her wares back on display. At the end, she thanked me and offered to pay for my assistance. When I refused her coin, she insisted on giving me something. She handed me a small wrapped box and said that all of the wishes, hopes and dreams of the world were inside. She said that eventually I would have to let them out but said that wishes were fast, so that when I opened the box I would have to be faster to catch one. She said I should be alone so that no one would catch my wish."

"What happened when you opened the box," asked Apollo.

"It was a couple of days before I did," she replied. "I got home that afternoon and Mother needed my assistance with something, so I quickly put the box in my room and promptly forgot it. When I saw it again, I knew I had to plan carefully. With all those wishes in the box, I knew I had to practice being fast to catch one. Then one afternoon, I thought I was ready. I closed all my windows so nothing could escape my room and unwrapped the box. I slowly opened the lid with one hand while the other was waiting to grab whatever came out. I felt something in my hand. In the dim light, it looked like a deep red ruby. With my heart pounding, I pulled it out of the box. But it wasn't a ruby. It was just a beautiful apple. Inside the box was a note explaining how one bite of its magic flesh would grant me my fondest dream. Mother came bursting into the room just as I was about to take a bite and snatched it from my hand. We

argued over it. I said it was mine but she refused to give it to me. She threw it down on the floor and it shattered to pieces, just as had my own hopes and dreams. She said that one day I would thank her for that and left me in tears. I refused to talk to her after that."

"You got mad at Mother because she took an apple away from you?" asked Susan.

"It was more than that," said Rose. "She was crazed. She ranted about how could I take something from a stranger, especially someone as black hearted as that witch. That lady had been such a kind old woman and I knew she needed my help and here was Mother saying evil things about her, and she wasn't even there to meet her."

"Excuse me, Rose," interrupted Adam, "but did you say an apple, deep red like a ruby and capable of making dreams come true?"

"My thoughts exactly," said Holly. She reached into the sleeve of her gown and pulled out a piece of fruit. "Something like this, sister?"

"That's it! Where did you get that?"

Rose paused a moment, "That looks familiar. Haven't I seen one like that recently?"

"That looks good enough to eat," said Rondar. "I'm hungry. May I have a bite?"

"Certainly," said the faerie queen, giving him a wink as she handed him the fruit.

Adam looked up from helping his son just as Rondar was about to take a bite of the fruit. "Don't you dare!"

Rose wondered at Adam's outburst and then looked closer at the fruit in his hand. "Oh god! That's the fruit of the papel sedoipen tree, isn't it?"

Holly nodded her head. "I have been mad at Mother all these years for saving my life? What I thought was the smashing of my dreams was really giving me a chance to have them." Rose knelt down next to the garden. "It is only forty-five years too late, but Mother, thank you for saving my life."

A tear rolled down her cheek and dropped to the ground. In that spot, a single seedling sprang forth and in a brief moment, an amaranth was in full bloom.

"I may be wrong," said Adam, "but I think that was a 'You're welcome.'"

"Sister," said Holly, "you said the fruit was in a box. What happened to that box?"

"I still have it," she replied. "It was my only memento of that gift. After mother's ranting, I hid it away from her sight. I used to open it every day wondering what dreams had escaped me that day."

"Get rid of it as soon as you get home," said the faerie queen. "I always knew that curse you were under had to have a physical source to be so strong. Belladonna knew there was no way that Amaranth would let you eat the fruit. She counted on that to distract mother



from the real danger to you, a cursed box. Each time you opened that box, you energized the curse. If you ate the apple, she won. If you didn't, but kept the box, she still won. These weeks away from its presence have freed you. Do not touch it again!" Holly looked Rose directly in the eyes to underscore the seriousness of her warning. "Better still, tell me where to find it and I shall take of it before you return."

"Thank you for the offer," said Rose, "but it was given to me and it is my responsibility to clean up the mess it left behind. I will ask Lady Viola and Baroness Hilda for their assistance in handling the cursed object."

"That will be good," said Holly. "Hilda will know all the things you should do to ensure that no piece is left that can curse another person."

Holly started to head back to the castle proper but Adam called to her before she could leave. "How is it that you have such a ready supply of papel sedoipen fruit? I would think that something that dangerous would have been destroyed as soon as it was discovered."

"I have a tree in my garden of magical fruit. It lives because it is a beautiful tree and has done no harm to anyone."

"No harm?!" exclaimed Adam. "Say that to Iris or any of the others who have died because of it."

"Do you kill all snakes because someone died from its bite? I would think not. The danger here lies not in the fruit itself, but rather in the ignorance of the threat it represents. If you are aware of the dangers of the world, then a spell weaver such as Belladonna has no power to use that danger to control you."

"But..."

"There are no 'buts', Adam," said Holly. "If we only allowed the safe things to live, only those things we liked the world would be a far sadder place for the bland sameness of that which remained."

"Are you saying we should not work to make the world a safer place?" asked Apollo.

"No," she responded. "But while making the world a safer place, one has to be careful about imposing your definition of safe on another. During the Giant Wars, the giant's view of making the world safe was to eliminate all humans since all humans looked like the Jacob who killed FeFigh Fum. In the case of killing the papel sedoipen trees, you condemn the papel squirrel to death."

"The papel squirrel?" asked the group in unison.

"Yes, it is a rare squirrel that lives in the Haunted Forest. It took refuge in the tree and it adapted to eat the toxic leaves of the tree. If you try to feed it anything other than papel leaves it dies just as suddenly as a human would who ate the fruit of the tree."

Holly held out the fruit. "Isn't it a thing of beauty? If I told you it would grant you a wish, would you take a bite?"

"Of course not," said Apollo.

"And why is that?"

"Because I know better."

"Then the lesson has been learned. Now, it is up to you to pass that knowledge on to others." Holly shrunk down to faerie size and flew away before they could ask more questions.

The others headed back inside to get ready for the queens' and prince's departure. After a light brunch Adam gathered everyone in his study. He said he had been considering the proposal to have Apollo travel through the three kingdoms. "It sounds like a sensible idea," he said, "and I'm sure we can figure out the logistics later. But I do have one condition. When the prince is traveling, I want to be sure he is well protected. Rose, I know that your guard is well trained, but their job is to protect you. I would like to assign guard from my people whose sole job is to maintain my son's security. They would work with your guard, but they would have final say in all decisions regarding his safety. They would travel with him to protect him on the road."

"That sounds reasonable," said Rose. "I am sure my husband would agree. When can we expect someone to come to our court?"

"Let me ask them," responded Adam. He rang a bell and the door opened. Tobias, Lance, Stane and Patrick entered the room and bowed before the assembled royalty.

"You wished to see us, Sire?"

"Have you considered my offer, or do you need some more time?"

"No more time needed, Sire. I speak for all of us when I say that it will be our honor to serve our prince, and we hope to not let you down in your faith of us."

"Do you need time to settle your affairs with family before journeying to Resquad to begin your duty?"

"No need from us, Sire. We are all ready to go as soon as you command. The others are bachelors and well, my wife found someone else to help with the chores if you catch my drift."

-continued on page 10



Quest/Crystal Phoenix continued

"It is always good to have extra hands to help with the work," said Rose. "Are you sure she won't mind you being gone?"

"The way he was helping her last night when I came home sooner than expected, I doubt she will notice that I'm gone again. Anyway, we talked about it this morning and we both agree that my life of guard duty and hers of staying at home are too different and we are parting company in that respect."

"I'm sorry to hear that," said Adam.

"Don't be. If you spent any time with my wife, you would know why I like taking assignments that take me away for several weeks at a time."

Adam chuckled. "With that settled, I guess the only thing left to do is to say good-bye."

"Before we do that, I have something to share with everyone," said Apollo. "And this seems like the only time I will have for a while." Apollo got up from his seat and walked over to a bookcase located behind his father's chair. He searched the top shelf and settled on what was probably the dustiest book on the shelf and tried to pull it down. His reach was too short so Adam helped him. As he pulled the book, it did not come off the shelf, rather a loud audible click was heard and the whole bookcase shifted.

"What?" exclaimed Adam. "I never knew that was there." He looked at the 'book' he pulled and laughed as he read the title to the others, "*The Secret Door*"

"I always told you that you would find hidden treasures in your books," said Cetee.

"You knew this was here?"

"Not specifically," he replied, "but the ancient kings liked their little secrets so I knew there had to be some here in your castle."

"Lord Ctholbêahâssêsbit told me that he had hidden something behind here the last time he came to the castle," offered Apollo. "He said that I would find it useful when I have to travel."

Adam pushed the bookcase to the side, revealing a large niche. In it was small box with a scroll. Adam brought the pair into the light. The box had the royal crest of Adbalm made in inlays of gold and pearls. Everyone held their breath as he opened the box. He lifted out a small golden conch shell attached to a broken golden chain.

"Oceana's Horn!" shouted Cetee. He quickly untied the ribbon on scroll. Inside were two pieces of paper. Cetee quickly scanned them and announced that one was written by King Oliver Benedictus Charming and the other by his own father, Lord Ctholbêahâssêsbit. He flipped back to the first letter and read it to the others.

"Children,

This is Oceana's Horn that once adorned the neck of my beloved wife and your mother, Annette Oceana. It was a gift from her father when she left his kingdom to walk among mortals. When in danger, one blow on the horn will summon all who can aid in your plight. I found this on the cliff at the Bay of Sorrows where she was last seen alive. My brother says that he tried to stop her but to no avail. My ring keeps changing to black each time he talks of it. The color matches the emptiness I feel inside.

My grief is such that I can no longer bear to be king. I was not there when your mother needed me and I don't deserve to continue wearing this crown. You love each other and will be able to support

each other in the days ahead. I trust that your legacy will be filled with love and justice, unlike the turmoil that I have created with my own siblings.

Keep the Horn safe where I have shown you. And know that I shall be there if you ever have need to sound the call. I am king no more, but I will forever be your father.

Hail to King Angelo and Queen Angelina. Rulers with One Heart in Two Bodies."

"According to the official tales by the twin rulers, this was the last letter they had from their father, but neither the letter nor the Horn were seen by others," said Cetee. "The Horn long ago disappeared into legend so few even believed it existed."

"And what does your father have to say," asked Adam.

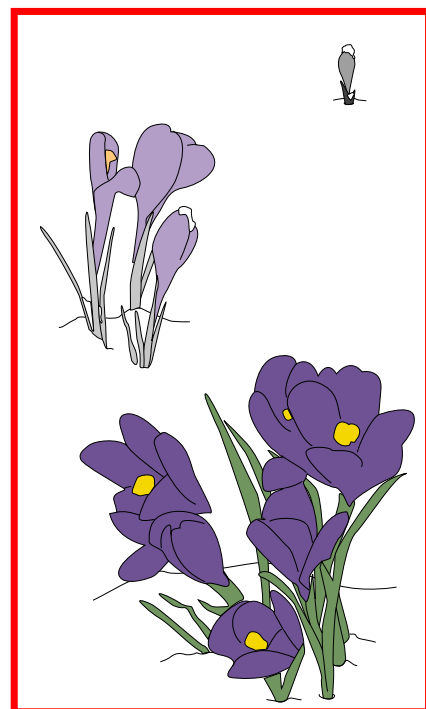
"To a future king,

I am glad to see the Horn is still safe. I know it won't bring her back to me, but at least this one memento of her existence still survives. I can remember seeing the sunlight play on the gold as it hung from her neck the day she stepped out of the sea. Holding it to my heart, I can recall its feel as it pressed into my flesh when we embraced.

Her father has asked of the Horn. He says that he has seen the Phoenix of Water. He says that an egg is warming at the Temple of the Phoenix and that it won't be long before the Phoenix of Earth is hatched. The days are coming when the heir to Wobnair will need all the help he can muster to face down my sister-in-law, Belladonna of the Black Heart. He has asked me to watch for a Phoenix in the House of Charming. He says that will be the heir who will need the aid that the Horn can muster.

It is no longer safe for me to return to the castle. It will soon be time for me to send my son in my stead to watch over the kingdom. How I wish I could take this with me but it needs to stay safe where She can't find it.

Be well my love. I miss you. Your Horn will one day be needed by our heirs. To that heir, remember the fair maiden who once bore



this around her neck."

"That's odd," said Rose. "You said that was written by your father but I got the feeling that he knew both Queens Annette and Belladonna. Surely he can't be that old."

"Until recently, I only suspected how old he was. But this summer he confirmed that he was alive at the time of the sundering."

"Cetee," said Susan, "I can remember every history lesson you have ever taught me. I don't remember a fourth brother named Ctholbêahâssêsbut."

"There wasn't."

"Then if we are talking the same Belladonna that we have been talking about, how could she be his sister-in-law?"

"Before we go too far," interrupted Apollo, "let me discharge my other messages from Lord Ctholbêahâssêsbut as they are pertinent. He has asked that we speak of this to no one." He pointed to his father's ring and everyone saw that both it and Rondar's were white. "Father, the reason you have never been able to find the answer to the question of where the first king of Adbalm was buried is because there isn't a grave. To all present, he says to look closely at the notes and you will realize that they are written by the same hand."

Cetee nodded his head and passed the letters around so that all could confirm this.

Silence filled the study as each absorbed the meaning of this revelation. Finally when all had a chance to view the letters Adam spoke up. "But if he has been silent and hidden all these years, why say something now?"

"Father said that the time for hiding is coming to an end," said Cetee. "According to him, it is not safe for him to completely unmask himself. In the lands of the faeries, he is offered some protection from Her prying eyes. When She of the Black Heart learns that he is still alive, She will step up her campaign against the surviving members of the House of Charming, meaning most of you in this room. The prince is too new in his training to defend himself against someone of her power."

"Surely Belladonna is not that powerful," said Holly. "Mother never had kind words about her, but she never indicated that she held that kind of power."

"Father said that his sister-in-law was careful to never openly clash with Amaranth. She was a court favorite and it did not suit Belladonna's plans to have a public confrontation. But father assures me that he has seen and felt her magic first hand and knows that it is strong. He said that all of the tales of what she did to his twin children are as a leaf is when compared to the whole tree. It was only by extreme luck that they had any skin on their bodies when they were rescued from her clutches. It was only by Divine intervention that they weren't crippled from her tortures."

"That sounds like a father's exaggerations," said Adam. "I know I would be upset if something happened to my son, but that seems a bit extreme even for a faerie tale."

"Which is why the tale has Angelo and Angelina defeating the witch before she put them in the pot. The sad reality was that she nearly flayed them alive and nearly every bone in their body had been crushed. She would have succeeded in killing them if her slave hadn't taken off her gloves and brushed Angelo's Godmark. Lord

Apollo felt that contact and stopped her. As it was, it took Dion and himself over a week to repair the damage to the twins."

"Why didn't he kill Belladonna?" asked the prince.

"She had her own Godmark and he couldn't touch her," replied Cetee. "When he petitioned Heca to have her released to him, Belladonna wove a tale of how she was under a spell cast by the Dragon Lady and had just broken free as the god appeared. They searched for the Dragon Lady but were never able to catch her. It was only when they caught her feeding the papel sedoipen fruit to Daisy Amaryllis did the truth about her true nature become known and they realized that Belladonna was the Dragon Lady."

Adam shuddered, "Here is this sunless chamber, this sounds more like a tale fit for a camp fire than a history lesson."

"Agreed," said Susan, "but in the records in Rysbal of her trial, they mostly refer to 'and other acts too vile to record' and the ones recorded are vile enough to make my skin crawl thinking about them. So indeed, if this is whom has been lurking in the shadows, then I for one am glad that Lord Ctholbêahâssêsbut has revealed this treasure."

Holly asked Adam to hand her Oceana's Horn. She looked as if she had been pinched when he placed it in her outstretched hand. She looked at it closely and then placed chain around the prince's neck and held the two broken ends together. She spoke some strange words, "Reparaste Marde Muerto Ancana Magisto Heirano." Nothing happened. Holly frowned and then tried, "Reparaste Marde Ancana Maniste Magisto Heirano". The ends knitted themselves back together. "There. Good as new."

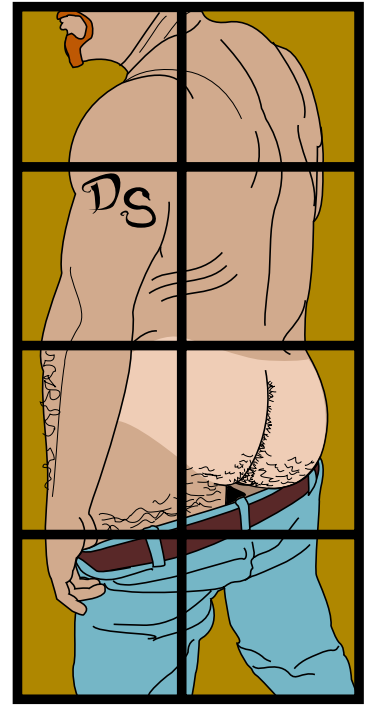
"I could wish there was a way to prevent someone from tearing it off his neck as it had been Queen Annette's," said Adam.

"What makes you think that it was torn off the queen's neck?" asked Cetee. "Father said that he was told she leapt from the cliff in grief."

"From all you have said of the brothers, I'm surprised your father accepted the word of Kenneth," said the king. "But the fact that Horn was not around her neck would be an indication that something happened on the cliff."

"Why do you say that, Adam?" asked Holly. "After all, the necklace could have fallen from her neck as she fell."

"I don't think so. For one, Oliver said that the ring turned black at his brother's words and we know what that means. Second, the chain was broken and there is no clasp. So unless it was broken later, it had to be ripped from her neck by someone who wanted it



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for their own.”

“Very good,” said the faerie queen. “Magical jewelry can only be used by the wearer. Once the chain is broken, so too is the magic. This is to keep the magic away from one’s enemies.”

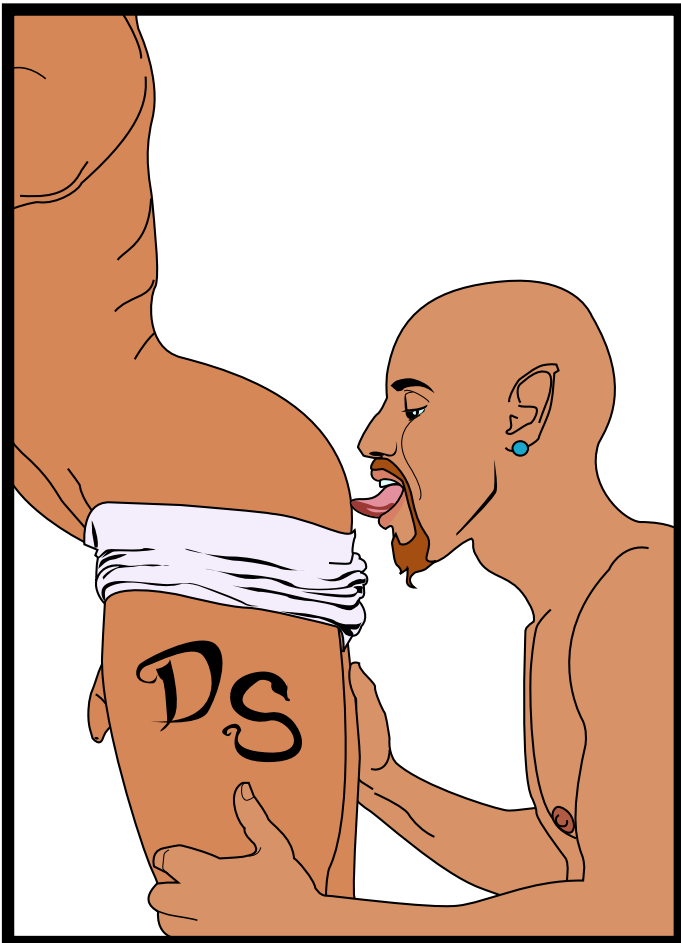
“Aunt Holly, if I asked that my first wish be to keep the chain from breaking, would you let it be granted?” asked Apollo.

“It certainly would be a worthy first wish,” said the faerie queen. “But it would be a wasted one. When I held it I could tell that even the chain was magical. As a gift from Poseidon to his daughter, I suspected that he would have thought of something more protective. The words I spoke were from the language spoken in his homeland, Oceantica. The first was roughly ‘repair the damage done by those that caused Annette’s death to give the magic to a child of her line.’ As you saw, nothing happened. Then I tried ‘repair the damage done by Annette’s hands...’”

Rose clasped at her own necklace. “That means...”

“That means little until we know the truth of what happened,” said Holly. “Somewhere in the books in this library and those of the rest of us are forgotten tales about the years of the Sundering. I have a chill in my bones that tells me that we will need to discover those if Apollo is to live to manhood. And for my part, I think I will have to stop and check the library in Chtōkcōrrāl to pay call on an old friend of the family.”

“Begging your pardon Your Majesties,” said Tobias.



Everyone jumped at his words. The guards had been so quiet during the stories that they had forgotten that they were there.

“Begging your pardon, again. I don’t know a lot about history books and such, and I don’t rightly know if I know all these people you have been talking about. But I do get the feeling that you feel that there is a serious danger out there and the four of us have been dumped into the middle of it.”

“I wouldn’t fault you for reconsidering your decisions,” said Adam.

“It’s nothing like that, Sire,” said Patrick. “It is our honor to serve. But we understood that the Queens’ party wished to depart today. In light of the information shared, we’ve been talking over here and we feel that we should limit our travel to daylight and don’t feel that we can safely reach the secured quarters in Betweenstville by nightfall.”

“Would we need to travel that far?” asked Rose. “I had though we would stop at that quaint little inn in Smalldale Village. It always looks so cute as we pass though.”

“Yes, The Feather Bed,” acknowledged Tobias, “run by my wife’s sister’s mother-in-law’s second cousin. Most excellent food and under normal conditions, a wonderful place to stay for a country holiday. However, there are no guards on duty in the village, and if we are living in dangerous times, I want us to be where there is support for your security.”

“I have to wonder about the need of such added security when we would have your protection,” protested Rose. “Surely an army could not attack us unaware.”

“The latter is true, Your Majesty,” offered Toby, “however, that does not take into account that we will be traveling with you and will be as tired as yourself. Having trained guards on duty available would allow us to rest in order to be alert while on the road.”

“Granted that is true,” said Rose, “surely one night won’t make a difference. And as you know, the inn is small, so who would suspect that we would stop there? No, I insist that we leave as soon as we say our farewells.”

“At the risk of sounding arrogant in my duties, you may depart as desired but I will prohibit the prince from traveling with you. But before I pull my security rank, let me tell you a tale of another monarch who disobeyed the wishes of their guards. The king and his queen were traveling to pay an unplanned visit on others. They rode out in haste, only sending word of their planned arrival date in the foreign town. Their progress had been slowed by severe weather. One night, the weather broke and they ordered the guards to open the gates prior to the appointed time when the night was still dark. They were never seen alive again. When their bodies were found, all members of their party had been shot through the heart. Nothing was stolen from their carriage, so the sole purpose of the attack was to kill the king. If they had waited until daybreak they would have had the opportunity to spy an ambush.”

“That sounds like one of those ghost tales we spoke of earlier. Something to scare a monarch into behaving as a guard ordered.”

Both Adam and Rondar held up their rings, both of which had been glowing white until Rose spoke. “Rose, I believe he is talking about my parents, Andrew and Jayla Rose.” Adam looked at Toby, “How did you know about the arrows? That is not common



knowledge.”

“My uncle’s wife’s cousin was one of the guards who helped recover the bodies. He honored the vow of silence until he learned that I was serving in your personal guard. He prayed to Lord Apollo for guidance and received the message that the knowledge should be passed on in order to alert others of the danger.”

“You seem to have a lot of relatives who know a lot of things,” commented Rondar.

“And now you understand another reason why I like to be gone for long periods. It’s the only way I can get time to myself.”

By the time Adam fleshed out the details of his knowledge of the death of his parents, Rose’s protest of Toby’s delay to her plans was negated by the sound of the chimes signaling the kitchen assistants to return from the afternoon break to start final preparations for the evening meal.

“Oh, I did so want to be on the road today, but I see that I shall have to yield to your sound advice.”

“Sister,” offered Holly, “if you are in such a hurry, I could create a Portal for you to be home this evening.”

Rose got a green tinge to her face, “Thank you, but never again. I have never been so sick in my life as when you pulled out that trick to get us to the sanctuary. It seems that mother’s magic was not passed to me.”

“Oh, it’s there or Apollo would not be so strong in his lessons. Mother made the mistake of not teaching you. This is something I can correct.”

“Again, no thank you. I have lived very comfortably without magic and I am too old to waste your time trying to teach. Save your time for the youth who will have more energy for your lessons. Meanwhile, I will have to be patient and allow these fine guards to prepare for our journey properly.”

It was three days before Tobias heard back via the messenger birds that suitable quarters had been arranged for the full journey.

The king and others used the time to delve into the books in Adam’s study hoping to find some new insights into their history. Apollo kept wanting to test Oceana’s Horn but Holly warned him of sounding it without cause. Everyone in the castle would come running to its call. Apollo finally got the adults to see reason when he called attention to the fact that Annette might have blown the Horn but it didn’t work and she tore it off in disgust.

Holly cast a spell on the walls of the study that prevented sound from escaping the room. Apollo blew on the Horn and it issued a deep resonating tone, far deeper and richer than anyone expected from such a small shell. Even with Holly’s spell, Stane and Patrick came rushing into the room from their post in the Receiving Room, swords at the ready. Adam assured them that nothing was wrong and thanked them for their quick response to their test.

“That is certainly reassuring,” said Holly. “Even through a spell of silence the sound of the Horn can be heard. I would be hard pressed to believe that any enemy of the prince would have the ability to completely block its sound.”

“My prince,” said Cetee, “I, too, was interested in verifying the Horn’s power, but I should also remind you what father said about Annette’s death. It is possible that she wasn’t in danger and never tried to blow the horn.”

“Yeah, and King Kenneth just happened to come upon the scene it time to witness it. Perhaps, in trying to stop her, he just happened to grab the necklace; they struggled ending with Annette breaking the chain causing Kenneth to tumble to the ground while she leapt. With all the tales we have heard about the pranks the brothers did to the others, I agree with father. It may have been an accident, but I have a feeling that there is more to the tale than we have heard.”

“Very true,” said Susan, “but as we have recently learned, not all dangers are presented with a knife at our throats. Just look at how persuasive Belladonna has been with tales of magic fruit. She could have convinced Annette that the Horn was cursed and that she would never be happy as long as she wore it. Once the Horn was removed, Belladonna would have been free to act to remove her competition for ‘Fairest of them all.’”

Holly conjured a deep red rose and handed it to Apollo. He accepted it from her and promptly pricked his finger on one of its thorns. “Always remember that even pretty packages can hold hidden dangers.”

With that thought lingering in the air the queens excused themselves to prepare for their departure in the morning.

They met for a quick breakfast in the morning and were soon on their way. To the prince, the pace with the queens’ carriage seemed like a walk through a muddy field when compared to the exhilarating ride from the valley. They stopped at The Feather Bed for lunch and true to his praise, cousin Bertha’s cooking was excellent. After they left Toby told the others that he wouldn’t be surprised to find that they changed the name of the inn to “Three Queens and a Prince” in honor of the royal visit.

Holly chuckled, “I’m having a vision of signs all over the place saying ‘Queen Susan of Rysbal sat here’ and the like.”

“Don’t think you’re too far off on that,” said Toby. “As we exited, I saw cousin Fred pick up your chair and head toward the

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workshop. That carving is probably already finished.”

Shortly before sundown, the company entered the gates of Betweenstville. Like their earlier visit, they were greeted by Saundra. The old guard led them to Queen’s Post. As the queens and their attendants entered, Saundra barred the others from following. “This is a ladies only troop gents.”

Toby protested saying that he had to provide security for the queens, to which Saundra replied that his duty was to protect the prince; hers to protect the queens. “You will find your quarters prepared back at the Halfway Inn. They were suitable enough before and I am sure you find them suitable still.”

“What luck,” said Johnny. “We get a night away from our grandmothers’ watchful eyes.”

“Luck had nothing to do with it,” countered Toby. “That was all show for the queens’ sake. I know perfectly well that men aren’t allowed in Queen’s Post but I also knew that the queens wouldn’t be welcome at the Halfway Inn where male traveling guards usually stay. Now, let’s go see what trouble Timmy and Jimmy have gotten into since we passed through.”

The food was just as excellent as before, but the energy of the room seemed more subdued. When Apollo commented on it Timmy said that it was too early in the evening for the normal party. Most of the locals had dinner with their families and only came out after the children were tucked away for the night. As he spoke a couple gents entered the inn that Apollo recognized from the previous visit. Try as hard as he wanted to stay to see the party crowd, the prince began to yawn and headed up to his room. Toby and Lance followed him but neither guard was sleepy so they started a card game while Apollo headed to the inner sleeping chamber.

He stood at the window looking at the moon and tried to remember his dream from before. In this space it grew into something more familiar than just a dream. He sat down on his bed to do a nightly grounding as Johnny had taught him. As he started to relax and let go of the day’s activity, a voice grew out of that dream memory telling him to pull energy into himself to help recharge his body. He did as that inner voice instructed and quickly felt as if he could go back downstairs.

“Very good Little One,” came a voice from the window sill. “Once you master the trick of automatically doing that you will be ready for my next lesson.”

Rather than being surprised at the sudden voice, the prince had a feeling that Dion had always been there and just now had spoken. Apollo stood up to give the Moon God a hug. “If I didn’t thank you before for this lesson, then I thank you now.”

“You were very sore and tired that night and I didn’t give you that chance. Once you learn to master this and can constantly renew your energy you won’t need to fear being tired in the middle of a battle.” Dion gave him a lesson on how to tap into that energy while doing other things. The god said he would know when the prince had learned to set up a constant flow of energy and would return for his next lesson. He embraced the prince. “My partner was wise in Choosing you as his own. If he hadn’t, I would have.”

“If I may ask, if he is my Patron, then why are you here instead of him?”

“I am the more patient teacher of the basic lessons. You are

marked as a healer which is my specialty. In you, Apollo sees far more than that in your future but you will need to be prepared in that craft before you are ready for anything he has planned. The sun burns hot and you will need these basic skills before you can handle the kind of energy he will make available to you.” With that, Dion kissed the prince on the forehead. He stepped into a moonbeam and disappeared.

Apollo stretched out on his bed and he had barely closed his eyes when he heard the door creak open. He looked up and saw Johnny poking his head in to check on him. “I’m not asleep. Come on in.”

“Are you sure? You haven’t wanted to spend much time alone with me for the past couple of days.”

“Sure I want you here. Who else is going to help me practice my sex magic lessons?”

“Oh, I definitely know I’m in the wrong place. All you have talked about lately is ‘Viola, Viola, Viola.’”

“I’m sorry, but she was beautiful on stage and my god, I never realized how big her cock really is. I mean, that thing is easily double the size of yours.”

“And that is supposed to make me feel better?”

“I’m sorry,” said the prince, “I don’t know why I said that.”

“I do. It’s because it’s true. Most guys take a look at her and fall in lust thinking that they have died and gone to cock heaven. The only thing that makes me smile is reminding myself that she really is a girl inside and never plays top.”

“Top?”

“Never mind, that’s one of the lessons we have to skip.”

“Speaking of lessons, I forgot where we stopped so I guess we have to go back to lesson one.”

“Not so fast, Apollo,” said Johnny. “I haven’t forgotten, but thought you might enjoy a new lesson tonight.”

Apollo’s dick sprung up. “That got my attention. What’s up for tonight’s lesson?”

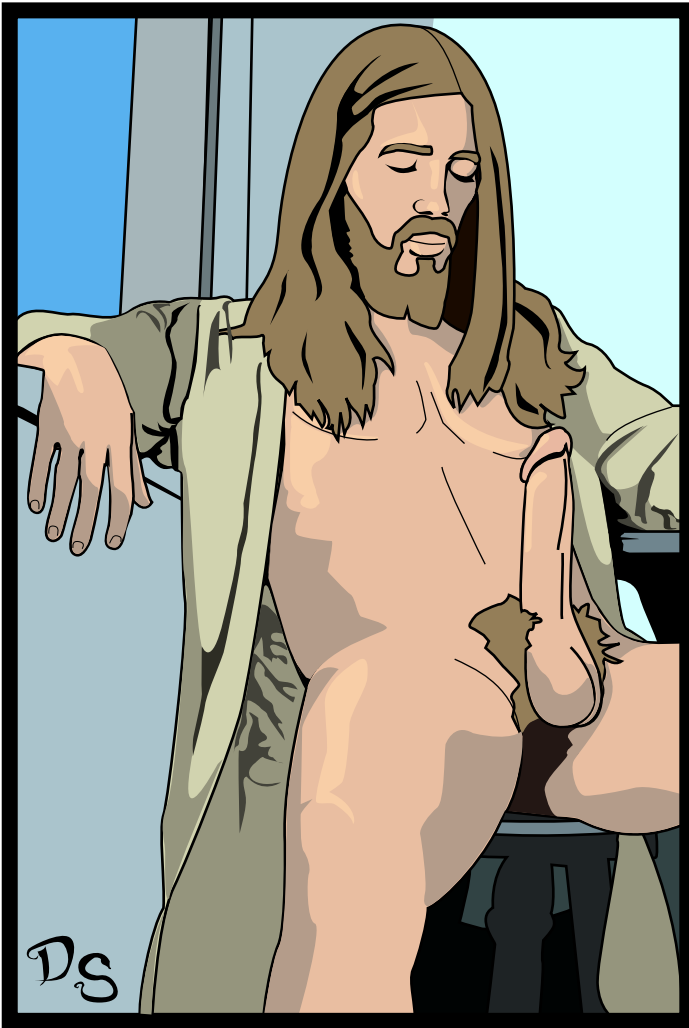
“Apparently you are,” said the faerie giving the prince a quick kiss on his cheek. He grabbed Apollo’s dick saying “Follow me.”

“OK. So what is tonight’s lesson?”

“Hmmm...I don’t think I’ve given this one a lesson number. Think of this more as a review of everything we have covered and an ‘overview’ of a lot of things I can’t teach you.”

Apollo was surprised to not see Toby and Lance in the outer room. Johnny said that he told the others that he would guard the prince while they joined the others for a tankard of ale. Johnny opened the door that led out to the hall and put his finger to his lips signalling him to be quiet. Still holding the prince’s cock, he led him to the staircase. Johnny crept down far enough so that they could see into the common room. In their previous visit, the guests of the inn were wearing towels and robes. The scene below him now held dozens of naked men, all touching each other. Some were kissing another guy’s cock. Some seemed to be reenacting scenes from Viola’s play. On one side, he saw Toby playing with his nipple and stroking his cock while watching Patrick being sandwiched between Timmy and Jimmy.

Johnny leaned over and lightly kissed Apollo on the lips. He then kissed the prince on his cheek and ear at which point he



Manipulate Your Manhood by Prof. Percival "Perry" Grinn

Sung to the tune: God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen

The time is right to have a little
Five on one tonight
So beat your meat and charm the snake
And do a load by hand.
You bounce your balls and burp your worm
And rub the magic lamp
Oh, you deload your gun and diddle your bob
Make your meat throb
Manipulate your manhood twice a day

You can jerk the chain or crank the crane
And get to know yourself
Pull the chord, release the steam
Take matters in your hand.
You fight the one-eyed monster too
And check the ol' dipstick
Oh, you fiddle the ferret, fumble the frank
Give it a yank
Manipulate your manhood twice a day

So grease your pole and grease your rod
For hand to gland combat
Drain the dragon, drain your pipes
And double click the mouse
Have a frapp and wank your shank
And wind up you cock clock
Oh, you hitch-hike to heaven, jingle your bone
Party for one
Manipulate your manhood twice a day

So go down to the zipper mart to
Grab a pound of pork.
Polish the sword of happiness
And paint the ceiling white
Grab the gusto, make it spit
Spend time with an old friend
Oh, you rub the rhubarb and pan for white gold
Let loose a load
Manipulate your manhood twice a day.

Shine the bishop, shine the helmet
Shine the telescope.
Squeeze the Charmin, squeeze the Twinkie
Squeeze the big guy tight
So teach the dog a lesson now
And teach the monkey too
Oh, spraying your belly with the
Sticky white love-piss
Manipulate your manhood twice a day!

whispered, "Now, let's practice lesson one."

Someone downstairs let out a large moan as Johnny added, "And this time, with some feeling."

By the time Johnny let Apollo explode, the prince surprised himself by letting out a moan of his own. They crept back to their room and stretched out on the bed. Apollo nestled into Johnny's arms.

"So what did you think of tonight's lesson?"

"It was better than the play!"

"Oh?"

"Yeah. It was realer and more like I imagine sex is supposed to be like."

"Well, sort of. Just usually not so many people in one room."

"And I got to share it with you." Apollo snuggled in closer. "I love you Johnny."

The faerie listened as the prince's breathing slowed down. He kissed the prince's forehead. "I love you too."

In his half-asleep state, the prince mumbled, "Always and forever."

"Always and forever."

The Gabby Diaries: Enter Lady Macbeth

By Gabby

Several people have asked me why I keep working since I have a boyfriend who has more money than he knows how to spend. Well, if you know about florists, you know that I don't stick around for the pay or the benefits. My first reason is because of loyalty to Georgeanne, the owner of the shop. She is more than just a boss. She was good to me when I was taking care of Grams and Phil. She is a friend and friends don't leave friends just because they can. Second, I can't imagine sitting around the house all day. Georgeanne likes to remind me about how often I would slip into the shop to try to help out ("to keep in practice") when I was out running errands for Grams. Third, we both love our customers. It is our pleasure to watch the young men come in to buy their dates' corsages. It is bliss to watch the couples come in to buy their wedding flowers. The joy on a young father's face as he comes in to buy the new mother a special bouquet is radiant. The tears we share with the families are endless as we help them pick the right flowers to adorn a casket of a loved one. Georgeanne and I agree that the day we stop feeling the emotions is the day that we close the doors and walk away. Until then, we agree to be there for each other. Jim helps keep us busy though. He likes to dust off his salesman hat to drum up new business for us. His latest effort was to go to the various rehabilitation facilities in the area to get them to order a little planter for the patients that arrived during the week. The fact that he made restricted donations to the facilities to fund the programs probably aided in his persuasion. He comes into the shop twice a week to pick up the planters and the two of us deliver them to the patients. The smile on a patient's face as we walk in with a special gift for them is priceless. It truly reminds me of the things I have to offer people by being in my business.

Aeric has his own reasons for turning down Jim's offers to keep him in the lap of luxury. Aeric's father, Norman, made his first money in the football league and now has multiple dealerships in town. If Aeric had told his father he wanted the latest expensive gadget for a birthday present, it would have been his. But my little cub never asked for that stuff. He said it was more important to him to be able to buy it for himself. He says that if it is important enough to have, it is important enough to earn. He carried that over into his lawn care service. He told us at dinner one night that he wants to know that he is capable of doing something on his own before he relied on someone to take care of him. He has a dream of being a landscape designer and is using his business to get hands-on experience. Jim likes to show off Aeric's talents to his society friends. Last summer, when he hosted things at the house for his charities, he made sure it was on a day that a shirtless Aeric was working in the yard. It is amazing at how quickly these society matrons wanted to know how to contact him for work on their own lawns. OK, I honestly don't know which one of them planned the timing. I think they were in cahoots. One night at dinner Aeric said that one of his customers said that she was

hosting a charity bridge day the following week on his normal mowing day. He asked her if she wanted him to reschedule. She laughed and said no way. Why did he think she planned the party for when she did? Jim gave Aeric a thumb's up, so I think that was part of their plan all along.

Peter keeps working because he has to. Not because of the money, but because he made a promise on the grave of his first dog, Prince, that he would be the best veterinarian possible so that bad things wouldn't happen to other pets. Apparently, Prince had been hit by a car and Dr. Killall, as Peter likes to call him, botched the necessary amputation and Prince developed multiple complications. When the time came and the family had to have Prince put to sleep, Killall even botched that and had to try several times to inject the fatal medication. Peter knew that he had to become a vet in order to spare families and pets the kind of pain his family had experienced. Jim has been helping in that dream by underwriting the costs of equipment upgrades so that the clinic has the latest technology that will help them provide the best care possible.

I've kept up my volunteer work at the clinic. Several times a week, Jim and I take Hamlet, our Great Dane, to visit Peter at the clinic. Each time we get there, Hamlet walks about the various rooms, surveying his territory. He occasionally stops at one of the cages and checks on the inhabitant. Sometimes he nudges me to indicate that "Dr. Hamlet" feels that this is a patient who needs some extra TLC. I hang a "Hamlet Tag" on the handle so I will remember which ones to return to. When he is satisfied that all is well, he stretches out on his blanket and takes a nap while Jim works on office things and I check the list of patients on the official TLC list. It is amazing how often Peter and the staff accurately predict Hamlet's selections.

One day last fall, Hamlet varied his routine. When Jim and I walked into the clinic we could hear the barking of the dogs all the way in the reception area. When we got into the main holding area, nearly every dog was barking at something. Hamlet let out a loud



“SHUT UP” bark. In the near silence that followed we could hear what was setting them off, a high shrill cry that emulated from one of the cat cages. Hamlet made a beeline to that cage and stood on his hind legs so he could see inside. What we all saw was a pitiful creature with half of its body in bandages. I looked at the notes that we keep on the side of the cage for volunteers. “Smokey” had been brought in the previous night by Fire Rescue as part of Jim’s deal with the city to provide free care to animals that are rescued during an emergency or criminal investigation. The notes from the firemen who brought Smokey into the clinic said that Smokey’s house had caught on fire the night before. She managed to avoid some of the more serious burns, but volunteers were not to handle her. Her owner, also injured in the fire, was at Community Hospital. I told Hamlet that we had to let Smokey rest and tried to get him to get him to go over to his blanket. The operative word is “tried.” Have you ever tried to get a dog that can stand on its hind legs and look down at you do something he didn’t want to do? I’ll save you some time if you haven’t – don’t bother because it ain’t going to happen. Hamlet woofed at me and turned his attention back to Smokey, who had been staring at the giant head at her cage door. Her cries had dropped down out of the “bend metal” class as her fear at being eaten alive urged her into being silent and unseen. She must have seen something in his caring eyes because she slowly stretched out a paw to touch his paw that was on the edge of the door. Her cries turned into a soft purr as she drifted to sleep.

Even with Smokey asleep, Hamlet wouldn’t move. The slightest yip from one of the other dogs was met with a stare from him. A second yip was met with a low growl that I had never heard from him. Jim went to get Peter to see what he could do to help. He did the only thing he really could do. He rearranged who was in which cage so that Smokey was on a lower level so that Hamlet could sit in front of the cage and still be able to see “his” patient. It took a lot of coaxing that night, but Peter was able to convince Hamlet that Smokey was asleep and would be fine alone until Hamlet returned in the morning. If you ever think that dogs don’t really understand what you are saying when you say something like that, you would be wrong. As to the first part, Hamlet cocked his head and listened intently to Smokey’s breathing. Satisfied that Peter wasn’t lying, he headed to the door to go home. As to the second part, as soon as we got outside in the morning to give him his breakfast, he ignored his food and went past us to go sit by the garage door. He was ready to go even if we weren’t.

Hamlet went to the clinic with Peter every morning for the following week. He would check on Smokey and sit with her if she was awake. When Peter changed her bandages, Hamlet watched intently. His eyes were filled with “I know it hurts right now, but it will be better soon. I promise.” After that first day, I never heard her wail like she had been doing. She would complain when she was moved, but never again that piercing cry.

Smokey had been at the clinic for two weeks before her owner was able to come visit. I was in the back with Smokey and Hamlet when Jim brought a very frail older woman through the door. Her arm was in sling and she walked with painful limp. Jim started to introduce her but I stopped him as I already knew her. She was Mrs. Oberon, my high school English teacher. Hamlet had been



laying in front of Smokey’s cage when she came in the room, but stood up to protect Smokey from this stranger. When Smokey heard Mrs. Oberon’s voice, she let out a soft mew. Hamlet looked at Smokey and then went over to his blanket. My old teacher told us that Smokey’s real name was Lady Macbeth. I asked her what had caused the fire. She said that she had been out with some church friends that night. When she came home she sat down in her favorite chair to watch the news. Lady curled up in her lap for her evening love and affection. When she lit her cigarette, Lady scrunched up her nose and jumped off. Mrs. Oberon said she felt sleepy so she headed to bed. The next thing she knew, Lady was clawing at her. She was about to yell at her cat when she saw the flames through the doorway. She grabbed Lady and raced to the front door. She managed to get out of the house before she passed out from the heat and smoke. A passing motorist saw the flames and called 911. The firemen arrived just as she fell down her front steps. As the paramedics tended to her, she watched her house go up in total flames and felt a sharp pain in her heart and passed out. She spent the next week in the Coronary Care Unit at Community Hospital and was only now able to find out what had happened to Lady Macbeth.

I left her alone with Lady Macbeth. I found Peter and brought him to Mrs. Oberon so that he could give her care instructions so that she could take her cat home with her. Her eyes watered up as she explained that she had no home. She had lost everything in the fire and was staying with friends and couldn’t take Lady with her. Peter said that Lady was welcome to stay. Mrs. Oberon said she appreciated the offer but didn’t know how she was going to pay for the bill as it was. Medicare covered her hospital stay but there was no such thing for Lady Macbeth. Peter explained how the

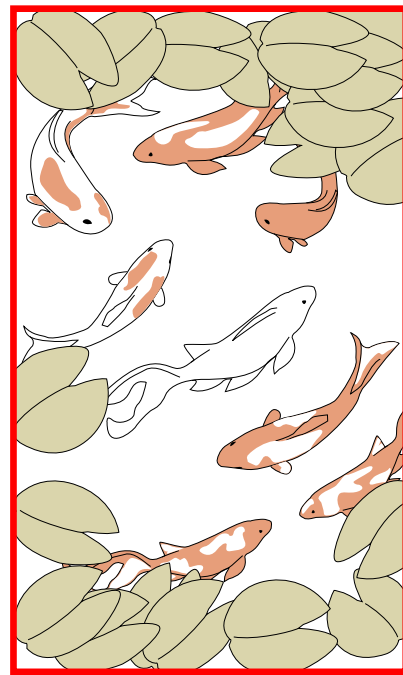
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The Gabby Diaries—continued

All Pets Eventually Need Income Supplements (APENIS) Foundation had already paid the bill. The APENIS Foundation knew that pets are important to their families but that money would be a problem in an emergency. As Peter took Lady Macbeth from her, she kissed her cat saying, “See Lady. There are angels who watch over you.”

A week later, Mrs. Oberon returned saying that she had found a small apartment and could finally take Lady Macbeth home. As we waited for Peter to give Lady Macbeth her final examination, I noticed that she was crying. She said that it was silly of her, but she was thinking about how often she had wished that she never had Lady Macbeth. She often had to delay getting her medicine so that she could pay for food for Lady Macbeth. She loved her cat, but she had lost track of how many times that she had felt that life would have been so much simpler without her. Then, when it really mattered, Lady Macbeth saved her life and all the guilt of the other feelings keep coming back to nag at her. The feelings overwhelmed her and she sobbed into my shoulder. Jim came over and handed me a box of tissues and then left. A little while later, as if he hadn’t seen anything, he came back with a clipboard in hand. He told her that APENIS Foundation had a grant program for seniors on limited income that covered all pet care related expenses. He helped her fill out the simple form and then handed her a gift card from the local super pet center. He gave her instructions on what to do when the money on the gift card was used up. Peter brought Lady up to the front desk. Before he could hand her to Mrs. Oberon, Lady jumped out of his hands and dashed over to Hamlet. She rubbed up against him and her purr could be heard across the room. And then, in that perfect nonchalant way that is special to cats, she walked back over with that look on her face, “Now, I’m ready to go.”

As we watched the two of them leave, I asked Jim about this grant program. I had not heard anything about it. He said that he wasn’t surprised since up until he heard Mrs. Oberon talking about her struggles paying for cat food it hadn’t existed. Hamlet got up from his blanket and stared out the front door watching Mrs. Oberon drive away. We watched with him and all had to admit that we were



going to miss Lady Macbeth.

Shortly before Thanksgiving, Mrs. Oberon came it to get her new gift card. We invited her to join us for Thanksgiving dinner and said that she would be expected to bring Lady Macbeth with her. On behalf of both of them, she accepted. She arrived on Thanksgiving afternoon and soon Lady Macbeth was curled up between Hamlet’s front paws, sound asleep. After dinner, Mrs. Oberon put on her coat and started to head out the front door without Lady Macbeth. We asked if she was forgetting something. She knocked on her head and said, “Oh yes.” She said that she forgot to ask if we could take care of Lady Macbeth while she went to her daughter’s home in California. We said that it wouldn’t be a problem and asked when she would be back.

“I won’t.”

She said that after losing everything her daughter convinced her that it was time for her to accept her offer to stay with her. Unfortunately, her daughter was allergic to cats. She had tried to find one of her friends to take Lady, but she kept thinking about Hamlet and knew that Lady would be happier with him.

We went outside and found that Lady Macbeth had shifted and was now sleeping on top of the massive dog. We called Hamlet’s name and he opened his eyes and looked up. We asked if he wanted to have Lady Macbeth stay with him all the time. He woofed at us and went back to sleep.

“I think that was ‘Why did you wake me up for such a stupid question?’” said Peter.

I started to think about having to build an addition to Hamlet’s doghouse and started to laugh. Everyone looked at me so I explained. They all joined in the laughter as we thought about telling our friends that we had a cathouse in the backyard.



Gock and Balls by Dick Peters

Sung to the tune: Silver Bells

Drop your trousers, free your willy
Let majestic spires rise
So let's get nude and show me your credentials
Ankle spankers or kidney crackers
Are just jing jangs to me
And the piper plays a skin flute.
Cock and balls (big or small)
Cock and balls (hard or soft)
Time to be proud of your manhood
Cock and balls (cut or not)
Cock and balls (thick or thin)
Penises are your playthings.

If cockrobin is a throbbin'
Then a tube snake is near
Call the foreman to help with your rudder.
In Johnson County, Little Davey
Showed his ding dong to me
In exchange I showed him my thrill drill
Chorus...

Long John Silver loved John Thomas
And his thingamabob
So he got a tattoo on his dangus
Mr. Happy likes bananas
And his lickin' sticks too
Pepperonis are hairy hotdogs
Chorus...

Diamond Cutters need a firm hand
Call on Big Jim and twins
Or the little man there with the helmet
Rooster's crowing "wang dang doodle"
At the bald headed mouse
Let's all grab a ride on the flesh train
Chorus...

Play a tune on my meat whistle
Make my pink oboe sing
If you want you can blow out my candle.
Little Colonel grabbed his nightstick
To protect family jewels
From the one eyed wonder weasel
Chorus...

My heat-seeking moisture missile
Needs a button flicker
To grab hold of his sausage and feed me.
Captain Standish grabbed the scepter
Of Sir Martin Wagstaff
While they wrestled with pajama pythons.
Chorus...

The First Day of Email by Gabby

On the first day of email my pic group sent to me,
A celebrity caught bathing in the nude.

2nd day = 2 Hunky Jocks

3rd day = 3-ways in the shower

4th day = 4 College frat-boys

5th day = 5 Golden showers

6th day = 6 Couples snugglin'

7th day = 7 Poolside cuties

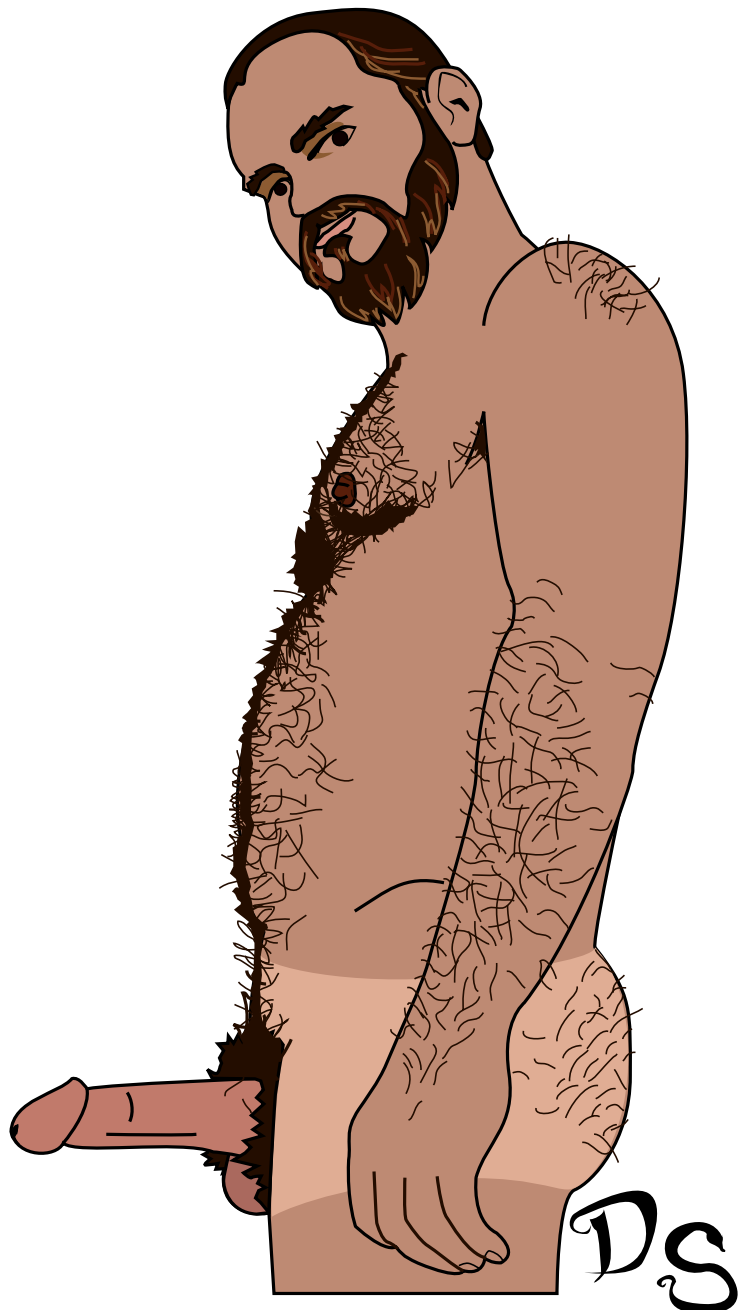
8th day = 8 Furry cowboys

9th day = 9 Leather daddies

10th day = 10 Jack off cum shots

11th day = 11 Lover's humping

12th day = 12 Bathhouse orgies



A Tree of Memories

By Phoenix

In these boxes are lifetimes of memories
With the touch of each ornament
I remember a person, a moment, a place
Come help decorate my tree
And share in the memory as you place it on a branch.

Ah, where is the one that goes on first?
Here it is!
But the honor didn't always belong to this one.
That used to be the large Santa,
Who needed the largest space to hang properly.
But then one year, his clasp came loose
And Santa shattered on the corner of the stereo.

Now the honor goes to this Red Ribbon.
A purchase on a trip to San Francisco – that final trip.
We came home with it in our bags,
Somehow it got broken, but we fixed it...see the break?
But Rich was gone before he ever saw it hanging on the tree.
Same for the Oz characters that I bought as a surprise.
Why did he have to wait to be an angel to see these?

Oh! That cable car – wind it up and listen!
“I left my heart in San Francisco”
A gift from a friend when the square dancers were there,
But he too is gone.

The souvenirs of trips to San Diego,
Minneapolis, Seattle, Victoria and even the zoo.
Can you guess where these Princesses came from?
Disneyland, you say? That's correct.
How did you guess that so fast?

Oh! Look at these beautiful old ones
Hard to believe that they are older than me!
They don't make them like these anymore.
Aren't the shapes unusual?

I made these bells. Aren't they cute?
I can remember making Snow White and the Dwarfs
Can you name all seven?
My old girlfriend, Lane, made these Oz characters for me.
Like so many others, she too is gone.
She died after giving birth to her fourth child.

Here's “our” ornament, for our first holiday together!
And here's the “our” ornaments for the all of the ex's.
He's alive and he's alive
I hadn't seen him in a long time
But there he was in the grocery store a couple of months ago.
Ah, another one gone. Gads, I just realized
His grandson should be old enough to be in bars now!
My how the years fly by.
Hey guys – you may not be in my life
But you will always be in my heart and on my tree

Here's one for Mom, another for Dad
For Sister and her husband
The dogs have theirs too
Oh, the pink partridge!
This is the one the cat loved.
She would pull it down wherever it hung.
High. Low. It didn't matter.

Box after box
Story after story
The tree fills up

It looks full, you say?
Never! There are only 468 ornaments here.
Look, there is a bare spot.
The garland needs decorating too.

There is always room for more memories.
And now, this time with you,
Is a memory to treasure each year
When I look at my tree of memories.