

The 4-F Tarot: Celtic Cross Spread

by Phoenix

Slowly but surely, I have been adding complexity to the sample spreads I have presented. We started with a simple three card spread back in a time when we hadn't revealed some of the more complex cards. As cards have been added there has been more depth available for these readings. We are finally at a point where we have enough variety of images to start getting into the larger spreads.

For this issue I picked the spread that is most commonly used, The Celtic Cross. I know of several different variations but I will work with the one that is most familiar to me.

Inspired by ShadowWalker's poem on the opposite page, the focus question is *"My lover of five years just told me that he wants to open up our relationship. Should I agree?"*

Card 1 = Root of the Question: Kings of Air - some guys are jumping off the cliff and some are standing there thinking about it. That pretty much sums up why we came to the cards doesn't it? Do we play safe or jump? So I guess, we will move on to the next card.

Card 2 = Obstacle: King of Flowers - Mr. Mabon taking a rest after bring in the harvest while Ms. Ostara is ready to dump some water on him to wake him up. It seems pretty appropriate right now. The person asking the question is probably pretty comfortable with the relationship as it has been. The lover just woke him up to something. What does that wake up call mean to him?

Card 3 = Foundation: Magic of Earth - a tree growing out of a rock - my first thought is that the tree is the relationship. It is growing but not in the best conditions.

Card 4 = The Past: Kween of Air - the other side of our equinox couple. Well, if the questioner is in the wheelbarrow before, then he is the one in the field doing the real work. This is giving me the sense that the questioner feels that they have been doing all the work in the relationship while their lover is out playing and trying to have the best of both worlds.

Card 5 = Energy from Above: The Lovers - the question seems to be coming out of a place of "true love" and isn't something like the locker room or a wrestling match.

Card 6 = The future: Baby of Water - a snorkel and fins - circling back to card #1, it looks like it is time to get wet. So jump in.

Card 7 = How you see yourself: Baby of Fins - fish hooks - I don't think the questioner feels like they have much choice. They are hooked and don't feel that they have a real option in the situation.

Card 8 = How others see you: Beltane - they see the questioner as the person holding the kite who is pretty much tuning out the rest of the things around him, including the couple back in the bushes. Maybe there is something to that feeling that the lover has been out playing around - but then, there is the guy in the kilt who is hoping that kite boy will pay attention to him, as does the dog. Maybe the lover knows of someone wanting to join the fun.



Card 9 = Challenge or fear to overcome: the polar bears - out in the cold and about to become extinct. This is in the fear position, so it seems that the questioner needs to figure out how to stay alive. The love is there in the relationship. The lover wants to wake up the questioner and get them to come play again. Even in the cold of the polar bear, there is love with the mother and cub snuggling.

Card 10 = Outcome: Samhain - if you look at the larger images that have been published, the guy holding the picture is kite boy and the other is one of the guys in the bushes. The questioner is holding on to something so tightly that it is killing the relationship. The lover is still there, wanting to comfort him. It is time to let go of the fears and feeling of being caught and take that leap of faith and listen to the lover. He has been there every step of the way so there is no reason to think he is going to disappear. How can I say that with confidence? First the crowning card is Love so the question is being governed by that energy. Second, we have both the Mabon and Ostara cards featuring the same couple as well as Beltane and Samhain, again featuring the same couple in both cards. Yes, there is a bit of opportunity for friction between the pairs, but in the end, when the one is hurting the most, the lover is there to comfort him. It may be a leap of faith to take the plunge and open the relationship, but based on the love factor, I have a feeling that the lover isn't thinking of a series of one night stands. I think he already knows who is waiting at the bottom of the cliff to catch them.

The 4-F Tarot: Magic

by Phoenix

The Magics are where we start the process of stepping away from the rules that kweens and kings must live by and that limit goddesses and gods to some finite level of power. Let's face it, even the deities of the familiar pantheons have some form of limitation otherwise the Deity of Love would totally overcome things like war or the Deity of War would completely erase all feelings that people should "Make Love, Not War" so that war could rule supreme.

The thought behind this group of cards is that our mortals of the court cards have continued to evolve. The kweens and kings had very limited power over their environment. The goddesses and gods have expanded their power to all that they can see. That next step is for our characters to start to become some part of the element or animal realms such as a human merging with fin energy and becoming a merman or a horse to sprout wings and become Pegasus.

Now, I will admit that I had some pretty grand ideas for these cards and I knew that I was going to challenge DragonSwan when he created them. I knew that he would rise and surpass my expectations with each of them. To give you an idea of how grand these ideas were, our phoenix of fire was to be a Bengal tiger leaping into the air through a rainbow and as he passed through the magical arch, the color would be draining from him to form his wings of fire while the tiger itself would then be white. I still think it would be a real cool idea but as long time readers know that idea changed when DragonSwan and I took a summer trip last year and connected with the burnt out forests of Mesa Verde and other areas of Southern Colorado. That connection made us realize that we were probably trying too hard and that at least for the magic of the four elements, we had to have the focus on the element itself. So here's what we finally decided for these eight cards.

Magic of Air: since we really don't see air it becomes hard for an artist to actually draw it. We overcame that limitation by focusing on the effect that air has on other objects such as weather vanes, flags and leaves or the shafts of light that stream down from the sky. Each of those things calls up an emotional response whether it is something like pride when you see a flag unfurled or wonderment as you stare at the weather vane to see which way the wind is blowing.

Magic of Fire: It would be easy to have had DragonSwan draw a flaming something, but we saved that for the firemen. For this card we give you that feeling from after the fire when the phoenix starts to rise from the ashes.

Magic of Water: See the full sized image on page 40 with my thoughts on the latest addition to our Magics






Magic of Earth: A tree growing out of a rock with no real soil is always one of those images that amazes me.

Magic of Feathers: A Pegasus - but this will not be your ordinary horse with wings. I still have to give DragonSwan a couple of challenges.

Magic of Flowers: What more magical creature can there be than a bunch of flying pansies...oops...faeries? Think the *Nutcracker Suite* in *Fantasia* and you will heading in the same direction as my thoughts for this card.

Magic of Fins: Our "little mermaid" is about to get his wish - only this time it is Prince Eric who gives up his legs to get fins not the other way around.

Magic of Fur: Our unicorn - of course the challenge will be finding a virgin to help lure this creature into the art studio.

Air	Fire	Water	Earth
			
Feather	Flower	Fin	Fur
Pegasus	Faeries		Unicorn

The 4-F Tarot: Singletons

by Phoenix

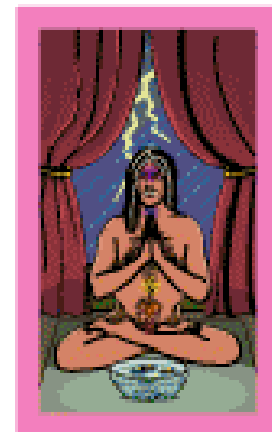
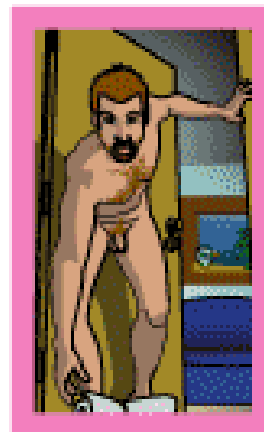
There is not a set group about this quartet which is why they got pulled together as a set for this presentation.

The Call: I'll save talking about him for page 35 when we present the full sized image for the first time.

The Shark: Not yet released - he was one of that last cards planned when we laid in the original 108 images. He is sort of our Devil/Death card and I can say it is pretty fun to watch how the energy of spread changes when I trade this card into a reading.

Caught in the Act - our Fool. He is really one of the first cards we sort of created once we started this journey. I say sort of because DragonSwan had just been creating a graphic for the issue when I had visions of it being in the deck. If you go back to the issue that is referenced in the index you will see that the graphic doesn't match in size to the other cards. Naturally, that has been changed now that we have come this far. As said, he is our fool heading into the great unknown. Unlike our Kings of Air at the top of their cliff thinking about taking the plunge, this guy has had that decision taken from him. He is not as safe and alone as he thought he was and is now very vulnerable now that his secret has been revealed.

Meditation - our Hermit: This card represents the inward journey. Maybe you need to take that time to do some soul searching. Maybe its time to stop soul searching and face the storm. If this represents a person you are encountering, how are you going to get their attention? They have already tuned out the storm so what makes you think that they will hear your prayer? I can say that your chances are better with him than our guys in the snake pit on the next page. At least this guy is in an open position.



The 4-F Tarot: Gathering Places

by Phoenix

As mentioned earlier, some cards are gathering places. For the most part, for this sextet of cards, I want you to step inside the space and see yourself in that environment.

The Classroom: it will be empty - waiting for the teacher and students to arrive. Which are you? Is there something you need to learn or something you need to teach?

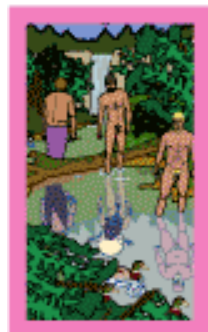
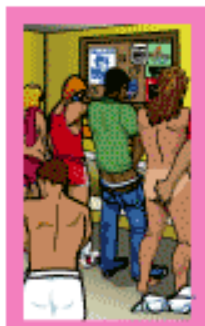
The Gym: time to work on something whether it is the physical as represented by the gym itself or something in the mental or spiritual realms is for you to determine.

The Drum Frenzy: sometimes you just have to party

The Bathroom: I love this card as it usually confuses the heck out of people. So let's put ourselves in that room for a moment - we entered for a reason - we have to do something and we pretty much need to do it "NOW!" but the urinals are full and there is a line. Now how do you feel? Number one lesson on this card is patience. But there are things to look at while you wait and maybe one of the ads on the wall is important. And maybe it is the act of getting rid of something and flushing it down the toilet that is important.

The Stream or Mirror: what do you see in the reflections? Do you see your true self? your greatest fear? your fantasy? and when a friend asks what do you think about them, how do you respond? What kind of mirror do you offer to your friends?

The Sanctuary: If meditation represents that inner journey, this card represents seeking divine guidance. It is a shrine to one of the old gods. It has been cleared and tended and waiting for someone to stop and ask their questions.



The 4-F Tarot: The Top Guns

by Phoenix

The deck does have its Emperor and Empress (both not published yet), the alpha masculine and feminine energies. In our energy scheme, these have transcended the basic grid. They are father and mother with their all-knowing ability to see into our soul. Now, I will say this right now - like the other cards, the gender reference for this two cards based on traditional images will eventually fade into the background. These will probably be “Authority” and “Nurturing” - and determining which will be the Emperor and which will be the Empress will have largely be based on your own parental relationships.

We will have our version of the Magician (not published yet). In my mind, our gods and goddesses have grown up with their abilities and have grown into them. Their energy is coming from within. Our magician may be the real thing or he may be the flim flam man. He has all the right tools to put on a good show but does he really know how to use them? or is it all smoke and mirrors?

And then there's our trickster. Sadly, you won't be able to see the real fun aspects of this card in this reduction. Of all the graphics presented, this is probably the number one card that I would immediately recommend finding in its original publication. The trickster is out to have some fun and his personal gift is one of illusion and blending in so that he can walk around unnoticed and zing you at the least expected time. My number one reaction to seeing him in a spread is to not take things at face value.

Emperor

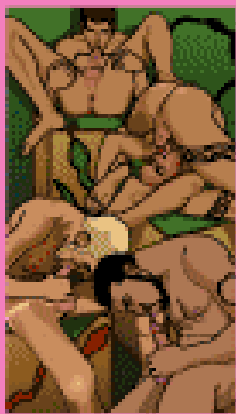
Empress



Magician



**Circle
Jerk**



The 4-F Tarot: Sex

by Phoenix

After all those wonderful nude males we have encountered, I'm sure you've worked up a healthy appetite for a bit more action. We have four cards that are based on our community's sexual activities. Sure, there are hints of sex elsewhere, but these four cards are focused on that energy.

The Glory Hole: There's a dick sticking through a hole. What are you going to do about it? Will you be satisfied with just that dick or are you looking for something a bit more meaningful? Or is the dick yours and it is time to put yourself out there in hopes that someone (or anyone) will stop to play? While you won't be able to see the writing clearly in this reduced version, you will be able to do so in the full scale version. There could be something in the graffiti that triggers a thought or memory which has nothing to do with the dick which is calling to you.

The Circle Jerk: That wonderful moment of bonding (not yet released)

The Orgy: This is our homage to the Tower. Things are about to erupt and chances are they will start to tumble. They are tuned into the man feast and have little awareness of the explosion about to happen outside.

Self Suck: This is our homage to the World with its oribus biting his own tail. If you ever want to tell someone to go suck themselves - well these guys can.

The 4-F Tarot: Lovers

by Phoenix

The card to the right is the one that started it all. When DragonSwan had his first vision of using his talent to create a male oriented tarot deck, this was the card that called to him first. This is the card that I saw in an old issue of Airy Faerie and would ask “When are you going to do the rest?” That “when” happened three years ago when DragonSwan and I got handfasted at Beltane and we agreed to work on this together as our gift to the community who supports us every day.

The original image I saw had been hand drawn. As DragonSwan started practicing his computer graphic skills he took that image and created what you see here. This was the first card we presented three years ago. When we finish revealing the other 107 cards, we will return to this card to show what we have learned about this energy on our journey when we reveal the next step in this card’s evolution.

What will make this a “major” card verses the basic “lovers of ____” cards that you have already seen? The eight supporting love cards that are shown on page 9 are largely focused on the love between the characters on the card (or their connection to someone not shown as is the case for a couple of those cards.) This card is a celebration of love and its effect on everything around it. When you are IN LOVE, the world is brighter, the sun is shining and clouds disappear. This card will be about that perfect love and perfect trust we bring into circle each time we gather as a group.



The 4-F Tarot: Brotherhood

by Phoenix

The card to the left is the second one that called to DragonSwan when he started to create a tarot. This became the launching point for the deck as you are seeing it unfold. There is no “Brotherhood” card in the traditional deck, so already DragonSwan had started to expand his thoughts beyond the confines of limiting his creation to a mere replication of the energies of the standard 78 cards. Little did he know at the time that expansion would result in him having to create 108 cards.

This card is an outgrowth of the Lovers, only this time it is the love that is shared by the brotherhood of friends. Beyond its place in our deck, this card also illustrates one of the challenges we face in writing “the book.” When shown to a friend, they loved the card but were puzzled why their eyes were closed. My initial reaction was to explain that the trio were lost in their own thoughts of the experience of the moment. They closed their eyes in order to focus on the feeling of the brotherhood, feel the closeness of each other and not be distracted by outside influences. DragonSwan responded before I did with the real reason “They are standing in a waterfall and didn’t want to get water in their eyes.”

Beyond the challenge of writing about this kind of detail in “the book” this is also a challenge a reader has to embrace when using this deck. It is easy to sit back and analyze something to the Nth degree and scrutinize each detail for meaning. To really understand a card, a reader needs to put themselves in that moment and relate to the emotion and feeling of that moment. When the challenge is met, the cards will come alive with the messages that you need to hear.



The Great Rite

By Raven Bear Paws

The leaves were changing in the great forest, and the bright fall colors began to burst into sight as the morning sun struck them. It was almost like the trees were on fire. Swirls of deep oranges and vibrant yellows danced wildly around his feet as the early autumn breeze carried away the fallen leaves. The only sounds he could hear were his hollow foot falls on the deserted path as he walked steadily on. It would be today that Justin committed himself to the Great Mother, something he had worked hard on for over a year now. His mother had once told him many years ago that being a witch ran in his blood but back then he didn't believe it. He thought his mother a fool to think such things and thought many times that she should have been locked up in a nut house. It wasn't until his 30th birthday when a vision had changed his mind, a vision so strong and so real he had questioned his own sanity.

It was three years ago to the day when all his friends had gotten together to throw him the party of a life time. "Of a life time!" Justin had thought. It was just a cruel reminder that he had hit the age that most gay men called "Gay Death", the age where your youth and glamour to younger gay men all but died. Justin couldn't stand the thought of being around a bunch of bitter old queens who wanted to remind him his dating life was over. So without telling a soul he packed his camping gear and strode off into the Great Woods, a place he knew he could be himself and hide from the queer mod squad where he knew they would not dare look for him. Besides this would give him time to reflect on what he wanted to do with his life from this point on.

Justin set up camp in a small clearing near Satyr Creek. It had gotten its curious name because a large knotted tree that some said looked like the Greek God Pan playing his lute, although you had to stand just right, to the side squinting your eyes in the early morning to see this God. Laughing to himself, Justin began to set up camp, placing his tent on a slight hill just in case it rained. He didn't want to wake in the morning to find himself floating in a puddle. He began working on building his fire pit and collecting fire wood for the night. As he did so, the sweat began to run down his back. Since no one was near to criticize him, he removed his shirt and placed it on the tent. It was September after all and no one was there to see him. He wasn't ashamed of his body but some said he was too hairy to walk around without his shirt. As he continued to work around his makeshift camp site the heat began to increase as the sun rose in the sky. "What was I thinking, wearing jeans this time of year?" He thought to himself. He stood up and undid the button on his pants. "Why not?" He thought. "I am alone." He stripped off his sweaty jeans and underwear and placed them on the tent with his shirt. There he stood feeling the warm breeze hit his sweaty cock and balls. It was a feeling like no other. To be naked in nature was second nature to Justin. As a child, his father would bring him to Satyr Creek to go camping all the time, and him running around naked as a jay bird was what he enjoyed best about the trips. The feeling of freedom as the air rushed over his bare body was like a drug. It wasn't until his teenage years that his father discouraged this. It wasn't normal for a young man to run around showing his stiff penis to whoever might happen by. It was shortly after this that the camping trips ended and so did his straight life.

As the moon graced the evening sky with her full and silver face, Justin lay on his sleeping bag next to the fire counting the endless stars that shined through the tree tops. He wished to whoever was listening that he had someone there to lie next to and hold as the night went on. He could feel his cock growing again. It became so stiff that it almost began to hurt. Without thinking he brought his left hand down to it and began to stroke it softly. He could feel the head of his cock slick with pre-cum. With each pass of his hand his balls clinched tighter and tighter, edging ever closer to the purest eruption. There was a sudden rustle of leaves, like quick movement nearby. Justin stopped in mid stroke to listen. Silence. Once again he began to stroke his cock wishing there was someone there with him licking the very juice that now dripped from his head. "Very nice my child!" A deep woody voice came from the darkness. Horrified Justin sat up, throwing the edge of the sleeping bag over his throbbing member. "Who's there?" He shouted into the darkness. "I am thy mate, I am thy man..." came the soft woody voice, but this time from behind him. Justin flung himself around to find no one standing there. "Who are you?" Justin called out again. He could hear his voice echo in the distance. "I am Pan! I am thy mate, I am thy man, Goat of thy flock, I am gold, I am god, flesh to thy bone, flower to thy rod, with hoofs of steel I race on the rocks, through solstice stubborn to equinox, and I rave; and rape and I rip and I rend everlasting, world without end," came the answer. From just outside of the fire's light stepped a tall figure hidden by the shadows of the night.

Justin could hear the heavy clops of hooves hitting the ground. Afraid for his life he began to back away slowly. Just on the other side of the fire from where he was laying he saw a fur covered hoofed foot step into the light, and the rest that followed sent shivers through his naked body. There before him stood a naked half man and half goat being. His cock was erect and looking at Justin with lust in his eyes and he wore what looked like a line of pipes around his neck. As Justin looked even closer this being had horns as well. "No need to be afraid my child!" He spoke softly. "I am the father of the wood and I heard you call, so I have come to help!" He stepped closer and closer to Justin and all Justin could do was stare at his cock and it bounced with each step he took. Justin could feel his own cock throb as the one called Pan came closer.

Pan squatted down next to Justin. It was like he had fallen into some kind of trance as he stared into the dark pools of Pan's eyes. He could see the season change within those pools, summer, fall, winter, spring blazed by in the images that danced deep inside. Pan leaned forward and grabbed the scruff of Justin's neck, without warning he pulled Justin into a kiss. Pan's tongue explored the depth of Justin's mouth while his hand explored Justin's cock. Justin could swear he tasted the smell of freshly mowed grass, tasted a log of pine as it burned slowly on an open fire and tasted the smell of the wet ground after a spring shower, all in the kiss of this erotic creature. Justin could not contain his passion any longer and pushed his face into the fur covered cock of Pan. As he took the swollen head into his mouth he could smell the wild animal musk that came from creatures balls as they bounced on his chin. Justin reached up and ran his fingers along Pan's ass crack to find the soft pink flower,

The 4-F Tarot: The Call

by Phoenix

pulsing and spreading, waiting for his digits to poke in. He slid his first finger inside the warm pouch and Pan began to thrust his cock faster and deeper into Justin's throat. Pan uttered a primal grunt when he latched onto Justin's head thrusting faster and faster. Pan's final grunt filled Justin's mouth with shot after shot of warm cum, which to him tasted of sweet butter cream. He lapped at Pan's cock to get more. Pan, slowly pushed Justin down flat, it was now time to fill his pulsing pink flower.

Pan grabbed Justin's cock and guided him into his moist hole. The sensation was new to Justin for he had never felt a hole so warm and tight. Pan, groaned as Justin thrust in deeper and deeper. He bounced off Justin's hips faster and faster. "No my child, you will not finish this way. My Kingdom is here in these woods and my subjects are the free beasts. Take me as such and show me no pity!" Pan spoke in panted breath. Justin pulled his cock free and stood behind the ever waiting Pan. Without pity or remorse he jammed himself inside thrusting his cock in and out. He held tight to Pan's little tail grinding his hips into his fur covered ass. Justin thought it felt like a soft woolen blanket he had as a child. He reached forward and grabbed the satyr by his horns and pulled his head back. Pan screamed with pleasure. His ass muscles tightened squeezing Justin's cock. "Spill your seed in me my child. Feed my ever growing hunger!" Pan groaned and without a second thought Justin came with such force he thought he was going to pass out. He lay limp against Pan's back panting, trying to catch his breath. Pan stood and laid Justin softly on the sleeping bag. "Who are you?" Justin asked through a yawn. Pan looked into his slowly closing eyes, "I am the Lord of the woods and Consort to the Great Mother. Father of man and beast and Pagan God!" With that said Justin fell into the most peaceful slumber he had ever known.

The morning sun twinkled on Justin's eye lids, waking him. He yawned and stretched and took in a deep breath. "What a night!" he thought to himself. What a wonderful Creature that Pan was, but as he sat up he noticed something that could not be. He was fully dressed in his jeans and tee shirt. Was everything that happened last night nothing but a dream? "Of course it was!" he thought no such being could have been real. With a heavy heart he began to pack away the camping gear. With all done and set aside Justin walked over to the edge of Satyr Creek, bent down to drink from its cool water when he noticed a strange reflection in the water. It was the strange creature Pan playing his flute. When he followed the reflection he saw that it was only the knotted tree. He looked back into the water and saw Pan once again playing the flute and stroking his cock to Justin. Justin smiled, stood up and gathered his gear and headed for home. His life was now changed. He now knew what he had to do.

The leaves were changing in the great forest, and the bright fall colors began to burst into sight as the morning sun struck them, it was almost like the trees were on fire. Swirls of deep oranges and vibrant yellows danced wildly around his feet as the early autumn breeze carried away the fallen leaves. The only sound he could hear were his hollow foot falls on the deserted path as he walked steadily on. Today would be the day that Justin committed himself to the Great Mother and Father. With a smile on his lips he headed for Satyr Creek.

The original creation of this hunky faun was just as part of DragonSwan's set of faun graphics. It was first seen in the issue preceding the announcement of the creation of the 4F Tarot. As we started to gather images to lay in the initial energies and see what our future deck might look like, this faun jumped up and said "pick me." Yes, I talk to the images and they talk back to me. Of course, when I start to sport a hard on when I look at what DragonSwan has created, I know that he has captured the energy perfectly. The transformation from a simple graphic to a fully illustrated card certainly had the desired effect on me.

Even though we don't see his lower body, I can feel the call issued by his horn coming from deep within him. The call of our violin playing peacock is a lure that may or may not take you where you are supposed to go (think of the Sirens). But the call of this faun is one that must be answered. Maybe it is a call for you to take action. Maybe you are the faun and issuing the call to others to come help in your situation.



My Beautiful Life: Stories From Our Tribe -A Survivor's Tale

By Soothsayre

I was seven or eight years old when my parents divorced. My mother stayed single for about a minute. I have two sisters and four brothers (one is no longer with us). Nobody knows the truth of my childhood but my Doctor and the few family members that will listen. Yes, I have lived a lie for so many years! But I was just too fragile to let this disgusting truth come out to everybody else, I have an "everything is beautiful" story I have told the world... I guess now you'll see why I've lied so long.

My story is graphic and unsavory. But the true story is what I need to tell to free my soul. I do warn you! If you can't deal with base things, stop here. If you need healing, and are where I was... read on and deal with it in a better and faster way. No matter what your abuser says, or threatens you with, is worth your freedom and healing.

There must have been a real hatred between mom and dad, they divorced and boom my mom meets him...my mother's new man and soon to be husband, who is also my perp. And I was so young. I had no idea of right and wrong physical behavior, and was not in anyway, unusual except, and I am not sure he knew, I was gay. But, he liked to push and slap me, "playing" like my eldest brother did... "He wanted to toughen me up"! And I didn't like it but didn't react to it Lonnie, my big brother was very hard on me too. So I figured it was my life. Nobody objected.

So, at first it was duel abuse, I once had a broken arm from being thrown from my big brother to one of his sports friends like a football. And he also hit me really hard all the time that got worse with the years. But, Lonnie grew up and left home early...my stepfather did not.

Walter was an ex-United States Marine. I say this as he used it for a crutch to hang his evil treatment of all of us but for me...he had locked his mind on me to do the physical things to. Later I realized I look exactly like my mother.

Every morning at 4:30 I would hear his deep voice bellow out "Boy" meaning me, so I would come out of bed and make his breakfast, in my undies...of course it was now the seventy's so I was older and whipped into shape! Also mom didn't want to cook or clean anything. So she just sat in her lounge and watched us do everything. He would sometimes come up to me and grab my behind or caress my breast, but then, he would give me a slap and kiss me on the mouth...and simultaneously he said "I can kill you, with my bare hands in one second." So, I would really hurry cooking his food and try to get out of the kitchen. As I aged this began to change, for the worst.

I was raped like this. He would catch me in the morning, eat and then make me give him head. Or he would come home from work as they home schooled me with a thing called "American School". They said it was to watch my baby brother, but it was really to be home for him, and the horror began.

Walter was a surveyor of land, and he worked for the county. I do not know how old I was exactly but, we had moved to Mississippi from Indiana then North Dakota (Indiana, North Dakota, and Mississippi in maybe four years). It began to worsen on a rainy day. He worked out of doors so he came home very early that day. My baby brother was enjoying some *Sesame Street* and I

was doing kitchen cleaning and laundry...I heard him pulling into the driveway and wanted to vomit, really. I jumped to run and do everything I could so there were no excuses for a beating, but he caught me. He began to slap the daylights out of me and call me "girl" and pansy and much more vulgar names... hurting names. He told me to go and get him the "Cake Taker" handle made of plastic and long...He lay me over a toad stool foot rest he bought and tied my hands to my knees... and levied the blows with his full force until blood ran down me. He then ripped my pants off and began entering me with a hard thrust. I do believe I passed out for some of it but it was a long and horrible time. And it marked the first of many similar incidents. All this happened and my mother would not listen if told and did not stop what she saw. She would not let me get help nor tell anyone.

We moved to the "Pan Handle" of Oklahoma. It continued and I finally had been put back into school. But I am tested and placed in a remedial class, as I cannot do math or spell...and they can't stop me from crying all the time. I met the principal and he wanted to see me at his office. I felt like I wanted to vomit just like with Walter. What could he do??? I was hysterical in no time. My Teacher was a young and compassionate lady and held me to her and that's when she saw my scars. She told the principal and after a long Q and A session they called the police. I was not asked about sexual abuse! Only the scars. But, I LIED to the policeman!!!!!! Then I went back to class. After I finished for the day I got on the "short bus" and went home, I felt like vomiting again as I neared the house. But, the house was quite and Walter was not home.

I got the food cooked and had it timed for Walter's arrival as I was taught to do and all was on schedule. It was a Wednesday and I had made his calendary demand of hash and mashed with peas and garlic bread. As I sat it on the table, his truck pulled up so I twisted off the lid to his beer and gave him the sports page on top of the newspaper. He sat down to table and all of us came to our places. He then asked me to say grace, I did. Then the knock came on our front door!

I saw my parents both on the cold porch talking to a man, honestly, I had no idea who it was and didn't feel anything was wrong because it was December, and people would come by with gifts of food for us now three remaining boys. I was now the "Oldest" and did not know we were poor. After a while he opened the door and gently said "Boy", I jumped up and ran to him. That is when I saw the officer, the same one from school. He asked me to turn and raise up my shirt so he could see my back and I would not do it! After three requests he left me there... I did not return to school after that.

The next day I got up at 4:30 AM to make his breakfast and did not get ordered to give him head, I went into my room and lay back down by my littlest brother. He left and I nodded off, when I woke up it was only little Larry and me at home; even my mom was gone. So I started cleaning the house after I feed the youngest brother, who was also his son with my mom. Around 3 pm he pulled up and he was very drunk, he stumbled into his chair in the front room and started to ridicule Larry. I was horrified that he might hurt my baby brother so I listened so close and thought of what to do! We had an

old wine bottle full of pennies in the kitchen for, I guess, an ornament but it was heavy. He made Larry cry and I was so unnerved that he might hurt my brother that I said "Larry, come to me" I do not know how I did that. Larry ran into the kitchen and wham! The recliner went up, Walter was advancing into the kitchen and we had no way out! I pushed Larry behind me and Walter stopped. He swaggered a bit and said "what the &*%\$ do you think you are? A man?" Me and Larry had by now moved into a tight corner... I said "you don't touch this Baby" "he didn't hurt you"... "get back now" and he did! He moved back into his chair and said "I need a nap but when I wake up, I am going to tear you limb from limb. And beat the shit out of your little brother too and nail him inside his toy box till he smothers to death!"

Then he just went limp. I felt empowered, I guess from his retreat, but I was so very afraid for my baby brother. After Larry calmed down, and he was no longer crying I laid him down for a nap. I got up as soon as I heard his first sweet little snore. And went back into the front room and in complete silence put all the toys away. Then I entered a dark space in my mind all of a sudden I was so afraid of him doing to Larry what he did to me, I felt my life was ruined, so let me save his. Walking so silent I entered the kitchen and lifted the old wine bottle filled with pennies, now lifting it above the top of Walters's head I brought down into his skull. I truly thought I had killed him too. I saw water fill the front of his pants and said out loud "yup dead". Then I went into the medicine chest and took a full bottle of sleeping pills from a doctor, for my worthless mom, who just pulled up and came into my situation with a lot of gifted food for us all. I just moved into the closet and grabbed a hanger, as she sat down in her chair crying for him!!! I opened the hanger and now had a paring knife too, I told her not to move and slipped the hanger over her head. I then said "Mom, you want to watch me die so just watch! Thinking I was to die any second I just used the knife to make her afraid to get up. I remember only a small fragment of someone pouring coffee and a lot of salt into my mouth and the waking up slowly in a hospital but in my quest to die I had realized I had failed so I pulled out all the tubes the medical staff had put in me. This continued but after a few days I did awaken and it was all for naught. I was so depressed and crying like only you might imagine. The officer that had come to the door that night quietly stepped in to mine, but in normal clothing. His name was Mr. Cannon, his first words to me are "your Stepdad is alive and in custody, your mom is okay, and your brother's at my house. Your doctor examined you while you were asleep and found evidence of a sexual relationship with your stepdad... No more lies, tell me what he did to you." And I told him with prodding what had happened. He cried, and hugged me, he placed his hand on my head and said to me that I was safe now and so was Larry. After that, and several day's past a young male nurse came into my room and told me I was going on a plane ride. I said "What? I don't have any money and don't know where I was going"? I got sort of afraid because I was never on a plane in my life but he said not to worry and that he had some happy things for me. First he gave me a bath then dressed me in new clothes that fit! Applied socks and new shoes and let me sit by a table as he combed my hair. Then in came little Larry with Mr.

Cannon. I was so thrilled but, all that vanished when my mom also came in that door and I went bonkers over it till they pushed her away from me and I had ended up on the floor in a fetal position. Mr. Cannon laid me down and all the nurses and doctors came in I was given a shot and after I was drugged, the male nurse came back with a wheel chair and put me in it, he gave me two new coloring books and took me to the door outside then I went into an ambulance to the airport in that ambulance. And right onto a jet airplane! I was drugged so much they carried me to a seat in the back and the nurse sat down next to me too, and off we went to Indiana, and I entered Larue Carter Hospital of psychiatry.

I know this is a long story. But it is the story I needed to tell. I am now 48 and time has changed a lot. Mom and Walter are dead now so is my brother Todd, and Larry is grown daddy of two. He remembers very little of anything so I know the world made a better space for him. We don't speak much but he is fine and happy, It hurts that he has never mentioned anything I did for him. I guess he has repressed it. My sister is older than me and never saw this firsthand.

I am reaching a place in my life that I need to help others not go through life poisoned by the past... I just had a massive heart attack and have had to live afraid of everything anyway. I hope to end this and reach higher. Putting this off my chest to all is part of it. And my hope is that if you're reading this, and it happened to you too, don't keep it inside. Share your story as I have done so that we can make others aware of the life long horror of the lies we have lived. And if is happening to you now, or to someone you know, please do whatever it takes to get to the police, and do not stop! Make them know you're being raped and beaten now!

If this has happened to you, is happening to you, has happened to someone you love, or is happening to someone you love, please take time to get some help.

We turned to a friend who works with abused people and asked him for some resources to offer to you should you find yourself in an abusive situation or if you are finally ready to open up to some healing energy for past abuses.

Here in the Denver area (and for Colorado in general) he recommended the following:

<http://www.wingsfound.org/resourcesReferral.html>

<http://www.raap.org/> Denver Hotline: 303.322.7273

For those both in the Denver area and elsewhere, he also recommended:

<http://www.rainn.org/> = 1.800.656.HOPE

Soothsayre was one of the lucky ones. Let us all offer a couple of collective prayers. First, that abusers could learn to stop the violence on their own. But if they can't, then the second prayer is that victims of abuse can connect with their own Mr. Cannons, their guardian angels. before it is too late.

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The Card Back



The 4-F Tarot: Love Connections -continued from page 9

Lovers of Air: We decided that the air component was that connection between people when we talk about love at first sight. Back in my bathhouse days, I usually found that the person I was most likely to connect with was one of the first people I saw. Unfortunately upon many occasion that was the person putting on their clothes as I arrived. For a reading, if you are seeking help, maybe you need the energy of one of these fellows. If the one who catches your eye is the fellow in the shower then remember that you have multiple temptations between you and your goal. As part of the energy of establishing personalities, this card represents being willing to put yourself out there and willing to meet people.

Lovers of Fire: Love's passionate kiss that makes it seem like fireworks are bursting in the air. DragonSwan has updated the original image for this issue. This can be found back on page 19. As a personality trait this card is represents a person full of passion.

Lovers of Water: Our playful otters are just out to have some fun with their friends. I think is is pretty safe to say that it is that fun energy that goes with this card when I'm looking at how the personalities respond to the love energies.

Lovers of Earth: The guys in the sauna who are just starting to reach out to make a connection. This card is about taking that chance. With the Lovers of Air you see what you want. Here is that moment when you find out if they want you as well. This energy in the love connections gives us that person who tests the waters before taking action.

Lovers of Feathers: The lovebirds out for a stroll on the beach. These are our old comfortable lovers, the ones who have been together for so long they don't really need to talk. They have long gone past the passionate displays but you can see that connection immediately. It is that old comfortable feeling they bring to personality profiles on the other cards.

Lover of Flowers: The anticipation and waiting on that first date or that special occasion when all the possibilities and memories come flooding. A card with this in its energy pool tends to be patient - but then patient may not be his only contribution, this personality is patient to the point that he is waiting for someone to take action.

Lovers of Fins: These are the kissing gouramis of the aquarium - those guys who are so engrossed with the lust of the moment that they tune out the world around them. For the personality profiles, these lovers add that bold and "in your face" kind of energy. They are focused on what they are doing regardless of the situation.

Lovers of Fur: The competitive spirit of the rams as demonstrated by the semi-annual wrestling match of the Holly and Oak Kings. And that pretty much sums up their contribution to building a card's personality - a willingness to fight for something.

Let us look at our firemen as they relate to these - they are passionate about what they do. They wait for fires to start. When they are working they have to have the focus to do their job. There is an energy about them that attracts your attention, much like watching the guys in the locker room. They are old comfortable friends of their community. And most assuredly, they have that drive to fight. On the other hand, they are not about playing around and having a good time. And we don't want them to be tentative when they work.

The 4-F Tarot: Magic of Water by Phoenix

Water, water, everywhere...

Right off the start I have to admire DragonSwan's ability to capture this element's essence in his art. I saw the beginnings of this card but wasn't really prepared for the final vision. I opened the file from him and instantly felt its watery touch.

Water has so many fascinating aspects and it took us a while to figure out which combination would give us maximum energy here in the deck. We started with the idea of somehow capturing something like the Grand Canyon and the effects of erosion. Or is it the idea of the rushing waters of white water rapids? Or is it the transparency of seeing things in the water? Or is it ocean, lake, stream, waterfall, snow or rain? Since you are here on the last page you already know that most of those last ideas are incorporated on other cards. So its time to focus on the water itself.

Take a moment to think about the ripples and how that might interact with a reading. Think about a splash where you know something happened but only came in at the end. Think about seeing something under the surface. Think about the roar of that waterfall as it cascades down the mountainside. And lest I skip the obvious - don't forget to think about the rainbow itself.

