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Sob Story of the Year (from AP)

Oral Roberts needs about \$4.5 million in "quick money" from followers of God or God won't let him live past March, the evangelist says. "I'm asking you to help me extend my life," Roberts told his television audience. "We're at the point where God could call Oral Roberts home." Speaking from the clinic laboratory at his City of Faith Medical and Research Center, Roberts asked viewers to seen \$100 immediately and pledge additional amounts for February and March. Roberts said he needs the money to fund scholarships for medical school students at Oral Roberts University. The evangelist, who will be 69 on January 24, said God told him that raising the possibility of his death was necessary to get the attention of his follwers.

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Many thanks to all of you who sent season's greetings our way, and special thanks to Sebastiana for the lovely gift.

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Subscription rates are \$8 U.S., \$16 foreign surface, \$32 foreign air mail. Ad rates are \$36 for a full page, \$20 for 1/2 page, \$14 for anything less than 1/2 page. Ads must be camera ready. We always welcome submissions--typed double-spaced if possible, but we're not real picky. SUBMISSIONS CANNOT BE RETURNED, but will be acknowledged if you send an SASE. For those of you who are new to our mailing list, the opinions expressed in this newsletter are not necessarily those of the Georgian Church. So there.

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Spooky Spooks by Stan

Scientists and occultists alike agree on the law of cause and effect. But who among them can follow a cause through its myriad of effects? It all started when I had to go into a nearby city for a computer ribbon. I go there maybe two or three times a year, but when I do I always stop and see my old friend, Paul the bookseller. Hence, the following conversation.

"Stan, Stan, am I glad to see you."

"Yeah? What's up Paul? Didn't sprinkling salt on the doorstep bring in the business?"

"It sure did Stan. It sure did. But I need to see you about something."

"I know. You have Peter Viereck's book for me."

"No such luck, Stan. But listen, yesterday, a KGB man was in here."

"I believe you Paul. But what makes you think so?"

"Stan, you knew I went to Harvard didn't you?"

"Sure, Paul. I saw your class ring when you were picking your nose."

"Okay, Stan, okay. Fifty comedians in this town out of work and you make like Robert Orben."

"Sorry, Paul, I couldn't resist."

"Well then, button your flappin' jaw and listen. I did go to Harvard and I was a member of the Skull and Crossbones Club. This man who was in here yesterday was a GRU agent then. He offered me a wad of cash for some information I had gotten from a club member. Lucky for me I didn't take it. I remember him quite well. I'm sure he is KGB now."

"That is interesting, Paul. Did he remember you?"

"I think so, but here is the story. He bought every book on witchcraft I had from Sybil Leek to Paul Huson."

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Spooky Spooks (cont.) by Stan

"So what, Paul? He didn't pay you in ruples, did he?"

"He gave me a hundred dollar bill and he sure didn't get much change back, Stan. Let me tell you a true story that very few people know about."

The tale he unfolded is unbelievable, but Paul assured me it was true and I believed him. Later I was to find out it was true. Here is the story as it was told to me.

Near Salzburg, Austria, in the winter of 1963-64, in a remote part of the Alps, a seance was taking place. A CIA agent had requested a medium to contact the spirit of Oleg Penkovski. Colonel Penkovski was a double agent. He worked for both the GRU and the CIA. The KGB caught up with him and he faced a firing squad. Now a CIA agent was trying to get some information the Colonel had been unable to impart before he was shot.

The medium was speaking in Russian. She mentioned names and places that only the agent and Penkovski knew about. Just as a message began to come through concerning the SS-8 ICBM, the room became deathly quiet. Not a sound was heard in the remote cabin high in the Alpine country. The CIA man turned on the lights. Not a shot had been fired, no one had been within miles of the cabin, yet the medium was dead.

"Stan, I cannot tell you how I know this to be a fact but I do know it to be so."

"But, Paul, the Soviets are way ahead of us in these matters. Why would they be interested in books on the Craft?"

"Stan, the Soviets are ahead in psychic research, yes, but what do they know about the Craft, especially as it is practiced here?"

"You may be right, Paul, they may want to either tap or neutralize any American source of power and what better source of power than a coven?"

Paul replied thoughtfully. "Look at the things the coven of the Samhain Moon has done."

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Spooky Spooks (cont.) by Stan

"Paul, hold the phone. I sure don't want the Coven of the Samhain Moon mixed up in any CIA stuff. Anyhow, the CIA only works overseas. Or so they say."

"Stan, others may have a say about that. How about your HPs? You are patriotic, aren't you?"

"You better believe it, Paul, but we both know any information our government has may well go our ally and then right on over to the Soviets."

"Anyway, we can't crack the wards we have tried. But the Soviets may not have set any wards. At least at first."

"I'll talk this over with the group and see what they think. Paul, I think this is going to call for sorcery. How about the sacred magic of Aba-Melin the mage?"

"It's incomplete, Stan. Mathers never translated all of it."

"True, Paul, but Abraham did and I know the bookseller who has that manuscript locked in his old-fashioned safe. How about it, Paul?"

"Stan, no, you're a Witch, you're not God. You're not even a magician. I can't let you do it, old friend."

"Paul, Paul, if I don't, who will? Answer me that, Paul."

"Okay, but don't say I didn't warn you. There is an adjunct to what I have in Holland but I don't know if we can get a copy or not. Stan, why do you want to do this? You will have the Soviets on your neck, the administration down your throat, and the hatred of fifty million zealots in this country."

"Somebody better do it, Paul. You want to do it? You're no mean magician yourself, you know. Anyway, it won't be the first time witches have saved the xtians bacon, as well as their own."

That evening, talking half to my wife and half to myself... why, why would the Soviets be interested in Wicca? They have done more research into ESP than the rest of the world put together. Yet I knew the Soviets didn't do things capriciously. There had to be a reason and I had a hunch it

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Spooky Spooks (cont.) by Stan

was an important one. A reason that boded no good for the rest of the world.

My wife and HPs said, "Stop your muttering and come eat."

"What would you do?" I asked her.

"When in doubt, ask Vassago," was her answer.

"Funneee, I retorted, but then, wait a minute, was it funny? I sure had no answer and I needed one."

"Okay, baby doll, I will."

Giving me a wish-I-hadn't-said-that look, she managed a, "Will what?"

"Ask Vassago, my witchy wife. Have you any better ideas?"

So that night found me painting three concentric circles on an old piece of canvas we had. Seven, nine and eleven feet with adjustment for our latitude. When you are dealing with the denizens of the other dimensions, your circle better well be fine tuned. We will need sulphur, some copper coils, frankincense, saffron and cedarwood oil. We have an excellent crystal for scrying, and we need to cast our sigil from tin. Fortunately, we had a vacuum furnace and using the lost wax method, we made an excellent seal of the sigil of Vassago. It was then the tenth day of the new moon. Our timing was right and the Old Farmer's Almanac gave us the time of sunset and sunrise so we could determine the exact midpoint of the night. We made a square of Jupiter, which related to tin and we need to know how Vassago would appear lest we be misled. Our triangle was two feet from the circle and three feet in diameter. It faced east. It looked like we were set.

Only my wife and I were in the circle as we started our invocation.

"Oh, mighty Vassago, Prince of twenty-six legions of mighty spirits, we do invoke thee. We have need of thy wisdom. Our need is great. Thou has need of us, too. We wouldst thou favor us with thy presence within the triangle of art. We have thy favorite incense. We have thy sigil and seal. You

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Spooky Spooks (cont.) by Stan

may hear Night on Bald Mountain, thy favorite music. Come, Oh mighty Vassago, come. Come oh mighty Prince.

About that time Tobey our cat jumped into the circle and stood watching the triangle with the same attention he would give to the neighborhood pit bull.

My high priestess, gazing into the crystal, saw that it began to show a smoky haze that settled into the form of a small animal, unknown to her.

"I am the great Prince Vassago," it intoned. "Why do you call me up? Know you not that it can be death to cross the abyss?"

But the high priestess was not to be fooled. "Begone, begone, you are not the mighty Prince Vassago. I have business only with the mighty Prince, prelate of twenty-six."

The crystal cleared and then began to fog over again. Again, a voice spoke. "And what business can a mortal have with me? Knoweth thou my name?"

Clear and confident came her reply. "Indeed I do, welcome Prince Vassago, your Excellency. We do have business of vital interest to his Majesty."

"Speak, then, for time is short."

"Time is indeed short, oh mighty Prince. Do you know of the spy, Penkovski, who was executed by the Soviets? A Witch in Austria made contact with his spirit and just as she was to impart important information to the CIA, she fell dead. My question, oh Gracious One, is how did the Soviets do the killing?"

"Why should I answer your question? Your people have always been sworn enemies of mine. We have no need of you."

"Your excellency, the unleashing of untold numbers of atomic weapons would not only destroy our world but affect yours, too. It is of these matters we wish to speak."

"Very well then, mortal. The Soviets did not kill the medium. She was killed by a spirit sent by a middle eastern power, who learned their magic from the Berbers in the Atlas

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Spooky Spooks (cont.) by Stan

mountains, many millenia ago. Their sacred books contain the knowledge but without the gematria to decode them. Few are aware it exists."

"Thank you, oh mighty Prince. Now why are the Soviets studying Wicca when they are so far ahead in occult studies?"

"Because the Soviets, having killed or driven underground the witches in their country, do not understand how to raise a cone of power such as protected Britain from Hitler. The Soviet know that while not completely free, the witches in your country have some freedom of publication and dissemination of information. Even among your people only a few know who the real enemy is."

"Oh valiant One, who is the enemy?"

"I have told you. I go now. I, too, must pay obeisance."

"Go, then, mighty Prince Vassago. Go with the blessings of a mortal, return to your realm, secure in the knowledge you have made both worlds a safer place to live. We give thee thanks, we bid thee Hail and Farewell, Hail and Farewell, oh mighty Prince."

The crystal slowly returned to its normal state. Tobey the cat got up and nonchalantly strolled over to his saucer of milk. We thanked the Mighty Ones for their aid. The circle was dissolved, its power being stored in our athames as was our custom. We had our answer. Blessed Be.

Author's note: Although this story is presented as fiction, the main events described herein are true. We strongly caution any reader not well versed in the occult arts against any further action. The late Bill Finch had gruesome stories of those institutional ones who had tried... and failed.

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It's a good thing that people have intelligence and don't have to depend upon strength. Compared to the average flea, man's muscles are made of pure flab. A heavyweight weightlifter, for example, can lift five times his own weight. A flea, we are told, can lift 150 times his own weight. In other words, if a 200-pound man had the strength of a flea, he'd be able to lift about 15 tons.

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A Witch is the Poor Man's Psychiatrist by Tarostar

When one publishes arcana of the occult and goes on record with spellcraft and magical ceremonial, often flack is forthcoming from quarters where "psychics" begin to moan and wail that certain things just are not right for public display. However, psychics are those who bring you the trash in the rags which state they can read your vibes over the phone, tell your destiny from a card or letter, solve your problems for a fee, hex and destroy your enemies with a spell, etc. As a Witch, I do not take professional psychics seriously.

Psychics who present themselves as "oh so spiritual" are unbelievable. They are the first to seek out the Witch when they have a difficult case and want a hex to lay off on their client's nemesis. As a Witch, I can't abide hypocrites.

Hexcraft is very much a part of the world we live in but not necessarily confined to Witches. Generally, it is the stranger who seeks out the Witch for the ingredients in spells and curses. They usually have a pretty good idea as to how dark magics work and know fairly well what type of things they need. At least they are honest about it.

Every Witch ought to have a basic knowledge in the use of the darker forces, to know how those things are applied and accomplished. Otherwise, how can the Witch clean up the occult messes people make of their lives?

When a person finds a vile concoction on the doorstep, he/she runs off to the local Witch to find out what it is and what to do about it. When strange spirit visitations prove disquieting at night, it is the Witch who is asked to explain them. When heavy questions are too much to bear, it is the Witch who is asked to lift the veil and read the future.

It is very easy to see from things like the above how an unscrupulous person could use the occult for personal gain and play upon the naivete of some people. Often what a psychic advisor says is taken as Gospel and acted upon. A good case in point came from a woman asking me how to uncross some negative conditons in her life. I recommended ablutions with an Uncrossing Bath Salt and meditation. She said, "No, I can't do that, because so and so, down the street told me to do that and my tub and floor tiles turned purple." I asked, "How much did you use?" She replied, "He said to put the whole pound in the bath water." I answered, "Well, you are

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Psychiatrist (cont.) by Tarostar

only supposed to use a tablespoon at a time. If you are smart, you'll get a lawyer."

In other words, the Witch gets the case to clear up and solve after the person has made the rounds of all the psychics and readers in town. No wonder we get exasperated. By the time one comes to the Witch, he/she can't readily afford to pay a reasonable price for our products. The psychics have it all. The Witch gets the credit for setting the matter right, but sees the same person again later, after the psychics have worked him/her over for some other problem. Always the Witch is the Court of Last Resort.

It makes one wonder, is it worth it?

Ed note (jeannie): Probably not. It's true that the Witch is usually the Court of Last Resort. That's because, if you look at it from the cowan's point of view, the general populace is going to think the querent is nuts if they are presented with the querent's case. I was hoping, when I saw the title of your article, that you would plug the need for a Witch, particularly one involved in counselling of any type, to have at least a basic knowledge of psychology. Even if a Witch is not involved in counselling, a couple of weeks with a college text in basic psychology might help in self-knowledge... something most Witches are always willing to learn more about. Most folks who seek out the Court of Last Resort are in some stage of panic. It helps to know how to deal with panic on a psychological level which in turn helps the querent deal with the problem in a more concrete manner, such as with a simple uncrossing spell. Otherwise, you get a pound of purple in somebody's bathtub and a major angry person on your hands.

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All the freedom mankind has achieved to date has been achieved only because individuals accepted responsibility, assumed obligations, performed on promises, and delivered to the rest of mankind whatever gifts and talents they were endowed with. For those in future generations who would be free and help others achieve freedom, there is no other course except to live our daily lives as individuals responsible for our own morals, our own character, our own family, our own industry, our own jobs. --Arthur H. Motley

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Tiny Tree Needs Great Outdoors from USDA

If you received a bonsai tree as a Yule gift and it's a miniature forest tree, you'd better get it outdoors if it's still alive. Bonsai from forest trees will die if kept too long indoors, particularly in overheated rooms. According to the USDA, these bonsai may be brought inside once or twice a week for two to three hours. If the temperature drops lower than 28 degrees, the trees need protection against the low temperature and drying winds. That means that throughout most of the United States, a bonsai tree needs a greenhouse, pit or cold frame. Shelter under the foliage of a spreading tree could save it from winter frost. It's easy to construct a simple coldframe bonsai, but you may have to wait until the ground thaws. For next winter, before the ground is frozen, dig a hole at least one and a half feet in the soil. Make the hole as long and wide as you need for all your plants. Line the sides of this hole with exterior grade plywood which extends six inches above the surface. Put four to six inches of gravel in the bottom of the hole and set your plant containers on this gravel. Spread straw around and over them. Put a loose fitting cover on the frame made of polyethylene sheeting or any similar material. Be sure the top of your cold frame is strong enough to withstand a heavy load of snow. You can also purchase a cold frame kit from nurseries, garden supply houses, and garden catalogs.

Ed note (jeannie): Some of the snow problems can be alleviated if you "build" your cold frame so that you can put a slanted (or pyramid, or...) top on it. Also, be sure your plants get plenty of water and, in more temperate climates, be careful that your plants don't fry on warmer or very sunny days by propping the cover open during daylight hours.

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When the old man stepped into the bus, the door squeaked as it closed behind him. The old man reached into his jacket pocket, took out a tiny can, and unobtrusively placed a drop of oil on the door hinges. He sat down next to one of the passengers.

"Are you with the bus company?" the passenger asked.
 "Oh, no," he replied. "I just carry this little can of oil with me wherever I go and when I hear something that squeeks and is likely to get on peoples' nerves, I help smooth the way by squirting a drop of oil in the hinges. It costs me almost nothing and I feel much happier when I know I am helping to smooth a few of life's irritations."

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Letter to the Teacher by Mariah

I am writing this for knowledge only. That is what the school system is for--knowledge and correct information.

Witchcraft is in the United States List of Recognized Religions. It is stated as a nature religion that worships a god and goddess.

Witchcraft is a religion that dates back to Paleolithic times, to the worship of the god of the hunt and the goddess of fertility. One can see remnants of it in cave paintings and in the figurines of goddesses that are many thousands of years old. This early religion was universal. The story was told in the Bible, King James Version, Chapter 19, Verse 27: "So that not only this our craft is in danger to be set at nought; but also that the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised, and her magnificence should be destroyed, whom all asia and the world worshipeth. Verse 28: "And when they heard these sayings, they were full of wrath, and cried out, saying, great is Diana of the Ephesians."

Another area in the Bible that shows that the new religion of Christianity were the aggressors toward the older religion of Witchcraft is Chapter 44, Verse 16: "The people were talking to a new prophet coming into their town, and trying to get them to change the way they believe."

Verse 16: "As for the word that thou hast spoken unto us in the name of the Lord, we will not hearken unto thee."

Verse 17: "But we will certainly do whatsoever thing goeth forth out of our own mouth, to burn incense unto the queen of heaven, and to pour out drink offerings unto her, as we have done, we, and our fathers, our kings, and our princes, in the cities of Judah, and in the streets of Jerusalem: for then had we plenty of victuals, and were well, and saw no evil."

Verse 18: "But since we left off to burn incense to the queen of heaven, and to pour out drink offerings unto her, we have wanted all things, and have been consumed by the sword and by the famine."

Then Jeremiah said to the people what he would do:

Verse 27: "Behold I will watch over them for evil, and not for good: and all the men of Judah that are in the land of Egypt shall be consumed by the sword and by the famine, until there be an end to them."

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Letter (cont.) by Mariah

What crime did the people do, but to think for themselves and to receive the best for their city? The city had a lot of food, had no war, and saw no evil.

Diana, Goddess of the Moon, her temple still stands in Greece, thousands of people still go to see her temple.

The name of Diana was changed from place to place but the basic deities were the same.

When Christianity came to Europe, its inroads were slow. Kings and nobles were converted first, but many folk continued to worship in both religions. Dwellers in rural areas, the "pagans" and "heathens", kept to the old ways. Churches were built on the sacred sites of the old religion. The names of the festivals were changed but the dates were kept. The old rites continued in folk festivals and for many centuries, Christian policy was one of slow cooperation.

During the times of persecution, the church took the god of the old religion and, as is the habit with conquerors, turned him into the Christian devil. The idea of a devil never was in the world until the Christians said that there was such a thing. A Witch does not believe that a devil is real, and they never did and they do not worship a Christian's devil.

The old religion was forced underground, its only records set forth in distorted form by its enemies. Small families kept the religion alive and, in 1951, after the Witchcraft laws in England were repealed, it began to surface again.

After the Witch burnings and boiling Witches in water and terror put to another religion in the new religion's name. The Witches' religion was outlawed so they could not speak up and say that all the books that the new religion were writing were false. The Witches came to America hoping to have their freedom of religion again. Soon the Witch burnings started all over again in Salem. Witches say that in history it can be traced that ten million people were burned at the stake. The land and homes went to the church, this helped them gain wealth.

The religion of Witches is the history of our planet we live on and the history of the sun, moon, and all the planets in our solar system. We worship a god that gives us life here on our planet. If the sun died out, we would freeze on our

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Letter (cont.) by Mariah

planet. The Moon Goddess Diana helps life grow on our planet at night and she controls the movement of the waters of our planet. And Mother Earth gives us food to stay alive. The joining together of the gods keeps the planet alive, the Sun sends its light to Mother Earth to give it energy to grow and stay alive.

Our sabbaths are the change of seasons, Spring, Summer, Fall, and Winter. Half of the year is ruled by the god and the other half is ruled by the goddess. The god force is in every male and the goddess life force is in every female. We are the children of the gods.

About fifteen years ago, a man called Anton LeVey started the Church of Satan. He knew that there really was no religion that worshipped the devil. He and other people started to write books on his subject and that is how Witches and Satanism got confused to be the same. Satanists do worship the Christian devil. Witches worship all life on earth and believe in a god and goddess that predates the Christian religion.

Witches are female and male. Witches can live next door to you and you will never know it because they know that you will become upset. Witches are doctors, lawyers, teachers, homemakers, police, security guards, all walks of life.

If you are lucky enough to know a Witch, just ask them questions and they will be pleased that you took the time to know what another person believes.

We raise our children to learn other peoples' religions and when they grow up they can pick the religion that is deep in their heart.

In America, there are thousands of Witches. Witches have hundred of newsletters that go all over the world. Witches can be found in every country in the world.

Remember when people say Witches are evil, think Witches were never the aggressors.

Books: Drawing Down the Moon, Margot Adler
A Circle of Witches: A Mid-European Look, Donna Rose

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Prince Patrick and the Young Magician by Ogaea

Once upon a time, there was a little boy who lived in a castle. His father and mother were the King and the Queen, and the little boy was a Prince.

The castle they lived in was very big, and Prince Patrick, for that was the little boy's name, had never even seen all of the rooms in the castle! One day, he had nothing much to do, and he thought he would try to visit every room in the castle.

Well, he had already seen some of the rooms, for of course the family had to live and eat and sleep in some of them. So he started his exploration with Room Eleven.

And when he opened the door to Room Eleven, what do you think he found?

He found the Young Magician!

The Young Magician was a young man Prince Patrick had met only once or twice. The Young Magician was the son of the King's Official Magician, and he was a very pleasant young man. When Prince Patrick opened the door, the Young Magician turned to him and said, "Well, well, well! If it isn't Prince Patrick! And what are you up to today, Your Highness?"

"Why, I'm going to see if I can visit all the rooms in this castle," Prince Patrick told the Young Magician.

"Ahh," said the Young Magician. "So you are looking for an adventure?"

"Well, yes, I suppose I am!" said Prince Patrick.

"Well, my boy," said the Young Magician, with a twinkle in his eye, "I think we can find a better adventure than that!"

The Young Magician led Prince Patrick to the kitchen where they made themselves some sandwiches and filled two flagons with water.

"Where are we going?" asked Prince Patrick. He was already excited by the preparations they were making.

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Prince Patrick (cont.) by Ogaea

"We'll go to the wood, and see what we find," said the Young Magician. And so they did. They left the castle kitchen and went through the garden, and through the garden gate, and across the lawn, and down through the tall grasses until they came to the edge of the wood.

At the edge of the wood, they found three paths. One went straight ahead, one went to the left, and one went to the right.

"Which path would you like to take, Prince Patrick?" asked the Young Magician. Prince Patrick thought and thought, and decided they should go to the right. And so they started out, on the path to the right.

They walked for a long time, and just as they were getting hungry enough to eat their sandwiches, they came to a clearing in the woods. The grassy space was filled with sunlight, and along the edges of the clearing were some bushes, and in the middle there were some rocks that looked comfortable to sit on.

They were about to set out their lunch on the rocks when they heard some strange noises. "Perhaps we should wait behind these bushes until we know what is making those noises," the Young Magician suggested. And so Prince Patrick and the Young Magician crouched behind the bushes and waited, very quietly.

In a moment, they saw what they had heard. Into the clearing came two beautiful Unicorns! They were sparkling silver, with golden hooves and horns, and silky purple manes and tails. They were prancing and neighing softly to one another.

The Young Magician reached into the leather pouch that hung from his belt, and drew out two green leather bridles decorated with emeralds and pearls. He handed one of these bridles to Prince Patrick.

"Shhh," whispered the Young Magician. "Watch me, and do what I do."

And with that, the Young Magician leaped from the bush and threw his bridle around the nose of one of the Unicorns. So quickly that he seemed to have moved at the same time, Prince

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Prince Patrick (cont.) by Ogaea

Patrick leaped from the bush and threw his bridle around the nose of the other Unicorn.

Because Prince Patrick and the Young Magician were honest, caring people, the Unicorns were quiet at once, and did not fight them.

"What a stroke of luck!" exclaimed Prince Patrick. "Now we can ride in search of our adventure!"

"I expect that the Unicorns are part of our adventure," said the Young Magician. "We should let them take us where they will."

So Prince Patrick and the Young Magician rode where the Unicorns chose to go, and the Unicorns chose to take a path that led out of the clearing to the left.

They rode for a long time, and then they came to another clearing that looked more like a garden than a clearing in the woods. In the center was a small castle, a shining white castle decorated with gold and crystal.

Prince Patrick dismounted, and so did the Young Magician, and they crossed the smooth grass to the door of the castle. Then Prince Patrick knocked on the door with his hand, and to his surprise, it opened!

"Should we go in?" Prince Patrick asked the Young Magician.

"I think we must, if we want to finish our adventure," said the Young Magician. And so they went inside.

This castle, being smaller than the one Prince Patrick lived in, had not so many rooms, and it did not take Prince Patrick and the Young Magician long to look in all of them. All the while, they cried out, "Halloo, halloo! Is anyone here?" But never a voice answered them.

Finally, they had opened all the doors but one. The last door was a small, black door, rounded at the top, and wobbly silver letters painted on it said, DANGER! GO AWAY!

"Should we open it anyway?" Prince Patrick asked.

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Prince Patrick (cont.)

"I think we must, if we are to finish our adventure," said the Young Magician, and he tried the door. With a little creak of its rusty hinges, it swung open before him.

Behind the door, it was very dark. So out of his leather pouch, the Young Magician pulled... a lantern! And then he reached in for some matches, and set the lantern to burning with a bright light. And then he reached into the pouch again and pulled out a smaller lantern for Prince Patrick, and he lit that one too, and then they stepped through the door.

Steep, curving steps led down from the door and Prince Patrick and the Young Magician crept down them carefully, holding their lanterns before them. When they reached the bottom, they were in a large, dark room.

And then they heard a voice!

"Ooooooh," the voice moaned. "Ooooooh, help me!"

"What should we do?" Prince Patrick asked, a little frightened.

"It sounds to me as though somebody needs help," said the Young Magician. "What do you think we should do?"

"Well," said Prince Patrick, in a very small voice, "Whenever we can, we must help people in trouble." He straightened up as tall as he could to make himself feel brave. "And we want to finish our adventure, too!"

"Very well, Your Highness," the Young Magician said, smiling to himself. "We shall proceed!" The Young Magician was proud of Prince Patrick, for it takes a very brave little boy to help someone else when he is already frightened himself.

They crept through the darkness in the big room until they came to another door, and then they heard the voice again.

"Ooohhhh, help me!" the voice said.

Prince Patrick tried the door, and just like the others, it opened easily, with only a little creak of its rusty hinges. Inside the room behind the door, Prince Patrick and the Young Magician held up their lanterns.

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Prince Patrick (cont.)

What they saw was a Princess, a little girl about Prince Patrick's age. She looked cold and hungry and frightened.

"Have you come to help me, or to eat me?" she asked them dismally.

"Why, we've come to help you, of course!" Prince Patrick exclaimed. "Why would we come to eat you?"

A tear of relief rolling down her cheek, the Princess explained. "A long time ago," she said, "a terrible monster came to my father's castle, and ate almost everyone. And the rest of us he brought here, and kept prisoner, and every so often, the monster came back and ate one of us. I'm the last one left," she finished, starting to cry.

"Well, we are not monsters," said the Young Magician. "This is Prince Patrick, and I'm a Magician, and we are here to help you."

"Come with us and you can stay at my father's castle!" said Prince Patrick. "Wouldn't you like that?"

"Yes, I would!" exclaimed the Princess.

And so they all went back up the steep, dark stairs, and through the tiny door with the warning written on it, and into the kitchen to eat their sandwiches, for by now they were very, very hungry. They found some food for the Princess, too, and they were about to enjoy their meal together, when...!

All of a sudden they heard a terrible, loud RRRROOOAAARRR! outside, and the Princess looked out the window and cried, "Oh! It is the monster, and he's come back to eat me!"

"We won't let him!" cried Prince Patrick.

The monster broke down the kitchen door very easily, and stepped inside, and when he did, he was big enough to fill the whole kitchen!

The monster looked down and saw three people to eat instead of just the Princess, and a horrible smile spread across his face. "A nice feast you'll make me!" he exclaimed happily. "And your dinner will be my appetizer!"

(cont. next page)

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Prince Patrick (cont.)

With that, he reached down and snatched the sandwiches right out of their hands, and popped them into his horrible huge mouth in one bite. Prince Patrick and the Princess and the Young Magician trembled in fear, for they could not escape now!

But just as the monster reached down his hairy paw to scoop the three of them into his cavernous mouth, he began to cough. He coughed and coughed, until tears came to his eyes.

The monster was too tall for the Princess or Prince Patrick or even the Young Magician to pat him on the back, and so the monster choked and choked until finally, he choked to death. The monster fell to the floor with a great C-R-A-S-H that shook the whole castle. Prince Patrick and the Princess and the Young Magician were able, very carefully, to crawl over the monster and leave the castle; they went out through the hole where the kitchen door had been.

They rested on the smooth grass outside the little castle, and out of his leather pouch, the Young Magician drew three sandwiches. They were smaller than the ones the monster had stolen, but they tasted just as good to the three hungry adventurers. They drank deeply from their flagons of water, too, and shared freely with the Princess.

"It's never good to be greedy," the Young Magician said when they had finished. "That's what defeated the monster: greed. Even monsters have a right to live in this land, but no one has the right to take from others."

"He could have stayed at our castle," said the Princess. "We would have shared our table with him, if only he had asked for our friendship. Instead, he took from us everything we cared about, until we had nothing left to share. And when he made us his prisoners, instead of his friends, then we couldn't even help him when he needed us," she finished sadly.

"Greed and violence are like that," said the Young Magician. "The monster felt powerful for a little while, hurting and scaring people, taking everything for himself. But in the end, it killed him."

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Prince Patrick (cont.) by Ogaea

"I was very frightened," said Prince Patrick, "but sometimes helping people is more important than being frightened, and I've won a friend," he said, smiling at the Princess, who smiled back.

"Courage is like that," the Young Magician said. "Everyone is frightened, sometimes. Being truly brave means doing what you know is right even if you are frightened. And when you do that," he said, smiling at the children, "you always win, even if the prize isn't gold or silver."

When they finished their meal, they decided that the Young Magician would repair the little castle, and that from now on it would be his castle, and he would live there with the Unicorns (who had waited on the lawn, being rather brave creatures themselves), and welcome other adventurers on their way.

Prince Patrick and the Princess found it difficult to say good-bye to their friend, but they pledged to come and visit him often. They found it easy to follow the paths through the woods, back to the castle where Prince Patrick lived, and there Prince Patrick's parents, the King and the Queen, welcomed the Princess as their own daughter.

They all lived happily for a very long time after that. Prince Patrick and Princess Aliah did go back to visit the Young Magician, and he did take them on other adventures, but those are stories for another time.

Ed note (jeannie): We sincerely hope that time is not too far in the future. Thanks to Stan for encouraging Ogaea to send this gem in.

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Getting out this rag is no picnic. If we print jokes, people say we are silly. If we don't, they say we are too serious. If we don't print contributions, we don't appreciate genius; and, if we do print them, the paper is filled with junk! If we edit the other fellow's write-up, we're too critical; if we don't, we're asleep. If we clip things from other papers, we are too lazy to write them ourselves. If we don't we are stuck on our own stuff. Now, like as not, someone will say we swiped this from some magazine.*

*We did!

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Star Gazer by Lady Fauna

January 15 to February 14, '87

1/15 - Dangerous enemies spread gossip which may explain why some folks are a bit nervous. Be gracious in social situations. This can bring financial luck.

1/16 - The party tends to linger into the day although there may be some jealousy associated with this. Stick to business and seek your center of contentment.

1/17 - In your studies, you may want to include Thoreau. Take care of paperwork. Meditate on the role of tolerance in leadership.

1/18 - Use your intuition concerning social encounters. Creativity is enhanced.

1/19 - Watch money. Concentrate. Practice is the ticket to learning today. Watch your temper--it may be that you were sought out for your good humour.

1/20 - A good day for doing things with your hands but perhaps not creative things. Study emphasized. Quarrels.

1/21 - Take in a concert, the opera, poetry readings.

1/22 - Although your mind works quickly, postpone decisions until after lunch.

1/23 - Avoid committing to an answer verbally until careful consideration of the problem is complete. Watch what you promise in casual conversations.

1/24 - Fortunately, a day for frivolity and not for decisions.

1/25 - Ideas expand but not without questions. Political news from Poland, Sweden, Russia.

1/26 - Strange and eccentric decisions are announced involving politicians and ministers. Nervous energies are present. Watch extravagance, which may also be hard on the nerves.

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Star Gazer (cont.) by Lady Fauna

1/27 - Insight and creativity combine with energy and result in a new development in science. The discoverer will be hailed as a genius. Overcaution may result in a delay of the announcement.

1/29 - New Moon. Earthquake alert. Women should be cautious that their business ability doesn't affect health or undesired changes in their lives.

1/30 - Decisions won't come easily in the morning. Creatively avoid them until the afternoon.

1/31 - If you're about to be swept off your feet, you may want to check out the spot where you're likely to land.

2/1 - Candlemas. Concentrate on self-knowledge as an aspect of learning from experience. Financial luck, but watch your money.

2/2 - Daydreaming causes accidents. If you have even a hint of a fever, stay home.

2/3 - There are aspects of self-sacrifice in which the intuition outpaces intellectual ability. An authority figure is prominent. Much financial luck.

2/4 - Business trips are a source of marital separations, but these trips bring financial boons. Today is excellent for planning and building, balancing. Financial help from lovers.

2/5 - Financial luck continues. Be determined. Show that you can be responsible for that which you seek.

2/6 - Casual conversations are the source of much pleasure.

2/7 - An intellectual conversation with a child is most witty and entertaining for both of you.

2/8 - Good health and luck does much to ease depression.

2/9 - The family and self-deception leads to disappointments in relationships. Watch your money. Use common sense, attend to business matters and studies.

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Star Gazer (cont.) by Lady Fauna

2/10 - Earthquake alert. Sudden releases of energy. Radical changes in opinion. New scientific discoveries.

2/11 - More scientific discoveries; however, plans are not practical at this time.

2/12 - Your imagination is fruitful but plans aren't yet practical.

2/13 - Full Moon. Earthquake alert. Tonight Mother will listen although the reply may be more what you need to hear than what you wanted to hear.

2/14 - Invention, mechanical aptitude, electricity, railroads, metals highlighted. A good day to invest in any of the above. Pay attention to detail, paperwork. Study.

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Plant and Moon Lore from Llewellyn

So, you got a plant for Yule? Don't despair. Lots of thought went into choosing the perfect plant for you. Are you the kind of person who will lovingly mist a plant daily, or are you more likely to let the leaves drop before you consider watering the thing? Here are a few tips from Llewellyn's Moon Sign Book and Gardening Guide for prolonging the life of your Yule gift. The next time Aunt Mary visits, she won't wonder what happened to the plant she gave you.

Poinsettia (*Euphorbia pulcherrima*). If you received a poinsettia for Yule, you're safe. No gift-giver expects you to keep them after the holidays. To care for the plant, water it whenever the top soil feels completely dry. Soak the plant until water starts to come out the pot's drainage holes. Let it sit for 15 minutes, then empty the drip plate. Room temperature should be 55 to 65 degrees at night and 65 to 75 during the day. Allow three to four hours of direct sunlight. There is no need to fertilize unless you want to attempt to carry the plant through the next winter. With proper care, a poinsettia will last through Easter. One caution: the entire plant is poisonous, including its latex sap. Keep it away from children and pets, and use gloves to avoid rashes while removing withered leaves. The gardener should continue the same treatment until the flowery portions fade. First, prune the plant liberally, cutting at the point

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Plant and Moon Lore (cont.) from Llewellyn

where the leaves attach to the stems. When you see new growth, fertilize with 15-30-15. Check the roots to see if you need a larger pot. As soon as frost danger ends, plant the poinsettia outside in a sheltered area receiving morning sun. Pinch back the growing tips to form a bush-like shape. By October 1, bring the plant inside. Now, the tricky part: to force the plant to flower, it must have 14 hours of complete, uninterrupted darkness nightly, plus its regular light and water daily. If the plant drops leaves it's a bad sign, but following this regimen faithfully produces blooms by Yule.

Jerusalem Cherry (*Solanum pseudocapsicum*) and Christmas Pepper (*Capsicum frutescens*). These are annuals--it's a gift you throw away when it becomes ugly. If the fruit shows various stages of growth when you receive it, expect it to last six to ten weeks. Check the bottoms of the leaves for white flies. They are common to these plants. To make them last as long as possible, keep the Jerusalem Cherry in night temperatures of 50 to 55 degrees and the Christmas Pepper in 60 to 65 degrees. During the day, both should be kept at 70 degrees. They need water when the top soil layer feels dry, four hours of daily direct light and monthly fertilizing. The Jerusalem Cherry is poisonous. The Christmas Pepper's fruit is an edible--a very hot pepper.

Holly (*Ilex aquifolium*--English Holly and *Ilex opaca*--American Holly). In northern regions, holly is given in branches because it's strictly an outdoor plant. Keep the branches in water. Left dry, they will last only a few days. In southern climates, a holly plant should stay indoors for no more than seven days. Mist the leaves daily and water often enough to keep the soil evenly moist. For gardeners in southern climates, transplant holly into the garden as soon as possible. Be sure to check a guide book for your particular variety of holly--some grow to 45 foot trees. Transplant into partial shade, well-drained and slightly acidic soil. Holly's leaves and berries are poisonous.

Christmas of Reiger Begonia (*Begonia hybrids*). This is another plant which is difficult to bring to a second bloom, plus it requires extra care during the holiday season. A good plant has blooms in several stages of growth. Water the plant when the top soil layer feels dry. Soak it until water drains through the pot's bottom, let it sit for fifteen minutes, then empty the drip plate. Avoid getting the leaves

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Plant and Moon Lore (cont.) from Llewellyn

wet. Air temperature should be 50 to 60 degrees at night and 70 degrees during the day. Humidity is best for begonias between 40 and 60 percent. They need bright, indirect sun. Measure their light by their growth: too much light and flowers fade early; too little light and the plant stretches to the light source. Fertilize begonias monthly with 15-30-15. To carry the plant into another season, allow it to dry out for ten days after all blooms fade. After the drying period, prune stems to three inches high. Repot the plant into a larger pot. Water when the top half of the soil feels dry (not just the top layer) until new growth appears, then resume watering when the top soil layer feels dry. Return the plant to a sunny window with four hours direct sunlight and fertilize every two weeks.

Here are the best dates for plant care activities during January, following plants' natural periodicity to lunar cycles:

- transplant: 14, 15, 22, 23, 24
- prune 14, 15, 22, 23, 24, 25
- trim to increase growth 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 30, 31
- fertilize 3, 4, 5, 14, 15, 22, 23, 24, 30, 31
- water 12, 13, 14, 15, 22, 23, 24, 30, 31

Lunar planning is nothing new. The Moon's cycles and their correlation with everyday life has been the foundation for timing events for thousands of years. According to the Moon's sign and phase, certain activities can be carried out more successfully. The following is a list of favorable dates from Llewellyn's Moon Sign Book for a variety of important and everyday activities.

- entertain 10, 11, 15, 16, 20, 21
- consult physician 4, 9, 20, 25
- get a permanent 1, 2, 29
- cut hair for growth 3, 4, 13, 23, 31
- sign papers, contracts 3, 9, 29
- purchase appliances 2, 6, 16, 21, 29
- buy a car or have major repairs 2, 7, 17, 22, 26, 30
- fish or hunt 15, 22, 23, 24, 30, 31

You can learn more about using the Moon for gardening and even stock market prediction in Llewellyn's Moon Sign Book. Call 1-800-THE-MOON for information.

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