

Arden
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25: Humor Is Good Too

1317, 11th month, 30th day

A Genoese merchant ship, docked earlier today. One of its' passengers was a priest, from Argostoli. This is not extraordinary and would have gone completely unnoticed by us; except, Bishop Georgios brought him to the caste. The priest, one Father Spyridon, was intent on meeting, the fabled Princes of Parga. He had talked with all of those recently returned and wanted to thank us, on behalf of the families of three dead assassins, for having granted them pardons and for letting the families know of their fait. It was very important to them, that Bishop Georgios had been allowed to give them, a proper Orthodox burial.

He told us that the letters, both public and privet had greatly angered the Count, as we knew they would. He puzzled over what else the Count must think us responsible for, as the Count seamed to be in a constant state of consternation. We did not tell him, although I did wish to. He described the great dock fire, two nights before. The talk among the people was wild with speculation about its cause. We all acted with great surprise when he said this. Uncle Iason and Father, who did not know about our little adventure, were greatly so. We four did our best to pretend and I am sure both the priests were taken in. Our fathers, on the other hand, were not.

He told how the whole of the wood structures seamed to begin burning at the same time and that no effort to fight the fire would quell it. Due to the late hour few were awake and no dock workers were about. Several ships, that were moored to the docks, were able to cut loose and were not badly damaged.

Uncle Iason asked if the Count was attempting to lay the blame at our door. The priest said, he was but noted the Count always tries to blame others for his problems. Some of his military are suspicious of the Byzantines, given Epirus' present difference with them.

After they departed, we were put to the grill. Karyakos was sharp with us and my mentor found it necessary to defend. He pointed out that we were all accounted for over the last several days and at the time of the fire, the four of us were in the beds of their mentors. He then turned to us saying, "I hope the memory of your climax is all the greater, with the knowledge of success." At that point the play was over and I know we were all red of faced, having been found out. Father railed at us for some more minutes until Uncle Iason could calm him down. It was

about this time that I realized, this was a play being written by them. To exactly what point, I was not sure.

Uncle tried to explain. "The gods move in strange and mysterious ways," he said, "Sometimes those ways are fostered by the young princes of this place, is that not so Iason?" Having addressed my beloved by his name, without his title, it was a signal that this was not state but family business.

"It is true, sometimes the princes of Parga do assist the divine, even if they don't know it at the time," he responded in a sheepish tone of voice.

"Dioskourol, how did you advise on this venture," Father asked.

"Father, we advised in support," Kastor said.

"We debated and considered all the aspects, both military and political. All consequences were considered, the rewards and risks evaluated," Poly added.

"Even your apparent displeasure was foreseen," Kastor went on.

"Why is it you agreed to or commissioned such an adventure, without taking part?"

I answered, it was pointed out that this venture was best left to the professionals and our participation was neither needed or wanted.

Iason added, "they felt we would only get in the way Uncle."

"And you kept this a secret from us because?" the King looked at Iason.

"We believed it easier to seek forgiveness than permission."

"And?"

"If you had no knowledge, you could, in all good faith, say so and just let them think what they will."

"Is this the son protecting the father or the prince protecting the king," Uncle Iason asked.

Both, I answered, since one can not be separated from the other. The smiles on their faces told us all.

"When did you plan on telling us," Karyakos asked, in a much more conciliatory tone?

“Not until the political heat is removed from the kettle,” Kastor said.

“You realize that even though you wish to isolate us from this, the ultimate responsibility still lay in my office and that is one aspect of kingship, that can not be delegated.”

“Yes uncle Iason, we do. We realized we were taking as much responsibility for our actions as possible but it could not be complete. We knew, if the plan had gone off we would have much to answer for. We also knew, if successful, we would have little else but our own satisfaction as reward, so did those that carried out the deed,” Kastor said.

“You young men have done well as always, Iason and I are greatly pleased as your fathers. As your King and Consort we have no knowledge of this and can say nothing.”

“We would have the pleasure of our sons to dine in privet, so your fathers and mentors can better reward our sons.”

Ikaros, is now forcing me to bath in scented water, before our dinner with our fathers, so I must put down the quill, as he is most instant and seducing.

1317, 12th month, 1st day:

Last night, was a delight like I have never experienced before but wish to again and again. Our fathers and the twins’ mentors had a wonderful meal laid out for us. We were entertained, with some of the most delightful music and dancing imaginable. The dancers were both male and female, 2 of each and they were most erotic and sensuous.

The two men performed first. I recognized the four as being in the place theatrical group. They danced fast and wild, with many jumps and twirls, it was very athletic. Then they danced slowly and very sensually, shedding their small costumes and almost making love but not penetrating. The two women danced shaking their hips and bodies, in ways I could not imagine. I wondered if Euthalia could do that. They then danced slowly and like the men, wound up naked and moving in a most provocative and sensual way. After they finished the four came to our low table and had several glasses of wine with us. We talked a bit. The dancers began several long slow series of movements, all four together and in pairs of men, women and mixed, letting their hands and lips travel over the bodies of their partners. It was all most stimulating and by the time they departed, each of us, were engaged with our mentor, in the most passionate sex imaginable.

I can not say for the others, just for my mentor, Iason and I. My mentor worshiped my body in every way a man can, at the altar of his beloved boy. Every move of his hands or his lips, designed to heighten my pleasure, every thrust of his penis in my boy temple, sending waves of desire through my body.

Every sexual engagement with him is pleasurable. This evening was filled with romance and passion, lust and love, a level that we had not shared for months, perhaps even years. The candles and lamps were somehow struck and each couple was covered with a warm robe, when I woke. Obviously Dysme had been here and Ikaros as well, since fresh clothing was neatly laid out for each.

Much of the discussion in the council today, was dedicated to the inclusion of females in the Page Core. Since a goodly number of the knights had served as pages, in their youth, it was lively and we received much advice. Most of which we will be forced to ignore. While they did not make any direct references to sexual activities, between themselves or us and the females, some were obvious. Uncle Iason was becoming frustrated, with many of the attitudes being expressed, by the more misogynistic of them. He told them, before they offered any more advice they should go home and seriously discuss the issue with their wives, concubines and daughters. "If you think they have not been talking among themselves, you are seriously underestimating them. Remember in ancient Sparta, women were often highly praised warriors and that Parga is neither Sparta or Athens of old. Women here are not property and have rights guaranteed by law and custom. We men are fond of social and intellectual interactions with the ladies of our society and on many issues, seek their advice and council. Why not in this?"

On the issue of the Royal Guard and his proclamation of Princess Elpis' Amazons, no real discussion took place, since that institution is under the direct control and authority of the King's office. The scholars did remind the members, "women have often served shoulder to shoulder with the men as soldiers, to defend Parga. Saying that, when Theophilos met the Great Alexander, at the eastern pass and discouraged him from attacking, his army was almost 50% women. He claimed his Amazons were each worth two of Alexander's famed fighters. A claim Alexander chose not to test. You may wish to ascribe his going elsewhere to the strong defensive position of that pass alone. I remind you our ancient grandmothers were one tough lot, as tough as our ancient grandfathers. Parga is here today, partly because they were so."

Uncle Iason did assure them, he had no intention of placing women into the regular military as warriors. In other roles he had not yet considered it. That would be mostly left up to Prince Tertius, as he develops his new military structures and the creation of Princess Eudoxia's Eagles.

From the improvements we have made in the safety and health of our people,

especially boys and girls in crafts and trades, along with the general improvement from better water and sewers and so on; the death rates have begun to drop off and if this continues, we will be able to reduce family sizes. This means as a society, we can delay marriages by a few years or allow more women to be childless. Which means, just as productive but in goods and services, instead of babies. Iason and I will commission a census, every 5 years, starting in 1318. This will be a good job for Arden's boys and I assume girls. No mention of it has yet been made but I am sure that it will. I shall preempt this, by presenting my own plan.

After the council meeting, Ikaros reported that he had found one of the older Palace Girls, who can serve as his Assistant Steward and Chamber Girl for the female Pages, her name is Agatha. He made it clear to us, this was not one of the females he has had liaisons with, apparently she is not interested in men, romantically. He did not say but I assumed, that was the only reason he had not. He intended to share his office space with her. It is a small room but sufficient for two small writing desks and necessary supplies. Iason and I remember her from her former service with the Royal Children. The three terrors all got sower faces on, when we told them. I guess she is strict and stern as well as highly efficient. Ikaros thought that would be good for the new female pages, since they will not have had much advanced preparation.

We would meet with the architects in the next few days. Our apartments will now need some expansion and reorganization, to accommodate the new reality of females living in close proximity to us. Our little all male family was going to change and yet we did not wish it to be radically altered. Kastor thought it best if the male page dorm has a direct connection to our quarters and all of us men should share a common bath and toilets. The female dorm should have its own bath and toilets and both dorms should open in to a common room for socialization. That common room should be where the pages receive their assignments. Poly suggested we appoint a young Knight or Squire to manage the pages assignments as well as their non educational training, if that Knight or Squire were married perhaps his wife could function as athletic coach for the girls. Other ladies in the castle could be recruited to assist in mentoring and nonacademic education. All this would mean the females would need another large common room, with entrance from the female dorm and joint common room.

Princess Eudoxia could work herself into the position of senior page and later Mistress of the Female Pages, as she gained age and experience. This would mean Eudoxia and Alexandros will not be leaving the city. We would try and foster a family type atmosphere, where the pages all viewed themselves as brothers and sisters. The last thing we needed was sexual liaisons and romances between them, while in the service at least. If the other girls are as charming as Olympia and Eudoxia, it will take all of our fortitude to resist them, well mine anyway.

Lady Lucia had volunteered to find the candidates and assist Tertius and ourselves in building a program, setting rules and so on. She would also design the the female Page and Eagle uniforms. Ikaros would teach them fencing and Damao fighting. Lady Lucia reminded us, “the King will need to change some rules or make contracts with the non Palace Girls’ fathers; since we do not want them suddenly betrothed or wed, while in the middle of their service. The concepts of meritocracy must be applied to them, as to you men.” I suddenly thought of Olympia and Dario. I know my cousin is very desirous of becoming a page and in studying history and art. She is quite good at painting and working with clay. I am sure they will find happiness together. Olympia will make a fine ambassador’s wife, as he will make a fine ambassador. They are both quiet young for such a position, I know our fathers have confidence in him and apparently her.

I could see right off, some of the difficulties in message delivery could be solved by this. The male pages do not have free access to the women’s quarters or the females to ours, we just needed to think a little on assignments. I was still not sure how many females we would have. Iason wasn’t sure either. We called a meeting of all the pages, Olympia and Eudoxia. Since the under 14 pages were not allowed outside the castle and their are 5 of them, plus Dios we thought that 5 girls 14 or over and 5 under 14, would give us a good balance and at least appear to be fair. Eudoxia had no illusions, that at first anyway, fairness was a relative thing.

Hesiodos came along, to fill us in on the guardswomen. None with experience could be found, that is no surprise. He and Tertius had located several women in their mid 20’s, who are well known athletes. They were being trained in the military skills, along with 4 palace girls. It would be some months before any were ready.

Just as I am finishing this entry, Dios and Agapios came into our bedchamber. At times I do miss the old days when Iason and I were alone. Lovers need time by themselves, I think. Kastor and Poly will sometimes force us to use their room, holding off our boys and the others. They never seem to require this but they have been inseparable since birth, their bond is, as everything else between, just part of who they are.

Dios was much concerned about Agapios, as Hermogenes was again at sea. “Arden, Agapios is lonely for my father,” he said, in his best little boy voice. Agapios just blushed. I opened my arms and took the lad against my chest and Dios too. Telling him, I understood, when I was just a new prince my, father and mentor, would both sometimes be gone for days at a time. I was fortunate to have Iason at my side and in the same position. I asked if Volos and Pyrros were not giving him enough attention. He assured me they were but that he did not

want to sleep alone and Volos always puts him in his own bed and sleeps alone or with Pyrros.

I asked him if he told them how lonely he was and if he ever requested to sleep with them? He said, "Oh no, they will think I am a child and too young to have a mentor. Dios and Odo said, you would know what to do."

I suggested that he tell, whichever one puts him to bed, that he misses Hermogenes terribly and just ask if he could sleep with him. Neither will think less of you, they both know what it is like to sleep alone and miss the security of your lover's presence.

Now that I have a boy of my own and am in greater contact with more of the younger ones, I am beginning to understand why Uncle Iason and Father are so fond of training them. I also see why it is so important that this education is done well and correctly.

1317, 12th month, 7th day:

Yesterday was one of the most exciting days I have ever had. It all started out quite normal. We four princes, Alexandros, Kleitos and our six guardians went hunting, to the northeast, toward our hunting lodge. That was our purpose and planned destination. Kleitos had a couple of his horsemen along, to handle the pack animals. The West House Argonauts had invited us, saying the game was highly abundant. We thought it a worthy plan and we needed a respite from our usual routine. We were about three hours on the road, when, to our great surprise, one of Janus' couriers came upon us. The rider was not in his usual position but clung to the neck of his mount. Poly acted first and moved to intercept the apparent runaway animal. He managed to stop the frightened horse and Kleitos dismounted and took control of him. The rider had been wounded, his forehead had been bleeding and he was close to fainting.

Pyrros gave him water, Heron and Damao helped him to the ground. He told us bandits had attacked, by hitting him with rocks from slings. They came from both sides of the road, about 6 of them. He managed to hang on and the horse did the rest. He told us the attack was about 4 stadion ahead, along the road where it dips into a little hollow filled with trees. We asked if this had ever happened before? He said no but the bandits had become bolder of late and the local sheriff seemed not to do or be able to do, anything about them. One of Kleitos' men accompanied him to the next horse changing station. He could rest and let a relief rider finish this run.

I pulled my bow and quiver from the pack animals and took off my kilt, riding breeches and tunic. The others demanded to know what I was about. I had

decided to run the 4 stadion and sneak up on the bandits. They would not be expecting that or a naked runner. They bid me hold and ride further, Polydeukus and Kastor would accompany me, if I would do that, as they were not as strong a runner as I. I agreed and put my kilt and swung back on.

Iason thought they would have lookouts at the top of the little rise, before the hollow or perhaps in the trees. We should make sure and leave the road before they could see us. The others would ride along, as if normal, but hold at the top until they got a signal from us to advance. Kleitos and his man would hold back with the horses a little, as to not get in the way. Damao did not like the plan, he thought the guardians should do the work. I assured him we would not put ourselves in any danger, if it could be avoided and that our arrows had a much longer range than their slings. Iason and Kastor would take the right side and Poly and I the left. We suggested that the others remove their tunics as. If the bandits saw they were Kings Guards they may flee or hide.

We were all very angry, that anyone would attack one of the King's Couriers. Any qualms I might have about hunting men, instead of deer, were quickly put aside, when I remembered the blood on the rider's face.

About 1 and half stadion before the hollow we dismounted, behind a low hill, just before the road turned and we would be exposed. We climbed the small hill and surveyed the situation. To the north and south were pastures with sheep and goats, some bushes and rocks. Ahead the road dipped into a hollow, which was a stream bed that had large trees and some bushes growing along it and along the road. I wanted to run but saw no point in it. Polydeukus would only tire badly and be of no help. Knowing how accurately and rapidly I could shoot my arrows, I was confident in taking out at least three or four, before they knew we were even on them. Volos held the top of the little hill, to watch our progress. Alexandros did not think they were to high up in the trees as the branches were thin, being Willows. He should know about that having fallen from a Fig tree, some years back.

In the kind of open forest we faced, the slings would be of little use but arrows, that is another thing. We assumed Iason and Kastor were in position about the same time we would be. Poly flashed a mirror back to the others and they started along the road, making much noise announcing themselves.

Poly and I notched our arrows and prepared. Just as the bandits were about to rush forward we both let fly, hitting our marks. In seconds we shot a second round and began running forward shouting with swords in hand. Mindful they were armed with slings we kept between the trees. Our guardians were now on the ground and attacking from that side. One began running across a field. I ran after him. He was no match for me and I quickly ran him down, clamping my hand on his shoulder, I pushed and down he tumbled. I was at him in an instant,

holding my sword to his throat.

As I marched him back toward the others, Alexandros came riding up. He told me the count was three dead, two wounded and this one. Much to my captives dismay, he assured us Odo would have another song about our exploits. That was when he realized he had been captured by Prince Arden. Among the dead were one of the sheriff's sons, an two of his nephews. One of the wounded was his other son. He begged for us to kill him. We knew that he had brought dishonor on his family. His punishment was just beginning.

In the village we were greeted by a hostile group of citizens, who were not pleased that we had killed three of them, until the one I captured told them the whole story. He knew, that by admitting his transgressions and his trying to run away, he disgraced himself and the community. We suddenly found ourselves in the role of protectors. Iason spoke to everyone assembled. He asked them not to judge these men but to let the King's justice take its' course. The sheriff was beside himself with both grief and distress. We were not able to console him much. He would have dispatched his wounded son, had we not been at hand to stop him.

Our hunting was successful and on our return, we stopped again in the village. We learned the funerals were done and the dead cremated. The others were now at the castle, in jail. Alexandros gave the King's Representative some gold coins, to assist the families of the killed. He did not want to take it but Kastor persuaded him. The Representative remembered who Alexandros was and what happened to his counterpart, that failed to protect an orphan. He also realized why it was Alexandros, that gave the coins. Iason told him quietly, so only I could hear, if any of the families needed assistance he should not hesitate to call on us or the Argoanuts.

Just as we were about to ride on, an old woman came to me and asked what would happen to her son. He was the one I had captured. I told her that he would not be harmed and some way would be found for him to make atonement. She told me none of the three should ever come back to the village, it would not be safe for them. Iason came over and after I explained who the old woman was, he suggested she come to the city during the soloists festivities, to see her son, "pardons are often granted during that time." He later told me he had learned that the one I captured was the youngest and had been influenced by the older ones we killed, who were bandits. This one, was not usually part of the gang and was not armed, that is why he did not stand and fight, like the others.

I figured a few weeks in jail and perhaps we will see an effective change in attitude. I hope so, for his mother's peace of mind.

When we returned, we were again greeted as heroes, although we did noting

extraordinary. We did bring much fresh wild meat and a great feast would at least be enjoyed but that is not extraordinary.

As we were heading up to our apartments one of the young soldiers, we knew from our training, asked for a private word. He was quite sheepish and reticent, so I knew this was of some importance and also personal. We ushered him into our sitting area and Ikaros poured wine for all. He looked at the floor saying, "you don't want to share wine with me Prince, I am not worthy."

"Not so Mitos, we know how well you perform," Poly said, followed by Kastor, "Is there something troubling you man, let us help."

"That young man you captured is my cousin and his actions have brought shame on my family. I saw him being brought in the jail. His mother, my aunt, must be beside herself."

I have already spoke to her Mitos and given my assurances he would not be harmed. Iason invited her to visit him. Besides being an embarrassment to you, what do you know of him?

"I know he is a gentle but easily led and impressionable lad. I suspect that he was pulled into the bandits ring by the older men. His father has been dead for some years and I think he lacks for sound male leadership."

Iason asked, "you think he can be rehabilitated?"

"I am sure of it but too long in the jail and he will be like the others in there."

"Then you must do a service to your family, by getting him out," Polydeukus commented.

"But I can not Polydeukus, he has broken the law and must receive punishment."

"Our laws are based on the ideals of justice and restoration. If someone commits a wrong then he must accept his responsibility, make atonement for his actions and restore, as best he can, the situation. The actions of his companions were dishonorable. As I understand the situation, this was his first time to be involved and we know he was unarmed. Surly atonement for this is possible and restoration is not even needed," Iason said.

"Right now he needs a friend to show him the way, Mitos. What better friend than his cousin, someone he knows and trusts." Polydeukus added.

"But what will my commander and you four, my princes, think of me for helping a criminal?"

“If you were to help him escape ill, if you offer him friendship, council and support, as a cousin should, only well,” Kastor added.

Mitos, you know us well enough and have seen how we operate, to know we will be looking for any possible way, to free your cousin in the shortest possible time. Go and be his friend, for he needs one greatly. Let it be your good influence that guides him, not that of the others he is in jail with. Tell him you have arranged the finest council available for him and when he stands in the dock he stands not alone. From what you have said, the lad needs a strong and steady male influence in his life. For this I have a plan but it will depend mostly on him and how he shows contrition before the court.

We can not use our influence with the judge, that would be an abuse of office and our family relationship. If the worst possible happens, we will all beg the court on his behalf. You can attest to our fairness in these matters, as you have been witness. I will ask Olympos to be his advocate, as their are none better. None of us can work miracles, much will depend on him and on your influence.

Mitos, loyalty comes with a price. I know you are loyal to Parga and to us, you pay the price. You are loyal to your family as well, that is demonstrated by you being here. That too has a price. Once he fully understands this and is willing to pay the price of loyalty to you, his family and friend, as well as the state, we will find a way out of this apparent morass. Right now his loyalty has been muddled and you will show him the way out. Now please drink your wine and laugh with us a bit, not all of our trip was serious and we would share some of those good things with you.

1317, 12th month, 9th day:

King Iason was in a rage, he paced up and down mumbling to himself. It was no mystery that he was so, just the matter that caused it. Prince Karyakos brought the council meeting to order. He told the council that we would have several guests. “I beg your indulgence this afternoon. King Iason and myself are intending to perform a bit of theater, for your entertainment. It is very old ploy, a play within a play. We ask that you laugh when things are funny and refrain from laughing when they are not, even if they are laughable in being incorrect. This is not the time or the place for artistic criticism, since all involved are in one way or another amateurs. That is why, I beg your indulgence and as soon as we can get the King to control is literary outrage, we will begin. Remember Knights and guests, he looked up at the gallery, this is a play within a play.”

The king smiled sat and nodded. The doors opened and in strode 4 players from Kephallonia. In the gallery, I could see many of our players and playwrights.

Introductions were made and Uncle Iason took over. "Troubadours, I have read your play and frankly I find the concept and idea very funny and in the best satirical traditions. The ideas would make Aristophanes himself, jealous. I am most displeased however, that for much of it, your ignorance of Parga is to great for me to allow this to be performed. It is just insulting to Parga's citizens, without the satirical humor we all love so much."

He picked up a copy of the play and began reading a passage. In the passage the king is speaking and what he is saying was satirical and funny and he got laughs, the facts were just wrong. So he put the play down and said, "now when I talk, I sound like this," and he paraphrased a shot sentence and got even more and louder laughs. "Now that would make a much better scene, would it not?" He just went on of course, not giving opportunity for them to answer. "Now, you have me speaking down to Prince Karyakos, as though he were not my equal. That is something I would never do, in public or in privet. We are equal, so have each talk down to the other or neither. I think you can see, each talking down to the other, could be a source of much humor.

You are mistaken in how our privet life is organized. For example, you have us using our titles, in a scene where we are both supposedly in the bath. Nonsense, I call him Karyakos, that is his name and he calls me Iason, that is my name. Some times we use names of endearment too, like any lovers do, since we are in fact lovers. We are proud of that and it is not in the least bit scandalous in Parga, as it has been part of our culture for perhaps a thousand years. We, Karyakos and I, have taken the liberty to rewrite a part of your scene, to better reflect the reality of the situation. I think you will agree that it is even funnier, in our version." In the brief scene the king and consort are in the bath and musing on what to do about the potential invasion of Parga, by a horde of men dressed as women. In it they used their names without title and many terms of endearment, some I have over heard and some obviously not, but it was very funny, because they treated a humorous situation with true seriousness. Everyone laughed, mostly the pages and gallery but many Knights too.

"Playwright were you well paid by Count Nikholas, for these efforts?"

"Yes Sire, well paid."

"I think you overcharged." That too produced a laugh. "Did you rely on his faulty information and misconceptions or are they pure fiction, which in his case are one in the same, most oft?"

"I based most of this on his description of Parga, not ever having been here before."

"I see. Well playwright I can not let this play be performed as written. It is not

worthy of your skills or the potential satirical humor of this Court. Parga has several well known and fine playwrights and I am sure they will assist you in rewriting it, to produce a truly funny and biting comedy, as satire should be. The essence of humor is the truth taken to an extreme. The scribes will make available to you the text of our comments and references to the Count. We were far harsher and much more biting of him than he led you to believe. I think there is much fodder in them for a writer as clever as you obviously are.

Other things you should know about Parga are: We are not in the least ashamed of who we are or what we do. Because of that we can and do hold ourselves up to the mirror of ridicule and satire, gaining much mirth from it. We all look forward to a performance of your rewrite. Humor is good for the soul. Another thing I noticed, that is how you treat the Pagans and the Christians is not even. The one sensitive social issue here relates to our lack of a state religion. We are a completely secular state. That offers great additional fodder to you, which you are free and encouraged to use, I suggest it be used evenly. That is, all faiths have elements of humor and if you pick on one, pick on all or none. Further, your treatment of the would be assassins is in poor taste, since three were killed and one lost a part of his arm. It does a disservice to them. You probably do not know but they were greater in numbers just lesser in skills, but both sides fought honorably and bravely. Perhaps some fictional incident would be more appropriate and offer even greater opportunity for humor.

I think the playwright was stunned. He did not expect to find us so open to satire. I think Uncle Iason set the bar high for him, I also think he turned the tables on the Count as well. Since now, out from under his censorship and misinformation, he too becomes a target.

Euthalia has learned to take my entire penis into her throat. She still can not give oral pleasure as well as my beloved Iason. He has had far more experience but I think it has more to do with a girl not knowing herself what the pleasure she is giving feels like. Perhaps we boys can not give oral pleasure to girls as well as another female. My beloved Nikias does better than she. Not that I don't like what she does. I certainly do. My male lovers and those I love can all take most erect penises entirely into their mouth and throat. This allows us to use not only our tongues, cheeks and smooth throats but the muscles in our necks to give pleasure. I also find that there is great pleasure in the giving too. The feeling of my lover's penis sliding into my mouth and throat send shivers down my spine and settling in my crotch. I sure like it.

Pleasure is also enhanced by other senses. Smell is important and I sure like most of the odors connected with the human body and its sex organs. Just the briefest whiff of my boy or my man is enough to raise my erection, for example. Our visual sense is another. A well shaped butt or breast is enough to send tingles through my testicles.

