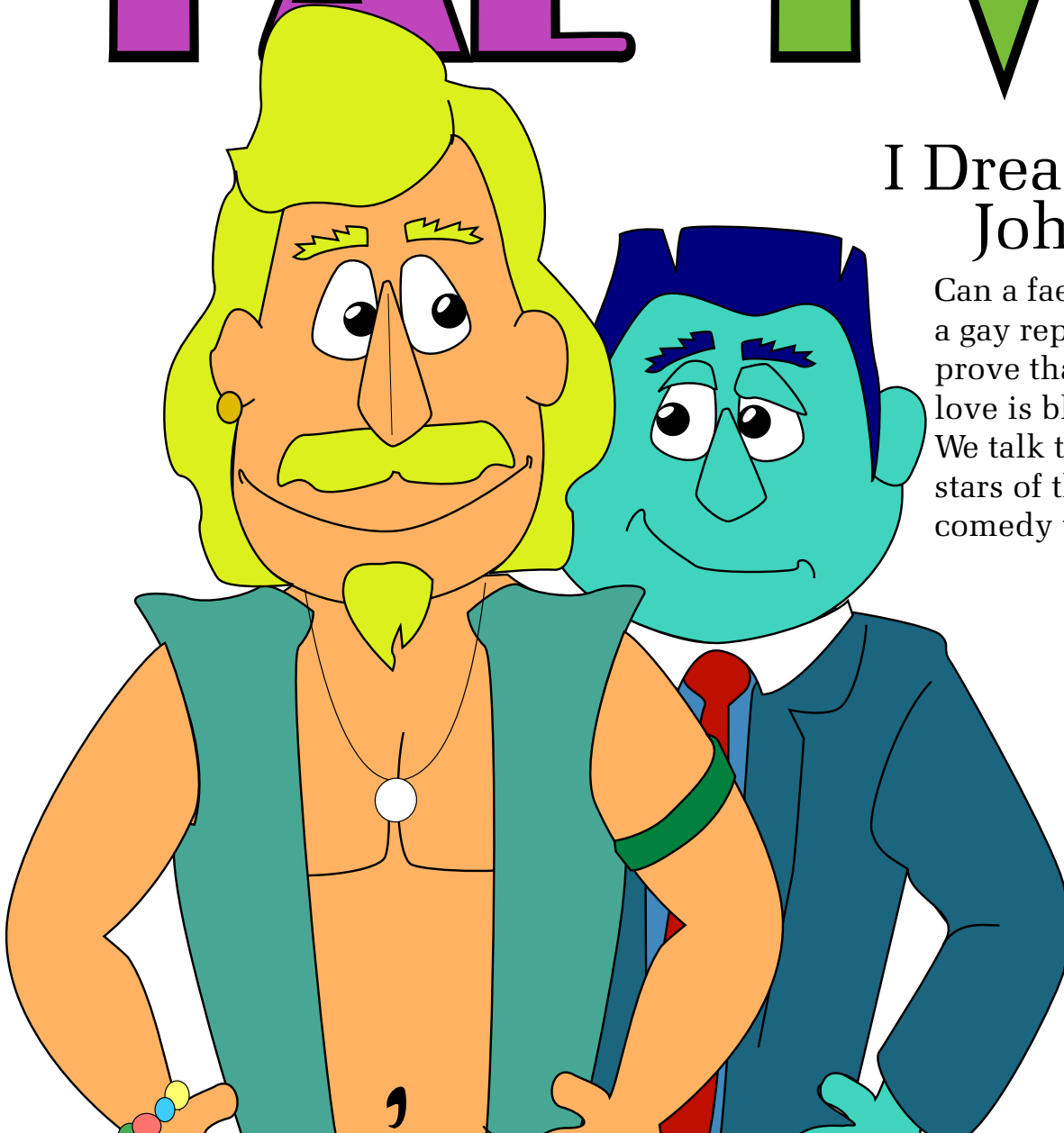


# FAE TV

## I Dream of Johnny

Can a faerie and a gay republican prove that true love is blind? We talk to the two stars of this new comedy to find out.

Pg.34



## Soap's Dish

Go behind the scenes of your favorite soaps and discover the real drama in the stars lives.

Pg.37

## Plus Fae TV Listings

Complete local listings of all your favorite shows, news & sports. Pg. 21-32

## Publisher's Notes

Howdy all you faeries and friends out there in Fae TV-land. I am here with an amazing offer not found in stores (probably because some cities have laws against it.) But if you are looking for images and tales involving male nudity and man-to-man contact then you have come to the right place. I am here to tell you about what we have for you this issue, but first a word from our advisors at F.L.A.T. (the Faerie Legal Advisory Team).

***This offer is not suitable for small children (small being defined as under the age of eighteen rather than by any measurement of height) without proper adult permission. This offer is generally void in public libraries and work spaces where this offer is not permitted to be shared equally with all viewers within broadcast range. If you experience any swelling in your penis or discover a creamy white discharge as a result of your***



Photographer David Gray (YogaBear Studios and Bear Tugs) as art by DragonSwan

***perusal of our ezine, we would appreciate pictures and videos for our gallery of satisfied customers. And now, back to our program.***

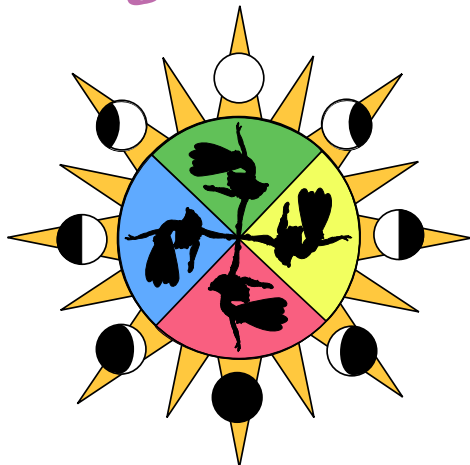
Ok, if you haven't guessed by now, DragonSwan isn't doing the publisher's note this issue. He's busy finishing some of the art so I volunteered to write this column. And one of the reasons he's still working on art is that he got bit by a little bug and has been temporarily away from the drawing board. That little bug was the writer's bug and you will find the beginning of a two part tale by him in this issue. Let us know what you think of his story and maybe we can encourage him to tell us more tales about the life of Alexander Kelleher.

I offer thanks to all who help write things for our little e-zine, but I want to add a special mention to Raven Bear Paws. In recent months he has joined the ranks of the computer challenged and doesn't have ready access to the electronic world. His poetic contribution for this issue (and many to come) were hand written and sent via snail-mail. DS and I were really touched that he went that extra step to keep us supplied with his marvelous poetry.

You will notice some differences in the art this issue. Some of the art is new for the issue and some of the art are images that you have lusted over during the course of over eight years. In all that time, DragonSwan has grown as an artist. The samples of images from the archives go back to a hand drawn faun that was scanned into the computer. We are also presenting some of his earliest work on the computer. There are two samples of revisions to cards from the 4F Tarot that reflect some of the newer techniques that he has been experimenting with in recent years. Have fun viewing our little retrospective on the growth of DragonSwan as an artist.

Naked hugs  
Phoenix (and one from DragonSwan too)

## Airy Faerie



Ostara 2010

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

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## Beard Tugs: A Review

By Phoenix

*We don't often promote anything in the Airy Faerie but every so often we catch wind of someone creating something that we can share with our readers that would be of interest. The last occasion was for a book of poetry by one of our contributors, Anja. This issue, we are sharing news of a book that was created by one of our readers who asked us to add something to his artistic efforts. Thank you, David, for giving us the opportunity to step outside of these pages for a little while.*

If a picture is worth a thousand words, you had better get ready to be reading for a while as I am sharing a book that is 134 pages which are mostly filled with images of bearded men. Of course, those words would frequently be variations of "Woof" and "Hello Daddy!" as these are images of very handsome and sensual men. The body types of the models range from slim to plenty to love. Some are smooth while others are walking fur coats. The thing they have in common is that they have beards. Some close trimmed while others are beards that have not been touched by razor in recent years, if ever.

But, once you get past those initial wolf howls, you will realize that the book is filled with not only the beauty of the model,

it is filled with the talent of the photographers who captured them. Those photographers are Bill Pusztai, Nathan Andrews, Kendal of Humanbition, YogaBear Studios, and Pete Hocking. You may not know their names off the top of your head, but anyone who has participated in a picture trading group has probably got a picture or two of theirs in their collection. The photos are of real men in real settings. In my mind, this group of photographers picked up where the photographers of the 1970s and early 1980s left off. They have looked beyond the Wall Street preferred image of shaved male beauty and are focused on the beauty that is man in his bearded glory.

The book is not just pretty pictures. One series of photos from YogaBear Studios includes poetic verse by the photographer himself, David Gray. Another series of photos is from the Daily Photo Project by Pete Hocking. It is a photo journey of the evolution of his beard over a seven year period.

When David Gray had the idea for the book, he didn't limit the concept to just photographic artists. He also included work by illustrator Dean Cameron and digital works by Thierry Moreau, ScorpioMoon, and DragonSwan. All these fine artists share their vision of the beard in their art. But he didn't stop there and expanded the concept to include stories and invited Yag and myself to join him in the written word.

If that has caught your attention, the book is *Beard Tugs in celebration of beards and the men who wear them*. You can find it on Amazon for only \$9.99. You can also get more information at <http://www.yogabearstudio.com>.

Excerpt from *Something in the Beard* by Phoenix as found in the pages of *Beard Tugs*.

"I know you're very busy," she said as I approached, "but do you recognize this man?"

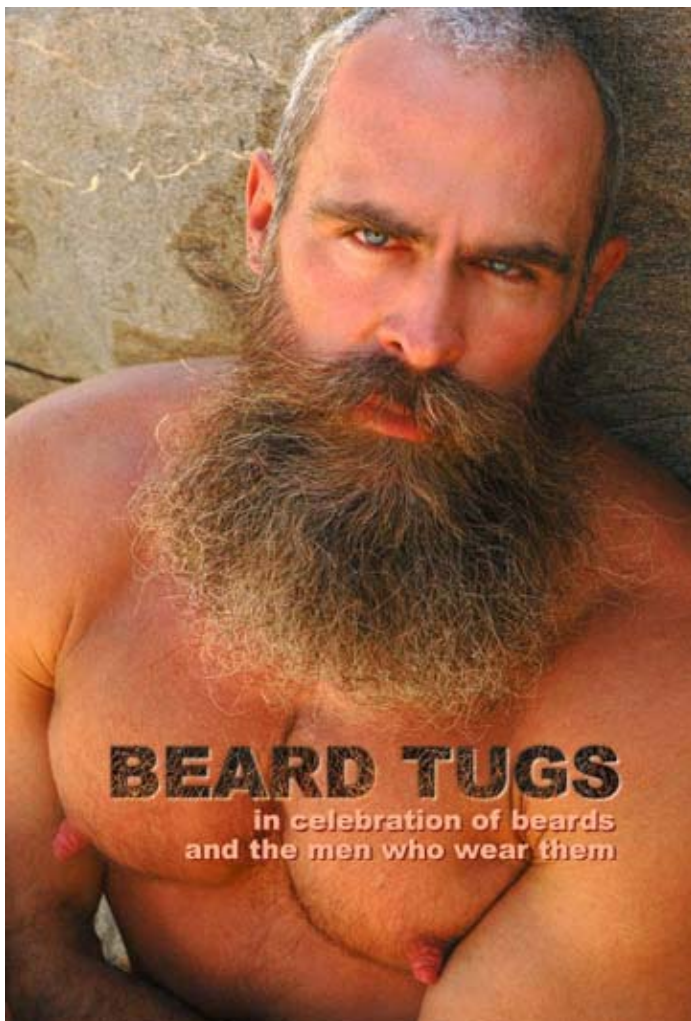
She handed me a picture. It didn't take me more than a nano-second to identify him. That was my fantasy man, my dream lover and unrequited lust mate. His steel blue eyes stared out of the picture while I was lured into his lips which were framed by a thick black moustache and beard. I don't know how many times I wished that I could serve him something that wasn't on the menu.

"He's my brother," she continued. "I haven't heard from him in months. His phone is disconnected and he's not answering email. Jason was always talking about how great the food was here and how one waiter always had a way of making him smile. He said the waiter was cute with a perfectly trimmed goatee and a butt that makes people want to grab it as he passes by. You seem to match that description and well, I hoped that maybe you had seen him."

I blushed at her description as it was basically true, except for where her brother was concerned. The one customer I really wish would grab my ass and he never did. I had to disappoint her by saying that I hadn't seen him in over a year. I offered to check with the others when things quieted down.

"Please call if you see him." She handed me her card and disappeared out the door.

*Note: We will publish the full story later this year, but for now, this is David's turn to share with his readers.*



Cover model, Jeff by YogaBear Studios

## To Jason

**By Hermes Polyandros**

In those dark eyes I see sorrow;  
 In those dark eyes I see pain;  
 In those dark eyes I see loneliness,  
 A need unfulfilled.  
 In those dark eyes I see love;  
 Seeking love, not trusting love,  
 For betrayals you have felt,  
 Knowing love was just out of reach;  
 And touch, and holding, and knowing someone is near,  
 Was all you asked of the world,  
 But the world didn't hold it  
 Anywhere near.  
 So now your wandering spirit  
 I call. Be near.  
 So that I can tell you all you wanted  
 Was really truly near,  
 For in yourself you could have felt it,  
 But alas, you could not hear.

## A Man from Men Magazine

**By Hermes Polyandros**

There he is upon the printed page  
 Perfect in his masculinity  
 And there he will be and never age.  
 His bearded face, my heart skips a beat.  
 That chest of hair cover flowing perfection  
 I want to reach out and touch it, would be neat;  
 Those pecs like hills rising above a rolling plain,  
 They are like the hills over covered with brown grain  
 Those abs rippling, covered with hair,  
 Calls to me to explore with hands, do I dare?  
 Below that is that triangle of pleasure  
 A coronet of hair,  
 Crowning the glory of his manhood  
 Dense, luxuriant, musk smelling, good.  
 Then there the center of the man's special being  
 Firm and veined, a rising obelisk, I'm seeing;  
 Helmeted flesh of firmness and pleasure,  
 He smiles as my eyes desire to taste it at my leisure.  
 So firm and supple is that cock  
 Before I am through my jaws will lock.  
 His thighs spread wide in majestic rare  
 What lies between makes me wish to see the in the air.  
 Strong legs carrying him on manly stride  
 Calves and feet perfection that nothing can hide.  
 But there he lays on the printed page  
 Where he sprawls and never to age;  
 Yet only I can look, not touch, taste or feel  
 A manly fantasy out of my touch, not real.

## I Want Someone to Write Me a Love Poem

**By Raven Bear Paws**

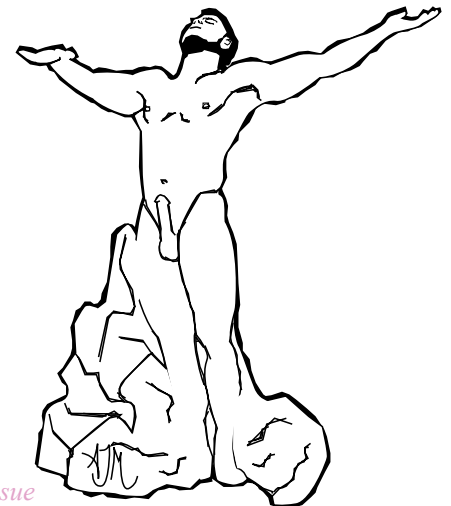
I want someone to write me a love poem  
 Because you know what?  
 I am tired of being the one to write them.  
 I want to be the one a man sees  
 Who can not help but let his words of  
 Affection spill forth from his pen.  
 I want to be the object of a sigh  
 And the cause for him to fan himself as I walk by.  
 I want him to be the giddy school girl  
 Adverting his eyes when I check him out.  
 I want him to be the one with the loss  
 Of words whenever I am near by.  
 And when I bend over in front of him  
 I want it to be him checking out my ass.

Is that too much to ask?

I want someone to write about me for a change.  
 The way I smile,  
 The way my eyes crinkle at the corners when I laugh,  
 The way he feels when I press my soft lips against his neck,  
 Or how I make him feel when I hold him in my arms.  
 I want him to tell me that I am the sun,  
 Moon and stars in his world.  
 And I want him to tell me how pale a rose  
 Be compared to me.  
 But most of all, I want him to tell me he loves me.  
 Not just any love  
 A love that is deeper than any ocean,  
 A love so pure that he would die if he could not see me,  
 A love that has consumed his heart in an eternal flame,  
 A love unlike anything he has felt or  
 Ever will again.

Maybe it is too much to ask for!

So I guess I'll keep writing the love poems.



*From the Winter 2003 Issue*



# The Poem In-between

By Phoenix

I'm a writer and these things should come easy.  
The words are supposed to flow.  
They normally do when I don't care about the words.  
But this is special. This is different.  
It is supposed to be a poem about you.

I want each word to be special.  
I want each word to capture the exact nature of my love.  
I want each word to be perfect; just like you.

Each day I rehearse the words I want to write,  
Weighing each word to be sure it captures the right mood.  
I want to capture that feeling as I run my fingers through  
your long hair

Oops...  
I want to capture that feeling as I caress your freshly shaved head.  
I want each word to reflect that I love both feelings equally.  
It is the feeling of my hand on your body that matters.

I want to capture that feeling as we stood and watched the  
setting sun  
As it descended behind the mountains and turned the sky orange.  
I want to capture that feeling as we stood there when the day  
was done  
Oh God! What rhymes with orange? Now I'm going to have to  
start over  
Now I need a better way to express that feeling.

I want to capture that feeling of how you entered my life when  
things were dark.  
How you revealed that each storm cloud has a lining of silver  
Oh Goddess! I did it again. How am I going to rhyme with silver?

And there's the challenge of how long my poem should be.  
A stanza for each day perhaps?  
A line for each hour?  
Or a word for each minute?  
That's only one thousand four hundred forty more words  
Since the last time I sat down to get this started.

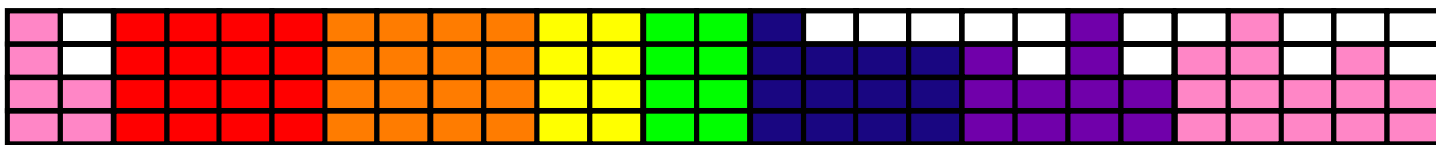
Each minute there is something new I want to add.  
Each hour there is something I want to change to reflect my love  
of that moment.  
Each day those thoughts and words don't get any closer to getting  
on the page.  
I don't want to commit myself to the printed words until I know I  
have the right ones.

So it's time to put the words aside while I figure this out.  
I will put them someplace safe where I won't forget them.  
I will put them in the spaces between the words "I", "Love"  
and "You".  
I will put them in front and behind and surround them with  
my feelings.  
I will put them in between the letters – any place and every place  
I can find room.

So until I find the perfect way to say everything I feel about you,  
Listen closely when I say "I love you"  
In that silence between words is the full poem I'm writing for you.

Some day everything will be perfect and nothing will change.  
I will have found the last thing I want to say about why I love you.  
That will be the day I'm ready to write it all down and give it  
to you.  
But right now, I'm looking for the next thing to say.  
I'm not ready to discover that it was the last thing to say.  
I'm not in a hurry to finish the poem. Are you?





## The 4-F Tarot: Revisions and Visions

by Phoenix

In keeping with the idea of looking at how much DragonSwan has grown as an artist, I'll start by talking about the two cards that we are presenting that are updated versions of cards we have already shown you - the Kween of Feathers on this page and the King of Feathers on page 13.

We haven't altered much on either card, but I think you will quickly see that the changes have a dramatic effect on both images. In both cases, the change centers around giving the card some motion. Look at each of the "before" images and compare them to the "after" version. The king with his maccaw was just "there" as a static moment frozen in time. The contrail effect of the maccaw is giving him movement and he isn't just hovering overhead like a feathery helicopter. This card has another change for you to discover on your own as it now has its second layer of energy added.

In the world of Kweenes and Kings, each of the Feather Royal Pair get two elemental energies. They both get Air automatically as that is the native element of the Feathers. The King elected to learn about Fire and that is reflected in his passion and explosive release. The Kween on the other hand learned about Water. The original card is fairly dry on that score so we still needed to weave that energy into the image. She is our diva and knows how to stage things for maximum effect. Add water to that and we came up with the swirling mists. I definately think the siren is now ready to take center stage and lure folks to the mystery behind her.

To me, one of the fascinating things about this pair of cards is that the Kween is working on drawing people toward her while the

King is busy doing his own thing. As you try to link this pair in a reading is she putting forth the siren call to lure him back home? or is his releasing of the sarong an act of defiance to get away from the spell she is weaving? or for our lovely Kween, is this a matter of "while the cat's away" and she's taking advantage of his absence to draw in new play toys?

That takes covers our two updated cards, so let's take a moment to look at Dr. James A. Warner, Sr. DDS (a.k.a. Jaws to his friends) who is on the opposite page. We have always known the base animal energy for this card but the "who" of the card has changed since we started. At first, this card was going to be a corporate boss with his suit and tie which would be a stark contrast to the nudes and more casually dressed cards. As time progressed and many dentist appointments later and conversations with friends who have been avoiding appointments as long as I had, we realized that nothing evokes the sense of fear that we were looking for than a visit to the dentist. That said, our first thought was to have an empty chair with the dentist standing waiting for his next victim...um, patient. That image was too passive for the deck and the looming image you see on the right emerged.

My apologies to dentists everywhere for the stereotype image based on fears but then I remind myself that his animal energy suffers the same bad publicity and there are many who try to convince us that sharks are not Evil Incarnate as portrayed in movies. The dentist is our friend and yet, many adults do everything in their power to avoid setting up an appointment. There are a multitude of reasons and excuses we can use to justify both our feelings and avoidance of scheduling visits. So by way of apology to dentists for the image we created, this card comes with a public service announcement.

I personally avoided going to the dentist for years largely because I didn't like the one I had. Rather than find a new one, I waited until something really happened to force me to go. When it did, I did what I should have done years earlier and asked people. I went in and not only did he repair the damage he also removed 90% of the migraines I got. One of our coworkers did the same thing and also reduced her migraines.

If that isn't enough to convince you, consider this tale. A friend of ours had some problems last fall that forced him to the emergency room. A day later he had brain surgery. And another surgery a few days later. Less than two months later he was dead. The main trigger to all of this was a dental infection which turned inward and became a brain infection. If you are like these others and myself, please do yourself, face your fear and make an appointment.





# Quest for the Crystal Phoenix

## Chapter 38: Phoenix Rising

by Orpheus

Apollo woke up with a start and sat up in bed. He was in his room at Queen Susan's country retreat. He looked around and saw Queen Holly sitting in the big arm chair.

"This is becoming all too familiar, young man," said the faerie queen.

"What happened?" He rubbed his eyes to get the last of the sleep from them. "I should be at the Swan's pond."

"As far as I can tell after the fact, you went and nearly astral projected yourself into the past."

"What?"

Holly got up from the chair and went to the door. "We will talk in a little bit. First you need to eat. You were pretty faded when I arrived yesterday. Yes, yesterday. Johnny couldn't revive you and called for help."

"Where is he?"

"I sent him back to talk to Lady Swan to learn more about your past. So much of what you have talked about is from before I was born and mother rarely talked about it. And in none of the tales is there a story about a young prince from the future."

"I told her why no one remembers," came an elderly voice entering the room, directing a page to place the tray of food on the desk as she spoke, "but she doesn't listen to me."

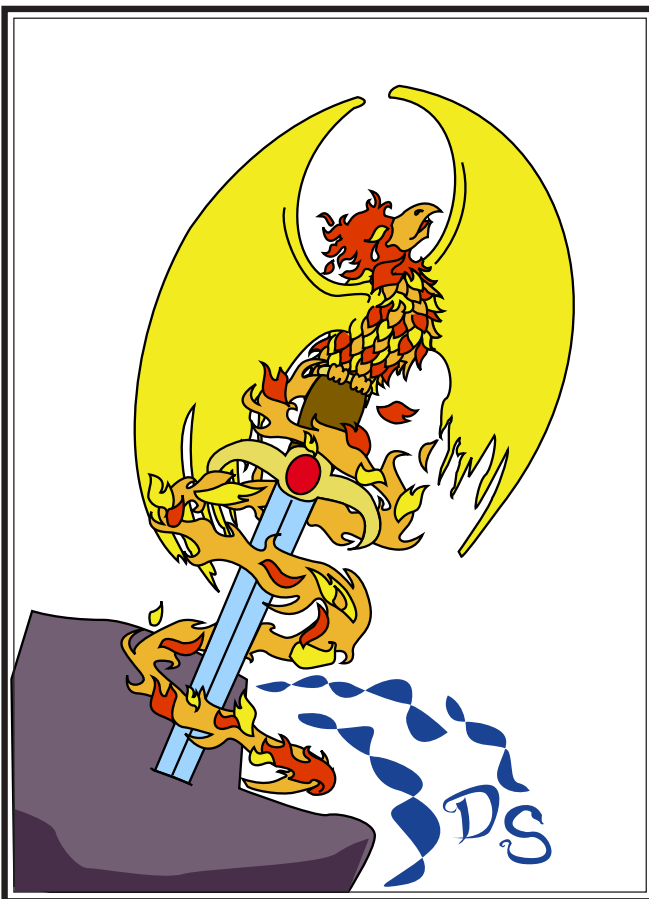
"I'm listening, Maewyn," offered the prince.

"It is because of everyone's desire to protect you, my child." Maewyn handed him a piece of fruit and wandered over to the window and opened the curtains. The bright afternoon sun came streaming in. "Ah, just as I suspected. There is a young wolf down there trying to figure out how to get up here. Get dressed and eat your food. Part of what you are feeling is the lack of food after working up so much energy yesterday. So eat and then come join us in the courtyard."

Holly and Maewyn shrunk to flying size and flew out the window. Apollo ran to the window to see who was waiting, half expecting to see Belkaro. To his surprise it was his sister, Iris Angelica. He quickly got dressed and inhaled the food. One of his faerie visitors must have directed Teddy to make a special loaf of bread for his meal. He could taste an unusual blend of herbs and nuts that seemed to energize his body. Apollo followed that energy and layered in some grounding energy of his own.

The prince was surprised to see Captain Jenkins, Queen Susan's Head Guard, standing watch outside his door. On the other hand, he

wasn't that surprised since he expected all of his guards to ask for reassignment after the way he reacted after the battle. Braced for the worst, he asked where they were and was told that the others were in a special training session. After his audience with the Faerie Queen, the captain was to escort the prince to where the training was being held. As he neared where Queen Holly and Maewyn were waiting he could hear the clang of steel against steel in the distance. He started to listen intently.



"Keep your energy to yourself, young man," commanded Holly. "I am already monitoring the session and your energy might be a distraction right now."

"But..."

"No, but about it," snapped the queen. "Right now, it is just a training session, but in the heat of battle, your touch, if not done right, could be just that distraction that makes someone lose their concentration and WHOP, their head is ten feet from their body."

"But I've reached out to many people with my energy without problem," protested the prince.

"Have you done so when their lives are at stake?" countered Maewyn. "Perhaps it was that very thing that distracted Hilda Ironwood so long ago?"

"I didn't do anything thing."

"Feeling guilty are we? Now, I didn't say it was you, did I?" asked the elderly faerie as she wagged a finger at him. "But you see the consequences of that possibility now, don't you?"

Apollo nodded slowly.

"After yesterday's eye opening experience, your father felt it would be wise for your guards to have some more experience in fending off magical attacks and approached me for assistance. I agreed and sent for Hilda Harbell to lead today's practice session. She may not control the elemental magics but she has enough tricks in her bag to give them an idea of how different magical fighting can be from the simple games they know."

"And just about now..." said Maewyn as a loud snarl could be heard in the distance, "ah, right on cue, phase two of training has begun. Rowolfsun heard that one of his children was used as hostage in your session and wanted to add his own lesson about underestimating wolves."

"Excuse me, dear ladies, but I should be there," said the prince as he started to head that direction. A bolt of lightning zapped the ground in front of him and stopped him in his tracks.



"I think not, young man," said the faerie queen. Her eyes were flashing to match the lightning bolt. "That is their lesson to learn, just as now is the time to teach you something. Come with us."

She turned her back on him and started to walk into the forest. Apollo hadn't seen his aunt so angry and followed without question. He didn't take but a moment for him to recognize where they were heading. Within a few minutes he knew he was right when they stepped into the clearing that had been the scene of the fight with his guards. At the same time, he was shocked to see scorch marks around the space, the worst being where the guards had been standing. In the center of the clearing was a gaping hole. Holly directed him to look down the hole. Peering down, it seemed to go to the center of the earth itself.

"What happened?" gasped Apollo. "This wasn't like this when we left."

"You happened. While you were right to defend yourself, now see the consequences of using your powers." Holly gestured at the scorch marks. "You pulled in a lot of energy and didn't dispel it when you were done. The plants were supercharged with the fires you called and were burned as a result."

"But I didn't direct energy at the plants, just the attackers."

"But you used your air magic to stir things up," said Maewyn as she poked a finger into his chest. "I could feel the winds shift up at the cave where I was waiting for you. It had to rush to gather the energy you summoned. When the winds swirled, they picked up the fire energy you summoned. But when the wind left, it didn't take the fires with it. Those fires settled and you see the results."

"And a good thing, you only summoned a brief burst of solar energy. There was enough residue to scorch but not enough to ignite. You would have come home to a raging forest fire otherwise."

Apollo dropped to his knees at the hole and looked in once again. "Is this too a result of yesterday?"

Holly placed her hand on his shoulder. "I felt the earth shutter all the way in Fransancisco so I knew something happened. It was brief but it was there. After Johnny told me everything that had happened I came down here to investigate and found that. With the amount of energy it would take to cause the earth to tremble, I'm surprised that you wouldn't have realized that something wouldn't happen as a result."

"I...I never commanded the energy to do that. I just put out the call for it to help me in the way it felt best. It was the way that Rowan and Queen Amaranth helped me learn to direct the stronger elemental energies. I would tell them what I needed and asked if they would help. Never did I command them."

"And just what did you ask, yesterday?" asked Holly in a softer voice than she had been using.

He thought a moment. "I asked the earth energy to distract the brigands while I focused on freeing Johnny. I didn't specify how to help. The energy flowed and the earth just shook and I grabbed the opportunity."

"And just how did you thank those energies?" asked Maewyn as she circled around the open pit.

"Thank them?" He stared at the hole for a moment. "I don't remember. I was so hurt to find out that the attackers were my guards and that they risked Johnny's life in that test. I was shocked at how I reacted and didn't rush to help the injured. I was..."

"A bit smug that you actually could hold your own?"

accused Holly.

"A bit proud of how you showed off to your friend?" added Maewyn.

"Perhaps a little," admitted the prince. "There are times I find it hard to believe I can do all this stuff. There are parts of that past that seem like such a dream. Some I can't remember." He felt the ring on his finger. "And some I can't forget."

"That is part of the effect of going the wrong way through the circle," said Maewyn. "If you had gone through it in the proper direction like I told you..."

"Will tell him, Auntie," said Holly. "He hasn't been back to the cave to get your message."

"I told him," huffed Maewyn, "he wasn't listening properly. He just wasn't as trained as I thought he would be when I left the message."

"All that aside," said Holly, "what I heard is that you didn't thank the energies that came to your aid. You can do that with Air and even Water. They both go with the flow and have generally already moved on and aren't there to hear you." She gestured to the burned areas, "Fire will say they don't care but will leave their mark when you aren't watching to remind you to pay attention. But Earth is your foundation. The fact that you can tap Earth Energy is a sign of your special relationship. The Earth was hurt and scarred by your neglect. Just imagine if you had been on the slopes of Mount Phlash and were attacked. What would a rift like this mean?"

"I don't want to think about it but I have a feeling that I need to start."

"And no time like the present." Holly stepped away from the prince's side. "It is our turn to join in the lesson." She glared at him with the hint of the lightning in her eyes. Apollo got up to follow his aunt. "Don't even think of helping. They have their lesson to learn as do you. We will be gone for an hour. When we return, I want to see this mess cleaned up." Her hand flashed and a small unlit candle appeared in her hand. She set it down on a rock next to the hole. "You may consider this as my version of a Princing Challenge to see if you are worthy of the support of the Faerie Crown when you ascend to the throne."

Apollo stared as Maewyn and the Queen of the Faeries shrunk and flew out of sight. He looked at the clearing that had seemed so peaceful the day before when he worked with Manin and Belkaro to figure out a way to help cleanse the area of the layers of Belladonna's scent. Stretching out his senses, he could feel the pain of the plants. He felt the earth energy and asked it to lend some strength to the plants. The energy was sluggish and slow to react. And when it did, he felt it shift away from the damaged plants instead of toward them. He focused his attention on the hole. The energy surrounding it was as black as he had ever felt. It was cold and lifeless compared to the energy of the outer parts of the clearing. "I guess I need to heal this wound first, but how?" He dropped to his knees and covered his face with his hands. "How can I fix this?"

"I don't know." Apollo turned and saw King Adam. He got up and ran to him.

"I'm so sorry," he said as he hugged his father.

"Sorry for what?"

"Screwing up. My guards are going to hate me for what happened yesterday. Queen Holly is mad because I didn't do things right. And even the earth energy is mad at me for not thanking it for its help."

Adam held his son as he expressed his problems. "I can relieve one of those fears. Your guards don't hate you. They are beating themselves up pretty bad for not thinking how you would react to danger. After all, four of them watched you control the wolves and fought with one of the largest wolves they had ever seen single handed. They know that they should have realized that you are not the timid trainee who is usually placed in that situation. And yet, they didn't and earned some cuts and bruises for their error. They blame themselves, not you."

"Then why are you punishing them with lessons with the Hilda Guard?"

Adam laughed. It was a rich hearty laugh that startled a few squirrels in the trees and set them chattering. "It was hardly punishment. They were moping after the farce. They were shaken to the core when they couldn't find you. I had to find something for them to do. Susan suggested to get them doing what they do best, but only raise the stakes so they learned something in the process. Right now, they are far too busy to feel sorry for themselves."

"And any cuts and broken bones they suffer will have been earned during the course of training to be better guards," Apollo's spirit brightened as he spoke. "Which means they will have earned my favor of healing them when the lesson is finished."

"Exactly." Adam patted his son on the back. "That takes care of one problem. Now tell me about this pit."

The prince explained the basic of what had happen during the battle. He had been so angry that he wasn't thinking clearly about thanking the energies for their help. Until he learned what happened after he left, he hadn't even thought of the elemental energies as a thinking something that would care about things like thanks.

"I suspect that this may not be a case of someone understanding words," offered Adam, "but have you ever noticed how the mood of a room changes when you say them? This may be something like that. It isn't the words you say, but the energy you put behind them."

"Do you think it would be something as simple as saying 'thank you?'"

"I don't know." Adam paused for a second. "I seem to be saying that around you a lot lately."

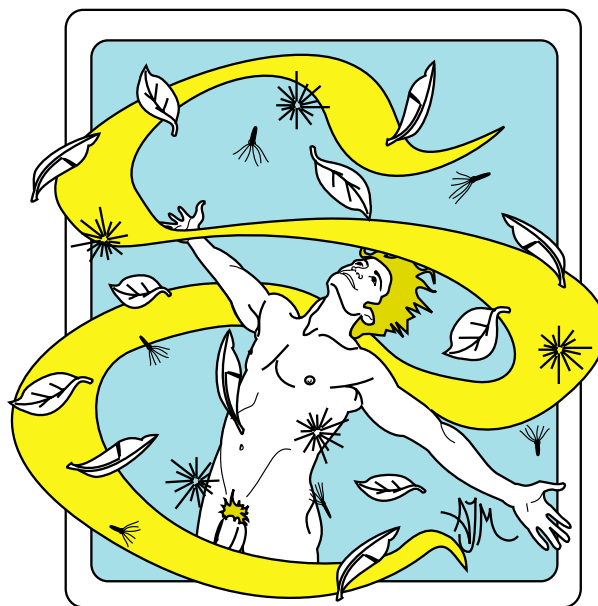
"I'm sorry I've been such a problem lately."

"Nothing to be sorry about, son. I am proud of you but we are talking about things that are far beyond anything I've experienced."

Apollo offered his apology and thanks to the earth and felt a slight shift. No longer was the energy black but the hole remained as a reminder. Father and son walked around the clearing, stopping at the charred areas. At each spot, Apollo knelt down and touched the burnt plants. He asked the plants to forgive his neglect that left them in harm's way. He thanked the fire energy for its help. He gathered the remaining embers of heat that resided in the char and slowly built up a fire ball. He touched the earth at the base of the plants and asked for its help in nourishing them back to health.

They made their way to all of the spots that showed the signs of the worst damage. When the completed the circle, they could see that the first plants were showing signs of recovery. Apollo stretched out his senses to touch the clearing as a whole so he could reach out to all the minor damages. The earth energy was flowing with his thoughts and didn't resist his efforts to heal the plants.

"Very impressive," said Holly as she flew into the clearing. "You have made far more progress than I expected." She grew to mortal size and surveyed the area. "At the rate the plants are



*From the Spring 2003 Issue*

growing right now, by tomorrow you would hardly know that something had happened." She looked at the hole. "Well, except for that. What are your plans for cleaning up that mess?"

"Please forgive me, but I don't know. The energy and I have made peace but the hole remains."

"What did you say?" asked the queen.

"I said I don't know," he repeated. "This is beyond what I've learned."

"No, before that."

"Please forgive me?" he questioned. "Is that what you meant?"

"Why did you ask for my forgiveness when it is the Earth that was harmed?"

He gathered his thoughts a moment as he knew the answer would be important to her. "The Earth Energies and I have come to peace about my lack of courtesy. It lent its energy as I healed the plants of their fire damage. But I ask for your forgiveness as I failed to complete your challenge and remove the final damage to the clearing."

"What are you going to do with that?" Holly gestured to the fire ball glowing in Apollo's hand.

"I was just about to figure that out when you arrived."

She gestured for him to hand it to her. She looked around the clearing and saw that others had joined them. Queen Susan, Rondar and the guards, all nine Hildas and a pack of wolves led by Iris Angelica had joined them from the training grounds. "Be it known by all who witness, I, Holly Jasmine, Queen of the Faerielands, give my support to Apollo Phoenix of the House of Charming. He who shall be the future king of the reunited kingdom of Wobnair!" She tossed the fire ball to the candle and lit it. Everyone cheered at the proclamation. Everyone except Apollo.

"Thank you but I don't understand. I failed and didn't complete your challenge."

Holly placed her hand on his cheek, "Dear child, don't confuse the lack of completing a task with failure. You still have work to do but you also did more than the minimal goal I had in mind as part of the test. You also said the magic words."

"The magic words?" asked Adam.

"You mean 'Please forgive me?' just like what I had to ask

Queen Amaranth for her help in finding Eartaifiwa?"

"Exactly. Mother always said that if a member of the House of Charming were ever to admit they needed help and asked for forgiveness, that we should do both."

"Eartaifiwa?" asked Susan. "Where's that?"

"It's a what not a where," said Holly absentmindedly. "But that is a tale for later. Now is the time for figuring out this problem. Before we tackle that," she looked at Iris Angelica. "Please thank your father for allowing you to join in our training."

The white wolf snarled a second. "It was our pleasure," she said once she found her speaking voice. "It is rare that we get to practice against humans without fear of finding a sword through our bodies. Your message shall be passed on." She turned tail and led the pack out of the clearing.

"And my thanks for all the training you are doing on my behalf," offered Apollo. He shook hands with each of his guards, giving them some healing energy with each handshake. "Now, go to your well deserved rest."

"Thank you, but not yet," said Toby. "Hilda Swordfern promised to teach us a couple of her moves."

Apollo watched the guards leave, each chatting with one of the Hilda Guard. It was a far different scene than watching them depart after their defeat. That left the prince with his father, Aunt Susan and the faeries.

"I haven't seen her look so alive," said Susan.

"You mean Hilda?" asked Holly. "You are right. She has something to do again." The faerie looked at Apollo. "And someone she cares about. She was one of the few who never forgot you. She always talked about the handsome prince who won her heart. The one she gladly gave her life to. But she never told me who. I always thought that it was Laika, the Wolf Prince, but it was you, wasn't it?"

Apollo nodded.

"What happened yesterday when you left here?"

The prince explained that he had been feeling Laika's presence and felt his touch in the wind. So he listened. He followed the voice and listened and felt his wolf friend's death. At the conclusion of the tale, he stood up and shouted to the air.

"Rowan! I need to talk to you!"

Everyone stared at his unexpected outburst. They jumped when a human sized wolf leapt out of the forest.

"Gads, I'll never grow tired of that," snarled the wolf god as he morphed into human form. "You didn't have to shout, by the way. I was just on my way here to see how the mock battle went."

Without any preamble, the prince asked, "Why did you kill Laika?"

"He asked to be released from his body as was his right. He could no longer perform his duties in that form and asked to be given a new body to use until that duty was discharged."

"What is that duty, uncle?" asked Holly.

"That is for yonder prince to discover, daughter of my sister," he responded. "Now, if that is all you wanted, I was just about to reward my children for their prowess in today's practice. Some of them proved worthy of joining me on the Great Hunt." Rowan didn't wait for a response and returned to wolf form and leapt into the shadows and disappeared.

"But why kill him?" asked the prince as the Wolf God disappeared.

"He was old," said Maewyn as she put her arms around him. "Wolves don't die of old age. They are either killed by the next generation during a leadership challenge or they make their peace with their god. Laika was lonely after you left. After he left court when Queen Daisy died, he was lonely. The only two people who really understood him were gone."

The earth shuttered under their feet.

"What was that?" asked Adam.

Holly looked at the hole and then at Apollo. "What were you just thinking?"

"How lonely it must have been to be cut off from the pack when he needed them most."

"Is that all you were thinking?" she asked as she stared him in the eyes.

"No," he admitted. "I miss him and can't believe he's really gone. It only seems like a couple of weeks since he helped send me home."

"But for him, that has been nearly five hundred years," said Maewyn. "Lady knows I feel every one of those years but I'm too stubborn to let go. Amaranth entrusted a secret to me when she stepped down from the crown and I haven't released it yet."

"Why you, auntie, and not me?" asked Holly.

"You didn't know this young man and I did. I loved his spirit and could remember him after Amaranth cast her spell."

"What spell?" asked Apollo. "Is that why there are so few stories from that time?"

"Precisely. This is going to take a while so sit down." She waved a hand and several chairs appeared. "Holly, dear, would you please summon Theodorable? I had him prepare a meal for our prince for after his challenge. This would be a perfect time to share it."

"Auntie, are you stalling?"

"No, just thirsty and hungry myself after lesson. It has been a long time since I've done that much magic work in an hour. I'm not used to that much work without a break."

With a gesture, Holly called to her cook who promptly appeared and magicked in a table filled with snacks. He served everyone some fruit juice and Apollo noticed more of the nut filled bread he had earlier.

"What is in here?" he asked.

"It is not to your liking, Your Majesty?" he quickly assumed. Apollo assured him that it was very good but he didn't recognize the nuts. He was told that they came from the walnuts that grew in the heart of the Black Forest which was right outside the gates of Fransancisco.

"The Black Forest?" questioned Apollo. "You mean the Rainbow Forest, don't you?"

Holly said that the Rainbow Forest was a mere legend and that the forest has always been jet black. Many said that the forest was black to honor her father Raven Stormcrow who saved it from the fires on the Night of the Phoenix. Maewyn correct her and confirmed that the forest indeed used to be called the Rainbow Forest. But when the prince left and without anyone with active earth magic, the forest quickly turned black. All of the fruits and nuts that are gathered from the forest have an equally darker taste than those grown in the newer orchards. The Kouncil of Magical Herbology felt that the black fruits and nuts had more grounding energy than others. They decided that it seemed as if the forest itself was storing all of the earth energy that wasn't being used to heal the



land.

As Apollo listened, he sent a thread of energy to the forest that he had known. Indeed, it had dark energy. But it didn't seem like a mournful black. It had the feel of a dark room with an unlit candle sitting on a table. It was waiting for someone to pick up that candle and light it again.

When Maewyn was refreshed, she signaled and Teddy refilled the glasses one last time and departed with the empty dishes. She was finally prepared to share the tale of the past.

She said there was much turmoil in the days that followed his departure. The wolves, emboldened by their support of Queen Belladonna seized the opportunity to renew the Wolf War. Belladonna cast illusion spells on the guards from Rianglet and Daisy's guards slaughtered them. When the bodies were found, the spell was broken and the people of Rianglet found their loved ones with Rysbalan arrows in their hearts. That rekindled the hatred between the nations that had been calmed during the sundering. Every so often, some one would remember the handsome prince who had the Magic and wanted him to ride in on a winged steed and save the day. Only they wanted it saved for just them, not everyone.

"But how does that involve protecting me? That's what you said earlier, right?" asked Apollo.

She said that was correct. There were many tales of how he had disappeared into the air. How the royal cousins had spirited away the true ruler of the land. They kept petitioning Amaranth to use her magic to bring the prince back. The strange prince, mind you, not the brothers who ruled before the cousins, nor their father who ruled the whole land. It was the foreign prince who caught the attention of the people. Amaranth gathered all the leaders and gods and it was agreed that it would be best for Amaranth to once again use the waters of the River Lethe to erase memories. When she cast the spell, she used Apollo's appearance as the moment to reset memories. Anything he did during the years that were being erased were merged with the actions of the person nearest to him at the time. Laika was often credited with the physical acts while the gods and faeries did all of the magical rescues.

"How is it then that you remember me? Or Rowan or Hilda for that matter?"

"There were two groups who were immune to the spell. The first were those who were underground during the storm. If one didn't get wet or drink the rain water during the week long storm, they weren't exposed to the spell. The other group were those who loved you with a love so strong that they would never forget and it would take a storm that raged for years to make them release the memory."

She stood up and walked to the pit. "I was both. Amaranth hedged her bets and selected a few faeries to go underground and avoid the effects of the storm." She said that the queen wanted to be sure that someone would remember him when the day came that her great-grandson was born. She needed someone to entrust the secrets. Some were shared with her children that would relate to the kingdom as a whole. Maewyn was closest to one of those secrets and asked to be the one to be the keeper of it.

Apollo left his chair and joined her at the pit. "That is the second time you mentioned a secret that you hold. It seems like you are almost asking me to ask you to break the silence related to it."

"You don't need to ask, it is almost time for me to share it freely."



*From the Spring 2003 Issue*

"When will it be time," he asked.

"When will you return to visit the Crystal Princess? That will be the time. But right now..." She beckoned to the faerie queen, who joined her. The two chatted in an ancient language. Holly's eyes widened as they spoke.

"It seems I was wrong to judge you for the creation of this pit," she said turning her attention to the prince. "While you were wrong to not thank the energies, that was not the event that caused the damage. You were still connected to the energy when you connected to past events. This space is a reflection of what you felt. To heal this scar, you will first need to heal the one inside yourself. I can't help you with that one."

"But how do I do that?" asked Apollo. "How can I ask his forgiveness for leaving him alone all those years? I had to come back and couldn't bring him with me."

"He came to understand that," offered Maewyn. "That's why he asked Rowan to assist in his transition. He wanted to find a way to be here when you arrived back in your time. When you are reunited, your joy should fill this pit to overflowing."

"How long will that take?"

Maewyn's eyes rolled back for a moment. "Soon."

She walked back to her chair and took a sip of juice. "Grab your glasses, everyone."

As she spoke, people started to reach for their glasses as a low rumble began to be felt in the clearing. As the vibration grew, a portal opened and Johnny, Manin and Belkaro stepped through. Apollo saw his friends for the first time since his collapse and was glad to see them.

"What on earth are you doing, Johnny?" demanded Holly. "I have never known a portal to have this kind of effect. And kindly stop whatever it is. My head is starting to pound from this rumbling."

"It isn't me, my queen," protested the young faerie. "At least I don't think so."

A call in the air took everyone's attention away for the new



arrivals. The phoenix flew around them and its trailing sparks lit fires in the clearing.”

“Damn foul creature! I should have known you were behind this. It looks like you have learned some new tricks,” shouted Holly as she started to summon a storm. “If you learned that rumbling trick, then certainly you can learn to keep your fires to yourself. After five hundred years, I’m tired of cleaning up after you!”

Before her rain started to fall, a second cry could be heard. A blue-green version of the phoenix flew behind the fiery red phoenix and water drops flowed in its wake and extinguished the flames that were burning.

“A Water Phoenix?” gasped Holly. “In all my years...I never imagined!”

“Lord Ctholbêahâssêsbut’s note said something about a Phoenix of Water. Do you think this might be what he was talking about?” asked Adam.

Before anyone could answer, the rumble intensified and focused on the pit. A brown phoenix with green streaks flew up from its depths and joined the other two.

“An Earth Phoenix, too?”

As it emerged, the rumble ended just as a bell-like tone filled the air in its absence. The chime was repeated as a fourth phoenix joined the flying formation. This one was pale blue and white and nearly disappeared in the sky. Everyone stood in awe as the four phoenixes did an aerial ballet of the elements.

***“Like four friends united in heart***

***Four elementals come to lead the way***

***Fire, Water, Earth and Air are just a start***

***But the Phoenix of Crystal will save the day.”***

Maewyn spoke in a voice that reached from beyond. Apollo turned to face her and saw Johnny steadying his great-grandmother before she collapsed to the ground.

No one was given much time to think about the message that Maewyn had just delivered. The phoenixes ended their display and started attacking the assembled. They dove and wove through the group, scattering them across the clearing. Once separated, the Fire Phoenix kept Apollo standing on the side of the pit by circling close to his head, like a moth might flutter around a flame. When he was free to look, Apollo saw the Water Phoenix giving Manin a similar treatment while the Earth Phoenix was focused on Belkaro. Johnny seemed to be engaged in a game of aerial tag with the Air Phoenix. The two were flying so fast that it was hard to follow which one was leading as they darted across the clearing.

Each time Apollo could focus on his friends, they seemed closer than the last time he looked. “We’re being herded together! Manin, Belkaro, stop resisting and try to get over to me.” As the two began to get closer to Apollo, the Air Phoenix led Johnny on a collision course towards the prince. Just at the last second,

the phoenix veered away while Johnny smacked into him. The force broke Johnny’s concentration and he grew to non-flying size. Manin and Apollo reached out to steady him but Manin tripped over Belkaro and the four started to tumble into the pit.

At their connection, the Earth Phoenix dove into the pit and the ground sealed up behind it, leaving the quartet to fall on solid ground. A collective cry came from the remaining trio of phoenixes and everyone watched as they disappeared into an aerial portal.

“Good riddance to bad rubbish,” humphed Holly. “There is always a disaster when that creature appears.”

“But he helped burn down Belladonna’s cottage,” offered Apollo.

“But why?” asked the faerie queen. “Perhaps he was sent to do her bidding and destroy her secrets before we learned her plans.”

“But why close up the hole in the ground if they aren’t here to help?”

“Perhaps they created the hole for some foul purpose known only to them and their fouler mistress,” countered Holly. “I can’t say for certain, but I can say that whether it is created by him or announced by him, something always happens in the wake of that creature. And now, there are four of them.”

“How can anything so beautiful be associated with the Dark Queen? I can’t believe that they would harm anything,” protested Manin who still had a look of wonderment in his eyes. “I wonder where they went?”

“Anywhere as long as it isn’t...” Holly stopped talking as a flare exploded overhead. “Fransancisco! That’s the Phoenix Alarm! That creature must have headed right to the city when it left here. I have to go quickly. Go get Hilda and bring her to me. This is going to be a long night, I can feel it.” She created a portal. As she stepped through it, she said, “I told you that creature was trouble!”



## Tales from the Northwoods - Part 1 of 2

By DragonSwan

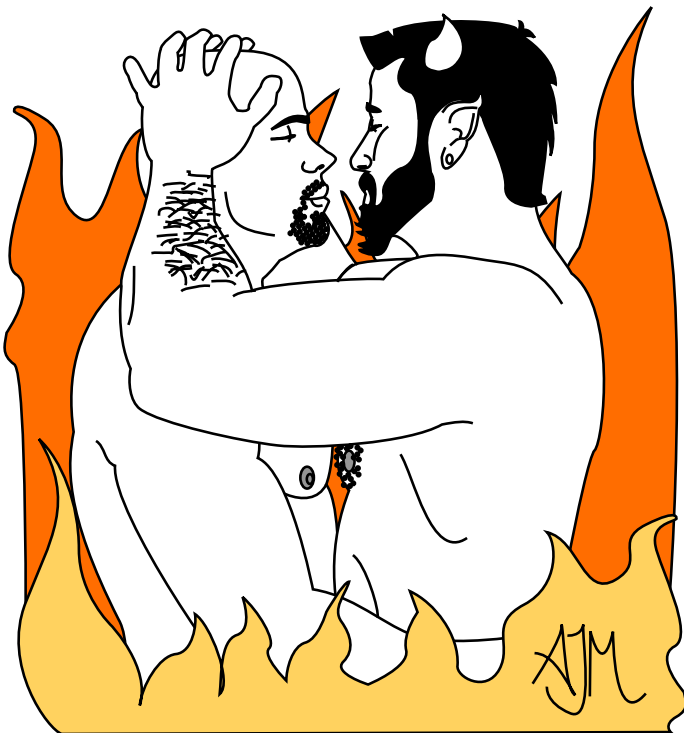
First off, allow me to introduce myself, I am Alexander Kelleher from Northwoods West Virginia. Most people just call me Alex. I have done a lot of traveling since the time I left home and seen a lot of changes in the world during my lifetime. You could say that I have been blessed with a very long life. But I am getting ahead of myself. There have been several members of my tribe asking me to share my life story. Don't worry; I will not bore you with every tale, I am only going to tell the story of how it all began.

Like most of us my story begins in my childhood home. For me that was on a farm in West Virginia. The farm was forty-six acres that include four acres of the woods that surrounded our farm on the north and east side. My parents were farmers, taking over my grandfather's farm after he died, shortly after they were married. My parents were kids themselves when they started their family. They were only fifteen years of age when my oldest brother was born. They had eight kids, all boys, I was the youngest. I sometimes felt sorry for my mother and grandmother being the only women in a house overflowing with men. Growing up with seven older brothers in a poor family meant I had to fight to get what I needed. The meek went to bed hungry, and usually with a couple of bruises. I became a tough kid, and by ten years of age I could beat all but my two older brothers. I think my strength and determination to be the best is what made my father so proud of me.

The other thing with having a house full of boys was that as soon as a guy was old enough to get a hard-on, he was sticking it into what ever he could. Guy to guy sex was a common occurrence on the farm. Sex was the reward for winning the wrestling match, because being guys we had to fight to see who was on top. I don't think anyone ever caught on that sometimes I would loose just to be

the guy on the bottom. Before you ask, yes that did include my father. I soon learned that guys need sex more than women do, so my father would often choose one of his sons to "wrestle" with, most of the time he chose me. I have to admit I enjoyed taking care of my father and brothers' needs. Even after my brothers were married they would often come back for some "wrestling".

All of this led to the summer of 1872, I had just turned eighteen, old enough to be married. One day my father said we needed to go out into the woods and cut down some trees to mend the fences. That had become his way of letting me know he wanted me to help take care of his manhood. Mom would just warn us about the wolves in the woods and packed us a lunch. My father and I walked deep into the woods; each with an ax, as we walked my father took off his shirt which meant I could do the same. I always admired my father's body, and he seemed to like to show it off to me. His broad shoulders and strong torso was already getting a deep tan from working in the sun. A thick mat of hair covered his chest, and a trail led down to his thick manhood. I realized I had been lost in silent worship of my father's sexy body because my own manhood was hard and straining to be let out of my pants. I had to focus on what he was saying as he mentioned that he noticed that I had never dated or shown any interest in girls. It was something I hadn't noticed until he had pointed it out. We stopped and he looked me over, he said I was handsome enough. He ran his hand over my muscular chest and comment that I was built like an ox and was hung like one to. His hand ran down to the still stiff bulge in my pants. He only smiled at me as he pulled his hand away saying any girl would consider me to be a top prized husband. The only excuse I could give him or myself, at the time was that I had just been too busy on the farm. He said I should start looking at the young gals at church, since the farm seemed to be the one place that didn't have any girls. I told him I would start looking. He gave a little laugh, and gave me a smile. Then he undid his pants pulled his manhood out and began to pee. He started talking about how a man just needs to let go sometime, need to release. I had heard this part of his speech before and knew what was going to happen next. I was preparing to get down on my knees to take care of my father's need to release his seed when two rabbits ran past us followed by a tall man with a slim build chasing after them. The man stopped when he saw us. I tried not to laugh, but the man looked very much like a fox, he had long wild red hair with a streak of white just over his right ear. His eyes were golden brown. His open white shirt showed off the little patch of red hair. My father quickly put his manhood away and started yelling at the stranger that this was private land, and demanding to know who he was. The stranger introduced himself as Alfred Caldwell, and said he was just working his way across county. He said he didn't mean to trespass; he was just trying to catch an evening meal. My father seemed to be weighing the situation. Before my father could respond, Alfred asked if he could do some work for my father to earn some money. Most of my brothers had left the farm so my father was short handed, and without much more thought my father agreed to allow him to sleep in the barn, and work the field in exchange of food and some money. I was glad that my father agreed and was hoping that Alfred would also be in need of some release.



*From the Summer 2003 Issue*

Summertime was busy on the farm and Alfred was put right to work. That evening after dinner Alfred told a story about creatures that lived deep in the woods that were half man half beast. The tale started to scare my mother and grandmother so he was asked to stop. After evening chores I ventured out to the barn and asked him to finish his tales. He offered me a seat right next to him. I sat down and could smell the day's sweat that covered his body. My cock started to stir, and grew even harder when he stood up in front of me, took off his shirt and stretched. I watched each muscle do its stretch, until my attention was drawn to the man muscle that was almost in my face. Just a few inches of air and his pants was all that kept his manhood from me. Judging by the size of the bulge in his pants he was fairly well hung. He relaxed his pose and stood looking down at me and asked if it was a story I had come out for. I told him it was, but before he began he gave a hard tug on his bulge. He kept his stance over me, so that his crotch was in my face as he told me a little more about the wild creatures in the woods. They traveled in groups like gypsies over the land. It was the full moon that turned the man into beast. My eyes kept going back to the bulge in his pants which I could tell was growing. I could hear him saying something but wasn't listening anymore. His growing member had me in a trance. His voice was nothing more than soothing soft tones, as I watched him unbutton his pants and pull out his long manhood. It was half erect when its head brushed my lips. I opened my mouth and felt it slide inside. He pulled it out and brought his hand under my chin. He knelt down and gave me a kiss. I had never kissed anyone before, and found the act intoxicating. His tongue pressed its way into my mouth exploring it. I did the same when he pulled his tongue away. Our tongues playfully explored each other's mouths, necks and ears, as he removed my shirt. I felt his hands caressing my muscles. His was not an aggressive domination game but a sensual play. My cock almost ripped my pants it was so hard from his gentle touch. His lips left my neck and slowly made their way down my chest. All I could do was moan as I melted under his touch and magic tongue. He sucked and gently bit each nipple before running his tongue down to the top of my pants. He had me so far lost that he had to undo my pants and help me take them off. His hot moist mouth swallowed my hard dick, all seven inches. His lips and tongue worked their magic over my cock and balls, while one of his hands massaged my chest and the other explored my ass. He let my cock slide out of his mouth and gently pushed me back so that his hot tongue could work its magic on my ass. Not only did his tongue slide into my hole but he pressed a couple fingers in as well. He played with my ass for a long time making me moan and squirm. I think we were both surprised when I let out a huge moan and started shooting my load. He quickly turned his attention to my cock and did his best to suck the rest of my load out of my nuts. Once he knew that I was totally spent, he ran his tongue over my stomach and chest to clean up my seed. He then brought his lips to mine and kissed me, feeding me some of my own juice. This allowed him to rub his hard manhood against my ass before he began a deep moan that was almost a growl. He whispered that he was cumming and I told him to stand up. Before I knew it I had his throbbing meat in my mouth just as the first load shot out. I did my best to swallow every drop but he had quite the load. A few drops ran down my chin. He dropped to his knees once he was finished and again licked me clean and fed me the sweet salty man juice in a kiss. We kissed for a little bit and then he pulled away from me and sat up as if



*From the Summer 2002 issue*

trying to hear something. He told me to quickly get dressed, the fear in his voice made me obey him without question. I was just fishing putting my shirt on when my father entered the barn. He demanded to know what was going on, and we both told him I had come out to hear more of the stories. He told me he didn't want me to hear such nonsense, and sent me to my room, as I past him to leave I was almost certain he could see my still hard dick.

The next morning my father said that Alfred had left during the night. I didn't think I would ever see him again. That night the woods seemed full of wolves, their loud howls caused my dad to get me out of bed and stand at the ready with a gun, in case the wolves came on the farm. I noticed the newly full moon and thought of the creatures Alfred had mentioned. I was grateful when the howling stopped and the woods were once again quiet.

The next morning a few of my brothers and their families gathered in the kitchen right before Mom gathered us all together and marched us off to church. As we left I could have sworn I saw someone watching us from the woods. My heart beat faster thinking that Alfred was still around.

The day was Sunday, July 21<sup>st</sup>, 1872; the day that would change my life forever. Right after his sermon, Father Ferguson asked for a volunteer to stay after church and help him with some minor repair work at the parsonage. My mother was very proud when I offered my services. Once the service was over and the church was empty he led me to a small room behind the altar, where he had a couple pairs of overalls waiting. He handed me a pair and began to undress. I was never shy when it came to stripping, being raised with seven older brothers left me with little shame, but somehow being with a priest changed all of that. He noticed my hesitation and said that is was perfectly fine he always changed his clothes in the church. He began to take off his robes and was starting to look like any other guy I had seen. Father Ferguson was about forty years old, and very good looking. He wasn't as muscular as I was but still



had a nice chest, a little hair that created a trail down to a thick brown bush. He let the robes fall and stood before me naked. His manhood was a little bigger than my father's was. I stood there just staring at his beautiful meat when I heard him laugh a little and say that yes priest had penises too. I felt myself blush, he was a beautiful naked man, but still a man of God, I had to stop myself from thinking of how much I wanted to take care of his needs. He stepped out of the robes and stood in front of me. I stood there looking into his eyes and soon found myself in his embrace, as he kissed me. I wrapped my arms around him and began kissing him wildly. Our hands ran over each other's bodies, both of us enjoying being touched by another man. I willingly allowed him to push me to my knees and eagerly lapped up his manhood. His dick was hard and fucking my throat, and I remember how good it felt when Alfred ran his hand over my chest, and reached up to feel Father Ferguson's chest. Just as Alfred had done with me, my other had explored his musky sweaty hole. His moans let me know I was doing it right. I pressed one finger into his tight hole when he gave out a loud moan and started shooting huge loads of juice into my mouth. I felt it drip out onto my chin as I kept sucking on his meat. Just as he shot his last drop, I heard my father yelling as he and three of my brothers entered the room. My father pulled me off Father Ferguson's thick spent cock, and slapped me across the face. I may have been stronger than my brothers, but I got the beating of my life that day from all four men. I am not sure what happened to Father Ferguson, but judging from the beating I received, he was able to get away. To this day I am not sure what angered my father so much. Was it seeing his prized son on his knees in front of another man that wasn't him, or the fact I was having sex in church? The other thing I will never be sure of is why I never even tried to fight back. Was it deep seated shame over the fact that I loved being with men, or a twisted love and respect for my father and brothers that allowed the beating? I may never know the answer to that. What hurt more than any of the

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punches or kicks, was when my father told me never to return to his house. I was no longer his son. My brothers and father left me alone in the church, and before anyone could come back I ran out of the church and didn't stop until I was deep in the woods.

I wandered aimlessly until the sun began to fall, reaching a stream a few yards from my father's farm I collapsed. I stripped off my torn and bloody clothes and bathed in the cool waters. My body was in a lot of pain, but my soul was in so much more. I realized then that I could never go back to my family or back to town for that matter. I felt lost. Where was a simple farm boy to go? I wiped the tears from my eyes and noticed for the first time that there was a beautiful full moon. I sat naked in the stream, just looking up at it. That is when I heard the first wolf's howl. It sounds too close for my comfort. I got out of the stream and grabbed for my clothes. Quicker than I could move, more howls seem to surround me; they seem to be coming from every direction. Then the sound that stopped me in

my tracks. I heard men yelling, and a gun shot, which was followed by another man screaming in terror. I could not move. Every muscle of my body felt like stone, as if the moon light had turned me into a statue. All I could see was the dark forest, but it was what I could hear that froze my heart. Wolves were howling, and growling, people were screaming, a few more gun shots, more wolves howling, and then silence. The silence scared me the most. I slowly came back to my body, my heart was racing, and my breath was fast and shallow. I tried to control both my breathing and heart beat standing in the silence.

Before I could move, I heard the twigs on the forest floor snap, and then I saw the glow of the beast's eyes.

*...to be continued*



*From the Winter 2003 Issue*



# Story Game

## Chapter 9: by Raven Bear Paws

“Well, Well, Well!” Came a familiar voice from behind him.

Brian froze just as his hand was twisting the key in the lock.

“I haven’t seen that side of you in a while!”

Brain felt the warm familiar hands run across his bare ass. He could feel the skin’s memories running shivers up his spine. Could this actually be who he thought it was? Slowly he pivoted his head on his neck so he was looking over his trembling shoulder. He looked right into the eyes of his former lover, Jeffery.

“What are you doing here?” His voice small and meek.

“I missed you!” Jeffery whispered in his ear “I thought we could talk.”

Brian slowly turned the key and opened the door. Stepping inside he looked down at his rock hard cock. Jeffery still had that affect on him and he hated it. He quickly ran to the bedroom to retrieve his robe. He knew Jeffery hated it when he walked around naked. He was not going to give him the satisfaction of knowing he could still turn him on. When Brian returned, Jeffery was seated in front of the window looking at the street bustling below. Slowly he turned to look at Brian, as the sun shined through the dirty window a supple glow encircled his head giving him the appearance of an angel. This made Jeffery laugh. Jeffery as an angel! Now that was a novel idea. Brain sat in the window next to him.

“So how is your boy toy?” he said with a little more venom in his voice than he intended.

Jeffery looked away. Brian could feel there was more feeling of guilt than he had felt in him in a long time.

“He left me.” he said in a whisper of a voice. “He found someone he liked better and packed his shit and left.”

Brian felt a twinge of justice being served. He now felt what he had felt when Jeffery did the same thing to him no so long ago. He couldn’t help but feeling the tiniest bit of joy in his heart.

“I’m sorry.” Brian said, not sure if he actually meant it. “I know how you are feeling right now, and it’s not the best feeling.”

Jeffery reach for Brain hand, Brian jerked it away a little more forcefully than he wanted. He didn’t want to be reminded of how bad Jeffery had hurt him. Why now when he was just learning to get along without him, were the fates actually this cruel.

“That’s a beautiful necklace. Where did you get it?” Jeffery said trying to ease the tension.

“I am not sure! Someone left it out side my door a little while ago.”

Brain caressed the charm that lay against his skin and once again it began to heat up and pulse like a strange energy was passing through it.

“I think you should go Jeffery!” Brian stumbled over the words “Our time together is over and I have to accept that. Just because your little toy moved on doesn’t mean I am going to take you back!”

The words seemed strange as he spoke them. It felt like some other force was speaking through him. It was like this force knew what he wanted to say but knew he could not speak it for himself. Jeffery sat there staring at Brain. The shocked look on his face told him he had cut him to the quick. With that said Brian walked to the front door and held it open.

“If you would please leave now! I have some stuff to do and I



don’t need you getting in the way.”

With a defeated look on his face Jeffery stood and walked to the door, he turned to look Brian in the eyes for the last time.

“I just want you to know I never really meant to hurt you. I see now what I lost and I hope that someday you will forgive me.”

Jeffery leaned in and kissed him on the cheek, he let his hand rest on his neck. He turned quickly on his heels and disappeared into the hall way. Brain stood there shaking. He could not believe this was happening. Against his better judgment he dashed out into the hall to stop him. Jeffery was gone. Was he even there to begin with? So many strange visions have been happening today he was beginning to doubt his sanity. There was no way Jeffery could have disappeared that quickly. Shaken by this new turn of events Brian walked back into the apartment and closed the door.

Cleaning the mess the candles had made was easier than he thought. No real damage, he would just have to go to the Magick shop and try and replace what was no good. He bagged up the burnt items in a garbage bag and headed for the building’s trash shoot in the hall way. He opened the apartment door and was startled by a woman who was just about to knock. She was strangely dressed in a floor length gown of different shades of green. She wore a long tattered coat the he could swear was made from grass, even though he knew that could not be possible. She wore a necklace of gold leaves that looked like it had come from every tree known to man and a few not known. Her hair reached her waist in bountiful curls and tangled in those curls were images of animals. This woman was strangely familiar to him, like he knew her. He began to look her up and down when he noticed her belly was swollen with child. Once again the charm that lay against his skin began to burn and pulsed with massive amounts of energy.....

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

## Sacred Ground

By Okapi

The Teacher and I had just sat down for our weekly visit when his Student came running to the house. He could barely breathe and his words were incomprehensible. Only for the fact that we knew that he had been part of the work crew that had gone out to the Sacred Grove were we able to pick out enough words to understand that something happened at the Grove. The Teacher calmed him down by assuring him that we would go to the Grove as soon as we ate our scones which were cooking in the oven. The Student didn't seem completely satisfied with the Teacher's response. But the Teacher told him that the others would know he was coming sooner if he went and told them rather than waiting for him to finish. He gently guided the Student out the door and sent him on his way.

As we waited for our scones I admitted that I was a bit surprised at how casually he was taking the news of a crisis at the Grove as it was the setting for most of our community's outdoor rituals for centuries. The Teacher explained that it was the same thing every year. Some branch will have snapped and shattered the perfect symmetry of the tree. Or a new sapling had sprouted in just

the wrong place and needed to be encouraged to grow in a different location. He said that he is called each year to help the Sacred Grovians restore natural order and balance to their space. "Cannot they do that for themselves?" I asked. "Alas no," he said as he told me that the Master Forester Priest died many years ago. No one has stepped forward to take responsibility for changing the space as he maintained it all those years. The Priest and Teacher had been close friends, so the Sacred Grovians have come to trust Teacher's judgments.

It wasn't long before we left the awakening garden of the Teacher and headed down the path that led to the Sacred Grove. Everywhere we looked we saw the signs that Spring was upon us. The early crocuses were lending their bright yellows and purples to the otherwise barren flower beds. We could see the beginnings of the fields of tulips that were waiting for that perfect moment to erupt in a blaze of red and yellow. With each step we saw another sign and discussed the lightness we felt of the ending of the harsh winter we had just endured. As we headed into the forest, we paused to inhale the scent of the rich moist mulch and let its earthy goodness fill our lungs. The thick scent of fresh pine was refreshing. We remarked how all that freshness was cleaning out the last of the winter dust that clung to our souls. With the grounding that came with that feeling we were ready to face the chaos that was brewing at the Grove.

We were not prepared for the destruction that awaited us. The birch lay on the ground; its trunk snapped in two not much higher than my head. The lower branch of the elm hung down to the ground like a broken arm. Each tree showed signs of damage of the many storms we encountered. Upon seeing us enter the Grove, the Student led the charge of the assembled to greet us. "If only some of you would show the same enthusiasm with your studies," he said as he calmed the crowd so that someone could be heard.

The first to speak in the newly created silence was the current High Priest Elect of the Sacred Grove. "Teacher, why would the Forest Lord cause such destruction? What have we done to earn such displeasure?" Before he could respond the High Priest of the Sacred Temple jumped in. "It is because the Forest Lord commanded us to build the Temple in his name and worship in that location. Its permanent structure is a tribute to Him that doesn't suffer the effects of Winter."

A passing thought cause me to snicker and all eyes turned to me. "What is so amusing?" they demanded to know. I said it seemed funny that the Lord of the Forest would say that He wanted a building of stone. I was firmly reminded that when the Forest Lord made love to Qwendolaeni, she who became Goddess of the Wind. it was there, at that very spot they made love under the open skies and begat Miskaonoat, the Lord of the River. Never have I had such an opportunity to ask they question that had puzzled me since I first stepped foot in the Temple. "So, to honor that love, the Forest Lord directed your order to build a temple where you worship the spot without being able to see the skies that bore witness to the union?"

His response was cut off by the Grovean Priest. "Exactly, my friend." He said that the Forest Lord favored their order because they planted the Grove as a living tribute to the place where he performed his first miracle. Every tree is exactly as it had been since thattime. They were at wit's end trying to make sense of the destruction around them.

The Teacher picked up a branch from the ash that lay near his



feet. "Perhaps he is saying that it is time to make new wands so that you may use the energy contained within." Both Priests protested that it was forbidden to cut a branch from the tree to make something for personal use. The Teacher reminded them that they didn't cut the branch; that was the doing of the Forest Lord. "And by that pile of debris," he said gesturing at the stacks of wood that were building nearby, "we won't need to cut wood for the Sacred Bonfires."

"But why so much damage this year," cried the Grovians. Every year they expected some damage but this was willful destruction. This obviously had to be a message to them.

"That's why the Forest Lord told us to build the Temple," claimed the Temple Priest. He said that the building was secure from the effects of the elements. Any damage would have to be a direct sign of his displeasure.

"What of the damage from last year's earthquake," I asked. That was different he said. That was an unfortunate by product of his wrath at the people up the valley from us. There was no real damage to the temple itself other than a few minor cosmetic repairs to broken plaster. Apparently, the fact that the building now had a slight southward slope seemed not to be worthy of notice. That was about to change as one of the Temple Acolytes came racing toward us. "Master, the Sun's Ray just touched the Equinox Point." Chaos broke out as everyone knew that Equinox was still two weeks away.

Once the Teacher got everyone quieted again the question came as to what the Temple did to earn such Divine Displeasure. The Templeans were stunned to learn that those small cracks really were directed at them and it would only be a matter of time before the Temple too suffered destruction of the nature that stared at us in the Grove. The Teacher tried to help everyone realize that we may never know the answer. Ours was just to learn from the situation. "But what if we get it wrong?" they asked. He said that we then should be prepared for more lessons.

Teacher turned to me and asked what I thought. "You have been quiet and I always know I can count on your words of comfort such as you gave when the flower bed with my lover's ashes refused to bloom."

"Follow me."

I didn't say anything else and started walking into the forest. I led them through the misty trees where the sun streamed in and spotlighted the young forest prince taking his first step. We stopped at a clearing by a small brook. The last edges of ice could still be seen on the far bank.

I told them that for all their hard work building the Temple and maintaining the Grove, neither place could match the simple beauty of the space created by the Forest Lord himself. Both Temple and Grove were loving tributes to the things He had done in the past. I knelt down by a rock and called attention to the small Lady Slipper that was blooming. "Which is more fitting for the Forest Lord? Honoring the things he did hundreds of years ago? Or the beauty he created today?"

The Teacher and I joined hands and started down the path of discovering the other gifts that the Forest Lord had created that day. Neither of us looked back to see if anyone was going to join us. Perhaps they will want to go on their own path of discovery. Perhaps they will just return to Temple and Grove and work on damage control and then decide what is next for them. That was their decision to make.

## They're Staring at Me By Phoenix

They're staring.

My parents are staring at me.

After months of rehearsing

And weeks of finding the right time

I finally said the nine carefully chosen words,

"Mom. Dad. I love you and I am gay."

And now they are staring at me.

What 's going on in their minds?

Am I now some monster to be banished to hell?

A sinner to be whisked to confession to be cleansed?

Why did I choose to be gay?

What did you do to deserve something like this?

And what will you tell you friends?

I have thought about all the possibilities.

I did not come unprepared and have answers at the ready.

I just need to know your thoughts.

And there you are, just staring at me.

I am not a monster or a sinner.

I did not choose to be gay.

I am the same son you always knew.

I am the way our God made me

And for a reason of his own, he gave me a love for men.

This is not about you or your friends.

You are perfect parents.

You helped teach me to accept who I am.

Now say something

So I can help you accept the same.

But I can't say something until

You stop staring at me.

This has to be the longest second in my life

Waiting for a response.

You just staring like when I broke grandma's vase

And tried to decide my fate.

I didn't break anything this time.

So stop staring already and let me make my case.

You took a breath!

The silence is about to end!

"That's nice dear.

We've known since you were two.

What took you so long to tell us?"

Now, it's my turn to stare.



*From the Mabon 2004 Issue*



# What Dreams May Come

By DragonSwan

Last night I had a dream.

At first it was as if I was wrapped in a white fog. I was peaceful, calm, and yet unknown.

As the fog began to thin, I first saw the brilliant sky. It was a crystal clear, cool deep blue. The warm sun shared the heavens with the full moon. A cool breeze continued to whisk the fog away.

I could see and hear the roar of water falls that cascaded over a tall mountain cliff. The falls showered down into a vast lake that fed a stream that ran into the ocean.

Surrounding the lake at the base of the mountains was a huge lush meadow. The meadow was bursting with trees and flowers of a rainbow of colors. Columbine and pansies grew along side lilacs and irises. I noticed the trees held all four seasons at the same time. Apple and cherry trees offered up their blossoms of the hope of spring. Tall majestic elms stood tall dressed in their greens of summer's life. Maple and Aspen trees shimmered with the colors of fall. The evergreen pines stood quietly whispering into the winter's cold and bitter winds. The pines are the ones that go on after the rest of the forest dies. They are the ones that are left behind. They carry the tales of the meadow's past. It is that tale that they whisper to the winds.

From behind a tree a might bull elk steps forth, he watches over the meadow. Our eyes meet and he stand still. He holds my gaze for several moments, as if to read my soul. Once he is assured that as is well he throws his head back and sounds the call. He sounds like a loud trumpet, which summons the rest of the animals from their hiding. Deer and fawns boldly step out into the open meadow. Rabbits, raccoons and squirrels also have answered his call. They are followed by bears, foxes, wolves & coyotes, all of whom play and explore the meadow. After rubbing my eyes in disbelief at the sight I am amazed at the next round to join the gathering in the meadow. White polar bears, penguins, walk along side sleek black panthers, and swans. No longer are we the hunters or the hunted. No longer must we fight to survive. We are free to just be. To be who we are, with all of our strengths and weaknesses. No longer afraid, we are all free to live life to the fullest.

I look around surrounded by all the life and beauty of the meadow. Looking around I wonder, "Is this Paradise, Heaven, Eden or some other land I have not heard of?"

Several small lights like bright fire flies come out of the flowers and trees. Their bright balls of light change to every color imaginable and some that have yet to be discovered. They all fly towards me. Once they are close enough I realize that they are not fire flies, but faeries, come out to greet me and lead me on into the woods. I follow the rainbow of lights deep into the woods. The woods become darker as the beams of sunlight look like it is shining through a dark lace on the forest floor. I am led to a small clearing where three are seated. They go by many names. Some traditions only notice one, while some have seem many more. A few others have glimpsed at the holy trinity. I know at once who they are and kneel before the Goddess, God and Faerie God. They welcome me as I kneel before them. Head down I offer up words of gratitude and praise for the life that they have blessed me with. I give thanks for the honor of my family and friends. I pause a moment as I realize in truth I have no friends. For all who have known me as a

friend are truly a part of my family. We were all one and continue the sacred bond.

I bow down further, ashamed, as I ask forgiveness for all the precious time and all the gifts of talent that I have wasted. They have blessed me with so much and I used so little.

I hear a soft but deep laugh. I look up see the Faerie God kneeling beside me. He helps me to my feet as he tells me that all is forgiven. I am only human. He smiles at me.

"I am only human. This is my greatest fault, and my greatest blessing."

With that I am surrounded by all my loved ones. The people who shared part of my life with me; the ancestors who watched over me and the heroes who inspired me, join in a warm welcoming celebration.

I awake, and am still full of the love, peace and calmness. In the moments before I am fully awake I realized that the sacred space is in me. The meadow of all four season; the sacred grove where the Goddess and Gods dwell; the spirits of who have touched my life is within me. I smile broadly knowing I have found my Eden, inside of me.

