

Airy faerie

Litha/Lughnasadh 2009
Ride the Polar Express



Publisher's Notes

Hey Faeries,

What a fast whirl-wind of activities has been happening for the faeries in Denver. It seemed like no sooner did we lend our assistance in helping to organize and put on a huge Beltane festival hosted by a local pagan group, and then Litha goes zooming by us like a bat out of Hades. For Phoenix and I, the Summer Solstice and the conjunction of Venus and Mars, was celebrated at my sister's wedding. We offered our assistance to help decorate the courtyard of the beautiful Victorian mansion where she was married. We did such a good job of being quick and efficient that the head caterer thought we were the organizers of the event and kept coming to us with questions. It was kind of fun and took a load of stress off my sister and her groom. It was a wonderful service and yes my sister did make a beautiful bride. Happy belated Litha!

While we were working on the decorations for the wedding at my apartment, we were also packing boxes to prepare for my move. With Phoenix's help, I found an apartment with one extra bathroom and a full extra bathroom for \$300.00 less than what I am paying now. Such a deal I am telling you. In order to avoid that insane weekend move, stressing out and putting our friends to work, Phoenix and I are going to take the month of July to move to the new place, one car load at a time. It works out that Phoenix lives near the new place, so it is kind of on his way home.

In addition to celebrating Litha and weddings, this year also marks the Stonewall riots' 40th anniversary. I hope that you all know about Stonewall. If not please take the time to learn about gay and lesbian history. We have the freedoms we do today thanks to the brave men and women who face imprisonment for being homosexuals, just forty years ago. I hope we all took time to honor those who have gone before us and those who continue to fight for our rights. Happy belated Pride!

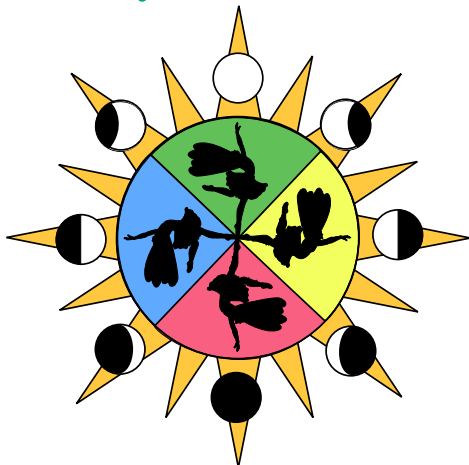
For this issue, once again size does matter, file size that is, and Phoenix is working overtime to get the file size down to something that will work for e-mailing out to everyone and their e-mail box. He is of course working on getting the file size of the graphics down without loosing any quality. For those that may not remember or be aware the airy Faerie does contain graphics intended for a mature audience who enjoy homoerotic images. If you are using a work or a public computer you may not want to go any further into this issue. Also please wait until you are old enough: naked cartoons are not worth getting into trouble for.

Joining our regular cast of contributors, we have Raven Bear Paw returning with his poetry. We are also blessed to have another poet, Hermes Polyandros, joining us for the first time. Another Airy Faerie first time contributor is Shayde, who is helping me out by allowing us to publish his artwork.

Ok, before the wheel turns anymore and we are celebrating Lughnasadh, let me put this note to bed. I hope you all enjoy this issue. We will see you again at Mabon once things get settled into the new place.

Naked Hugs and Faerie Blessings,
DragonSwan

Airy Faerie



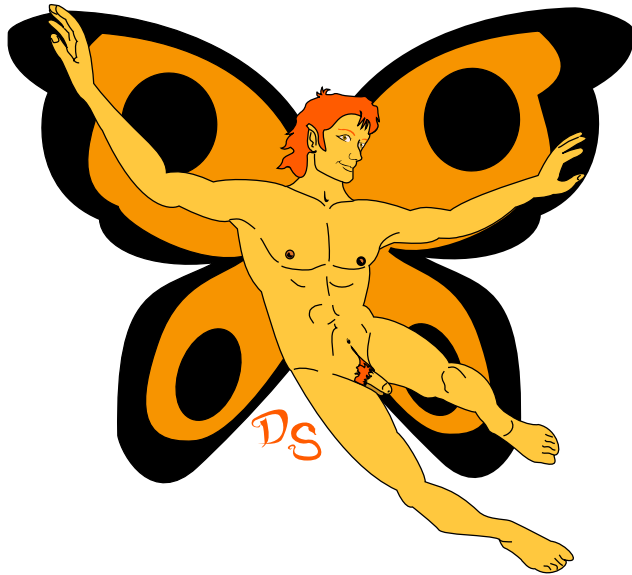
Litha/Lughnasadh 2009

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

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

or send an email to:
DenverRadicalFaeries@yahoo.com

or visit us at
www.geocities.com/denverfae



Feygele By Raven Bear Paws

Feygele, Feygele why do you sing
upon the branch, amongst the dead things?
Their stones have all crumbled.
Their bodies decayed.
But yet you sing at morning's first rays.

You dance in the dust of the long since dead,
your song lifted high upon the winds.

Feygele of grey why do you sing?
Can you not see they are not listening?
Ears of the past gone since your birth,
But upon the branch you still perch.

Your head thrown back,
Your voice raised high,
You sing your song of eternal night

Happy and content you seem to be
upon that branch amongst the dead things.

Amongst the stones of the ancient dead
you sing to them as they ascend
lighting their path across the veil
you sing them and wish them well.

Feygele Feygele why do you sing
upon the branch
amongst the dead things?



Flight of the Butterfly By Raven Bear Paws

She flutters by on majestic wings
her path erratic
she stumbles from flower to flower
like a drunk man on his way to the next bar

But oh how beautiful she is

Her colors reflect the rays of the sun
bending light like tiny prisms as she floats
along on a silent current of air

She is not afraid for she knows her time is short here

So she drinks deep the nectar of the honey vine
and continues on her flight
I stand there holding my hand out in hopes
that she will stop and rest
She lands softly, tickling my fingers
I pull her close to my lips and blow
the warm breath makes her wings flutter.
As she looks up at me I can see the light in her eyes fading
by tomorrow she will be gone

She begins to flutter harder
as she takes off from her human perch
I watch as she disappears into the distant skyline
longing secretly to be her
Magical, Beautiful, Free
My heart longs to float on the winds like she does
my soul longs to be free

But she is just a butterfly
and I am just me.



The 4-f Tarot: Gathering Places by Phoenix

There are several cards that I call gathering places. In truth, most of the cards from the Lovers up have an element of being a gathering place. It is just that some of them are specifically designed as such.

The concept really started with the Sanctuary card (shown on the upper right below). I was listening to the song *Nothing* from *A Chorus Line*. Morales was singing about going to church and I wondered where our characters would go for divine inspiration. I thought about the lovely Venus Sanctuary at Camp Gaia in nearby Kansas, home of several fun events including the Midwest Men's Festival which should be going on as we go to press with this issue. At the sanctuary on the camp grounds is a statue all decked out with the offerings of the thousands who have come. This became the base inspiration of our Sanctuary card. What does this card "mean?" Well, as I have often said, by itself, it doesn't mean anything. Step inside and see how you feel about the space. What are the smells that fill your nostrils? What are the sounds that come to your ears? And more importantly, as one of the gathering place cards, are you alone?

Is this a moment for just the Divine and you to have a conversation? Is there a priest of the old ways waiting to guide you? Or are you the priest that someone is coming to for guidance? The cards leading into and out of that space will help you understand what experience you should feel while in that space.

The next card, Beltane in the Park, is a fun gathering place. Each of the characters is pretty much doing his own thing. They have come to be among people but as a collective whole, they aren't interacting with the others. Sure, there are lots of folks around the Maypole in the background and the couple is certainly interacting in the bushes, but that is it. As you enter the scene, think about what each of those folks are thinking and feeling. Which one resonates with the reading? What will it take to make "daddy" look down and play with his dog for a few minutes? And again, the cards leading into and out of this one help shape what you should be looking for as you take a walk in the park.

And the same is true for our guys out having fun in the ocean. Unlike the previous card, these guys are engaged in interacting with the environment. They are playing games together. They share the bond of surfing together. The one gent is watching for someone/something while another is watching for you; encouraging you to come join him in the water. And even if you just want to sit on the beach and watch the guys at play, how does that sea breeze make you feel? What about the sounds of the crashing waves or cries of the gulls?

And then there is the Bathroom. Something urgent generally brings you into the space and suddenly you are faced with needing to wait your turn. You are all there for a common purpose but it appears that some of the folks have additional things on their mind that may delay your access to a toilet. How are you feeling while you are waiting? What catches your attention the most? How does that relate to the question you asked the cards?

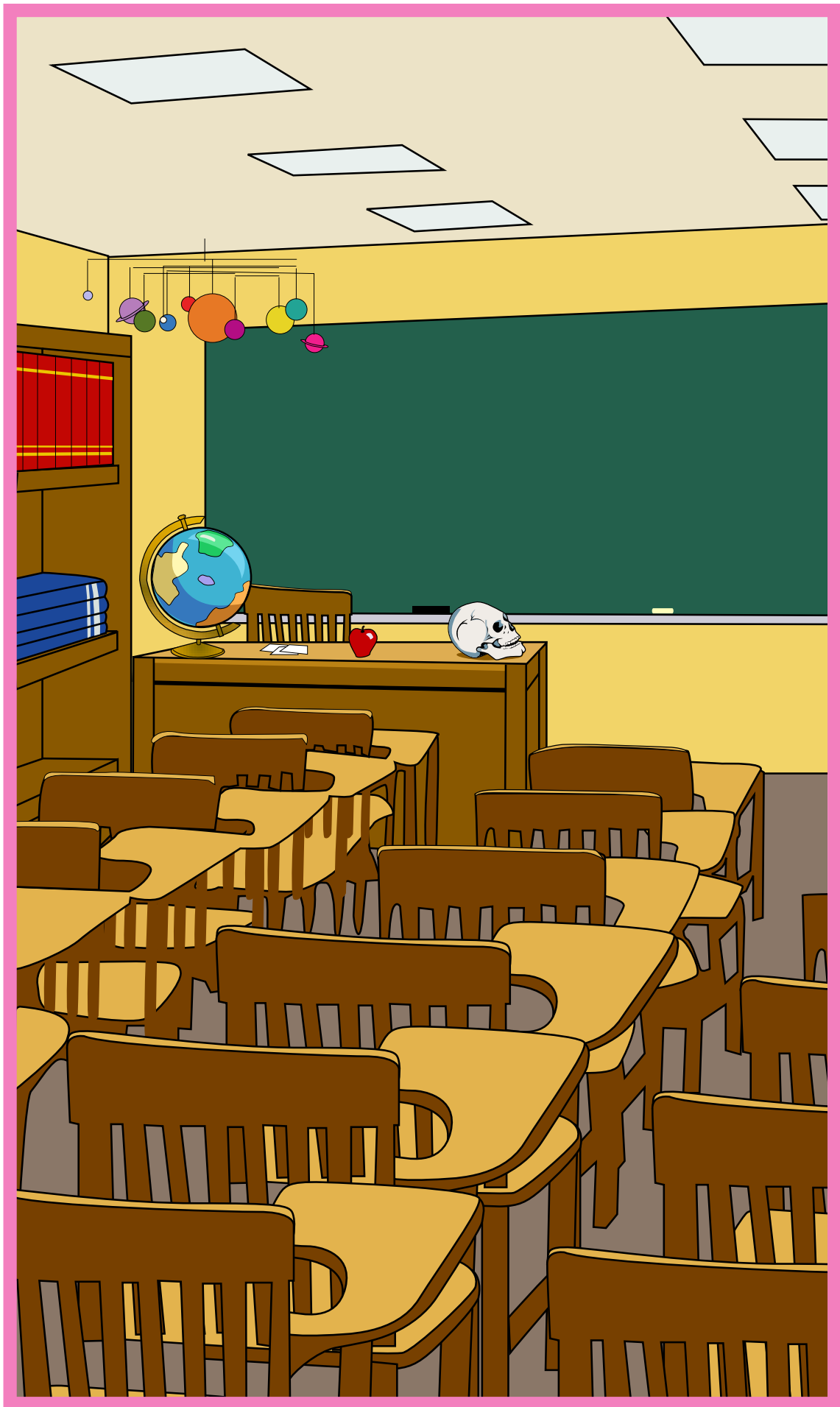
Now with each of the last three cards, as we spend more time in the secondary design phase, you will start to see some familiar faces in each of them. That is another aspect of the gathering places. These are cards where you get to see how the character on one card interacts with others when placed in group settings.

The volleyball players on page 15 are the Kings of Fur. They are out there having fun as a group. It takes team work to win. That is one aspect of what this card represents. It is also about making that leap to get something done. But there is also the guy in the background who is trying to ignore what is going on and focus on his reading. Again, I ask you to step inside the card and into the minds of the people there. Is this just a friendly game? or is this a group of serious minded game that must be won at all costs? Are you one of the players who is active in the game? or are you one of the gents waiting to rotate in? or are you just someone passing by, stopping only long enough to get whiplash while watching the bouncing dicks. Wishing you could join them? What's stopping you?

The last card on our tour of gathering places is on the opposite page. I probably don't need to say too much about the Classroom. It is empty and waiting for both student and teacher to arrive. What is the lesson for the day? Are you in the right room? Who is the teacher and who the student? All this is found in the cards around it during a reading. This card represents that there is something for you to learn, just as the Sanctuary represents a place for you to go to pray.

Airy Faerie





Quest for the Crystal Phoenix

Chapter 34: Faerie Circles in the Sky

by Orpheus

Something felt moist across his face as Apollo started to open his eyes. The scent made him think of the compresses that Hilda Yarrow would make for him when he was having nightmares about the bloody axe. As he reached up to remove the cloth, he could hear someone shifting in a nearby chair and called out her name.

"Don't move that," came a familiar masculine voice in response as a warm hand covered his, preventing the removal of the cloth. "Hilda Yarrow just returned to her sister back in Riangle. We have been surprised at how far the sisters can project from Hilda Harbell, but the distance is too great for them to sustain that for any length of time. You need more rest."

Now that he was starting to wake up, the aches in his body started to protest and Apollo started to draw in energy to heal them. "Don't do that, little one, just rest."

Now having enough words to recognize the voice, "But why, Lord Dion?"

"Time enough for explanations when we figure them out. Meanwhile, rest."

With the third command from the moon god, Apollo felt sleep being forced upon him. The feeling of helplessness at being unable to resist the god made him remember the helplessness he felt as tumbled down the mountain. The combination of the aches and the adrenaline of the memory gave him the boost he needed to resist the god's command and the prince sat up.

"What's wrong?" asked Dion.

"You tell me," said Apollo. "I am in pain and you are sitting here preventing me from healing myself. And the fact that you are here and I still have those pains is pretty surprising unto itself. I don't know how long you have been compelling me to sleep but now that I'm awake, I can pretty much tell that there is something that you aren't telling me."

"You are right. Something has happened to you that we are still trying to understand. Until we figure out what happened, I am hesitant to heal you for fear that by changing something in your body we can't undo the larger problem."

"Which is?" asked the prince.

"Tell me what you remember. There may be a clue in there that we need," said the god.

Apollo could hear the love and concern in his voice so he

resisted the urge to demand more information from his second Godfather. "I remember being stupid and running on ice and falling down the mountain. I remember feeling Oceana's Horn, grabbing it and blowing it. I remember someone catching me and someone else yelling about an avalanche."

"Anything else?"

He thought a moment and his head began to pound. The chill in the air penetrated his blankets so he sent some energy into the small fire and asked it to blaze a little warmer. The howling wind

distracted him so he sent it some energy as well and asked it to use its energy to send his love to his father. With the warmth and reduced sound, the throbbing eased and Apollo tapped the earth energy and all felt as it should. With that final connection, the last throbbing eased.

"I can remember the strangest dream where I was interacting with the kings and queens of the past."

"That would be natural considering how long you have been sleeping and time you spent at the Tomb of the Crystal Princess," offered the god. "Do you remember anything about fire as you fell down the mountain?"

"Yes." Apollo thought a moment to bring the memory to the front of his mind. "I remember a dream about someone hurling lightning at me. Why do you ask?"

"You had scorch marks that bore the energy of Heca's Fires. Apollo and I are both puzzled about why one of her priestesses would attack someone who is double chosen. That is something

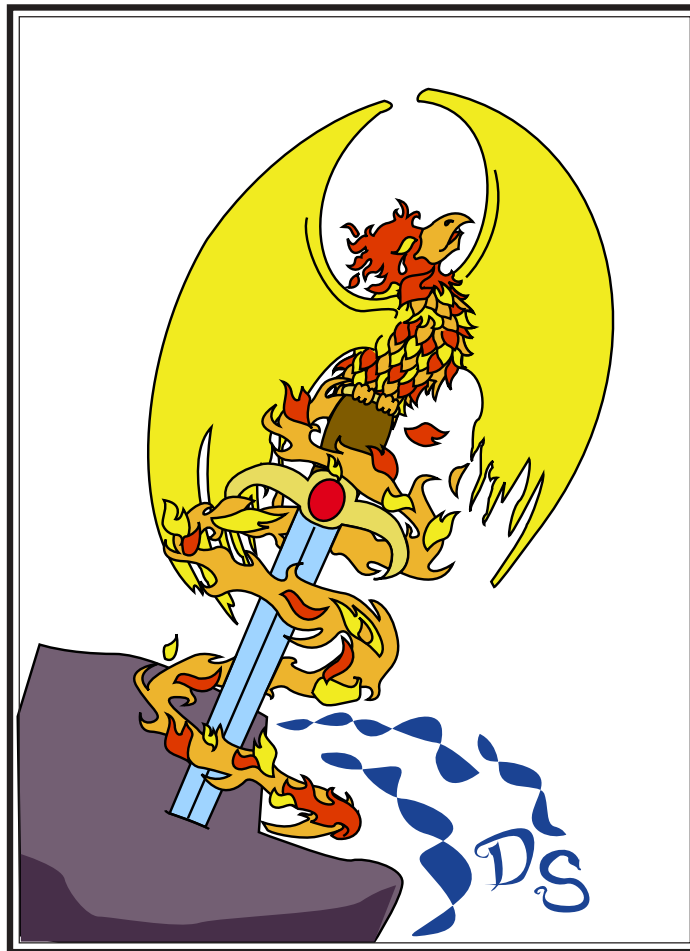
my partner is asking the Dark Mistress right now."

"What did the fire do to me?" Am I burned and that is why you kept my eyes covered?"

"No, you aren't burned. Your eyes were burning with a strange light when you were rescued; probably an after effect of the fire that scorched you. Your eyes were kept covered to help them cool off. But surprising after that long fall you didn't even break anything. It was almost as if you were carried on the wind. But I can say that for all your aches, you were better off than your friends."

"What?! Which ones?" gasped the prince. "Did something happen to one of my guards?"

"Well, Patrick and Lance grabbed some boards and tried to



follow you. Both of them have had worse injuries during combat practice and I don't think that either one will forget trying to outrun the leading edge of an avalanche."

Apollo sent out a feeler of earth energy and found both of the guards fast asleep, as were others near them. "How did they manage to escape being hurt?"

"That is something I'm still trying to understand," said a feminine voice from behind him. Apollo turned around and saw Queen Holly sitting in a chair bundled in layers of blankets. "I was observing the meeting of the Efgie Ethics Kouncil and they were about to pass judgment on Johnny when we heard Oceana's Horn. Johnny screamed that he had to go to you and a portal opened and he flew into it. Pandemonium ruled the moment since no one had seen a male tap the Great Energies needed to create a portal and all eyes turned to me as if I had done so to distract the Kouncil. By the time I located where he went and created my own portal to follow him, he had triggered the spell to protect you. When I arrived he was laying on his side, thirty feet tall and had your friends and you cradled in front of him with the mountain of snow piling up behind his back."

"Thirty feet! Oh, gods!" gasped the prince. "How long did he need to stay that size to protect us?"

"It was nearly a half hour before the mountain finished coming down on you and your companions could carry you to the safety of the nearby woods and Johnny felt he could trigger the first release of the spell. Now he waits."

"How long has it been? Can I see him?"

"You have been asleep for nearly two weeks. Without sufficient clothing for his size and this cold, he has gone to a warmer climate until his pain drives him back to you. And in answer to your unasked question, it was not looking good with the Kouncil but the fact that his love for you allowed him to tap the Great Magics that are generally only able to be used by the Queen and her heirs has given the Kouncil much to think upon as it relates to how our magic works. When I returned to the Kouncil to inform them of events, they had gotten so lost in that debate that they had totally forgotten why they had convened the meeting in the first place. I used the distraction of the moment to get them to pass a motion granting immunity from Kouncil actions for any and all faeries who demonstrate a gift for the Great Magics."

"Use of power without fear of repercussions seems a bit fearsome in its own right," said Dion. "Even the gods have to answer to each other when our actions are questioned."

"I would agree, my friend," said the faerie queen, "but I also know that these magics also come with a high price and burden." She looked at the prince. "Using those magics for personal power negates their effect and the magic can not be used."

"That sounds like something your mother used to tell me," said Apollo.

"When did she say that? I didn't think you met her until your Prancing Ceremony and she certainly wasn't talking about rules of magic to anyone that day."

Apollo's head began to pound as he tried to think about his

great grandmother. "That is when I first met her. But she and I had a talk about responsibilities and magic when I was gathering objects for the spell to send me back home. I think it was when I was about to destroy the papal sodoipen tree."

"What do you mean 'send you back home?'" asked the faerie queen.

"Does this have anything to do with the dreams you said you had?" asked Dion.

"Maybe," said the prince. "I remember falling down the mountain and being attacked by a wolf who turned into a boy. We led the rescue of Princess Daisy Amaryllis from Belladonna. After that it was one adventure after another while everyone worked on finding the spell to send me back here."

The more he talked about his dreams, the less his head pounded. He continued until Belladonna's attack on him when he blew Oceana's Horn. Dion and Holly said nothing as he talked. When he finished, he look at them. "Those dreams seemed so real and yet I know that's impossible. Right?"

"I'm beginning to have a theory," said Holly. "I need to go find someone..."

"No need to go too far," came a wavering elderly voice from the flap of the doorway. "I'm here. Couldn't you have arranged to have your crisis in a warmer spot? This cold is murder on my ancient bones."

"Auntie!" shouted Holly as she rushed to the old faerie. "How did you know I was going to be looking for you?"

"What kind..." she started to say but Apollo interrupted her.

"What kind of psychic would you be if you didn't know when you would be needed?"

"Exactly, my boy," she said patting him on the cheek. "You haven't changed a bit since I last saw you. Too bad, I can't say the same thing about me."

"Maewyn?" asked the prince. "That's your name, right?"

"That's right. That was my name. I've been called Auntie for so many years I had almost forgotten. How nice of you to remember it for me. Did you get my message?"

"Message?"

"Yes," she said. "I left a message in Lilac's memory crystal for you reminding you that when you want to reverse the effects of a faerie circle that you need to reverse your motions entering and exiting the circle otherwise you make the effects permanent."

"A faerie circle? Are you sure?" asked Holly?

"I wasn't at first but your mother found something in one of her mother's books about a group of permanent portals that she had created to allow messenger birds to travel great distances quickly. They were connected to each other but each was a place without time and space of its own. We spent many hours while waiting for your birth speculating how someone from the future came to our time. The only conclusion we found that made sense is that Oceana's Horn managed to connect the circle over this forest to its future self."

"You are talking like my dreams weren't just dreams," said Apollo.

-continued on page 8

Quest/Crystal Phoenix continued

"That would certainly explain things," said Holly. "But I always thought the Aerial Faerie Circles were just a myth. Anyone who has tried to follow the messenger birds has always failed."

"You can thank your mother for that. After several faeries flying through one and suddenly finding themselves fifty years later, she altered the spell so that it only worked for the birds. Somehow, the sound of Oceana's Horn allowed this young man to bypass her restrictions."

"He's said that some of his dreams were about me," said the moon god, "and you, Maewyn, are talking about this as if it were real. Why don't I remember anything about this?"

"Do you remember the combined decision of all who knew him to once again call upon the waters of the Lethe River to rain upon the land?" asked Maewyn.

"No," said Dion shaking his head. "I would remember something that important."

"Not if it worked," responded the elderly faerie with a wink.

"But how does all this explain what happened to my godchild? And what do we tell his father?"

In the silence that followed the question, Apollo spoke up. "You could start by telling me what's going on and stop talking about me like I'm not here." The others stared at him. "It's not like I'm a child anymore."

"Sorry," apologized Holly, "but we not only have been trying to figure that out these past couple of weeks, but..." She stopped as she struggled for words.

"What your aunt is trying to say is..." struggled Dion.

"Why do they have to make things so difficult?" huffed Maewyn. "Based on what seems to have happened, you went and grew up on them without them knowing about it. And they aren't really sure that you are you and are wondering if you are some form of bespelled golem."

"Of course I'm me," said a bewildered prince. "How else could Johnny have triggered the growing spell?"

"There is that," said Holly.

"When did I last see you, Apollo?" asked Dion.

Apollo's head began to pound again. "It was for your birthday celebration...no, that's not right, that was a long time ago. It was after my birthday party and you were trying to heal Hilda Ironwood but she died in my arms." Apollo winced as his head throbbed. "I wish you would let me do something about this headache."

"Let him," said Holly. "With Auntie's validation of a faerie circle's involvement, there is no simple spell to reverse its effects."

"Very true," said Maewyn. "That's why I left the message for him. Why didn't you heed my warning?"

"You said that before," Apollo said as he began to channel energy to stop his head from pounding. "But you didn't say anything before you headed back to the main caverns with the princess."

"That was then," said the elderly faerie. "But afterwards, when I talked to Amaranth we realized that it only could have been a faerie circle that brought you to our time. So I layered in a message



into the princess's crystal warning you of the dangers of repeating a motion through that particular portal that you would find before you journeyed into the crystal."

"What message? I haven't been to the crystal since you taught me how to tap its energy and that was..."

Apollo groaned in pain as his head began to feel like it was going to burst. Dion led him back to his bed as Holly rewet the compress and covered his face. The coolness of the cloth and calming herbs helped him focus.

"Don't resist it," came Maewyn's voice without the wavering tones of her age. The sound was much stronger like the voice of authority who gave him his lesson of understanding a memory crystal. "Your body is trying to reconcile the change. You went in as a fourteen year old body but the energy that came back is much older and it is trying to catch up."

"Rest," commanded the god and Apollo couldn't find the energy to resist.

When he woke daylight was streaming around the edges of the tent flaps. The fire had been stoked up and its heat was a welcome contrast to the howling wind. He heard the sound of someone ringing out the excess water from something, probably the compress. Apollo wasn't quite ready to open his eyes so he sent out a small thread of energy to see if he could determine who it was. It had a familiar feel but he couldn't quite match it to his friends. He added a little more energy to the connection to see if he could get more focus before he gave up the challenge and opened his eyes. The connection only confused him more as energy flowed back to him that was full of love and concern.

"Are you awake?" came the hushed tones of a masculine voice wanting to know the answer but not wanting to wake someone to find out.

Apollo opened his eyes and was rewarded by seeing the golden halo of hair and blue eyes that he remembered seeing when he stopped falling. "You were the one who caught me when I fell, right?" The young man nodded. Apollo thought a moment, "It's Manin? Right?"

"I'm honored that you would remember me, My Lord. We only met briefly."

"How can I forget the name of one who seems to have the gift of preventing me from cracking my head open?"

Manin laughed. "Don't tell my friends back home. I have a reputation of causing pottery to fly off a shelf just by walking by."

"That's not what I've been told. I had the distinct impression that dishes would magically wash themselves and fly to the shelves on their own so that the ladies wouldn't have to get their dainty hands dirty."

Manin gasped. "Who told you that? It was just once when Aunt Holly came to visit her mother and I said that I wished the dishes could clean themselves so that we would have more time to visit with her. The queen was in a mood to show off to us kids so she granted my wish."

Apollo looked around the tent and once he spotted the chamber pot he started to get up. That's when he realized that he was nude. "I hope you don't mind seeing male nudity but I have to use that pot and seem to have lost my clothes and don't see a robe lying here."

"I don't mind," responded Manin. "If I were on my own, with as hot as it is in here, I would have shucked my clothes a long time ago but somehow it doesn't seem right when I'm..."

"...playing nurse maid to the prince?" offered Apollo. He stood up and suddenly felt unsteady.

"Take a breath," said Manin rushing to him. "Lord Dion said you might be dizzy since you haven't been on your feet in a while. Let me help you."

The two made slow progress over to the chamber pot. Manin moved a screen to grant Apollo some privacy. With the need to pee satisfied, Apollo could focus a little more energy on the young man helping him. He knew that there was something familiar about his energy, more than just what he remembered from their one previous encounter.

Apollo refused to crawl back in bed and chose to sit in the chair that Holly had occupied. He enjoyed the warmth of the fire and remained nude. He encouraged Manin to talk about what had happened since he fell. He learned that it had been nearly three weeks since the fall. He had thought they were going to die when he looked up and saw the avalanche descending on them when suddenly a faerie flew at them, grabbed the prince's hand and zoom, he was instantly a huge giant. He shivered and said he felt sorry for the faerie because his clothes couldn't handle the strain of the size and there he was bare assed with a mountain of snow coming down on him. He said it took the gods nearly a full day to heal the cold he got as a result. His sneezes shook the trees. He said that Queen Susan and King Adam

were waiting for them at the Queen's Retreat in the next valley. The grotto was too small for as many people as wanted to be around the prince. Now that he is awake, Manin was expected to send word and they will return with the horses to take him there.

"Which I should be doing right now. Excuse me."

Manin put on a heavy coat and headed outside. The blast of cold air through the open flap made Apollo appreciate the warmth of the fire all the more. A moment later Toby and Patrick rushed in. After several moments of "thank the gods you're alive" and a near rib breaking bear hug from Toby, the two guards headed out to start the journey to the Queen's Retreat.

Manin stood at the fire warming up. Apollo searched the camp for the energy of his other friends and was surprised that it was empty except for the two of them and asked Manin where everyone was.

"The caravan I was with has moved on, leaving me behind. Lord Dion said that I had a gift for healing and has been teaching me some things while I tended to you. The lady guards left early to prepare the Queen's Retreat. Lance and Stane left this morning to

-continued on page 10



Quest/Crystal Phoenix continued

take the daily report and we don't let one person travel in the snow alone. Yeah, so with Toby and Patrick leaving that does leave just the two of us at the moment. Lance and Stane should be back by nightfall. If they aren't, I hope you can cook because I can't."

"Again, that's not what I heard," said the prince watching the play of the fire on Manin's face. "My sources said that you were quite the kitchen helper."

"That may be true with real hearths and ovens. But I burn everything in a campfire." Despite standing in front of the fire, Manin shivered.

"You probably would be warmer if you let the heat get directly to your skin. I'm perfectly warm right now. And if you don't mind my nudity, I certainly am not one to tell someone else no."

"But what if someone were to walk in?"

"Who would that be? Didn't we just say we were alone?" Apollo whispered something to the tent. "And I just cast a spell so that no one can enter without my permission."

Manin kept staring at the fire, lost in thought and didn't respond.

"I think this is the first time that I've been naked around people and have gotten uncomfortable," said the prince. "I am loathe to put on clothes if I don't have to but courtesy would require me to cover

up now that you have turned down the offer twice."

"It's not that, Your Majesty," he muttered softly. "It's..." and he struggled to complete the sentence.

"First things first. You have been taking care of me, have saved me from cracking my head twice and it's just the two of us, so I give you permission to drop the formality. Second, you are safe here and have nothing to hide."

"That's not exactly true, Your..." he stopped himself and hesitantly said, "Apollo."

"You almost want me to issue a royal decree that no one in private quarters with the prince shall be allowed to wear more clothes than the prince."

Manin laughed. "That is so not what Cori would have us believe of royal behavior. She would have us believe that the Royals must always wear more than anyone. If the other girls were in the simple day dresses, she would have to wear her Ritual Day finery. Well, what would be Ritual Day finery for anyone else."

"That is so unlike what I remember," said the prince. "Some of her outfits were so plain compared to the others. I do have to admit that it was nice to see something as simple as her embroidered dresses when compared to the glittering gowns of the court ladies. I especially liked the one with the morning glories on the sleeves."

"That is one of her favorites," said Manin.

"Hey, when did you see her in that? She was wearing something Aunt Susan brought when she came to your Princing."

"That's right, I had almost forgotten. No, this was something she wore last fall."

"You've seen her? Where? Mother Heather is worried sick about her. She disappeared last summer and no one has heard from her. Everyone blames me since she left Star Corners after I did. The whole family is mad at me so I agreed to go find her. That's why I was on my way to Rianglet in the middle of the winter. Is she alright? It's getting warm in here. Are you sure you don't mind if I strip down?"

"Not a problem," said Apollo as he sent a silent thanks to the flames."

"OK, I will join you then."

Manin pulled off his shirt "When did she get there?" He started to unbuckle his pants and stopped. "Wait, something is wrong."

"No. I have been nude around my guards and others before. There was one full moon party where..."

"It's not that," said Manin forcefully. "Listen."

Apollo did as Manin asked. "I don't hear anything."

"Exactly. Normally at this time of day I can hear a lot of chatter from the trees and the howls of wolves. There are times I think I can even hear words in those howls. Last night those howls were intense and angry. The words I heard sounded like they were planning an attack on the intruders."



"I know some people who can talk to the wolves, so it is possible. Do you think that the forest knows something is going on?" Apollo connected to the earth energy to see if he could sense anything. He felt Toby's energy and cried out. "Toby is afraid of something. They are surrounded by wolves and are being forced back here." He concentrated on his friend. "Lance is unconscious and Toby has him in front of him. Stane is barely holding on to Patrick. Quick, help me get dressed so we can go help them."

While he dressed, the prince monitored his friends and sent some healing energy into Lance and Stane. The wolves were herding them toward the camp. Remembering when Princess Daisy was captured by Fenrir, he knew better than to turn the guards invisible but kept an eye out for obstacles that he could use to help safely separate them from the wolves.

They rushed outside and stood at the edge of the camp. Apollo was surprised at how small the space was for their camp. It had seemed bigger when he first saw it and during the battle. Then he saw the wall of snow that must have been created by the avalanche filling in behind Johnny's back. Based on how far the mound seemed, the snow must have nearly filled the area.

"Why didn't you set up camp in the clearing inside the woods?" asked Apollo as he stared looking for signs of movement.

"I wanted to but everyone said that it was haunted and didn't want to stay in that space. How did you know there was a clearing in there? I thought this was your first visit to this area."

"I don't completely know the answer. But I have some kind of memory of this place and it told me that there is something there that is important to me. Look!" He spotted motion on the path and pointed at a well planned attack by the wolves. Several wolves were racing ahead of the horses to keep them from diverting from the path while the larger portion of the pack followed, giving the riders extra incentive to keep moving. Apollo called to the wind to create a wall to each side of the path that would block those front runners from continuing their harassment. He sent a message in the wind to Toby's ears for them to ride hard and fast as soon as the wolves hit the wall. In a quick moment the first wolf hit the barrier and forced their way through the wind barricade. It was enough to break the wolves stride and Toby did as instructed and soon the horses' longer legs helped them open up some space between the wolves and them.

As soon as they got into camp, Stane let go of Patrick and fell to the ground. He quickly got up and helped lower Lance to the ground. "We were just about to pass the others when the wolves jumped out of the forest. Lance's horse was startled and threw him and he hit his head. I jumped down to help him and my horse took off."

"It was the strangest thing," said Toby as he dismounted. "The wolves had plenty of time to attack them while they were on the ground but they waited until he got Lance up behind me before snapping at the heels of the horses."

"It was like they wanted us here but were waiting for something," said Patrick. "Pretty much like now. Look."

Apollo looked and the wolves had surrounded the camp but hadn't entered the actual camp ground. It reminded him of another time when the wolves surrounded but not attacked directly. He stared at the wolves staring at them. "Who is your pack leader?" To the

protests of his guards, he started to approach the circle of wolves. "I demand that you present your leader."

A blond wolf came to the front. "Who are you to demand something from the wolves? You are trespassing on our sacred land and the Council has decreed that you are to be killed for your sacrilege. The last Council members will be here shortly to carry out the edict."

"Sacred land? I have been on this land before and no one said it was sacred," protested the prince.

"You have been lucky," snarled the blond wolf. "You were probably not here when the pack came to honor its ancestors. But now they have and found you. They reported it to the Council and when we returned you were still camping on our lands."

At the word ancestors Apollo stared at the pack leader and something seemed familiar. "Iris Angelica!"

"How dare you speak the name of the Blessed Lady here on this sacred ground!"

"I did not mean to offend," apologized the prince, "but I just realized that you reminded me of her."

A large black wolf at her side snarled. "Our leader, Belkaro, wants to know how you know the name of our ancestor," said the blond wolf when he finished.

"You're a wearwolf? They still exist in this time? Is that how you can speak our language and he can't?" asked the prince.

"Wearwolves are the legends of the past. No true wolf believes in those tales. I speak because I have been granted the gift of speech by our Great God."

"Wolfsun. He could clear this up."

Belkaro growled and launched himself at Apollo. The prince managed to dodge the attack. The guards surrounded him while Manin protected Lance.

"You will die for mentioning the Evil One." At her words the other wolves started to attack.

"Wait!" shouted Apollo. "I issue a Leadership Challenge."

"How dare you! Leadership Challenges are for wolves only. No human could be a pack leader."

"But I have been pack leader."

"Where is your pack? Why are they not here at your side?"

Apollo tried to think of how to explain the dreams he barely understood. "I just left them to be with my human friends. I issue the challenge. Accept it or be forever labeled as weak and cowardly when faced with a human one on one."

"What are you doing lad?" gasped Toby.

"I'm trying to save us all. If I win the challenge, I will control the pack. If I lose, they will kill us which is what they want to do and I don't think we can fend off the full combined packs of all of the Council members." He nodded toward the circle and Toby's eyes got big as he saw that the numbers of wolves surrounding them had grown to the thousands and filled every shadow in the forest.

After much snarling between the largest of the wolves, the blond wolf spoke up. "The challenge has been accepted. We grant you five minutes to prepare for the challenge and say your prayers and good byes."

"Just what is this challenge?" asked Stane. "Let one of us go in

-continued on page 12

Quest/Crystal Phoenix continued

your place.”

“No, it has to be the leader. Anyone else would be a sign of weakness which we can’t afford.”

“Even if you win the challenge, how do you know that they still won’t attack?” countered Stane.

“And how do you know?” asked Patrick. “You are barely out of bed and have never been near wolves. How do you even know about this challenge?”

“I don’t know how I know. It must have been in my dreams but I must have said the right thing because they listened to me. And don’t forget, I have this.” He pulled Oceana’s Horn out to where they could see. “If it looks like it is going bad, then I can blow it.”

Apollo started to take off his coat so he would have more freedom of movement. “Why haven’t you blown it already?” asked Patrick.

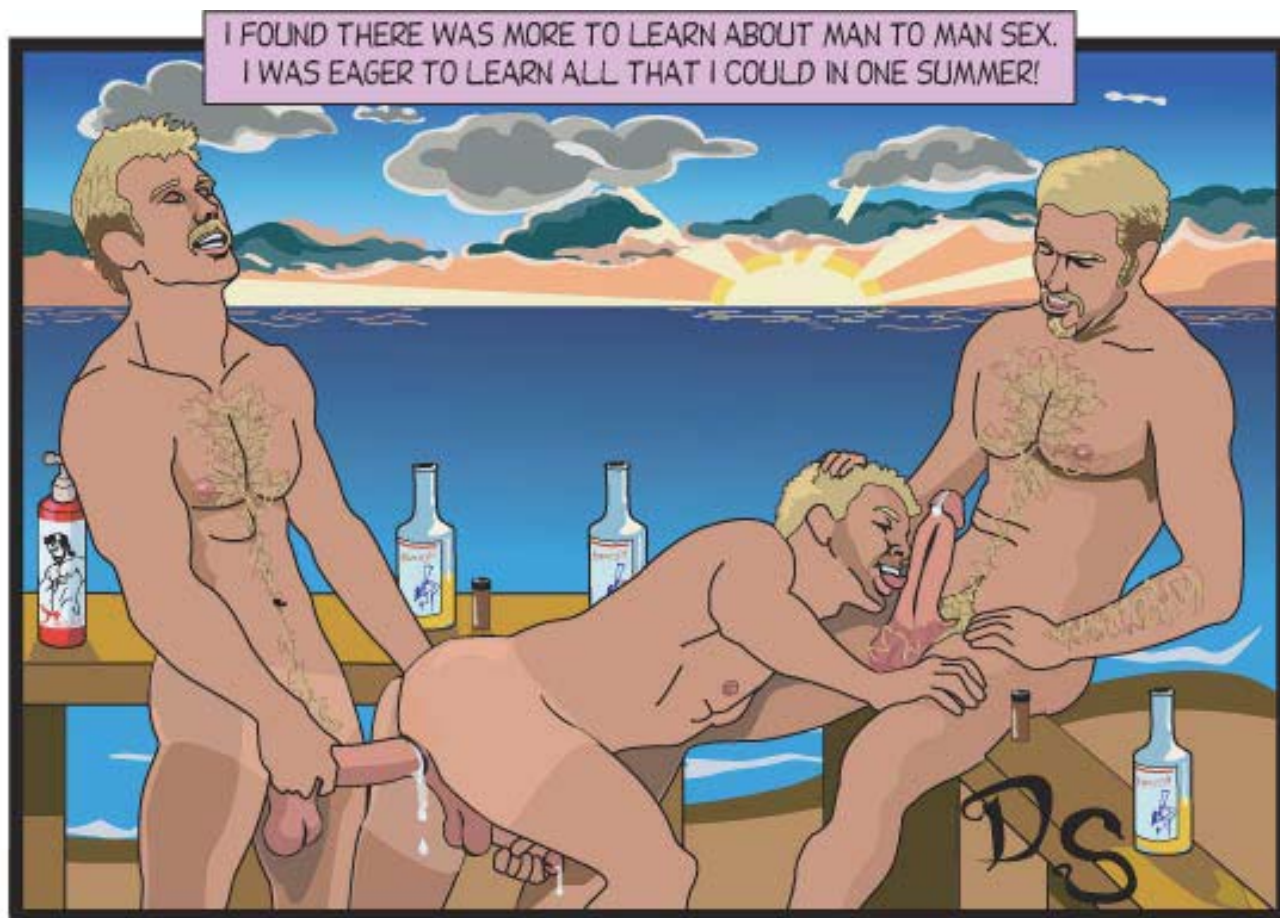
“I just thought of it.”

“Let the challenge begin,” commanded the blond wolf.

Apollo entered the tight circle that had been formed by the wolves. He noticed that there was not a lot of room for him to maneuver, perhaps a couple of body lengths but no more. As soon as he stepped into the circle the wolves closed ranks and sealed the circle and cut him off from his guards in the same move. No sooner had the circle closed than Belkaro attacked. The power of his attack forced Apollo to the ground but he managed to roll with the energy and Belkaro flew past him, nearly crashing into one of the other

wolves. It only took him a second to turn around and pounce again. Apollo rolled to his back and used his legs to add to Belkaro’s momentum and sent him flying back to the ring of wolves again.

He barely had time to enjoy the rush he was feeling as he fought the wolf. During one pause while they circled each other to see who would attack next he took a moment to enjoy the feel of his body. It felt more powerful than he remembered. He still couldn’t figure out how he knew so much about wolves. This fight with the wolf was far beyond what Rondar and his other teachers had done in training, yet here after what felt like an hour he was holding his own. Any scratches he got from tooth or claw were quickly given some healing energy. The longer they fought, the longer they seemed to circle before Belkaro attacked again. Apollo watched carefully and saw the wolf’s legs tense indicating that he was about to pounce. The prince felt a breeze touch his face and had a vision of wind blowing a falling man into sails. He reached out to the air and used it to push Belkaro to the side. The unexpected sideward motion brought a series of snarls and howls from the gathered wolves. Apollo almost thought some of them sounded like part of the pack was actually starting to cheer for him. He didn’t spend more than a second with that thought as he followed up on his surprise move by jumping on the fallen wolf. The two began to wrestle in earnest. The larger bulk of the wolf finally pinned the prince on his back, Apollo went limp under his weight. Belkaro growled in loud triumph.



I THINK I LEARNED MORE THAT SUMMER AT THE BEACH HOUSE,
THAN I DID DURING MY FOUR YEARS AT COLLEGE.

"Our leader says that this human has fought a good fight but obviously wolves are superior," translated the blond wolf. "He asks the rest of the council if he should kill the leader first or the rest of his human pack?"

As they snarled, Apollo felt Belkaro loosen his stance as he had expected and threw the wolf off of him. This time he asked the wind to not only move the wolf, he asked the wind to give the wolf an extra shove. The prince used his earth sense and found a large rock just under the surface and directed the wind to send the wolf to that spot. Belkaro landed with a loud thump and the sound of something breaking followed. The snarling and howls stopped instantly as all stared at the now still body of Belkaro.

Apollo's heart was pounding. He knew he had just escaped being killed but he couldn't bear the thought that he might have used his gift to hurt someone. "No!" he shouted as he rushed to the wolf. As he moved, he extended healing energy into the wolf and found some relief in the fact that Belkaro was still breathing under the pain of a broken rib.

A loud growl grew from the back of the assembled pack and echoed on the mountain walls above them. Apollo's eyes went to the piles of snow to see if they would tumble at the sound.

At the sound, the pack parted a giant blood red wolf approached. At first, the prince thought it was a play of dwindling light of sunset upon the brown's of the wolf's coat but he quickly realized that his fur was a deep russet that was not matched in the coats of the other wolves. Apollo heard a gasp from the guards behind him as this wolf, nearly twice the size of the other wolves made his way to the center. He sniffed the body and snarled.

"Our God, Rowolfson, asks why you have not finished off this worthless cur?" translated the blond wolf.

"That's not true," came Manin's voice as he pushed his way into the circle. "He said 'Why didn't you listen to my lessons?'"

"How dare you!" she protested as she turned to face him. The prince could hear the edge of a snarl in her voice.

"Enough, daughter!" shouted the giant wolf in a tone that made Apollo look to the mountains of snow to see if they would rush down upon them. "You dared lie in my name. For that I should..." He paused a moment, thinking about a fit punishment. "I should let you battle this human as see if you have learned from your brother's mistakes." Her tail curled between her legs. "I said should not will. I will deal with you later." He strode over to Manin and sniffed. "How did you know what I said? I do not recognize you as one of our human cubs."

"I would hear the wolves howling back home and I always thought I could hear words. Since we have been camping here, it has been like I have been connecting to something and everything has become clearer."

"Well, you were right," said Rowolfson as he turned back toward Apollo and the fallen wolf. "I can only think of one person who has successfully thrown a wolf in that manner and I have tried to teach my children how to defend themselves from that. But they are too proud to think that someone would feign weakness to misdirect their opponent's focus. And I can only think of one person who ever demonstrated such command of the elements that they could alter the fall of someone."

As Apollo listened, he recognized the voice and knew he should be able to put a name to that voice. He looked at the blond wolf and was once again reminded of Iris Angelica. He stopped sending healing energy into his opponent, whose breathing had calmed down and seemed to be in a sleep state, and focused on the Wolf God. He had the feel of Wolfsun but obviously was not him. But there was something different in the feel of this god's energy that felt familiar. He tried to isolate that difference when a loud boom filled the area and a sudden downpour sent the wolves scattering.

Apollo looked away from the Wolf God towards the origin of the sound and saw Queen Holly, Lords Apollo and Dion, his father and Rondar and others stepping through a portal. The full compliment of nine Hildas surrounded them with weapons held high.

Lord Apollo's voice reverberated down to Apollo's bones. "Who dares injure my chosen?" He strode toward Rowolfson. "Was it you?" The echoes from the mountain once again made the prince wonder if the snow would come cascading down on them. He quickly tuned into the earth energy as was relieved to find that everything was stable.

The giant wolf growled in response. "He was trespassing on sacred ground and had to answer to the Wolf Council. He himself issued the Leadership Challenge."

Hilda Arrowroot was closest to Rowolfson and approached him. "Since when is a pack leader accused of trespassing?"

"And since when does your stupid wolf law apply to the monarchs, let alone your family?" said Holly with a dark cloud hovering near her head. "You have had issues with mother but surely you can see that he is your..." she paused a moment, "your nephew of some level."

"What?" gasped the wolf at the unexpected combined verbal attacks. "There has only ever been one human pack leader and that was long ago."

"Yes," said the faerie queen. "So mother would tell me as a bedtime story. Uncle, do you remember how those tales ended?"

"Uncle?" asked the prince turning to look at the faerie queen. "How are you related to a wolf?"

Rowolfson ignored the question and responded to Holly. "It ended with my sister casting some kind of spell and we never saw him again." The wolf thought a moment. "He had always said he came from somewhere...no, it wasn't somewhere, it was the future."

"Exactly, only now the past has caught up to the future," she said.

Apollo knew there was something important about this exchange between the Faerie Queen and Wolf God and his head started pounding as he thought about it. His mind raced with visions of a red haired faerie wrestling with another giant wolf that his mind said was Wolfsun, the God of the Wolves.

The prince stood up and stared at the wolf with renewed energy. The wolf started to circle him, sniffing as he had done with Manin. "Yes, it has been a while but you do smell familiar. I remember you now." The wolf's form began to shimmer and soon a naked man appeared where the wolf had been standing."

"Gimme a hug, Apollo!"

"Rowan?"

The 4f Tarot: Sample Spreads

by Phoenix

Recently I have been in several conversations with folks related to “Magnetic Relationships” where the partners in the relationship are of opposite hiv status (positive + negative, hence that magnet reference). The majority of the conversation is focused on the hiv negative person’s fear about falling in love with an hiv positive person and thus risking exposure to the disease. And in case you are wondering, I’m using lower case for hiv in honor of a friend who is a long term survivor and he doesn’t like to elevate the disease to something important enough to warrant capital letters. I think he saves those for more important words like SEX!

I thought it would be fun to focus on one of these magnetic couples for a reading, only this time the person asking the question is the hiv positive person. The situation is that he has fallen in love with an hiv negative person and he is afraid of the potential of passing the disease to his partner. He is wondering if he should call it quits before someone gets hurt.

We pull ten cards for a Celtic Spread and start to lay them out - The fish hooks (“That doesn’t look good,” he says) - the frogs - the wheat - the vultures (“Oh God, I knew it,” he gasps) - the diving gear - balancing on a fence - self discovery - road runner - waiting - and house fire (“I knew it! Doomed!”) - Let the fun begin.

OK, the fish hooks are representational of the beginnings of this relationship. The hooks are in and one or the other is working on reeling in the other. The emotions of our querent are like the frogs playing leap frog. He loves him - he might hurt him - he loves... The wheat wavering in the wind is reinforcing that feeling, while the grasshopper is about to jump, which is pretty much what our person is wanting to do.

Now we come to the first real challenge, explaining the vulture. Well, no duh - we have a person with a disease so the vultures are circling but he’s not dead yet. This is in the past, so this is about the hiv pos person, not the hiv neg. The energy over the reading is scuba gear. How does that fit into this reading? Hmm...they are put on to help you in the water and expand to the full set of gear and they are there to protect you...hiv and protection, could the cards be reminding him to practice safe sex? The next card has someone trying to balance things on the fence while someone is in the background. The lad in pink is our querent, who has the ability to find balance in the situation but it will take some work. Meanwhile, their partner is waiting in the background to pick them up should they fall. This is the future card - finding that balance.

How he sees himself - into self discovery. This reading is about the querent’s feelings as he looks about making himself happy and isn’t really thinking about his partner’s feelings. How the querent is viewed by others is the road runner, standing at the ready to hit the road. The challenge is that there is someone else waiting for the querent to make a decision. The outcome is a blazing house, or is it? The card is also about the fireman putting out the fire. The outcome is that the fire is the querent’s fears. He needs to focus on the possibilities and protections and put the fire out. Someone wonderful is waiting, but just how long will the grasshopper wait before getting sick from all the wavering?

Hmm...notice how that grasshopper I first thought was the querent might actually be the lover?



Card Profile: King of Fur

Name: Joey K. Roo

Nickname: Spike

Craft/Pagan/Faerie Name: BITA Bear (short for “Balls in the air” in case you’re wondering)

Birthdate: Sometime in the Spring

Age: 27

Sign: Taurus

Spiritual Path: Ask me again when I’m finished with this game.

Marital Status: Polyamorous

Favorite Sexual Pleasures: Group activities

Favorite Sexual Fantasy: Usually features that cute stud who is always there, pretending to read his book but I can tell he’s watching because his head keeps moving in sync with my dick when I’m jumping up to hit the ball. He heads into the bathroom just as we head to the showers and then...

Hobbies: If it lets me be naked with other guys, count me in.

Favorite Song: *Jump* by the Pointer Sisters



Story Game

Chapter 5: by Raven Bear Paws

Strange visions began to dance in Brian's mind. Images that appeared to be of ancient Rome. He could see a man seated on a stone throne, man that looked a lot like Apollo but much larger than any man he had ever seen. Throngs of naked men slithered on the floor before him all entangled in a massive orgy. The smell of sex was strong. The man on the throne was naked; his cock erect and ready for attention. There was slow movement by his left hip as a golden snake head emerged from behind the formidable man. It slowly wound itself around the man's left leg. Brian could see that the leg was as thick as a young pine as it enters its adult life. The stately giant bade Brian to approach. As Brian stepped forward he did so on the many naked men that lay before him. He stepped slowly so that he didn't hurt the ones he stepped on. When he reached the middle of the orgy, his own need began to grow. Brian looked down in his embarrassment and discovered he was also naked and his cock bounced with anticipation. A thin thread of pre-cum dripped from the head of his cock onto the back of one of the orgy goers.

"Why have you come here?" Came the soothing voice of throned giant.

Brian quickly covered his erected cock.

"I don't know how I got here. I was standing in my kitchen and then next thing I know, I am here."

Brian lowered his eyes so not to look into the dark smokey liquid pools that were his eyes.

"Do you not like what you see before you child?"

Brian stumbled for the right words to say. He did not know what to make of what he was seeing.

The throned being laughed a hardy and rich laugh. A laugh that was so infectious that Brian himself began to laugh. The giant reached beside his throne and pulled up a lyre. The musical instrument was

solid gold and carved with the likeness of Brian's necklace; the image of the erect Pan. As the giant began to play it Brian could see the actual note form in the air. The giant's voice came off light and airy as he began to sing.

"Lay before me son of man
Be my lover and take my hand
reap the wealth that lay before you
For I am God of the Sun."

Brian swooned to the music. He was entranced by the very voice that sang to him. Hands below reached up and probed into the soft tissue of his ass. He could feel fingers sliding in and out of his pulsing hole. He groaned with pleasure as a warm mouth closed over his ready cock. When he looked down he could see the top of the head that suck diligently on his manhood. The thick locks that covered this head were brown and curly. Brian reached down and ran his finger through the main of curls only to discover the being had horns. The creature looked up into Brian's eyes. They were light brown with flakes of gold within them, he had pointed ears, and a goatee. What this a Faun? Brian's mind raced as he got closer and closer to releasing his seed in this being's mouth. Another stood behind Brian spreading his ass cheeks, he felt the warm long tongue dart in and out of his sacred rose. Without warning he gritted his teeth as a large penis entered him. The pleasure was almost overwhelming. Brian looked back to see his lover behind him. He saw the fur covered legs and the cloven hooves attached to them. Yes they were Fauns. With each thrust the Faun's cock reached deeper and deeper inside of him. A burly arm reached around and grabbed the other Faun's horns forcing him to bob faster. All the while the deep rich singing voice sang faster and faster. Brian reached back to grab a hold on the Faun's ass fucking him. The creature's ass was smooth save for the stub that was the creature's tail. He held fast as the Faun's thrusts grew harder and faster. He could feel the cock inside of him pulse as it released load after load filling him with the warm nectar of the Gods. Brian himself was about to explode. The Faun before him sensed this and pulled Brian's cock from his mouth just as the white streams of pearls shot all over the Faun's hairy face. The Faun licked greedily at his lips, rubbing the remaining seed all over his face like he was soaping up in a shower. Brian could feel the cock inside of slip out and being replaced by another. A much more powerful presence stood behind him now. Massive hands gripped his hips. Brian slowly turned his head to see the stately giant had pushed his cock inside of him. With each thrust of this giant's cock Brian shot a load onto the waiting Faun's face. The world around Brian began to swirl in a kaleidoscope. The sound in the room began to sound like he was standing at the far end of a tunnel, all when went black.

Brian slowly opened his eyes to see he was looking into the eye's of Apollo, the dark stranger who had knocked on his door and now stood cock to cock with him. Brian smiled and kissed Apollo, spreading his lips with such ease, allowing his tongue to explore the deep workings of Apollo's mouth. Brian reached for Apollo's hard member to his surprise...

*Tune in next issue to see who picks up
the next chapter Brian's tale*

Airy Faerie





Belief

By Hermes Polyandros

Looking for Hope where there seems none
 Seems such a futile task,
 But as long as there is a breath
 Then there is Hope.
 As long as the day follows the night
 There is Hope.
 As long as the sun shines after a rain
 There is Hope.
 As long as there is rest after strife
 There is Hope.
 Hope is the last resort
 When all other options have been expended.
 Know that Hope gives you strength.
 Know that Hope gives you power.
 Know that Hope can fill the deepest void.
 Know that as long as you can fight
 There is Hope;
 Even when you shed tears,
 Even when you know that it is futile too,
 Hope is there.
 Hope is always there.
 Hope is that candle lit in the darkness;
 And even when a wind blows it out
 Know Hope is still there.

If I Could, I Would

By Raven Bear Paws

If I could catch a rainbow,
 wrap it in a dream
 and catch for you a shooting star
 And give it to you from me
 I would...

If I could catch a sunbeam
 wrap it with my love
 and take the moon from high above
 just for a hug
 I would...

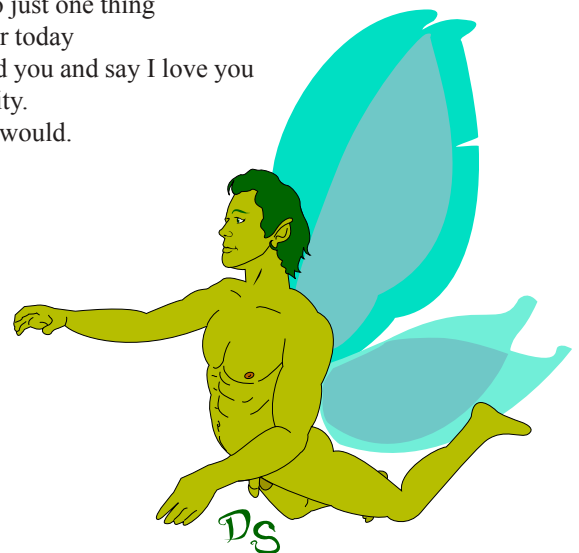
If I could take a yesterday
 wrap it with today
 And hand you a tomorrow
 just to see the fading sorrow
 I would...

If I could build a mountain
 build it big and strong
 and place you on it's highest peak
 Just for your love
 I would...

If I could take your sadness
 roll it in a ball
 lock it away forever
 Just not to see you fall
 I would...

If I could take your anger
 push it all away
 and paint for you a flower field
 Just to make your day
 I would..

If I could do just one thing
 one thing for today
 I would hold you and say I love you
 for all eternity.
 If I could, I would.



Subscription Information

The Airy Faerie is a free electronic publication. If you have received a copy from a friend and would like a copy sent directly to your inbox, just send a note to DenverAiryFaerie@aol.com and we can include you in our distribution list.

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

The Pumpkin Runs Amok - Part 1 of 2

By Professor Percival "Perry" Grinn

I'm sorry that I haven't written in a while but under advisement of multiple people I had to drop out of sight for a while. It was with the sternest words that it was suggested that I get a case of high bonding glue and make sure that both my fly and mouth stayed shut. It was also recommended that I limit my internet experience to looking at the computer, not turning it on mind you, just looking at the blank screen. I can say that now that I have finally been vindicated that I did not warrant that level of treatment. But the hint of what might have been is what I wish to share with you.

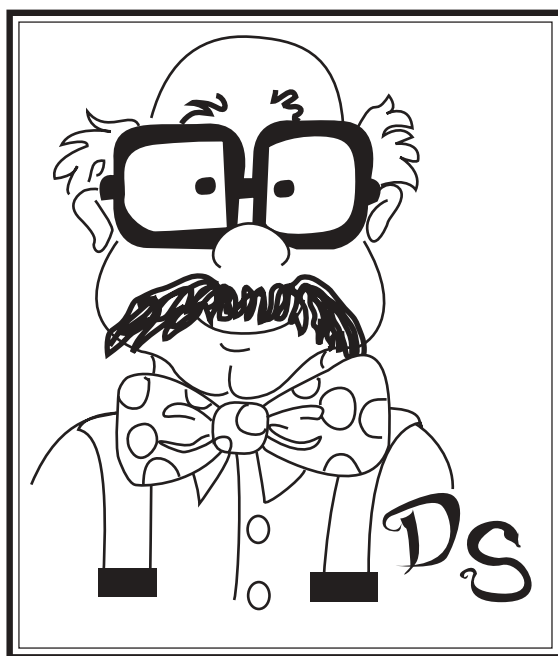
It all started a week before Samhain. Many of my students were all excited in participating in the 250th Anniversary Jockolan Tern Memorial Pumpkin Run. As is the case of university students everywhere, they were mostly focused on the superficial aspects of the event such as who had the biggest pumpkin, how artfully it was carved, stripping naked and putting said artfully carved pumpkin on their head and retracing the historic route of Jockolan Tern (OK, so they really weren't interested in the exact route, they just focused on that naked part as well as any other naked parts that they could focus on). Well, all that and the free beer that was waiting for them at the other end of the run. Long gone was the connection to the tale of why Jockolan was naked with a pumpkin on his head in the first place.

With my rich background in the history of Faerie University, as part of the events leading into the memorial run, I had been asked to be a guest lecturer at the symposium "Magical Gourds, Squashes and Me." As I sat at the front of the hall waiting for everyone to take their seats I listened to the chatter of the students and remembered my own participation in JTMPR back in my student days at FU. Class started and I recounted the tale of how Jockolan had been caught by the local witch hunters. His friends planned a bold rescue. Since they lived in a heavily clothed community, they stripped knowing that none would recognize their naked bodies. They donned masks made out of carved pumpkins to disguise the one thing people might recognize, which was their face. The friends carved an extra pumpkin for Jockolan and waited for the hour when the Tribunal was going to parade him to the lake to conduct their tests (in case you are wondering, it was the standard "if you don't float and drown you're not a witch and if you float you are guilty so we'll kill you" test). The friends made good on their plan and soon naked bodies were running everywhere in town and the Tribunal guards couldn't figure out which figure was the one they wanted. By the time they rounded up all of the naked figures, the guards realized that they had nearly everyone from town, except themselves, locked up. And that included half of the members of the Tribunal who had gotten so caught up in the

naked frenzy that they had forgotten why they had gathered in the first place. Jockolan was never seen again. I concluded the tale with the reminder that it is often said that the truth about his disappearance would be discovered by the person who ran the exact route that he ran that night. The year after his disappearance, his twin, Tassy, tried to recreate the infamous run to no avail. The following year, others joined in the quest and thus the tradition was born. The town had been divided by the frenzy of the witch hunt but the events of that night and the wailings of twin over his lost brother soon brought them together and the dedicated their lives to celebrating all spiritual paths and out of the darkest period in town history grew the foundation of our university.

During the question and answer period that followed it was asked if they had tried using any of the magical bloodhounds to trace his path. I said that they had but had always come up short when they got to one point. It was like he disappeared into thin air. Failing to determine what happened at that point, the run recreationists decided that he headed back to his home to get his things before leaving town for good.

Much debate arose during the week that followed as to the real route of the run. We, here at FU, are fortunate in that most of our buildings in the central campus date back to that time. As new buildings were erected with all the modern wonders included, the old buildings were turned over to the university for preservation. Those stone carvers knew their business and these buildings have stood the test of time. This made the task of putting the visual to the stories of who ran where much



easier. For all the research the students were doing, the students still crashed at what happened at the corner of Cucurbita Hall. There is an old pumpkin patch growing at that corner today and many believe that the gods turned Jock into a pumpkin as a cosmic joke since it was said that Jock loved having someone up his butt. No one knows how old that patch really is but I've always figured that it got started by the sheer number of pumpkins that had been left at that spot over the past 250 years.

The morning of the run, several of my students came rushing toward my house waving something in their hands. The excitement rippled from them faster than their words on the wind. They were worked up about something that they found in the newspaper archives. It was an article announcing the union of the town's chief magistrate to Tassy. I told them that it was fairly common knowledge that Chief Magistrate McBroom had been Tassy's lover long before the incident. CM McBroom had been an ardent advocate against the witch hunts but his calm words had no effect when Rev. Erthan von Dam got people riled up. Folks had

wondered how the disappearance of Jockolan would effect their relationship. The first memorial run ended with Tassy jumping into McBroom's arms and being carried to the courthouse to be married. Some of the students were weepy eyed while others were crestfallen as I told that part of the known information regarding brother Tassy. Marcus quickly reengendered and said that was only the beginning of what they found and he unrolled a chart. I looked at it closely and it was the Tern Family Tree. He pointed at the spot where Lockolan was shown. "Professor, where is his twin, Tassy?"

I just stared at moment. I, myself, had looked at that document many times and had never noticed. We can spend so much time focused on what is in front of us that we forget to look for what is not there. These students had stumbled on to what had eluded historians for years! With the aid of family and friends, Jockolan disappeared into the night and his long lost identical twin came into town. I told the students that I was proud of them. After 250 years, they were about to unravel the greatest mystery of university history. The one missing thing was what happened at the corner of Cucurbita Hall and why couldn't the tracers find where he went? With the question in their minds, the students left to see what they could find in the final hours before everyone assembled for the mass strip and pumpkin contest.

I had every intention of witnessing this year's historic anniversary run. I just knew that something was going to happen that night. The students were so close and with a little bit of luck from the stars this could be the night of discovery. But the host of our faculty Samhain had to fly out of town on a family emergency and I had to quickly get my house in order for a midnight ritual. As I did the last minute cleaning I turned on the radio and heard the announcement of the ruckus the run had created in the larger community. Campus standards are fairly slack when it comes to nudity and the like. Not so the mundane city around us. While most of our central campus is from that period, not all of the buildings from that time are on campus. There is one small stretch of the traditional run that isn't. The runners had to leave campus property to cross the Commons between Hoosesgow Hall and Cucurbita Hall. The local police, under that guiding force of Rev. Holly Erthan-Howe were waiting to pounce and arrest all runners for crimes against nature. I smiled since I had seen many of the carved pumpkins and while some of them weren't masterpieces, I wouldn't call them criminal either.

I had just started to light the luminarios on my walkway when Fleet came running up to my house. Fleet was one of the students most interested in the story so I wasn't that surprised to see him. What was surprising was that Fleet was naked and still wearing his pumpkin. "It was awful, Professor," he said as he explained that people were being arrested for being naked and having fun. But he claimed that amidst the turmoil of ten police officers trying to arrest nearly a thousand naked students he had solved the case. "There is an old stairwell under that pumpkin patch!" He surmised that



Jockolan dove under the pumpkins and hid. His carved pumpkin head would have blended in with the rest of the patch while giving him a way to see what was going on so that he would know when it was safe to leave. "That's what I did," he said. "I hadn't planned it that way but I fell backward into the patch and suddenly there was no ground beneath me." He asked permission to take a shower to wash off the pumpkin goop that covered his golden hair and the dirt that had crusted his 8 inch, uncut cock. How he got that much dirt in one spot is beyond me but the evidence was right there for anyone wanting to look. And since Fleet is one of our fastest track stars, he had many people wanting to look, including me. I sent him inside to wash up and told him where to find a pair of sweatpants to put on for his return trip back to campus. The last thing he needed the day before a major meet was to be arrested.

I finished lighting the candles along my walkway and headed inside. I had barely closed the door when the doorbell rang. I opened the door to find Chancellor Fancypants with a guest I hadn't expected. In fact, several unexpected guests since right behind him was what appeared to be half of the city's police force, at least five of them, as well as a few folks from the local news channels. I recognized a couple of my former students and gave them a little wave.

"Professor, could you please explain the history of tonight's farce to Reverend Erthan-Howe?" demanded the chancellor, bringing my attention back to him. Unfortunately, Fleet took that moment to head naked from the bathroom to my bedroom. The reverend's eyes got big as she saw the stunning sample of manhood.

"Fleet Erthan-Howe the Third! What on earth?" she said.

He stopped in his tracks and got a panicked look on his face as he saw who was standing in the doorway. "Mom! I was just..." he stopped for the briefest second, "I just got free and was about to call for help. This man tried to rape me."

to be continued...



The Voice

By *Hermes Polyandros*

I walked in the woods
Deeper than I have ever walked before.
It grew dark, not the dark of night,
But of green growing things,
The dark of tall and aged oaks;
Great towering pines;
Hemlocks old in years beyond count.
Here not even the breeze did blow,
But the air was heavy with a presence
As old as time, deep, quiet, silent.
Into this wood aged and potent
I came and disturbed its deep solitude;
And the trees did move on a sudden breeze,
The air pungent with ancient mold,
Of branch, leaf, trunk and lichen,
Made a thrill in the air,
And I seemed to hear a voice
That sounded like thunder,
But was no louder than a whisper.
“Who are you?”
Came this deep, silent, thundering voice.
Why I am Bruce,” I said.

“No”, came the voice deep as the roll of a drum,
“You are not. Who are you?”
“I am Hermes, of those that seek.”
“No, you are not,” came the voice.
“Who are you?” It came, the question,
In my beating heart.
I was puzzled. I knew not what to answer,
For all these I have called myself.
“Who are you?”
“I am a man who loves men. “I said.
“No, you are not,” came the voice
Insistent as ever.
My heart pounded, what could I answer.
Then I knew, and my voice spoke,
Like a bell ringing.
“I am whom I am. I am me.
“Unique, all these are mere labels.”

And quietly came the voice,
And as if with a smile,
“Welcome, then, for I welcome all who know themselves.”
So I awoke and knew I had been in a presence
As old as time itself.

Looking for You

By *Hermes Polyandros*

I look for you by light of day.
I look for you by night.
I look for you where children play.
I look for you in birds in flight.
I look for you in the wind in the trees.
I look for you in voices.
I look for you in those that see.
I look for you in our choices.
I look for you beside the sea.
I look for you in hand and heart.
I look for you in all the smiles.
I look for you at the end as well as the start.
I look for you from hilltop and mountain.
I look for you in wild flower blooms.
I look for you by spring time air.
I look for you in the summer storm.
I look for you when we gather the corn.
I look for you I all these places,
And what do I find?
You are always there.