

Aíry Faerie  
Imbolc 2008

On the  
Road Again



## Publisher's Notes

Fae Faerie greetings everyone! As I sat here trying to figure out how to start this pub note, my mind went to the ever spinning wheel of time. Winter is now turning to spring, and darkness is turning to dawn. A new year is already turning before our eyes. The Christmas decorations have all been packed away. The New Year's resolutions have been broken. Soon the days will bring us the Year of the Rat; no I am not talking about the presidential election. In the Chinese zodiac this will be the Year of the Rat. We will also all watch as a sleepy fur ball pops his head out of his hole to tell us the weather report for the next six months. I think the ground hog has a better track record than most TV weather forecasters. And don't forget that the naked fat baby with the arrows will be making his visit just before all the stores put everything on sale to honor the dead presidents. So many holidays, and to think most of them don't get even a nod of remembrance by most Americans. Are you waking up early to see if Santa Rat has left you a poo poo platter? Are you having a Ground Hogs Day Party? Did you send your mom a Happy Presidents Day card? Did you decorate your cherry tree with lights and little hearts? I guess Valentine's Day does get noticed, but I think every person who is single hates it and half the people in couples always seem to forget until the midnight the day before and end up at the drug store buying stale chocolates, dead roses, and a pack of Trojans to say "I Love You!" Where is all of this heading you may ask, I know I have as I have been typing it, and I think it is this. Take time to honor the holiday, the passing of the year, because pretty soon the stores will be full of Christmas decorations and you will be left thinking, "It's only September 2, why are there stupid Christmas decorations up so early?!?" Seriously, take a moment to honor the day at hand. Make it your own little holiday.

That is easy for me to say since we are putting out an issue of the Airy Faerie, which means a holiday is near. Imbolc is the holiday that has us burning the midnight oil here in Denver as a winter storm threatens to blow through town. Imbolc is the holiday

that is sacred to Brid. Find out more about her later in this issue. I do believe she may be one of the first female images we have ever had in the Airy Faerie. So Welcome Brid! We also get a look at our old favorite contributors. We of course, have our male images, some nude and some doing things that can't show on TV. There are six new cards for the Tarot that Phoenix and I are working on. But why should I sit here and tell you about it when you can just flip the pages and see for yourself?

I hope you enjoy the Imbolc issue of the Airy Faerie. Please remember feedback is always welcome. As someone once said; "Opinions are like assholes, everyone has one, and sometimes playing with an asshole can be fun! Just don't get too puckered." Sorry it's late and the dead line is looming over my head. I think it may be time to head to the drug store before they run out of chocolate hearts, and I have to try and mush two peppermint patties together.

Happy Holidays! Which ever ones you choose to celebrate.

Naked Hugs and Faerie Blessings,  
DragonSwan

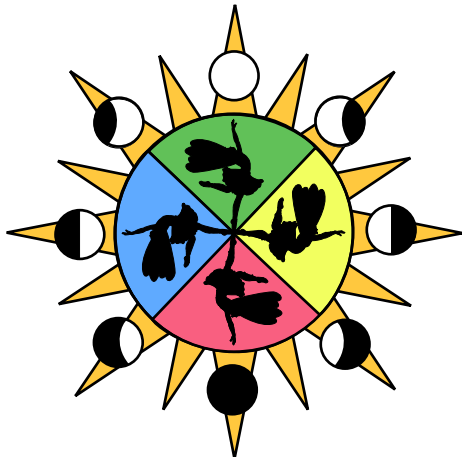
## Special Announcement

Over the past year we have published several recipes, writings and poems by Anja. She recently announced that she has now published a book of her poetry entitled *Silhouette of a Loon*. You can find the full description on her website, where you can also purchase your copy.

<http://www.ancientlight.info/products/books.html#anja>

Anyone else out there in our happy family with a book or album to announce? Send your announcement our way.

## Airy Faerie



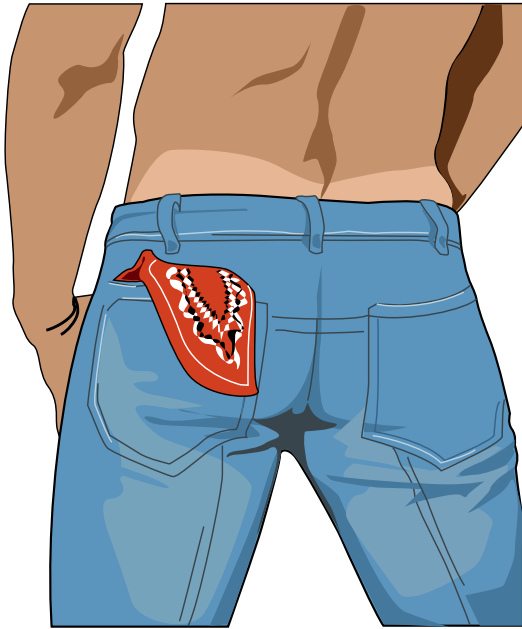
## Imbolc 2008

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

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

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



## Hanky Panky by Okapi

Red Left  
Yellow Right

Hanky Panky is the game  
Sort of like the bar version of Twister  
Spin the dial  
Find what mood you are in when getting dressed

Hanky Panky is the game  
Sort of like the bar version of Concentration  
I have a Green Left  
Now, where did I see that Green Right to make a match?

Hanky Panky is the game  
Sort of like the bar version of Red Rover, Red Rover  
I need a Blue Left  
So send tall, dark and handsome on over.

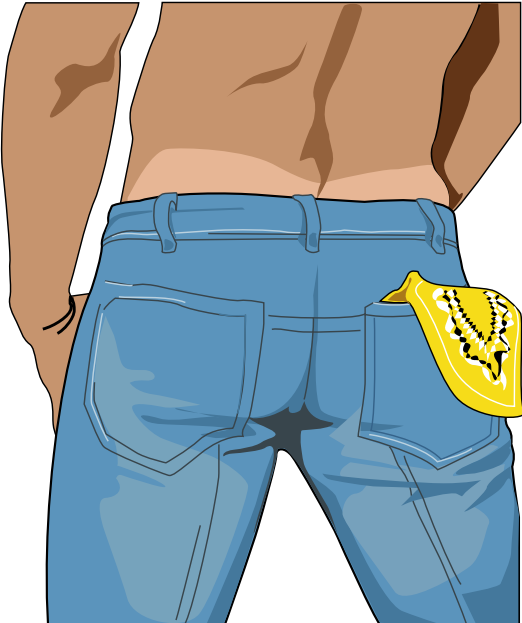
Hanky Panky is the game  
Sort of like the bar version of Dodge Ball  
Incoming Orange Right  
Must avoid at all costs  
About to be hit upon by Black Left  
Wait a minute, I have an Orange Right  
Where did he go?

Hanky Panky is the game  
Sort of like the bar version of Go Fish.  
Do you have an Olive Right?  
I'm only collecting Tan Lefts - Go Fish.

Hanky Panky is the game  
Sort of like the bar version of Hearts  
Who is the Queen of Spades we are trying to avoid?  
Is it the stud with the Black Right?

Hanky Panky is the game  
Sort of like the bar version of Old Maid  
Why is it that I'm the only Powder Blue  
Left or Right?  
Where did they go?

Is Red Left all you are?  
Is Yellow Right the only thing that will make you happy?  
Let's play my version of Hanky Panky.  
We start by taking off our clothes.  
Then, I will grab your joystick  
And we will see where we go from there.



## Imbolc Goddess: Bríd by Phoenix

At Imbolc, we most commonly invoke the Celtic Goddess Brid. I thought I would take a turn of the wheel to look at the major figures of each of the Sabbats. I have always found it fascinating that even in the core part of the pagan traditions of the eight Sabbats, we pull in deities from different pantheons. For example, Imbolc features Brid, a Celtic Goddess, while Ostara is named after a Germanic Goddess and Beltane seems to have roots just about everywhere. Since one of Brid's aspects is as Goddess of Inspiration and Writing, it only seems fitting that we begin our journey with her.

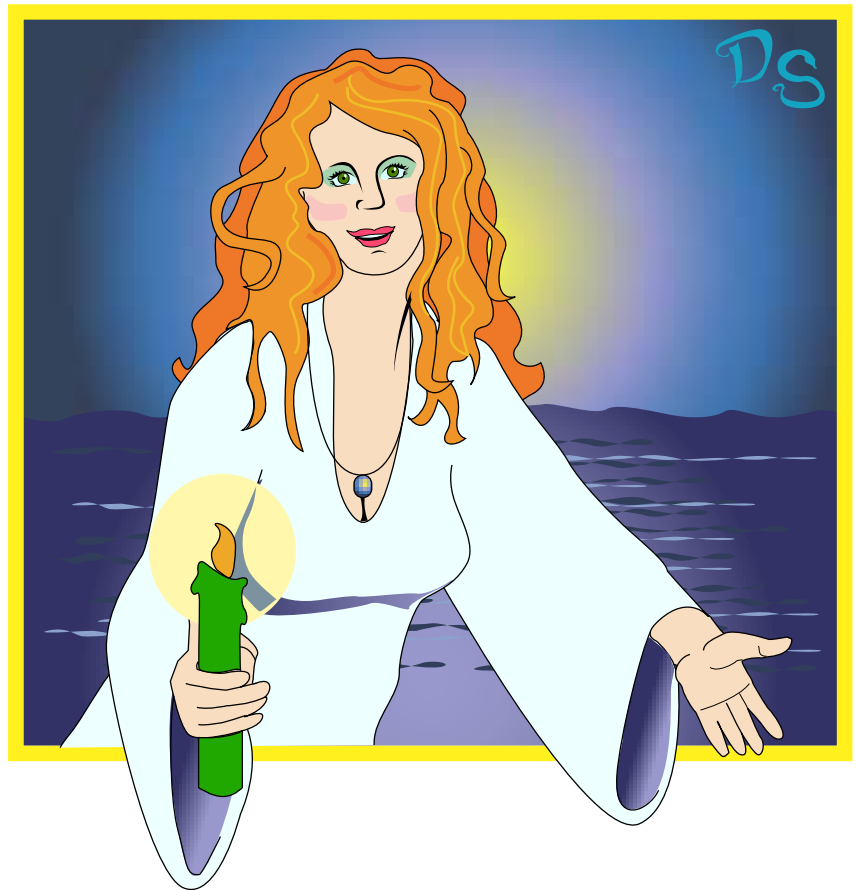
Besides Brid, she is also commonly known as Bridget, Brigantia, Brigit, Bhride, and Bride. But you will also find her called Breo Saighead, Brigindo, Brigan, Brigantis, or even Biddy. (Ever wonder where Old Biddy came from? Now you have a possible clue.) She is the "Exalted One."

Brid is the quintessential triple Goddess. She is sometimes seen as having two sisters who share her name – just imagine their fun when receiving a gentleman caller and their games of one answering his call when they know full well he meant a different sister. But that probably wasn't a problem in their household for Brid was the daughter of Dagda, "the Great One," who probably keep an eye on her. But being a typical triple Goddess she was also his mother and his wife. Somewhere in all of that, she translates to our image of Maiden, Mother and Crone.

As an illustration of how well loved Brid was by the Celts, the Catholic Church could not drive out her worship as they moved through the British Isles. Instead, in a typical Borg-like manner, they knew resistance was futile and assimilated her into the pantheon of Saints. In the days of growing awareness of pagan roots, Brid freed herself from the church and in 1960, the Catholic Church revoked her sainthood saying that there was no proof she lived. Duh! She is a Goddess and follows the same rules of evidence as does the God of the Catholic Church.

Brid is a Goddess of Fire. Her flames are not limited to the physical fires of the hearth and forge (where she rules as the Goddess of Smithcraft) but she also rules the metaphysical flames of inspiration in role as Goddess of Inspiration, Poetry and Writing. She also is a Goddess of Healing and of Protection. There really isn't much that this Goddess can't help you with as She has her hand into anything that the sun shines upon or the lights of a flame (literal or figurative) touch.

Tradition has it that Brid's priestesses tended a perpetual fire at her shrine in Kildare. In the tradition of many Goddesses, only women were allowed to attend to the flames. When the Catholic Church claimed her as their own, the flames were tended by the nuns at the Abbey of Kildare. In 1220, the bishop tried to inspect the abbey. When he was met with resistance, he hid behind the church's growing view of male dominance and ordered the flame to be extinguished as being too pagan in nature. Fortunately for us, once Brid was released from living the double life as pagan Goddess and Catholic saint, she gathered followers who help



rekindle the flame. It is from that sacred fire that we light our candles at Imbolc. Our candles trace their flames back to a candle that was lit by that sacred fire. As long as we pass that energy to the next generation of candles, that perpetual fire will never be able to be extinguished again for its flames will always be burning somewhere in the world.

As a Goddess of Healing, Brid gave energy to the many healing waters that can be found in her lands. The water we share at Imbolc traces its energy back to water from the Chalice Well. Like the flames, its energy is passed to all water it touches and thus we can share that healing touch to all who need it.

Now, when praying to Brid, don't expect a fast response. Her magical number is nineteen. Spells and the like will need to be repeated over a nineteen day period. My personal thought on this is that with as many people as she has praying to her as she has, this is one way to find out who is really serious about needing her help. The weak minded will give up after a couple of days.

Here is a simple way to bring her protective energies into your home. Paint a wall using one of her symbols (a sun or an even armed cross) using the paint color of your choice. Paint nineteen of them for added measure and say your prayers to her while painting the symbols. When that paint is dried, paint the entire wall with that same color. Even though you won't see the symbols, you will know that they are there and that the protection fills your home.

For more information:

<http://www.ladybridget.com/brid.html>

<http://www.orderwhitemoon.org/goddess/Brid.html>

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

*The Serpent and the Goddess*, by Mary Condren  
*Celtic Gods, Celtic Goddesses*, by R.J. Stewart

Airy Faerie

## Puppetry by Okapi

What happened to those days of my youth,  
When it was fun to play with my dick  
And twist it into creative shapes?  
Why was it that creating shadow puppets  
With my fingers was cute?  
But when I dropped my drawers  
To show my latest penis trick  
I was scolded.  
It was naughty.  
It was bad and I was going to go to hell.

Bath time became less fun  
When mother found me raising the periscope  
Another lecture ensued.  
A penis was not for play.  
I was doomed to break it off  
If I continued.

A penis was filthy  
Dirty  
One had to wash one's hands  
Just for touching it.  
Who knows where it has been?  
When I said, in my pants all day long,  
Only touching clean clothes,  
Not only were the hands washed  
So was my mouth.

Then came the day of my first woody.  
It was stiff.  
No longer could I twist it into fun shapes  
It would get hard  
And I knew it would break.  
But it felt good to touch it  
To stroke it  
But the lecture came  
I was going to go blind.  
I was going to go to hell.

Days of sexual exploration lay ahead.  
Pleasure could be had  
From sticking a stiff dick into something  
A mouth or an upturned ass  
It didn't matter  
As long as I didn't play with myself.  
A dick I learned was only good  
For passing pleasure between two bodies.  
It was bad to be greedy  
And keep the pleasure to one's self.

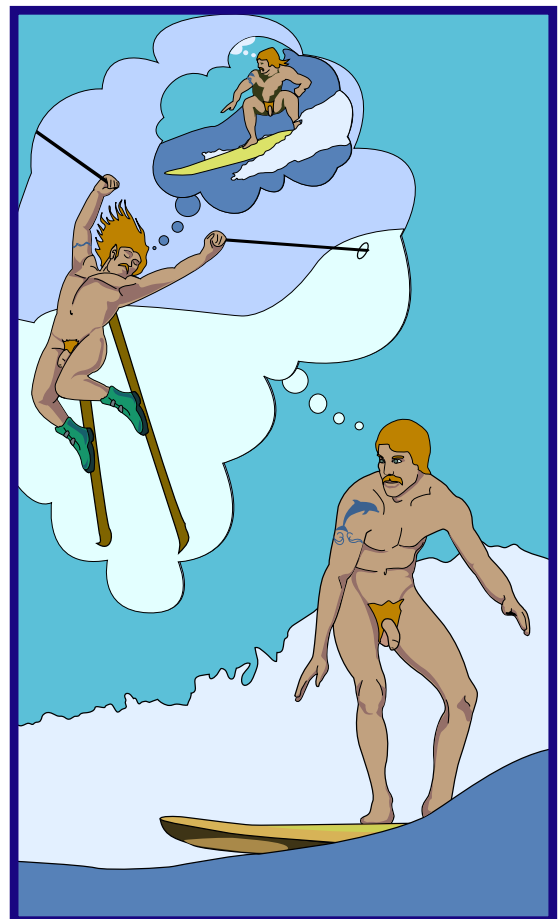
Then I watched the show  
Puppetry of the Penis  
Where two guys play with their penises  
Twisting them into fun, creative shapes  
In front of an audience, no less  
They must never have learned the lesson  
That it is bad  
That it is nasty  
That they will go to hell.

Thank goodness for small favors!

### Subscription Information

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## The 4-F Tarot: Babies and Lovers

by Phoenix

This issue we introduce you to two new levels of cards - the Babies and the Lovers. In the original thoughts for the deck, the Babies were going to be like the “one of \_\_\_\_\_” kind of cards. The Baby of Feathers was going to be an egg, the Baby Of Flowers was a seedling, etc. That’s all fine and dandy until you stop and think - how is a fish egg and a bird egg going to be different at the divinatory level? As the concept grew and the Kings, Kweens, Gods and Goddesses emerged, the babies evolved. The Babies of the elements became things that the Kings and Kweens picked up to learn how to control their elements. The Babies of the 4-Fs became those things that the animals needed to learn about in order to survive. For this issue, we are presenting the Baby of Air (a kite and other air based toys, page 16) and the Baby of Feathers (the bird cage, page 20). In readings, always remember that as fun as it could be to play with the toys, they could be distracting you from something. And even though the bird cage may be holding you in, just like Tweety, that cage could be your zone of safety and keeping the evil cat out.

Another pair you will see are the first of the Lovers cards. In the traditional tarot you get one Lovers card to cover all aspects of love. We know that there are many kinds of love and while the word may be the same, the emotion that goes with it is very different. For this issue we have the Lovers of Air (Love at First Sight) and the Lovers of Feathers (the Lovebirds).

Our Lovers of Air manifest themselves in the locker room (page 16). You are walking into the room and are presented with choices - some of which are probably going to be more helpful in your quest than others. Are you going to go with that first impression and let your dick guide you in your decision? Or are you going to be like the guy standing against the wall and let someone come to you? For a reading this could not be about the actual people, but it could be about getting out and putting yourself in a situation where you might meet them. This is set in the locker room because it is a place for the beginning of your time at the gym. But it is also the place where you get dressed and head on to the next thing. Are you coming or going? Or just wanting to stand around and enjoy the show? And what brought you into the locker room? Was it a work out? Or was it to relax in the sauna? Or perhaps, truly looking to hook up with someone whether it is Mr. Right or Mr. Right-Now.

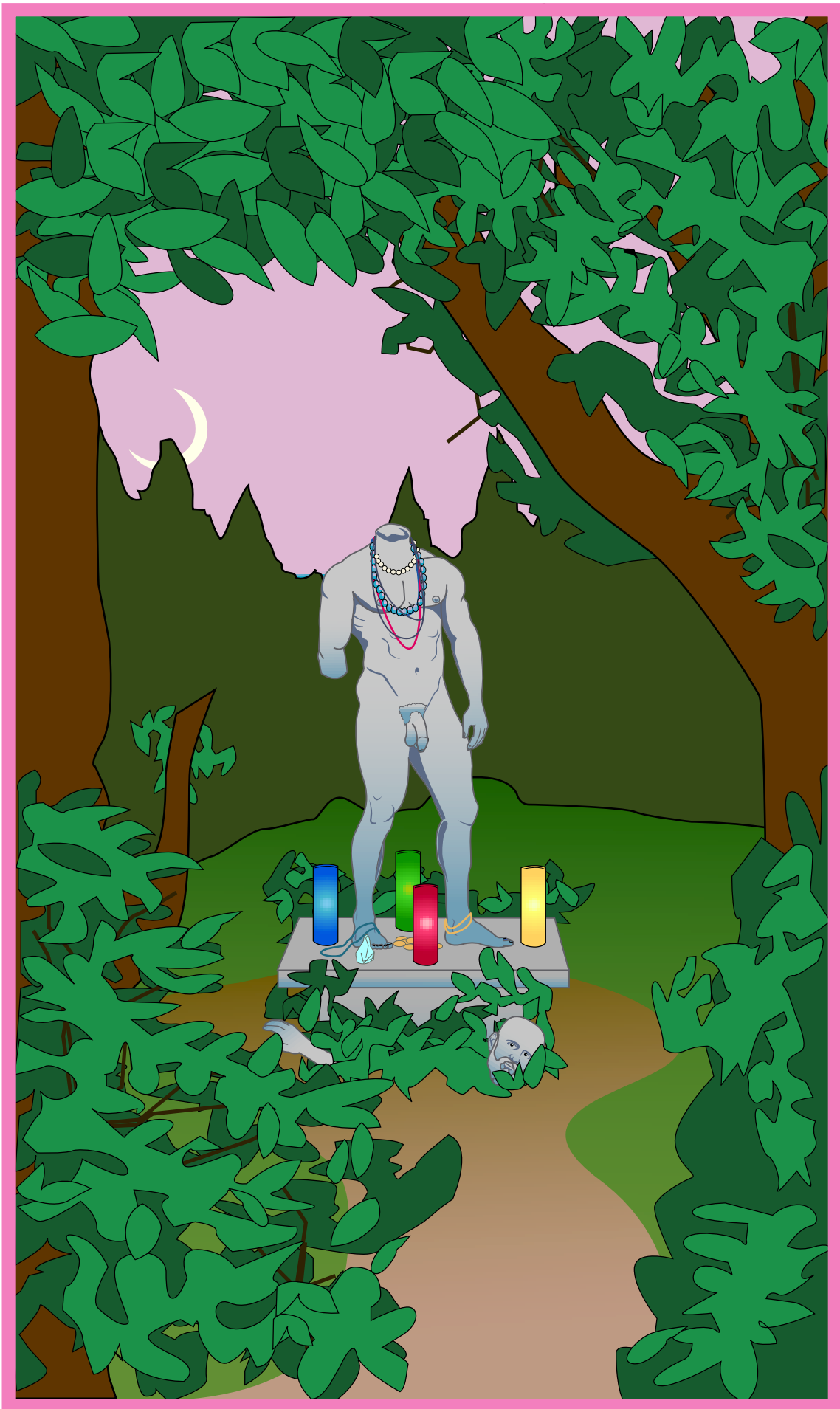
Our Lovebirds, our couple representing old comfortable love, can be found on page 14. There is a special connection between long time lovers. You can see it in the way they interact. It doesn’t have the sexual charge of newlyweds. They take pleasure in being together and in the sharing of moments such as walking hand in hand or watching a sunset together. Sometimes you see them and feel a bit envious of what they share. Sometimes, you have it but don’t appreciate it because the world says love is supposed to be about fireworks and orgasms. The Lovers of Feathers is about taking that time to stop and enjoy the moment with someone special (and sometimes that someone special could be just you - it doesn’t mean you have to have a companion next to you).

Page 6

In this issue you meet the King of Water (page 5). During the creation of the deck he has vacillated between being a surferboarder and a skier. He is one of our adventurers and as a king, he is demonstrating his power over water by rising above it. As you can see, in the end he became both. But he isn’t completely happy with his life. When he’s out on his surfboard, he’s dreaming of winter so he can go skiing. When he’s skiing, he’s dreaming of going surfing. So for all that he loves what he’s doing, he’s never really “in the moment” and enjoying what is around him. He almost needs some of the energy from our lovebirds to help him focus on what is in front of him. Even so, he is still about taking risks. He is nude because, besides liking being naked, he likes the challenge of being unprotected. He is ready to accept the scrapes because he is confident that he isn’t going to get any. He is certainly not one of those pampered children with fourteen layers of protective clothing just to ride their tricycle down the driveway. (How did we ever survive growing up? Sigh.)

The final card for this issue is the Shrine, seen on the opposite page. This card was not in the original 108 cards I had planned. Instead, the original card was going to be a couple making out in plain sight, either in a window or on a balcony. A third person, the lover of one of the pair, was going to be focused on something in front of him, totally ignorant of what his lover was doing behind his back. This was to be about looking up and seeing what was around you. It was about whether or not you were willing to take the risk of being bold and possibly being caught. Well, by the time the Goddess of Air, our Beltane in the Park, was designed, all of that energy was incorporated into that card and the card as planned was totally redundant. The idea that was born to fill the void was that of a sacred grotto; a place to retreat for a quiet moment. In our grotto there is a statue to one of the old gods, long forgotten by most. Battered and beaten by time or abuse, the statue is broken. Someone has taken the time to clear the grotto and light the candles but there is still work to be done. Was that you? Or is the unseen priest someone you need to talk to? Are you saddened by the passing of the old? Do you have energy to help restore him to his glory? Or are you content to worship him in his battered state, just as you yourself are battered?

Cards such as the Shrine and this issue’s lovers excite me with their possibilities. They are more than just the figure presented. When I look at a traditional deck and see a card such as the Emperor, I see the Emperor and nothing more. I am focused on what he as a figure represents. I can get stuck in always wanting to interpret that card in exactly the same way each time. With the Shrine or the locker room, I can step inside the card and look around. I can associate feelings, smells and other sensations that the scene evokes whether it is the fresh pine scent that flavors the night chill that is starting to fill the forest now that the moon has risen or the musty smell of good honest man-sweat that makes you want to drop your bar of soap and see what happens. Each time I step into that scene I can enter it with a fresh perspective. Are the vultures circling the scene? or did the squirrels led you there to join in their fun and games?



# Quest for the Crystal Phoenix

## Chapter 25: Wolf War

by Orpheus

It had been three months since Apollo had been pulled into the past to help rescue Princess Daisy. Something always seemed to stop the family from helping him from returning home.

Before the royal cousins could put energy into finding a way to return the prince back to his time they had the sad duty of the royal funeral of Queen Lucrezia. She was not well liked by the cousins, but she was their fathers' stepmother and Ruby Rose's blood grandmother so honor had to be paid. Apollo got them to talk about her. At first they were puzzled why he didn't know about her since it had been a grand scandal when King Wilhelm remarried after the death of Queen Angelica. Apollo said that his teacher said that much of the history of the period was lost. Lord Cthdêhâssêsbut speculated that this was in part due to the spell that made people forget that there was a time before the founding of the three countries that once were one. King Myron was surprised that information was even known and tried to press Apollo for details on the source. The prince would only say that the source was the child of one of the king's brothers.

"Dear child," said Angelina, "if you found that in writings of my brother or myself it must have been a record of Father's or Uncle Myron's faerie tale that they would tell us as we went to bed. It certainly was not a factual accounting of the history of our kingdoms."

"It was not a faerie tale I tell you," protested Myron.

"Don't work yourself into a tizzy," said Daisy in a motherly way. "You know how you get a headache when you get worked up and we are nearly at Youarehere and you will need your happy face."

Myron laughed. "Don't take that tone with me, daughter. Your mother was much better at it and it causes worry lines to form on your face. I am happy that the Queen Bitch is dead. I just wish I could make you remember the country where you were born."

"If I may plant one thought," offered Apollo, "your fathers are all brothers, correct?" When they nodded he continued, "Then the king of each country before them would have been their father. How is it that one man was the king of three different countries?"

He was met with blank stares. Finally Angelo broke the silence, "Silly boy, everyone knows that my father inherited the kingdom from my aunt's mother-in-law's husband."

"And my father inherited our kingdom from my uncle's wife's mother-in-law's father-in-law's son," added Ruby Rose. "Our country has a complex line of royal succession and doesn't follow the direct parent to child transition that Rysbal does."

Apollo couldn't convince them that they were still talking about the same person know matter how they described the family relationship so he turned back to the royal scandal. The tale that

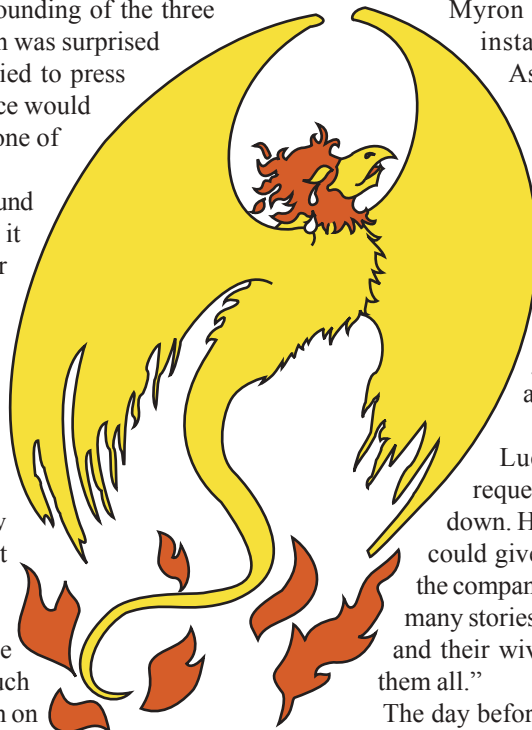
unfolded was that Lucrezia was Ashleigh Ellen's stepmother. Ashleigh's mother was a maid in Lucrezia's service when she was born. Unfortunately for the maid, the father of the child was Lucrezia's husband, Ambrose. Soon after the child was born the lovers were caught in the act of making another child. Rather than embarrass his wife further, Ambrose placed the babe in his wife's care and then killed both lover and self so that they would be joined in the afterlife while Lucrezia was left to the realm of the living. There had been much speculation in the court as to the truth regarding the death since Ambrose's genitals were found in one room while his body was found in another. When Lucrezia's daughter, Belladonna, was claimed to be the fairest in the kingdom and was believed to be destined to wed the first born child of King Wilhelm,

Myron came to their home on a social call and instantly fell in love with the kitchen maid, Ashleigh Ellen. By the time Myron married Ashleigh Ellen, Belladonna had turned her attention to Myron's younger brother, Kenneth. With two members of her household married to royal children, Lucrezia became Queen Angelica's closest advisor. None were more surprised than she when the queen choked to death while eating a piece of fruit. In their mutual grief, a romance developed between Wilhelm and Lucrezia, and soon the two were wed.

Apollo absorbed all of the stories of Queen Lucrezia. When they stopped for dinner he requested paper so that he could write everything down. He wanted to remember every detail so that he could give it to Cetee when he got back. By the time the company arrived at the capitol Apollo had chronicled many stories of the in-fighting between the three brothers and their wives over which princess was the "fairest of them all."

The day before the state funeral for the former queen, the family buried Belka in a quiet ceremony. That night Laika came to Apollo to tell him that he was leaving. The tale of the rescue had changed so that Lucrezia was an innocent victim. It was said that Daisy and Belka had gone to visit Daisy's sick grandmother when a wolf attacked. People said that it was lucky for Daisy that a hunter, Rowan, was near enough to hear the princess's cry for help and killed the wolf before Daisy was its third victim. Laika said that people were saying that the extinction of wolves was the price wolfkind would have to pay for their willful disrespect of human life. He said that he had to go warn the pack leaders. As he left he gave Apollo a hug and said that he still owed the prince his victory prize.

After the funeral the royal cousins departed for their own kingdoms with a promise to return for Daisy and Rowan's wedding at which time they would figure out how to return Apollo to his proper time. Barely had a month passed when Ruby Rose called her cousins to her side. Her father had been killed, apparently at the





hands of a guard from Adbalm. Only the unified front of the royal cousins and the fact that few believed in the coincidence that Belladonna and the king were attempting to reconcile just as he was murdered prevented the people of Riangler from declaring a war on their neighbor. Their case was bolstered when several of the castle staff swore that they had seen the rouge guard slipping into the queen's chambers on more than one occasion.

As Apollo was truly not part of the family, King Myron hadn't invited the prince to join them as he and Daisy rushed to Riangler. Apollo wandered around the castle and found a quiet pond on the grounds where he could sit undisturbed for long periods of time. He found the coolness of the shade refreshing on the hot summer afternoons. He watched the lone swan floating effortlessly in the water. Watching her stare at her reflection, Apollo could picture Lily staring in one of her mirrors. He stayed each evening until he heard the sound of a wolf howling as the sun set. He imagined that it was Laika who was howling. He missed his friend as much as he missed everyone back home. Laika was the only person who treated him like a person. To the staff at the castle, Apollo was a special royal guest. As such, he wasn't allowed to do anything. To the royal family he felt like he was something like a toilet. Something everyone needs but no one wants to talk about. He would watch them stare at him like they wanted to ask about the future but were afraid of what he would say. He couldn't convince them that he knew little about the history of this time.

One afternoon had been particularly hard for the prince. He had seen a couple of faeries visiting Rowan. One was dressed in black leather and the other was wearing a kilt in the pattern Viola claimed was the faerie tartan. The two of them reminded him so much of Johnny and Viola that he thought perhaps they found a way to come to the past to bring him home. He rushed to greet his friends but was introduced to Raven Stormcrow and Silver Wolf instead. Realizing his mistake, Apollo excused himself to allow Rowan to catch up on the news from his friends.

He found himself wandering back to the pond. He tossed some bread crumbs to the swan as had become his custom. "What do you see in your reflection?" he said to her. "You are certainly a beautiful swan, but look at the world around you. There are so many other things to look at."

"Oh, I see more than my reflection, young man," came the swan's silky voice. "Don't look so shocked. Over the past few days you have told me of talking toads and talking wolves. Why can't there be a talking swan?"

"Forgive me, I wasn't thinking," said the prince. "I was just talking and didn't think..."

"You simply thought I was a good listener and wouldn't repeat what you said to anyone," she offered, "which is why I said nothing. But today you are sad and I think you need some companionship."

"Thank you. I am feeling homesick more than usual today," said Apollo. "What did you mean that you see more than your reflection?"

"What do you see in a mirror?"

"Myself."

"Is that all?"

Apollo thought a moment. "No, I can see the room behind me too."

"And when people don't think you are watching, they act more naturally. Thus, if you think I'm staring at myself in my reflection..."

"Then we forget that you can see us too!"

"And thus, while you think you are talking behind my back, I can see every gesture and read every lip." She waited a moment while he thought about her words. "Now, what do you see in your reflection in my pond?"

He studied the water and was almost mesmerized in the shimmering reflections on the surface. He told the swan about the various trees that he saw. He told her about the birds he saw flying in the air.

She nodded in agreement with each of the things he mentioned. "But there is one thing you haven't mentioned," she said.

"Oh?"

As she spoke, she turned around and started to swim away. "You didn't mention the big pair of hands that are about to grab you."

Apollo jumped at the touch on his shoulder. He quickly twisted around, only to find himself facing Rowan. He almost fell backwards but Rowan caught him and pulled him into a hug. "Sorry about that. I should have made more noise."

Something about Rowan's embrace made him feel like he was being hugged by his own father or Lord Apollo. The touch was so familiar yet so different and it was one thing too many for the prince. Something unlocked and suddenly he felt himself crying into Rowan's shoulder.

"Let it out," said the former faerie. "We've been wondering how you were holding up and today you seemed upset when you met my friends. That's why I came down here. Now I know the answer." He let Apollo work out his tears in silence. When Apollo started to relax, Rowan spoke again, "We are a lot alike. Both us are cut off from the world we knew. I can't go back but you...we need to work on that."

"Do you really think it's possible?"

"Of course. Magic brought you here so magic should be able to send you back. Now, what did Raven Stormcrow say to you that upset you earlier?"

Apollo found himself talking about his friends that he missed. He told Rowan of some of Johnny and Viola's antics. After listening to several stories, Rowan announced that it was time to go for a swim as he pushed Apollo, fully clothed, into the water.

Apollo pulled himself out of the pond and stripped off his wet clothes and hung them on a branch. He jumped back in, making sure to direct the maximum splash towards Rowan. The two cavorted for a while. Apollo laughed for the first time in weeks.

Rowan crawled up on the beach. He stretched out and invited Apollo to join him. The prince lay next to the faerie and they traded ideas about what each of the clouds resembled. As twilight fell, they heard the sound of the wolf in the distance.

"He misses you," said Rowan.

*-continued on page 10*

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## Quest/Crystal Phoenix continued

"Who?" asked Apollo.

"Laika, of course. That's him in the distance. He howls each night because he is without a pack. Belka was his pack leader and the other wolves won't associate with him because of his half human nature. Laika has found a new pack leader and he howls each night to tell him of his whereabouts. Each night, his cries have become more desperate because his pack leader doesn't answer his call."

"You can hear all that in his howl?"

"Easy enough since faeries are so close to nature we understand all of the animals' languages."

"Could you teach me?"

"Much to my sister's surprise and chagrin you do have faerie blood, so it should be possible. And if it will annoy her more that I teach you faerie secrets, all the more fun, don't you agree?" Rowan held out his hand so that they could shake on it.

Accepting the offer, Apollo said, "Sounds fun. Why did you say that Laika misses me?"

"You are his chosen pack leader. He has given himself to you. He calls yet you do not answer."

"What? I'm not a pack leader. I'm not a wolf."

"It doesn't matter. He's chosen and that is all that matters to him." Rowan looked Apollo in the eyes, "Are you prepared to accept him into your pack?"

Apollo thought a moment, "I'm not really sure what that really means but I would rather have him on my side instead of as my enemy."

"Then call to him."

"But he will never hear me," protested Apollo.

"Then use your gift of Air Magic to carry your words to him," suggested Rowan.

Apollo confessed that he had never used Air Magic. He knew his father could hear what the wind carried and he saw Angelina use it. But he wasn't sure if he could.

Rowan thought about it for a moment. "Seems like we have some training to do. While I can't use human elemental magic myself, I'm sure I know enough about magic in general to be able to guide you. Do you want some training while we wait for the girls to figure out how to send you home?"

Apollo gave him an exuberant response and hug.

"Let's start right now, then. Why don't we start with that Earth Magic you used?"

Rowan had Apollo clear his mind and tap into the earth energy beneath him. He directed him to use that connection to find Laika. To the prince, it seemed far simpler than when he was looking for Princess Daisy. In a brief moment, he felt his connection. Laika was standing on top of a small knoll to the south of them.

"Remember how Daisy felt your touch?" asked Rowan.

Apollo nodded.

"Then send your thoughts and feelings through that connection and he should be able to feel them."

Apollo thought about his friend and thought about the day they met. He filled his thoughts about the prize that Laika had promised and wondered what it could be. He followed Rowan's directions and sent thoughts into the earth and along the connection he felt with Laika. Barely a heartbeat later, they heard Laika's yelp in the distance.

"That got his attention," said Rowan. "He says hello."

For the next few minutes, Apollo sat there sending his energy towards Laika. The man-wolf felt as lonely as Rowan indicated and for some reason, it felt important to the prince to let Laika know that he wasn't alone.

Rowan heard the evening dinner bells and told the prince it was time to head back to the castle. Apollo broke the connection. Each night thereafter, when he heard Laika in the distance, the prince sent him a little energy hug.

True to his word, Rowan began working with Apollo for a couple of hours each day. They started by expanding Apollo's awareness of Earth energy. Rowan had him looking at different gardens to see why some

Airy Faerie



were more productive than others. While extending his thoughts eastward, he felt a familiar energy and realized it was Princess Daisy on her homeward journey from Riangle. Each evening thereafter he located her and reported their progress to Rowan.

The day that King Myron was to return Laika called to Rowan from the pond. Rowan alerted Apollo and the two rushed to greet their friend. Laika was not alone. With him was the biggest wolf that Apollo had ever seen, and he had thought Laika was large. This wolf's back was higher than Apollo's waist. He had a full grey muzzle.

Laika introduced his companion, "This is Fenrir, the head of the Wolf Council. He is aware that the human leader has been absent and is about to arrive and desires to meet with him on a matter of great urgency."

"I will get something arranged for this evening," offered Rowan.

Fenrir growled, "When I say urgent I mean as soon as they get out of their golden carriage and place their pampered paws on the ground."

"This way then," said Rowan. Using mind speak, he said to Apollo, *"Use your earth energy to alert them. We don't know what this is about but fill the energy with a sense of urgency of something that needs to be done quickly. That should at least put them on edge enough to be prepared for something when they arrive."*

Rowan led them back to the castle. Fenrir refused to enter the gates and sat down in the middle of the road. "I will not enter a human place. The last wolf who went into one was killed. I shall not be the next."

After that, silence filled the air. Apollo longed to say something to Laika but the wolf slightly shook his head warning him against it. Instead, he sent a little energy pulse to him and was met with a slight nod. An hour of silence later they could see the sparkle of the royal golden carriage as it caught the late afternoon sun. After a few minutes it drove up to the castle.

"Get out of the road," demanded the driver. "Don't you know who is inside this carriage?"

"It had better be my bride and her father," said Rowan.

"Forgive me, My Lord, I did not recognize you."

"Ask me again in a month and I shall see if I have forgiven you," he replied as he opened the carriage door. "Please join me, Princess. There is someone who wishes to meet with your father and yourself."

No sooner had Daisy and Myron stepped out of the carriage then they were surrounded by nearly a hundred wolves. "Now hear this humans," said Fenrir in a booming voice. "It is said that a wolf attacked a defenseless old woman and her grandchildren. You know the truth. I know the truth. The Wolf Council says to you that if one wolf is killed by humans the oaths that were pledged between your father and mine will be broken and there will be war between us. It is only at the testimony of Laika that we are not at war now. Be warned."

With a growl, Fenrir leapt towards King Myron; not at him but across him, forcing the king to take a step backwards where he tripped on one of the other wolves who was passing behind the king's legs. Just as suddenly as they had appeared, the wolves departed with Fenrir.

When the dust of the wolves' departure settled, only Laika remained behind. He changed to human form. "The Council has reminded me of my duty to my pack leader. My previous leader was killed and I was not there to avenge him. I am to remain here to both protect him and remind you of duty to the pledge made by King William Brogrim on behalf of the people of Wobnair."

"You too? More Wobnair foolishness," humphed Daisy, "and cover yourself." She handed Laika a cloak. It was only then that Apollo realized that Laika was naked. "What is this pledge?"

"I tell you Wobnair was real," said Myron. "As the story goes, Father was new to his crown when a wolf and her cub approached him. For fear to the king, the guards shot and wounded the wolf. He recognized the wolf from a time when Amaranth granted his wish to allow him to run with the wolves for one night. He ordered the guards to stand down before they could do any more harm to her. He personally nursed her back to health. One night a great wolf came and demanded justice for the wounding of a wolf. Father pledged on Eartaiwiwa, the Great Sword of Wobnair, that no harm would come to wolves. In return, the wolf made an equal pledge that wolves would not attack humans. Thus both sides would know that they were safe from the other and neither would have cause to give alarm to the other."

"That sounds just like those bedtime stories you would tell," said Daisy. "It all sounds so lovely but where is this Eartai-what-ever, the great sword of myth that no one has heard of?"

"I'm not sure," said the king. "It was missing when Father died and I've been searching for it ever since."

"As has been any other proof of this fabled land that you speak of," asked Daisy. "Come let us get off the road and to our supper." She signaled for the footman to open the carriage door. She and King Myron returned inside and completed the journey to the castle.

Rowan, Apollo and Laika headed back to the pond. Rowan took Daisy's cloak from the wolf with a promise to return with suitable clothes for dinner for both boys. Meanwhile, he told them to enjoy the last quiet day before things got crazy.

While the two were splashing in the water, Apollo noticed some deep gashes on Laika's back. He was told that Fenrir had given them to him as punishment for deserting his pack leader when he was most needed. Apollo put his hand over the deepest of the wounds and tapped into the healing energy. Soon there was but the faintest trace left of the gash.

After getting out of the pond, the two wrestled in the grass. As before, Apollo's formal training gave him the advantage and soon he was the victor. He had Laika pinned to the ground, their cocks pressed together. Apollo felt his cock stirring at the contact. He was wondering if Laika would be open to the idea of jerking off together when Laika pulled him into a kiss.

"Take me, I'm yours," Laika whispered between breaths.

"I..." started Apollo but a sound interrupted him.

"I really hate to break up what should be a happy reunion," apologized Rowan, "but Princess Daisy is on her way down here to talk to her..." Something caught his attention and he hesitated a second. "...to talk to the Swan." He tossed the boys some clothes. "Dress quickly so we can be ready for her arrival."

-continued on page 12

## Quest/Crystal Phoenix continued

Miffed as he was at the interruption, Apollo did as he was told. As he tucked in his shirt he looked up to see the princess coming past the bushes that lined the path back to the castle. He looked over to see if Laika was dressed and was surprised to see him back in wolf form curled up on the clothes as if they were a blanket. Laika rose at the princess's approach and Apollo quickly gathered the clothes as if they were the ones he had been wearing earlier. After a quick greeting, Daisy asked all three to allow her some time alone with her thoughts. Rowan and Apollo departed with Laika trailing behind.

"Why didn't you get dressed for dinner?" asked Apollo after they got out of the grove of trees surrounding the pond.

"I did," responded the wolf. "Unlike my brother, I don't like human food and I'm sure that the cooks will have a problem serving me food as fresh as I like." He bared his teeth and licked his lips for effect. "Besides, human clothes make me itch. I can't breathe in them. I don't know how you can do it every day."

Laika dashed off toward the forest while Rowan and Apollo headed into the castle. Dinner was the chaos Rowan had anticipated. Myron had spent his time dispatching messages to all the villages about the wolves. Several of the court ladies, and even some of the men, squealed when halfway through the meal Laika appeared with guards trailing behind and sat at Apollo's side. With a nod from the king, Apollo left the table with Laika trailing behind.

Apollo led the way in silence. Something stirred inside as he thought of being naked with Laika, alone and uninterrupted. He thought Laika must be feeling it too but he was unsure how to get things started. "Do you want to strip and jerk off" seemed a bit too bold. He didn't think Laika would mind but he also had the feeling that Laika had something else planned for naked time. He would just have to play it by ear.

When they got to his room, Apollo realized that the big rug in his room would be a perfect wrestling mat. "Do you want to wrestle some more?" he asked as he took off his tunic.

"I wish I could," sighed Laika.

"What's wrong?"

"The council placed a geis on me," replied the wolf. "As long as I have a roof over my head, I must remain in wolf form. It is their way to testing to see if it is truly safe for a wolf to enter a human home and that my brother's death was the result of cruel trickery as I told them. If I come to harm, then they will know that humans are not to be trusted."

"That's insane," shouted Apollo. "That's one of the most ridiculous things I've heard."

"True," said Laika, "but that is also the only way they would let me return to your side."

"But..."

"No, but about it. I may not like it, but I did agree," said Laika.

They sat and talked. Laika told stories about life as a wolf while shared stories about the antics of Johnny and Viola. At the bells for the night watch, Apollo started yawning and lay down on the bed. Laika jumped up and lay down beside him, placing his head on the prince's chest. Soon the two were fast asleep.

In the pre-dawn light, Rowan entered the room and found the two cuddled together. Apollo looked like he was hugging a giant



stuffed animal. He stood there a moment, not wanting to disturb them but Laika suddenly sprung the bed. In a single leap he knocked Rowan to the ground. His teeth were bared and was about to rip the intruders neck open when he pulled back and stepped away.

"You are lucky that I know you," growled Laika. "I thought humans knocked before entering a room..."

"I did," said Rowan as he picked himself off the floor.

"...and then waited for a response," continued the wolf.

"I don't have time for that pleasantries." He reached over to the pile of clothes hanging on the back of a chair and tossed the pants to Apollo. "King Myron wants to see you now."

Starting to get dressed, Apollo asked what the king wanted. Rowan did not know, just that he wanted to see Apollo immediately. Apollo dressed quickly and made himself presentable. The two walked to the king's office in silence with Laika following behind. The guard only allowed Rowan and Apollo to enter, so Laika lay across the threshold, effectively preventing anyone from entering or exiting the room without his knowledge.

Upon entering, the king greeted them cordially and apologized for the early hour. "I have been observing you, child, and have need for your special talent."

"My Earth Magic?" asked Apollo.

"Eventually," said Myron, "but that is not why I called you here now. I need you to serve as my secretary. I have need of your writing skills for I have never learned to write."

"Surely, your corps of court clerks has someone willing to assist you. Would it not be better to choose one who will be here longer than I? It's not that I'm not honored, but I do hope to be going home soon."

"You will be a good king when you get there. You think for the



future.” Before Apollo could respond, he continued. “But you have something they don’t. You believe in Wobnair. They think it a faerie tale. Of anyone around me, only you two believe in the land of my birth. Why is that?”

“I only learned of it in the past couple of years. My teacher, Lord Cthdêhâssêsbut is a descendant of one of your brothers. He was charged with keeping the history alive for the day when the three kingdoms were starting to reunite,” said Apollo.

“One of my brothers actually convinced his child in the truth? Which one? They all say it is a faerie tale.”

“It is child that has yet to be born.”

“How can that be?” asked Myron. “Both of my brothers are dead.”

Apollo hesitated, so Rowan spoke up, “You know that is unfair to ask, Your Majesty. You, yourself, agreed with the others that you didn’t want details of the future.”

“True,” sighed the king. “But like my unnamed brother, I want to keep the history alive somehow. Which is the second reason I called you here. I want you to write down the true history of your future kingdom as told to you by one who lived it.”

“I would be honored,” said Apollo. “What is the first reason?”

“You don’t miss much do you?” asked the king. “I bet it drives my brothers crazy.”

“It has, upon occasion,” replied Apollo. “I mean...”

“You need say nothing else, child,” said the king. “You just confirmed what I already suspected. We will say nothing more of that. As to the first, as you know, I have already sent messages to the various towns in my kingdom related to the dangers of hunting wolves. I need to send a note to my nieces and nephew to get them to treat the matter with urgent seriousness as well. I need your help to draft the note that will tell them of the past that they will believe and not dismiss as mere fantasy.”

The three spent the next two hours writing and rewriting the notes to Rose, Angelo and Angelina. Apollo insisted that they invite Laika to add information about the Wolf Council and how the packs treat honor and vengeance when honor is broken. With a note that satisfied the king written, he dismissed the others until the afternoon council meeting when Myron talked to his chief advisors.

After that morning, Apollo found that he had little time to go down to the pond for rest. His days were filled with following King Myron to chronicle what the council was dubbing as the pending Wolf Wars and documenting what the king had to say about his family’s history. He was with the king as the messengers starting returning with their responses to the king’s edict banning the hunting and killing of wolves. All the messages received confirmed their compliance with the new law.

Myron started to feel better about the situation. He was about to dismiss Apollo early one afternoon when the guard ushered in three brothers in torn, blood soaked clothes.

“Elmer, Porcus and Thistle Pigg, from Igstyepay, Your Majesty.”

Elmer was the eldest and spoke for his brothers. He said that the wolves destroyed their town and that they were the sole survivors of the fire that followed the destruction. When asked of their luck, Elmer said that he had recently built a house of brick. He

had tired of the constant draft of the winds through his straw house, common for that area, and wanted something warmer to live in. When pressed for more information, Elmer said that a wolf had been hunting the town’s flock of sheep. At first people obeyed the law, but finally Henry Hogg took matters in hand and set a trap for the wolf. He caught and beheaded the wolf. He put the head on a stake so that other wolves would see what happens when they kill his sheep.

The following night the wolves attacked Henry’s house and in the morning the townsfolk found Henry’s head staring at them from the top of the well. That night just as the brothers sat down to a roast beef dinner, the wolves attacked in mass. The brothers watched in horror as the biggest wolf they ever saw bellowed out orders to his pack. Bessie Leary must have brandished a torch at one of her attackers because the brothers watched a flaming wolf run from her house. The flames flew off the racing wolf and soon the town’s fate was sealed.

Try as he could, the king could not stop the calls for the destruction of the wolves. Anytime he mentioned that the village brought it on themselves by disobeying his edict was met with taunts that he was a weak king. Several villages petitioned Queen Ruby for assistance; pledging to secede from Rysbal if she would send troops to aid them. The pressure was on and King Myron finally issued the orders to his guards to defend the villages.

Over the weeks to follow, reports of deaths both human and wolf came to the king. Laika would listen to the reports and was regularly relieved that none were from the area where his family lived. He said what the king already knew; that the attacks were mostly targeted at small homesteads with single families. Igstyepay was the one real exception to that. The woodsmen who lived in the forest were quickly abandoning their homes and moving to the villages for protection.

In the midst of some relative calm, Princess Daisy announced that she was continuing her wedding plans. She felt that the people needed something to cheer them up. As the day approached, the royal cousins sent their regrets. Various issues at home prevented their travel. They did send private notes to Apollo pledging their intent to visit as soon as possible to work on the spell to send him home.

The day of the wedding, Apollo felt ill at ease. He knew that he should be happy for the princess. He knew he should be excited to be present at an event that exists as a faerie tale in his time. But something felt out of place as well. The guests began to arrive and Apollo put aside his feelings as he began his duty of escorting guests to their seats.

Amaranth arrived in flash and fashion. She requested to see the princess prior to the wedding as she had a gift for her to wear. Since Rowan was not allowed to see his bride, Apollo was asked to escort the faerie to where the princess was waiting. Amaranth greeted the princess with a hug and presented her with a box.

“Mother sends her regrets,” said the faerie, “but matters have arisen that require her immediate attention. She asked me to present this token of her love for you on this happy occasion.”

Daisy opened the box. Inside was a diamond encrusted hair

*—continued on page 14*



## Quest/Crystal Phoenix continued

comb. "Mother wore this the day she married Rowan's and my father," said the faerie. "She is passing it to you to show the continued love between our families."

All the time Amaranth spoke, Apollo felt his unease grow. The earring he had received before coming to this time was warm in his ear. As Amaranth assisted Daisy in placing the hair comb, Apollo shouted "Stop."

"Too late fool," responded Amaranth as she shoved the comb into Daisy's skull.

Daisy screamed in pain and dropped to the floor. The guards rushed into the room.

"Grab her!" shouted Apollo, pointing at Amaranth. "She's a fake."

The guards hesitated to grab the friend of their king. Apollo started to grab the faerie, "Look at her shadow! It isn't the same as the person standing here."

Indeed, Amaranth was dressed in a full dress that had barely fit through the door. The silhouette of the shadow was that of someone dressed in the simple peasant clothes worn by beggars. The guards finally woke to the danger presented by Amaranth and grabbed her. Suddenly, a frail old woman stood in her place.

"What happened," she said as started to swoon. "One moment, I am selling apples on my cart and now I'm here in the palace?" She started to collapse and the guard loosened his grip on her in order to get a better grip that would give her more support before she fell. In that brief moment, she wrestled free and fled the room at a speed that belied her age. The guards raced after her, but Apollo was focused on the princess.

"Lord Dion, I need your help," shouted Apollo as he ran to her side.

Dion shimmered into the room, right between Apollo and the fallen princess and Apollo ran right into him. Dion quickly assessed the situation, "I can't help you, son. She is chosen by Heca and only She can heal one of her chosen."

"Then call her."

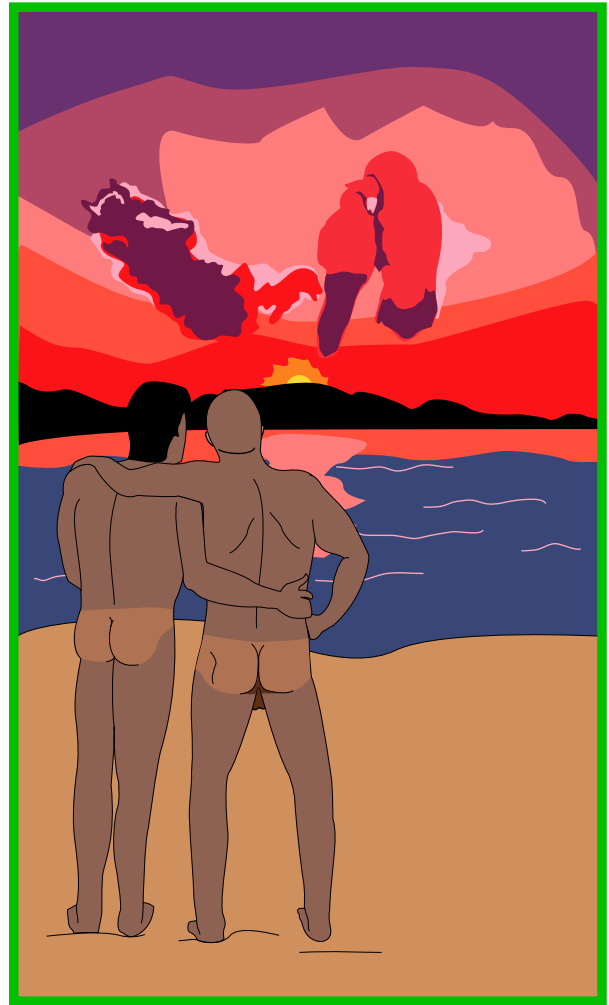
"She won't come," said the god. "She refuses to interfere when one of her chosen attacks another chosen. She will only support the fittest, and if one falls to another, then she is not worthy of assistance."

Apollo knew it would be useless to argue with the god. "Then please help me help her," he pleaded.

"I can't," said the god as he faded out of the room. "And for you to touch her in this situation would bring a death to you that I could not stop, even for my chosen."

"Then I won't touch her," he said to no one in particular. He left the princess with her maids and raced to his room. He rummaged through his bag and found a flat purple stone and raced back. When he entered the room it was as if no one had moved. He placed the stone on the princess's head and began to channel his healing energy into the stone and used it to draw out the poison.

Rowan burst into the room while he worked. King Myron was right behind him. "Some beggar woman just attacked my mother and sister saying that Amaranth had attacked Princess Daisy," said Rowan. "The guards are still trying to catch her so I ran up here to see..." He saw Daisy lying on the floor and rushed over to her side.



One of the maids stopped him before he could pick up her hand, repeating the warning that the god had given. All watched in silence as Apollo worked the poison out of her system. When her eyes opened, he sat down with a thud. He reached for a cloth and wrapped the stone in it. What once had been a deep purple was now a sick green. He handed the cloth to a guard with strict orders to take it far from the castle and bury it deep in the ground.

When told of the events, the princess said, "I am lucky that you saw through my aunt's illusion. How is it that you were able to do so?"

"It was the gift that you gave me in the future that gave me warning."

"Then I shall have to make note of it so that I can give it to you at the proper time," she said as she gave Apollo a hug.

Suddenly, one of the maids screamed as wolves filled the room.

"Nothing like a happy celebration to cause people to let down their guard," said Fenrir. He shifted to human form and grabbed the princess before people could react to his presence. He threw her over his shoulder and the other wolves gathered round him as he started to head to the door. The guards hesitated attacking for fear of hurting the princess.

"My son. Your daughter. A fair exchange, don't you think?" he said as he disappeared down the hall.

Before the sounds of the running wolves and the chasing guards died down, Amaranth ran into the room, tears rolling down her face. Guards came in chasing her. "Rowan, Mother is dead."

# A Moment in Time

by Phoenix

It seemed like the Gods of Traffic Lights had something against me. At the end of the day, the only thing on my mind was getting home in time to watch my favorite show. It doesn't matter that I know who did it and how. I like watching the whole thing from start to finish. But lately, the last light before I get home has to change to red just as I pull up. It is a turn arrow, so I have to wait the entire cycle before I can turn into my neighborhood. It is a major intersection and the east/west traffic gets to go through while I wait. The northbound traffic gets their own cycle and I have to wait. The southbound traffic gets their own cycle and I have to wait. Finally, after an eternity of waiting, the green arrow appears and I can make my turn.

Well, almost. Because first I have to wait for the idiot who ran the southbound light because they were too important to stop. Now, finally I can turn.

Each night an eternity of waiting. I'm never close enough to the intersection to be as important as the other drivers. I have to stop.

Each night I felt the stress of the waiting. I had to be somewhere. I had to be there NOW!

One evening I reached my limit. I timed that light. I wanted to complain about how long I had to wait while the other traffic got longer cycles.

I sat and fumed the whole time I watched the clock tick away the minutes. All two of them.

Two minutes?

That was all?

I was getting upset over having to wait two minutes?

I took a moment to think about that revelation. I realized that the song that was playing on the radio when I stopped was the same song that was still playing. The wait couldn't have been that long if I had only thought about it. It was all in the perception that I needed to be at a place at a particular moment. And, then I had a eureka moment - life won't stop if I get home a minute or two late. Life might stop if I try to race through the light in that golden second after my side turns red and the other side got the green.

Now, I use those two minutes to take some deep breaths. To relax a moment after driving on the road with all of the people who don't seem to feel the need to pay attention to what other drivers are doing. I can wait that moment for the person who feels so rushed that they decide it is critical to risk life and limb to get to their destination two minutes sooner. And if waiting that extra five seconds prevents both of us from trying to occupy the same spot of pavement at the same time, I think we both will agree that it is a good thing that I waited – even if they never thank me for giving up those five seconds of my precious time to ensure their safety.

The next time you find yourself getting exasperated at how long something is taking -

such as waiting for the elevator - take a moment to look at your watch and see how long it really took. You probably will be surprised. It is probably more a perception of taking a long time than a reality. (Unless you are talking DragonSwan's apartment and it is the end of month and moving day, and chances are good that only one elevator out of three is working. In that case, it probably is taking a long time, especially when you have arms full of groceries.)

Of course, if you are waiting for the elevator and it would be quicker to take the stairs – why are you waiting for the elevator in the first place?

Maybe the Gods of Traffic Lights really liked me. They wanted me to slow down and learn to relax for those two minutes.

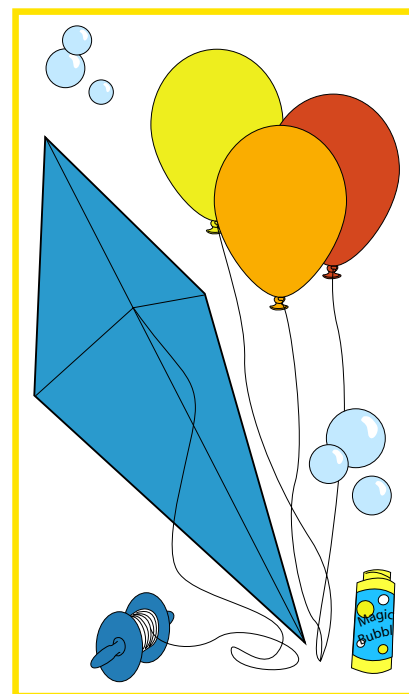
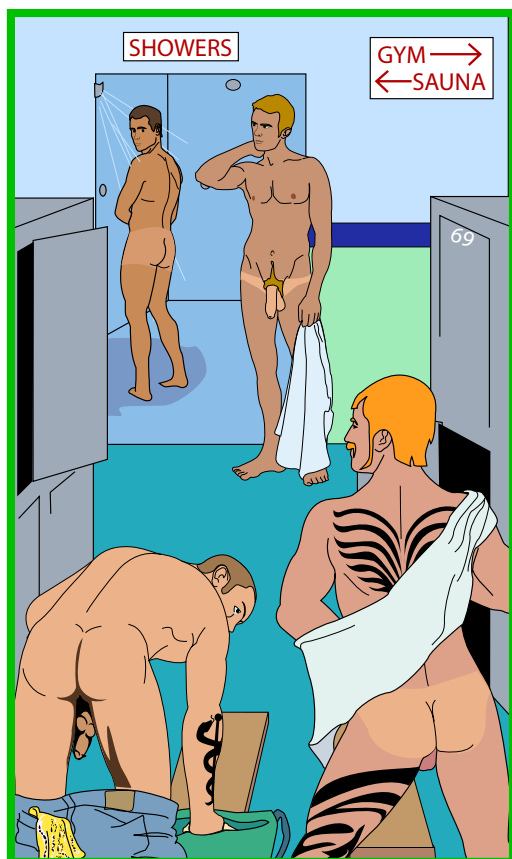


# Playing With the 4-F Tarot: Three Card Spread

by Phoenix

Since the beginning, I have been talking about the mechanics of how we are creating the deck. I have talked about how the cards might be interpreted in a reading. I thought it might be fun to start putting together some sample spreads using the cards that we have shown you. I will reference the issue and page number of the original graphic so you can look back at the picture. Since we have not published too many of the higher energy cards, this first reading will be like only using the 1-10 cards of the minor arcana of a traditional deck (with a couple of court cards and Major Arcana tossed in for fun) when doing a reading but it should be enough so you can see start to see how the cards interact with each other.

I am going to use a basic three card spread for this issue. There are many ways to interpret what the three cards represent. For each of the three different samples, I am going to view them with a slightly different interpretation. In each case, I am going to trade out the third card so we can see how that changes the dynamic of the reading. There are two things I would like you to keep in mind. The first is that what I am saying can be applied to any tarot deck. While I am using the 4-F deck for the samples, you can use your personal favorite deck in a similar way. The second is that each of the cards in a spread is a moment in time. It is our job as readers to connect those moments and give them meaning. The better able you are to connect the cards with each other, the stronger your interpretation becomes. This is the gift that you bring to a reading.



## Spread #1 (Past, Present, Future)

This is a good way to look at the cards if you are focusing on a question that takes place over a span of time.

Past                      Glory Hole (Samhain 2007, page 15) = you see it there but do you want to play with it? Is that all you want?

Present                 Kite (this page) = pick it up and have some fun

Future                  Penguin (Yule 2006, page 13) = lots of fun in the ocean, lots of hardship raising a chick in sub-zero temperatures

*In the past, there was something you saw that you wanted but were afraid to "go for it." It is still waiting there for you to pick up and play with. It is not all fun and games. There will be some challenges ahead but you will be able to make it work out the way you wanted if you put some energy into it.*

Change Penguin to Road Runner (Imbolc/Ostara 2007, page 4)

Road Runner = fast (beep beep)

*You have seen something you want. Now is the time to pick it up and run with it. You have the ability to make it work.*

The glory hole with its dick hanging out represents that lure of something that you want but the unknown nature of what it is attached to can cause you to hesitate. The kite on the other hand is something you want to pick up and play with. The two certainly reinforce the idea that the subject you are asking about would be good for you. The penguin version calls attention to the fact that there are hardships that would need to be faced. The road runner offers a wide open road to play with the kite.

Think of how this would change if the birdcage (page 20) had been drawn instead of the kite. That lure is drawing you into a trap! It is going to get very cold and you will be stuck in the situation (penguin) or time hit the road (road runner).

### Spread #2 (Body, Mind, Spirit)

This is a good way to look at the cards if you are focusing on a “how do I feel about...” kind of question

Body	Camel (Imbolc/Ostara 2006, page 11 = major association with desert conditions and being a working animal
Mind	Lovers of Air, Love at First Sight (opposite) = So many choices
Spirit	Chick/Eggs (Beltane, 2007, page 4) = I’m feeling cramped so time to get out of here

*It has been a dry spell for you and the body is down to its last reserves. The mind is distracted by all of the choices that are ahead – some good and some could only lead to problems - and the spirit is about to crack. I would work on going with the first impression of your available choices and give some energy to the newborn chick. Right or wrong in that decision doesn’t matter because you are leaving the desert and heading into something new.*

### Change Chick/Eggs to Seahorse (Mabon 2007, page 7)

Seahorse = one of the few creatures where the male is responsible for giving birth.

*We still have the desert heat. But the calm, nurturing nature of the seahorse as the motivation of spirit gives purpose to all that is asked of body and mind. The water of the seahorse helps replenish the energy of body and the calm stillness balances out the tasks that the mind is working on. Whatever the question that the mind is working on it is dragging you down, your spirits will help you see you through the decision that lies ahead.*

The camel is a desert creature noted for living on the reserves of water that it stores in its body. Certainly not the most favorable of visions when thinking of one’s body. Spirit as the hatching chick or nurturing seahorse seems to be saying that something new lies ahead that will break the cycle that is draining the reserves. That puts the focus on the lovers in the locker room.

Your mind is busy making a decision. It is distracted by the choices. By making a decision you can start the process of freeing spirit from its shell. If you need help making that decision, then do a reading on each of your options to see which is going to give you the best outcome.

### Spread #3 (Thesis, Antithesis, Synthesis)

This would be good for a project or decision oriented type question.

Thesis	Kween of Flowers/Litha (Litha 2007, page 13) = carefree
Anti.	Caught in the Act (Litha 2006, page 14) = the emperor has no clothes
Synth.	Retriever (Mabon 2007, page 10) = go fetch <i>You have been indulging yourself and having fun. You haven’t put a lot of thought into what you want to have happen. Now, someone has caught on to the fact that your plan is about as naked as you are. You need to jump into the lake to retrieve the pieces that can be salvaged and start rethinking what you want to do.</i>

### Change Retriever to The Shrine

The Shrine (page 7) = reflection

*You have been discovered. Now is the time to do some soul searching or even ask for divine inspiration before you take the next step.*

Let’s look at this spread in the context of helping us make the decision related to the choices in Spread #2. For this supplemental reading, you ask about one of your options. For example, you went to a party and came home with multiple phone numbers, which one do you call? Spread #3 would then be your asking about one of the people. It looks like you will be headed for a fun time but something is lurking and you are in store for a surprise. Since the outcome is the retriever, it seems like this person would be fun, but is more likely to be a good friend rather than your next future husband.

Now, think about person number 2 and you get the same first two cards but get the Shrine. Again, its fun and you are laughing and dancing. But then you have that moment of discovery and find yourself at the altar. I would suggest adding a fourth card for clarification to see if you are standing alone at that altar or if there is something in the future for the two of you.

### Fun Exercise

Take the same trio of cards and change the order. Take a look at how your interpretation changes when the past becomes your future and the cycle continues unchanged. Take the trio of cards and look at them with a different perspective. How does Body/Mind/Spirit change if you view the same cards as Past/Present/Future? Child/Parent/Adult?

#### Card 1

Body  
Past  
Subsconscious  
Child  
Illusion  
Thesis  
An Idea or Plan

#### Card 2

Mind  
Present  
Conscious  
Parent  
Knowledge  
Antithesis  
Criticism of It

#### Card 3

Spirit  
Future  
Superconscious  
Adult  
Magic  
Synthesis  
How to make the most of  
your limitations



## The Cubby Diaries: The Visit

### By Cubby

This past holiday season was one of the oddest I can remember. I had started off excited about the holiday. The house had been remodeled and I was anxious to pull out the holiday decorations to make it sparkle. The very act of pulling out the decorations began a downward spiral of frustration.

Have you ever had someone go through your things and organize them for you? If not recently, think back on when you lived at home and your mother took it upon herself to clean your room. Well, during the big reveal for the remodel, everything Noel and Twinkle did to organize the holiday decorations sounded really good on paper. That is, until I opened the first box and realized that my concept of organizing my decorations and theirs have about as much in common as peanut butter and asparagus. And my feeling turned out to be the same – I like one and not the other.

I opened that box and realized that I really didn't have a clue what was in it. When I put things away, the stuff that went up together got put away together. This box had pieces of decorations from four different rooms. Instead of getting things up on the walls quickly, I had to spend the first two days taking everything out of the boxes and resort them into a way that made sense to me.

Finally working through that led to frustration number two. I had never realized that I was such a creature of habit until I grabbed the first group of decorations and headed upstairs only to discover that the piece of furniture that had the honor of hosting those decorations was no longer in the house. The same for just about everything I had in my head as to where certain decorations belonged. At one level, I knew that this was going to be the case but it had never dawned on me how much of a challenge it was going to

be to fit the old decorations into the new décor.

Frustration number three came in the form of the disaster I found when I came home from shopping. I don't know what possessed her since she didn't do it last year, but for some reason Lady Macbeth decided that she had to play with the beaded felt ornaments. That by itself might not have been bad, but the one she wanted was near the top of the tree. She might have been able to get away with the "I wasn't anywhere near that" routine that cats love to pull if not for the fact that her timing was off and I walked into the house just as the tree was coming down. The slow motion video lives in my mind. I see her leaping from the tree to sofa with the pink partridge in her mouth. I see the tree playing "for every action there is an opposite but equal reaction" as it fell away from her launching point. I can even see the pieces of glass flying as crystal ornaments shatter on the edge of the table that stopped the tree's fall.

I tried to upright the tree and gave up. It was going to take multiple people. I started to pick up fallen ornaments and the first one I picked up was a glass ball Santa that had been from Uncle Phil's first Christmas. The only kind thing I could say at that moment was the fact that he had gone on a crash diet for his round belly was now a gaping hole. I just sat down and soaked in the absurdity of the situation.

The silence of my disbelief was shattered by the ringing of the phone. "Now what?" was my reaction to the rings. It was Jack with news that his mother had fallen and had broken her hip. I got busy and cleaned up the worst of the broken glass and waited for one of the others to get home. Aeris was first on the scene and with his help we got the tree upright. He shooed me away and sent me to the hospital to be with Jack. He wanted to spare me the grief of seeing which ornaments had been selected for the holiday tree being decorated by our family and friends on the other side of the veil. On my way out, I could hear him talking to Jim. I could picture them making a list of the broken ornaments and seeing how quickly they could find replacements so that I wouldn't know the true extent of the damage.

I got to the hospital and Jack was beside himself. He was torn about his need to be there for his mother and his need to get busy at work. His catering company was at full steam for holiday parties. Sharon was sleeping so I convinced him to go focus on work and that I would sit with her until he could return. I promised to call him as soon as she was awake so he could talk to her. That set the pattern for the days to come. I would spend time with Sharon during the day. I grabbed my cribbage board and we would play for a couple of hours. I was with her when the doctors announced that they felt that the damage was too great and felt that a hip replacement was going to be the better solution for her.

After surgery, they moved Sharon to an assisted living facility for her therapy since that was cheaper than a continued stay at the hospital. I followed the ambulance that transferred her to her new facility. When we got there, we found that they did not have a private room for her as promised. The current resident of that room had had a relapse and was not able to be released. They placed her in a room with Mrs. Baker. Her roommate slept the whole time that I was with Sharon on that first day.





The next day, I could hear Sharon chatting with someone when I stopped by for my daily visit. It was Mrs. Baker. Upon arriving, I was greeted with “Joe, you did come back. I thought I heard you yesterday. Have you forgiven me?” Sharon quickly introduced us and Mrs. Baker apologized for her mistake. She had been dreaming of her youth recently and I resembled one of her old friends. She knew it was silly of her to have mistaken me since Joe would have to be her age now.

During our visits, cribbage games were put aside as Mrs. Baker told us tales of her youth. Her father had been an engineer for the coal trains. She and her mother lived in one of the rural towns on his tracks. Her mother ran a general store that doubled as both the local post office and train station. She laughed as she recalled her mother’s refusal to allow her to help her sort the mail into the individual boxes. What made it funny was that one of her jobs to earn her allowance was to wait for when the train passed by and the incoming mail sacks were tossed out the door as the train sped on its way. She couldn’t handle the individual pieces of mail, but she could grab the big bag of mail and bring it to her mother.

When Jack could slip away from work for a visit, Sharon would embarrass him by telling us tales of his youth. My favorite was when he discovered cookbooks. She said that he would read them from cover to cover. When his father died and he started fixing the family meals while she was at work, he started at the beginning of a cookbook and would make each and every recipe. His response was that there are too many choices out there, so why do the same old recipe all the time?

Mrs. Baker tried to get me to call her by her first name, Betty. I found it hard. Call me old fashioned but I was raised in the era of calling people Mister and Missus, and this woman was of the era that expected it. It was funny that I could call Sharon by her name even though she was my friend’s mother. I guess I had been to enough of Jack’s parties that I was used to her as a friend. A compromise with Mrs. Baker was reached when her grand niece, Nancy, came for their weekly visit. Aunt Betty was something I could live with. I had long ago gotten used to having a extended list of real aunts and uncles as well as all of the non-related ones that I was expected to address in that same manner. I could picture Betty as one of Grams’s sisters so that was an easy compromise for my mind to accept.

Sharon made quick recovery and progressed in her therapy fast enough that they were able to send her home before the holiday. I knew that Betty’s family rarely came to visit, so I promised to continue my daily visits even after my friend left. After a day when Peter had joined me for a visit, Aunt Betty said that she could tell we were more than just friends. She said that she could see the love we shared. She eventually confessed that the Joe she had mistaken me for was her first true love. He came into their store with regularity and eventually started courting her. The call to duty to serve his country in the war lured him away. With a tear filled departure, she promised to wait for him. That promise lasted until a peddler came to town and swept her off her feet. The fantasy of getting out of town and seeing the world seemed more real than a distant



love off in Europe. With a baby on its way, her father with the aid of a shotgun convinced the young man that he was ready to settle down and take over the management of a store instead of selling supplies to the store. Betty told me that she regretted not telling Joe the truth, but all through the war she sent him letters as if she was still waiting. She said that he had enough struggles to deal with due to the war itself and didn’t want to add to his misery by writing the infamous Dear John letter. She just knew that he would get that on a day when he would be called into battle and she didn’t want that to be the last thing on his mind if he died. In his letters, he told of his new hobby of wood carving since it was something quite he could do during the long days and nights of waiting for orders. She reached into her bag and pulled out a small wooden cross. She said that the cross was the second thing he had sent and she carried it with her all the time.

When Joe came home, he was devastated to learn the truth. His rightful chastisement of her lies left her in tears when he left. Her husband used the occasion to file for divorce. The exchanged letters were enough for the judge to believe in her unfaithfulness. In the brief span of a couple of months, she lost both her true love and the false one and was raising three children on her own.

After that visit, Betty slept more. Her cancer was progressing and often my visit was spent telling her stories about my family instead of her entertaining me with tales of her life. On Christmas Eve, I went for my visit and I gave her a gift of a lap quilt that I made in her favorite colors. She always complained about how cold she was and I knew she needed it.

She surprised me with a gift. When I unwrapped it, I discovered a carved soldier. Betty told me that this was the first carved piece she had received from Joe. He had carved a

*—continued on page 20*

## The Cubby Diaries - continued

self portrait for her to remember him. In the features I could see enough similarities that I could understand why she had mistaken me for him. I found it hard to accept a gift that was so precious to her but she insisted. She said that her family had no appreciation for that history and she knew it would go into the scrap pile as soon as she was gone. She knew that I would appreciate the gift and the memory of the stories that went with it.

After the holidays were over, Aunt Becky came over for our annual gathering. We always meet for dinner on the weekend after New Years as we could have a nice relaxing visit without the need to rush to something else. I showed my aunt the carving and she was in awe of the craftsmanship, especially when I told her that this was supposed to be Joe's first attempt at carving. She kept turning it over and said that she knew she had seen something of that style before but couldn't place where she had seen it.

I was surprised the following day when Aunt Becky showed up on my doorstep with a box in hand. With the barest of greetings she made a bee-line to where I displayed the carving. Out of the box came the soldier's twin. She picked up my soldier and looked at it closely and let out a squeal of delight. She said that soldier was carved by her father! She pointed to the small "J.J." that was carved in the base and it matched the one on the carving she had brought. A couple of calls to her siblings revived the memory of the tales of Grams and Gramps's courtship. One of them remembered how their father blessed the day his childhood sweetheart gave him the boot. He said that even as much as his heart was aching because he had so hoped to return to a normal life after the war, he found true love when he married their mother.

With the pair of carvings in hand, Aunt Becky and I headed for a visit with Betty. When we entered the room, Betty was sleeping. Nancy was there and stood up and led us out of the room so we could talk. She said that Betty had just passed away and they were waiting for the funeral home to come. She said that Betty had told her to tell me something when the day came that she died. Betty told her to tell me that Joe Johnson made the right choice when he married Sarah Miller. The message made no sense to Nancy so she hoped she had gotten it right.

We told her that it made perfect sense. Aunt Becky stayed to explain it to Nancy while I went in to pay respect to the woman who was almost my grandmother.

I told you that it was an odd holiday.

## Experience Your Happy Place

By DragonSwan

I wanted to share an interesting little experiment with you that my therapist had me think about between sessions, right before Christmas. Take a moment to think about what would make you happy, but don't get caught up in the material world of "stuff". Instead, create an experience you would like to have. Pull memories from the past, with things you enjoy today. Be creative and have your experience awaken all five senses.

For example, one that I thought of was being naked and held by my lover in a hot spring pool. The view would be a mix of the beauty of the mountains, and the sea rolling onto the beach. -That is the fun part of this game, you can let your imagination run wild. Just think of what you enjoy. To finish out my experience, there would be Annie Lennox songs playing softly, the smell of vanilla would fill the air, and I would be eating a piece of white chocolate raspberry cheesecake. This may not be practical in the real world but I can still enjoy the experience in my mind. Now maybe you would rather hear the ocean and drink warm mint tea. I almost went with a warm drink, because I really enjoy feeling how the warmth fills my body. But hey that can be experience number two. If you can truly close your eyes, relax and be in the experience you create, you have created a happy place that you can come back to at anytime.

So take some time to relax and think about what would make up your experience in your happy place. Remember this is your happy place. There are no boundaries. If you would like to share, I would love to hear what your happy place is. Maybe we can collect some happy places and post them in the Airy Faerie.

