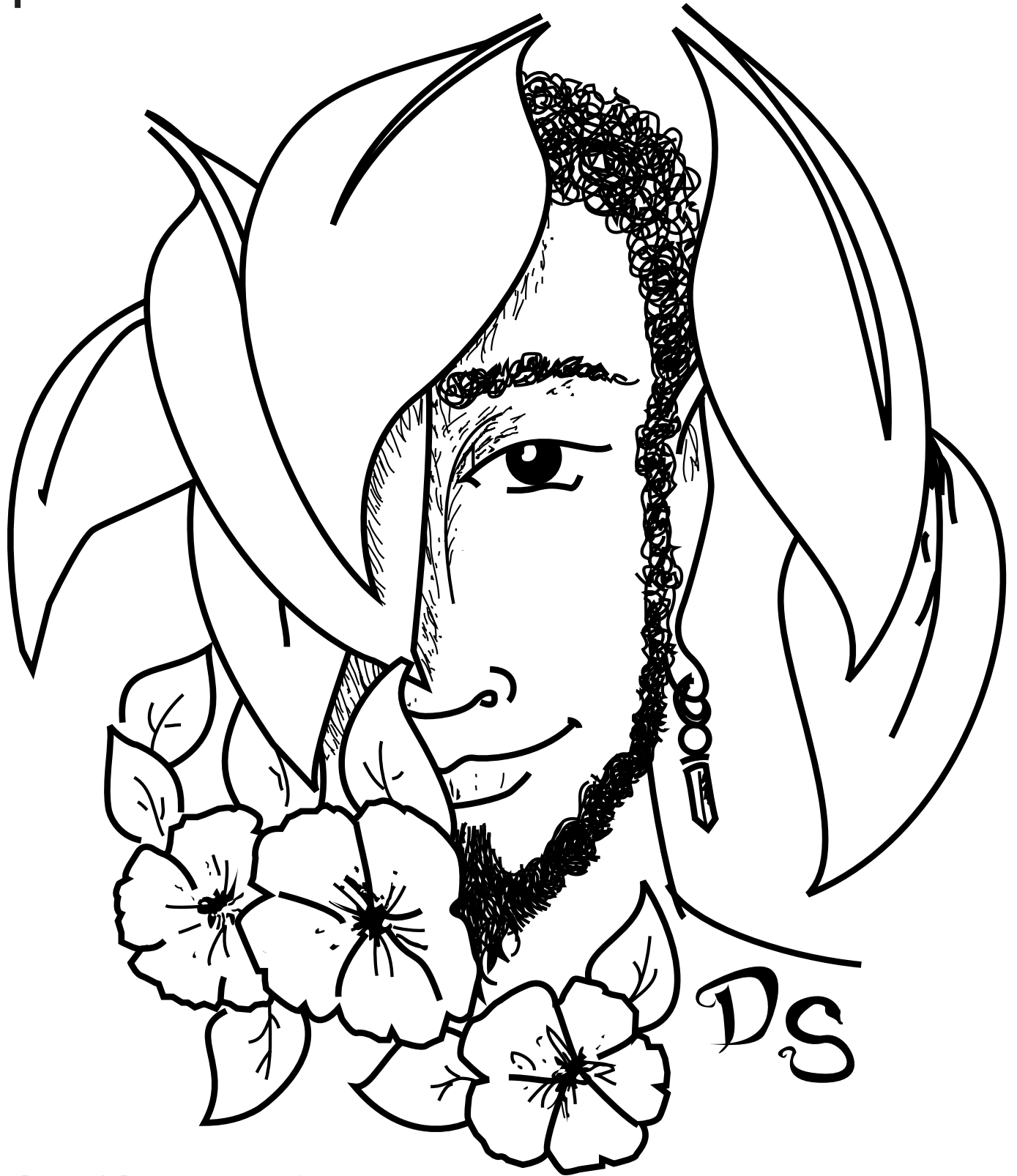


# Airy Faerie Special Edition



## The Shy Faerie

(Originally published as seven installments Spring 2001 to Autumn 2002)

# Publisher's Note

## Special Edition - The Shy Faerie

Being very shy it wasn't easy for me to feel a part of the faerie community. It was hard to see where a shy faerie fit into a bunch of outgoing, fun-loving faeries flittering around. Once I realized I did belong, and that there really were other shy faeries out there, I got the idea to create a faerie tale of my life's journey. When I began, I decided to create my own mythology, adding a trio of Gods for the faerie community. Once my main character, Simon, was created he took over and told his own tale. Looking back, I think this was for the best as my adventures aren't all that adventurous. After the original printing of my faerie tale, some people commented about it being a one handed read. Who would have thought such a shy faerie would have such an active sex life. I guess when I let Simon tell his tale I threw in some of my own fantasies. Anyway, I hope you don't mind the many gay sex scenes scattered through out this faerie tale.

One of the things that I share with Simon is that my path with the faeries is full of wonderful characters, all of whom helped me find my place in the great circle of the faeries. I have been fortunate enough to be surrounded by very loving and open hearted men, who are very welcoming of a shy faerie. There of course have been some bitchy faeries that rather I would not be part of the circle, because I don't match their ideas of a faerie, but the beautiful faeries were always there to make sure I stayed. I have many beautiful faeries to thank for helping this shy faerie find his place in the circle. The list of faeries is long so I won't even try to list them all, but I hope that they all know that I hold them all in my heart and am very grateful to have shared part of my journey with each and everyone of them.

The story you are about to read was originally published in seven installments of the Airy Faerie, starting with the Spring, 2001 issue. For those of eagle eyed readers out there who have researched our back-issues, we didn't start the process of creating the electronic copies of the fae-zine until the Spring, 2002 issue. That

means anyone viewing our electronic copies is only getting the last part of the story. One of the things that's been on that list of things to do "when we get around to it" is to put all seven chapters of the tale together so that people can read the complete saga.

As Falcon and I looked at the archive of the many issues of Airy Faerie that have been put together over the years, it seemed like "now" was the time to pull this off the shelf, dust it off and send it out to the next generation of shy faeries to let them know that they are not alone.

Just to keep us honest, for readers that have already read the tale, we've added some bonus material that was not included in the original printings. We learn more about the Gods themselves and even what happened to Simon after he...oops, I better stop there before I give away the whole story.

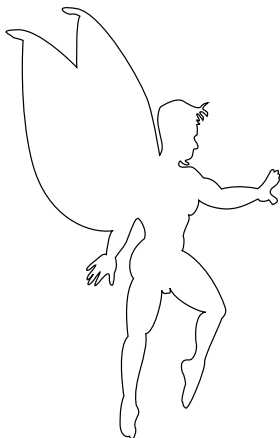
This would normally be the point where I put in the notice that if you are in a situation where pictures of naked men engaging in acts of a sexual nature might be an issue, to be cautious when leaving the Airy Faerie laying around. Well, this time, we're going to leave that part up to your overly active imaginations while reading the story. That doesn't mean you're totally on your own. Several graphics of Simon and his friends will be scattered throughout the tale.

Just one last piece of electronic logistics: In order to keep the file compact enough to fit into everyone's in-boxes, The Shy Faerie will actually be coming to you as seven files. The page numbers will flow continuously between them. When you print your copy, you can remove the covers (page 1 and 2) of the later files to create a single issue with all seven chapters. The seven file format has left us with an occasional blank page to fill. We asked some of the regular Airy Faerie contributors to add their touch to make this a truly special edition.

Faerie hugs and kisses  
DragonSwan

## Airy Faerie

### Special Edition



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

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# Prologue

## The Dawn of Time

Out of the dark chaos of the universe three gods were created. The first was a beautiful Goddess named Shaeel. Long curly golden hair flowed down over her plump body. The second, a God named Kael, had long red hair and a large but muscular body, covered with hair the color of polished copper. The third was called Queer, a combination of both Goddess and God. Queer was given the gift to go between the two and change the form of the body as desired. Queer's short brown hair and deep brown eyes were the only constant in the many manifestations. Queer spent a large amount of time as a God, favoring a trim but defined hairy body. The love the three shared was great, and they quickly created a large paradise for them to share. Shaeel created a lush and beautiful garden as her special place. Kael created a deep forest, with lakes and open meadows for his kingdom. Queer created a large cliff beside the vast sea, and then created rivers that flowed from the gardens and forest to the sea, allowing him to flow easily between the two. They created day and night, that they might enjoy the beauty of both light and dark. In the garden of the Gods, Shaeel, Kael and Queer held each other in a loving embrace while basking in the beauty of the first dawn. The love between the three was so powerful, that it created four young Gods. As the young Gods grew Shaeel created a place for them to play, forming a planet from her being, Shaeel created the earth. To watch over them Kael took a piece of his being and created a great light that gave his children warmth and light, he called his gift the sun. Queer stood between his lovers and took a piece of his being to watch over the children when Kael was not there. Queer watched in the darkness and called his gift the moon.

The first child was the God Gelan. He loved his mother. As a gift, he created mountains, and plains, vast deserts, and frozen lands on the earth. He also created animals to inhabit his new creation, and plants, that they might eat.

The second child was the God Lunan. He loved this mother with such a deep emotion that his tears of joy covered most the earth with great seas. In his honor of Queer he allowed the power of the moon to guide the tides. Wishing to give his mother as much as his brother Gelan had, Lunan created life that lived in the water, and plants that would feed them.

The third child was the Goddess Huel; she assisted her brothers and gave their creations the breath of life. So great was her love to play and travel over the earth, that she became the air.

The fourth child was the Goddess Kara; who in her love of her father Kael brought forth fire to the earth. She also gave the creatures of the earth, an internal fire, she called passion and anger.

The four young gods grew up fast as they played upon the earth. Their powers were great, and they found them to be equal to each other's.

Kael and Shaeel began creating other gods and goddesses, allowing them to find their place, either on the earth, in paradise, or elsewhere in the universe. One child of theirs was named Gay. When Gay was created, he immediately started to laugh. His laughter caught the attention of Queer, who fell in love with the beautiful child. Queer would always surprise Gay, or tickle the young God, just to hear him laugh. Gay was a very handsome youth, and one day as he was walking in his father's forest he came upon a still pond and

looked into the calm waters. He saw only his reflection and was amazed at how truly beautiful he was. Gay looked at his reflection and was filled with self-love. Gay watched as he ran his hands over his shoulders and chest. He then knelt at the edge of the pond and watched his reflection as he masturbated. Gay became so in love with his own beauty that he would often go back to the pond, and watch himself masturbate. One day Queer was walking through the same forest and caught Gay masturbating. Queer encouraged Gay to continue, and the two masturbated together. The two fell in love and Gay moved to the Faerie realm. There was nothing the Queer God wouldn't do for Gay. Queer even asked Shaeel to be given the blessing of childbirth just once, so he and Gay could manifest their love. Queer, as an act of love, allowed Gay to penetrate him to plant the seed. Gay however was filled with lust and self-indulgence and took Queer's ass hard and fast. The force was so hard that when he came Gay's seed flew out of Queer's cock. Queer quickly caught the seed in his hand and swallowed it so that it might grow inside of him. When the child was born, they called him Fag. Gay would have nothing to do with the child. To do so would require him to love something other than himself. Gay would often call upon his brother Gelan to care for the young child. Fag learned from and lusted after the sexual playful God of land. Fag grew to become a wild radical spirit, but also possessed a deep compassionate heart, something that he learned from his father Queer.

Gelan, Huel, Kara and Lunan also asked for the gift of creating life. Shaeel refused them, offering instead to create souls for them. And they would have to work together and create a being to live upon the earth. Gelan spoke up first saying they should create the beings to resemble them. He grabbed up some clay from earth and formed a man and woman. Lunan took the water from the ocean and created rivers of life that would flow through the new creations. Kara gave them the fire of passion and anger, and Huel gave them the breath of life, and placed the soul into the new beings. As Shaeel and Kael created souls for their children, Queer blessed some of them with his love and the gift to go between the roles of male and female. So that these selected souls could grow and learn from one another, faerie realms were created on earth.

The new creations enjoyed their life upon earth, but the powers of the young gods was not as great as their parents. The bodies of the new creation would die, leaving behind their soul.

One day, after one of their great fights, Queer had grown tired of Gay's self-love and asked Gay to leave the Faerie Kingdom. Rejected, Gay returned to his mother's garden, but didn't feel at home, nor did he feel at peace in his father's wilderness. His own pride kept him from asking to be allowed to return to the Faerie Kingdom, although he knew in his heart that Queer would not refuse him. In his pain he decided that none of the chosen souls of Queer would be raised in the faerie realms. He would fly down and snatch the souls and send them to live among his parents' children. A few of the lost queer souls were found, and guided home to the faerie realms. This story is of one of the lucky ones that were found.

## Chapter 1

### The Journey Begins

Our story begins in the lush gardens of Shaeel as she creates a new soul, and holds it in the palm of her hand. She looks upon the soul and blesses it with a connection to her. All that the new soul would ever need, Shaeel promises to provide. Then Kael looked upon the young soul and blessed him with a strong soul, and a true heart. As Kael gently ran his finger over the new soul, the new soul began to laugh. Shaeel smiles and says the soul shall know true love. Hearing the laughter their brother, Queer, turns his attention to the new soul, and asks for the soul. Shaeel gives her consent and hands the new soul to Queer. He gently holds the soul in the palm of his hand, and hugs it to his massive chest. The new soul laughs, being tickled by the hair of Queer's chest. The new soul starts glowing as the love of Queer fills its being. When the new soul is completely glowing with the love of Queer, he lifts the new soul to his lips and kisses its head. The soul smiles and grabs Queer by the hairs of his goatee. Laughing Queer gently pulls the new soul from his goatee, and calls upon two of his faeries to take his new blessed child to earth. He tells the faeries the child is to be raised by the mountain faerie tribe living in the Red Forest near the great sea. The faeries wrap the new soul in soft silk ribbons and fly off to the Red Forest, as Queer kisses the cheeks of Shaeel and Kael, embracing them both and thanking them for the beautiful child. None of them noticed Gay. Gay has been watching the events hiding behind a large tree, but takes off in quick flight to catch the two faeries and the new soul.

As the faeries carried the soul to the Red Forest, Gay appeared in their path. He told them the new child is to be a gift to the Faerie King, and as such, he is to deliver the child. Before the faeries knew what was happening, Gay grabbed the child and disappeared. The faeries, having lost a number of other souls in much the same manner, decided it best not to tell Queer about Gay's actions. Gay took the new soul to Tamole, a small guarded village near the Green Mountains. A blind and unfeeling king ruled the small village of Tamole. In fear of his rule being overthrown, the King made teaching of the Goddesses and Gods forbidden. Instead the King placed himself as God and Divine Creator. He taught the villagers that the outside world was evil and that they were only safe inside his holy kingdom. For the most part, the villagers lived a happy, quite life. Since most of them did not leave the village, they did not know any other way of living. They accepted this way of life and raised their children as they had been raised, to honor the king, marry and have children. The ideal was to have male children, as they were the ones who would protect and provide for the family, and insure a strong army. Members of the king's court would arrange marriages for the villagers once they had graduated from school. A young couple was placed together based on their family background and intelligence. Sometimes the young couples did in fact love one another, but this was not always the case. The king's court believed that people would learn to love one another, if they truly honored the king's law. The king himself would lead the mass ceremony. Marriages would last until death; because the king believed that marriage was the greatest blessing he gave his people and thought they should be grateful for this gift.

Gay found an older couple, already with four children and placed



## A Ilison and Christopher Weatherton

the soul within the wife. Soon they welcomed a baby boy into their family of four girls. The father thought his prayers were answered, and called the boy Simon, in memory of his own great-grandfather. As the mother nursed the young Simon, she wondered if this was the answer they were looking for. The new mother let her love for the child push any doubts away as she took care of her new child. The doubts would come back whenever she watched her son sleeping, almost as if she was reading his dreams. In Simon's dreams, he was laughing while playing with dark chest hair, on a broad muscular chest. The feeling of great love washed over him, and then he was being kissed, and again playing with dark hair, this time from a goatee of the handsome man who held him. His real life did not reflect his dreams at all. There was no man who held him or made him feel loved. No man to let him play with his chest hairs. Instead his father left his mother to take care of him, and showed no sign of great love. The only time he spent with his father was when the family would go to the sports arena to watch soldiers and slaves battle to the death. Soldiers won most of the time. Simon found the games of the young girls and gossip of the woman more interesting than the games his father watched with the other men. In truth, the men scared Simon. As they watched the games they became very angry and yelled, beating their fists on the seats and rails. Simon did

not wish to be near them for fear that their anger of the games would turn against him. The father began to realize that Simon was not the blessing he once thought and pulled away from his son. Simon's heart was looking for love but his family seemed empty of this emotion. Simon heard stories and saw plays about love, but was always reminded that these tales were nothing but false faerie tales. Simon believed his heart longed for fantasy, and so he created a fantasy world that would answer the call of his heart. His fantasies only made the real world more foreign and harder to be a part of. Simon found few friends who did not want to play fight or play some game that seemed to honor one's hate for the other side. As he grew older, Simon watch as some of the boys in his class began falling in love with girls, while he still only dreamt of loving the man with a hairy chest and goatee. His male classmates had found love but Simon only had his dreams.

As the years past Simon learned to wear a mask by day, showing no one how he truly felt. Since he was not taught about Shaeel, he did not know of the powers he held inside him, and did not know how to call out for help. But the powers of Shaeel grew in his darkness. Simon found solitude his only comfort, and at night in the privacy of his room, Simon would look up at the moon and tell her all of his secrets. With the light of the full moon shining down upon him, Simon would open his heart and then cry himself to sleep, only to dream of his faerie-tale love.

Summer was quickly approaching as was the graduation and marriage of the couple's youngest daughter. Once she was married Simon would be the only child in the house. Simon liked the idea of being alone. Five days before the graduation ceremony the lady who lived next-door came over with urgent news. Simon listened as she told about a young man who loved other men instead of women and refused to marry. His heart filled with joy, as he realized that he wasn't alone. But then his heart fell when he heard that the man was to be executed the next day at noon in the town square. The neighbor woman said that since the King knew nothing of love, only of marriage and having children, he had ruled this kind of love was unholy and unlawful and must be destroyed. His father agreed with the king, and his mother only asked why the young man wouldn't just marry instead of choosing death. His father said his family would go to the execution, to show their respect for the King's law. The father allowed his youngest daughter to stay home, as she had gone to class with the young man, and they were close friends. She had even hoped that he might be her husband in the next few days. When she heard the news she could not stop crying. When Simon began to weep at the news, his father ordered him to stop crying saying that men did not cry, and there was no need for tears over the death of an outlaw. Simon was forced to attend the execution.

When they gathered in the town square, the guards had stripped off the man's clothes and were parading him in just a blood stained cloth wrapped around his waist. Simon's heart was flooded with a mix of emotions when he saw the young man. The man being lead to his death was the man Simon saw in his dreams. The young man had a hairy chest and goatee, and was very beautiful. The young man was being trained as a black smith so he had a stocky build, which was now covered in blood and whip marks. Simon's

confusion, feelings of love, desire, and fear, was replaced by grief. Simon ran from the town square and hid in the nearby forest. He curled up into a ball and cried. He cried until his eyes were dry. It was almost dark, when Simon stood and walked to a nearby stream to wash his face before heading home. At the stream, Simon saw two men hiding in the bushes, they were naked and kissing each other. Simon silently watched as the two men made love in the woods. He thought for a moment that he was dreaming as one man looked like he had the legs of a goat and small horns on top of his head. The other man seemed to float around the ruggedly handsome half goat man. Simon thought both of the men were beautiful and was entranced as he watched their playful sex. After the men had finished and had left into the forest, Simon decided to go home. At home, his father said nothing, and his mother only gave him a bowl of soup left over from dinner, fighting back tears.

At school he overheard his schoolmates talking about the execution and how it must be the right thing to do. Simon withdrew even further from his family and village, realizing they would never understand him. How could they when he didn't understand himself? He did not know why he was having these feelings. He only knew that he could not deny them. He realized he would have to leave the village if he was going to live a life true to himself. He now knew that there were others like him and that even as a shy kid he would have to find them or die trying. He was afraid that death might come before love. Simon's fear kept him in the village another year until his graduation.

## Simon



## Chapter 1 continued

The day after graduation, and only a few days before his new wife was to be chosen for him, Simon announced that he was leaving to find what life was like outside the gates of the village. His friends and family all warned him of the dangers and said that death surely waited for him out beyond the safety of the village. Simon knew that he had to leave and so faced the fears of the world outside the village walls. Simon packed a little bag and took the money he had saved over the years. His mother gave him some extra money and some food and drink for his journey. When he was ready to leave his father had already left for the tavern, and his mother was crying too hard to say good-bye. Simon thought that maybe she knew why he had to leave. His sisters were too busy with their new families to come and say good-bye. No one watched as he walked out past the village gates. Not even the guards seemed to notice him leave. Simon walked into the forest with a sense of freedom but also a fear of the unknown. He had no idea of the powers that lay hidden deep inside him, which he would need to survive his adventure.

Simon had heard of another village north of the Red Forest, so he set off to find it. As he walked he was amazed at the beauty and wonder of the forest. He frequently stopped to study a flower or tree that he had never seen in his village. He felt oddly at home in the wild, more so than he had in the village. He enjoyed watching animals as they wandered through the forest. Late in the day, he came upon a small pond deep in the heart of the forest, where he stopped to wash up and refresh himself after his long travels. As evening came, the sky changed its colors into deep dark hues of purple and blue. The clouds seemed to ignite into flames of bright orange and red before cooling into soft shades of pinks, and magenta. Simon had never been surrounded by so much beauty in his life. He was hypnotized by the colors of the sky that were also reflecting off the waters of the pond. He noticed his reflection surrounded by brilliant color, and noticed for the first time that he was handsome. He started thinking of the man of his dream, of the man that was executed in the town square. In Simon's faerie tale the young man was standing naked at the edge of the pool. The young man walked into the pool towards Simon. They wrap their arms around each other in a tight embrace, and kiss. Simon became lost in his faerie tale love until he noticed the light of the full moon reflecting on the pond. He looked up into the sky and greeted the moon. He always enjoyed looking at the moon and the stars. There was something different now that Simon could not put his finger on. He felt like he was being watched. He looked around and saw no one, and noticed how dark the forest was, even with the full moon's light. He began to fear the forest and the darkness. "Dear sweet moon, you have watched me grow these many years. I have told you my most guarded secrets, my hopes and fears. You have been there when I have cried myself to sleep, and have filled my dreams with laughter and love. I ask you now to guide me to safety and protect me tonight," he said out loud. Simon had always thought the nighttime sky was magical, and now he could say it without fear of being teased. He got out of the pond and dried off, and began to get dressed. He heard a noise coming from the dark forest and froze. Fear filled his heart and he chanted "Moon, please protect me. Moon, please protect me. Moon, please protect me."

"Who ya talkin' to?" a deep voice asked. Terrified, Simon turned to face the voice, unable to answer. A large man stood a few feet away from Simon. The man stood nearly a foot taller than Simon and was naked except for an animal skin that was wrapped around his waist, and hung down to his knees. The stranger was heavy set and hairy, making Simon think of human bear. He had long light brown hair, a full beard and mustache. His whole face seemed to smile; from his big grin to his golden eyes sparkling in the moonlight. Simon felt a mix of emotions, he was scared, but also thought the man was kind of handsome. "No need to be afraid, I ain't gonna bite, unless ya wants me to." The man winked and started to laugh at his joke. "I'm Fire Dancer; I live here in this forest. What's your name and why are you here? Don't look like a forest wanderer. More like a village snob."

"I'm Simon, I just left my village today," he said looking down at the rocks that lay at his feet. Fire Dancer walked over and took Simon's chin in his big hand, and brought Simon's face up so that the two men were looking into each other's eyes.

"Well, it looks like that prayer you were chantin' to da moon, was answered by me." Fire Dancer could feel Simon's body quiver just a little and knew how scared and alone he was. "No need to be afraid, Simon. I know how you feel, because I was once where you are today. About twenty-four years ago I ran away from my village, Aerial Hollow, not knowing a thing about surviving in the woods. I had the fortune of running into a forest wanderer who taught me how to live in the forest. Now it's my turn to teach you. Do ya hunt? Do ya know anything about plants? Which ones to eat, which ones are poisonous?"

"No. Not really."

"Well, it looks like you have a lot to learn. I'll let cha stay with me until ya know what you're doing." Fire Dancer said. Simon looked into Fire Dancer's golden eyes and felt like he wanted to stay there forever. "Ya wanna stay with me boy?" Fire Dancer asked.

"Yes, if you don't mind, I am trying to find the village north of the forest," Simon replied.

"Do you mean Ash Wood? That's the only village north of the Red Forest. It's right on the coast of the great sea. Ya lookin' to sail the sea?"

"Um... no, not really, just looking to get to the village." Simon said.

Fire Dancer let go of Simon's face. "Then I'll take you to Ash Wood, but first I need my evening bath." Fire Dancer stripped off the animal skin skirt that he was wearing and walked naked into the pond. Simon watched as the heavyset man splashed around in the water. He was struck by the beauty of this gentle naked man bathing in the pond under the full moon.

After his bath, Fire Dancer led Simon back to his temporary camp. He told Simon to make himself comfortable. Simon set his bags down and sat near them.

"Boy, that shirt looks far too warm for this season, and your pants look too tight to be of any comfort. If ya warm, take off your shirt, the night air is cool and refreshing. And I tell ya skirts are much more comfortable than pants."

"I'm ok," Simon said and looked at the ground.

"Aw come on boy, you're in the forest, ain't no one here but me and I already saw ya naked." Simon looked up at Fire Dancer, blushing. "Yeah, I watched you bathing in the pond, and even notice the wonder in your eyes, and how excited you were to be naked in nature." Fire Dancer knelt in front of Simon and started unbuttoning his shirt, "Ya know I even saw the way you were looking at me when I was bathin'. So tell me boy, what's keepin' ya from taking all this off?"

"The king's rule is that you should not be naked unless you're bathing or creating children." Simon said as Fire Dancer opened his shirt.

"Well your king doesn't rule over the forest," Fire Dancer said rubbing his hands over Simon's chest to his shoulders, and then down his arms, taking his shirt off. Simon let his shirt fall to the ground. "Now don't that feel better?" He asked. Simon softly moaned "yeah," as the evening air and Fire Dancer's hands explored his chest. "Now stand up boy," Fire Dancer ordered. Simon stood, and Fire Dancer began to remove Simon's shoes, then undid Simon's belt and pants. Running his hands under the waistband of Simon's underwear, Fire Dancer caressed Simon's ass cheeks. Then he ran his hands down Simon's legs taking his pants down. As his pants fell down, Simon's hard dick popped up. Fire Dancer let out a soft chuckle; impressed by the results he was having on Simon and by the size of Simon's cock. Simon stepped out of his pants and underwear, and stood embarrassed at his hard-on. Fire Dancer stood up, his own hard-on making a tent out of his skirt. "First we gotta eat, and then we'll take care of this," Fire Dancer said grabbing Simon's dick. "Now, boy, you're not embarrassed about getting hard cuz I took your clothes off, are ya?"

"Yeah, well kind of."

"Boy ya ain't got nothing to be ashamed of, in fact ya should be proud of this big bad boy." Fire Dancer pumped Simon's cock in his fist as he talked. "Damn, Gelan and Fag are gonna love you."

"Who?" Simon asked.

"WHO? Aw boy don't tell me you ain't heard of Gelan and Fag." Fire Dancer looked into Simon's eyes. "Oh boy do you got some learning to do! But first things first, and that's dinner. Now do you wanna stay naked or I got a skirt for ya. Which will it be?"

"I'll take the skirt." Simon said.

"Can do, just a sec," Fire Dancer walked over to a large bag, reached inside and looked around for an appropriate skirt. He brought out a blue cotton woven skirt and wrapped it around Simon's waist.

"Now for a bit of protection from the beasts of the forest." Fire Dancer said as he picked up four unlit torches off the ground. "Do ya know any magic?" He asked Simon.

"Oh no," Simon replied, "The King strictly forbid any use of magic."

"Your king sounds like a real ass." Fire Dancer said. "Well what I am going to be doing now is a little protection spell I made up myself. The idea is to circle the camp with fire." Fire Dancer walked to the edge of his campsite, facing north he set down all but one of the torches, said a prayer and stuck the torch into the ground. He took the remaining torches as he walked a circular path around his campsite, until he was facing east. He said another prayer and

stuck another torch into the ground. He walked around till he faced south and repeated his actions and then again facing west. Silently he walked to the center of his campsite, faced north, raised his arms to the heavens and inhaled deeply. Keeping his left arm raised, he brought his right hand down as a fireball shot from his hand and flew to the torch lighting it with a green flame. The fireball flew quickly from torch to torch following the same path fire Dancer had walked. The east torch was lit with a yellow flame, the south torch burned red, and the west torch glowed with a bright blue light. The fireball completed the circle back to the north torch and then flew back to Fire Dancer. The fireball burst into huge white flames as it hit Fire Dancer's hand. As the flames disappeared Simon saw Fire Dancer kneeling with his hands folded in prayer. Fire Dancer kissed his hands and then set the kiss up into the heavens. "There, all safe for the night," he said standing. "Now, on to dinner. Can you start a fire?"

"Sure, with the matches in my bag," Simon said.

"If ya wanna cheat. Here, let me show you how the forest dwellers do it." Simon was soon being shown about how to start a fire with magic, what plants were good to eat, as well as how to skin and cook the rabbit that Fire Dancer had caught earlier. As they cooked and ate, Fire Dancer also began to teach Simon about Gelan, Fag, and all the heavenly gods and goddess. After dinner the two of them planned what Simon would need to proceed to get to the new village. Fire Dancer promised to stay with Simon until he reached the gates of the village.

## Fire Dancer



# Excerpts from "Simon's Journal"

by Orpheus

Based on characters and events in "The Shy Faerie" by DragonSwan

## Man of My Dreams/Nightmares

How many times have I seen you in my dreams?  
Your love gives me hope.  
Your laughter fills me with joy.  
Your strength gives me comfort in the times when I can't cope.

The man in my dreams says that he loves to live.  
When he sees me, he says that he lives to love.  
He holds me and kisses me.  
He says that when the time comes, he will die for love.

Today I woke up and saw the man that lived in my dreams.  
The King says that he is to die because of his love for men.  
"It's unholy," says the King who would be God.  
"I alone decree who can love whom. Praise Me! Amen!"

The man of my dreams is now my darkest nightmare.  
Can the King see into my dreams and know about me?  
Out of fear, I must hide and never know love.  
While here in Tamole, I'll never be free.

But even in darkness there is a glimmer of hope.  
I now know that there are others like me who feel love for men.  
Dear Moon, let my dreams give me wings to fly and be free.  
Guide me to a place that lives to love all as they are.  
Amen.

## Why?

Dear Shaeel, now that I know that you're real,  
Please tell me, why did he have to die?  
I know that you aren't cruel and vengeful.  
You are the Mother that gave us life.

There is so much hate in the world,  
So why did you allow his death?  
His only crime was that he loved.  
I don't understand how that can be wrong.

He came in my dreams to give me hope.  
His existence told me that I'm not alone in this world.  
His death filled me with a fear that I'd never felt,  
What if they found out and I were the next to die?

I'm searching for meaning in a meaningless death.  
What can I do so that his death is not in vain?  
Dear Shaeel, please help me to grow and to learn.  
Help me to show the world the love that I feel.

Please let his death be a reminder to me,  
That love is the answer when the question is hate.  
His death sent me running for fear of my own death.  
With your help, let me run in a celebration of life.

## Fiery Red

Fiery red, seems a bit redundant to most,  
For they, like me, see all colors in flames.  
But now, I've seen a fire that's blue,  
And strange as it seems, a fire that's green.

But the king once said, that all fires are red, and only red at that.  
To say something else would be risking your head.  
When first he saw a fire, did he not look deep?  
Or was the first color he saw, the only one that could be?

Or did a wizard once visit, with tricks up his sleeve?  
Did he frighten the king with a fire non-red?  
Did he try to teach the king to make a fire that's blue?  
Did the king fail in the task, so he decreed a new rule?

No matter the reason, the result is the same,  
The king's rule is that "fiery" can only be followed by "red."  
He thinks with his rules that he gains control.  
But the truth is in flames for anyone to see.

## What Have I Done?

I left my family and friends.  
I left my home and everything I've known.  
They warned of danger and death that I would face.  
What have I done by heading into the unknown?

But what did I face if I stayed where I was?  
There, the danger was real if they saw in my heart.  
Death would be certain if they found I loved men.  
The dangers of the known and unknown are not worlds apart.

The known gave me fear and the unknown gave me hope.  
The risks seemed worth it, so I packed my few things.  
I left my family and the things I didn't need  
And headed to freedom, away from the madness of kings.

The danger was real as I entered the woods.  
Each step led me to discover the joy of something new..  
The unknown was revealing its secrets to me.  
The danger was finding out what the king never knew.

I left my clothes by the side of the pond.  
For the first time in my life, I discovered a beauty in me.  
There was death in the unknown, but not as they meant.  
The fearful child died when I learned to be free.

I left the world I knew far behind,  
In the unknown I found the freedom that I never knew.  
So, what have I done by heading out here?  
I've done the right thing and found that dreams can come true.