

Sunflower Seeds



Wichita on the River at Night

Zoom meetings on Saturdays at 4:00 PM

**October 2022, Volume – 50, Issue # 10
Kansas Sunflower Mensa Newsletter**

Officers for 2022

LocSec: Bill Barnett 316-214-3330 grandledge@hotmail.com

Acting Editor: Bill Barnett

Asst. LocSec: Igor Ponomaryov

Treasurer: Igor Ponomaryov acting

Program Chair: Bill Barnett

Publication Chair: Gracie Ulrich

Membership Chair: Dan Gollub

Mem. at Large: James Zongker

Ombudsman: Mike Dickson

Region – 7 VC: Beth Anne Demeter bethane.demeter@gmail.com

Web Contact: Igor Ponomaryov

For questions concerning Seeds contact the Acting Editor through the American Mensa website or through the Facebook page. Contact other officers through the American Mensa website.

Chapter's Official Web Sites

<http://www.kansassunflower.us.mensa.org>

www.facebook.com/groups/773587949355460SunflowerSeeds

Submissions Guidelines

The Sunflower Seeds is published monthly. Submission deadline is the first of the month. Members in good standing may submit articles, puzzles, photography, etc. to the editor for publication. To submit an article for the newsletter send it to grandledge@hotmail.com

Articles should be submitted as a WORD document or Mac Pages document. The font should be Times New Roman 12 pt. Articles not submitted in a computer format might not be included.

Why You Should Write For Seeds

This is your newsletter. You are talented and can make it better. More participation strengthens the group. People have told the editor that they like the Seeds. If you feel that way it is time to write.

The Pig-Out Column

Pig-outs are an excellent time to invite friends.



Recommendations from the Head Pig, Mike Dickson:

Check with Mike (316-871-3379) if you have suggestions or questions concerning the Pig-Outs.

November 5, 2022, 12:45pm

YaYa's Euro Bistro, 8115 E. 21st St. North, Wichita 316-634-1000

December 3, 2022, 12:45 pm

Il Vicino Wood Oven Pizza, 4817 E. Douglas Ave., Wichita 316-612-7085

January 7, 2023, 12:45 pm

Cafe Marice, 9747 E. 21st St. N. Suite 121, Wichita, KS. 67206 316-425-5762

Meeting Schedule

1st Saturday, November 5, 2022, 12:45pm

YaYa's Euro Bistro, 8115 E. 21st St. North, Wichita 316-634-1000

2nd Saturday, November 12, 2022, 2:00 pm - Program Meeting

Fairmont Coffee Company, 3815 E 17th St N, Wichita, KS

Speaker to be announced.

3rd Saturday, November 19, 2022, 11:00 am - Museum Meeting

Bill Cather's place, 1199 Old Goat Ranch Road, Mulvane, Kansas

4th Saturday, November 26, 2022, 7:00 pm

Barnes and Noble Bookstore Cafe, 1920 N Rock Road, Wichita, KS

Zoom Meetings Saturdays at 4:00 PM

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/72081034487?pwd=aWdKUStzbEVhNktjRzF0VEYxQTISQT09>

Igor Ponomaryov is the Zoom coordinator. Contact him or the editor for Zoom information.

LocSec Corner

Bill Barnett

We need an editor. I am doing it now, but can't continue forever.

The group needs a proctor. Contact me or Dan Gollub if you are interested.

You are talented and can be a writer for Seeds. Send your articles, letters, comments, and pictures for Seeds.

Send your pictures to the editor along with their stories and they will be published here.

Nomination Committee Report

George Hiss

Nominations for:

Loc Sec: Bill Barnett

Asst Loc Sec: Igor Ponomaryov

Treasurer: Susan Pung

Respectfully,

George Hiss

Heartland Mensa Region Seven

Beth Anne Demeter

It's not that I'm biased, it's not that it's my own local group and it's because I just want to have another one next year, but I have to say, the Twin Owls RG was probably THE BEST gathering I've been to!!!

Oh my goodness, you say, that's a bold statement. To beat out other gatherings, an AG, etc. is a major undertaking. But they did! To catch you up and explain why, Twin Owls was held at the YMCA of the Rockies in Estes Park, just northwest of Denver. The format included arrival on Thursday with speakers, activities and movie night (*The Shining!*), with all of these continuing throughout the weekend into Sunday. We also had:

- Bonfires on Friday and Saturday, with ghost stories, recap of speakers and even one of our crazy Mensans in a gorilla suit providing levity to the Sasquatch stories!
- Pretentious Meats, to follow WeeM's Pretentious Drinking, where a professional chef treated us to boar sausage, elk salami, duck confit (40 hours in sous vide!) and legs of lamb on the grill.
- Wine tasting, Colorado-themed cocktail tasting and a Sunday farewell Mimosa bar.
- Games in our cabin, puzzles late into the night and conversation galore.
- YMCA-sponsored lectures, talks and walks such as on archaeology, survival
- Activities like knot-tying in the massive craft hall, archery, escape rooms, putt putt golf, roller skating, geocaching, etc.
- Speakers from outside the YMCA like on Sasquatch and astronomy to provide a unique, Mensa perspective.
- Hikes around the complex into the woods, along the river and to the top of the mountain overlooking the YMCA grounds.
- And an astronomy lecture to rival them all! We looked at the sun through a telescope, explored constellations at night and even recruited the Denver Museum of Nature & Science speaker to take the Mensa test!

Of course, when it's all over, we've learned a few things and will do some things differently next year. But the important part is that there's a next year! The team is already planning the 2023 gathering and we'd love to welcome you. And if you're interested in speaking, reach out to our team so we can book your program.

For now, a hearty congrats and sincere thanks to all the folks who made this event happen. They put in a lot of effort but saw nothing but success on the back end. We look forward to seeing you there in 2023!

The Question of Alan Watts' Future Reputation

by Gracie Ulrich

In 1000 or 2000 years, it is likely that Watts (should his work survive) will be a footnote in Westernized Zen Buddhist philosophy and literature. His writings grew from a much more profoundly ancient culture than his own, and are therefore amongst those which can be absorbed by that overlying culture and way of thinking. His unique contribution was to popularize Zen thought for the Western world. His lucid thought, brilliantly expressed and lightly tinged with humor, is likely to be well worth a translation into whatever the *lingua franca* of that future time might be. And had I read Alan Watts years ago, it would have saved me considerable turmoil and pain as I searched for ways to get Christianity and spirituality, including Eastern thought and Eastern mysticism, to converge. By the time I finally got around to reading one of his books, I had already worked out a belief system that seemed congruent to me. Yet years ago, Alan Watts had already done what I sought to do, and he was a more skilled writer and better trained philosopher as well.

I encourage you to explore the references cited in prior newsletters, if you should happen to have curiosity about spirituality or union with the Divine. The sources will surely assist you in meditation success, in philosophical freedom, and in connection with the numinous.

Certainly, if you wish to access one of the greatest minds of the 20th Century regarding Zen Buddhism as adapted to the West, anything written by Alan Watts will be of interest,

Comments and criticism are gladly received by the Editor, as this Mensa chapter seeks robust and interesting, thoughtful discourse on an almost unlimited range of topics.

The Soccer Game

Continued from Zoyie, last month.
by Bill Barnett



Soccer was the one sport Zoyie could fit in without attracting too much attention. She was the striker and number one scorer in the league. She made sure the team won games without her getting too much attention. Still she was feared as the ‘Super Fairy’, a title she dismissed with grinning laughter. Secretly she loved the name. In the playoffs they traveled to the far end of the state to play the Blue Team. They were in the second half and the score was 0-0. The goalie magically blocked every kick. Zoyie began studying him. *What’s he doing?* she thought. When the ball was out of bounds she went close to study him. *I can hear you thinking* She thought to him in the thoughtscape. He just looked at her. *Are you the one they kicked out of the other world? Yeah, it was you and your mother, wasn’t it?* He said nothing. *Shit! He’s the ASPD guy, level 5, like his mother.* She kicked the next goal double hard, something she only practiced with Aurora. The goalie casually blocked it. She tried again and again kicking harder and harder. It was the same. The ball was coming to Zoyie. “Set it high,” she shouted. “Sam stand,” This was something she practiced with the team alone. It was their secret weapon. The setup came in high. She did a half flip landing with her hands on Sam’s shoulders upside down and bouncing higher. High up in the air she kicked the ball with everything she had. BAM!!! Like a bullet the ball went straight into the goalie knocking the goalie backwards. “GOOOOOOOOAAAAAAL!” was the shout. The ball had knocked the breath out of the goalie. The crowd went wild and started shouting, “Super Fairy!” over and over. In the middle of the noise Zoyie became calm, only hearing the thought world. Her eyes scanned the bleachers. There was the goalie’s mom, the black witch that was kicked out of the fairy world. She had been killing people with secret poison. She was suppose to be locked up in prison forever and now she was here. Their eyes met. The witch had coal black hair, black eyes, pale white skin, was tall, thin, and obviously had been beautiful in her youth, seductively beautiful, but now she looked like an old hag, the result of mixing too many poisons. She was dressed as a gypsy fortune teller. Her son looked like an ‘hijo de su madre’, just like his mother. Their eyes met. The witch panicked at the sight of Zoyie and ran. Zoyie just watched. The goalie

was gone too. The game was now theirs. They won 5-0.

The talk was everywhere. Super fairy was now the school hero. The soccer team was going to state. The family met for a talk.

“Zoyie, we’re glad you’re doing well in soccer, but you’re getting too much attention,” her mother said. “They’re still investigating what happened to the corrupt developers.”

“I was there, remember,” Zoyie said. “Inside of you. I can’t remember anything about it, but I know the story. Everyone talks about it. Jayson, the other team’s goalie, was at the game. The level 5 ASPD boy and his mother Apophis, the murderous black witch, even worse. The fairy world warned everyone that she’s a witch, a real witch, and a dark witch, black as they get, no shade of gray, and has been poisoning people. Then they locked her up forever. She’s back. I saw them.”

“Don’t do anything on your own,” her father ordered. “We’ll contact the queen. She may send special forces to arrest the black witch. You really have to do what we say on this. How do you always get into these things?”

“Fate, it’s my destiny,” Zoyie replied. “What I was born for. Remember I did summer camp with the special forces. I’ll wait for the special forces to get here. They always have a plan. I can do some recon while we’re waiting.”

“Then take Aurora,” Bob ordered. “If you do any recon. And don’t make contact. Don’t do anything but look.”

“And be careful,” her mother ordered knowing the girl wasn’t afraid of anything.

“Don’t do anything if you find her,” Bob ordered. “Just let the queen’s people know where she is.”

The team continued winning games and finally won state. Zoyie had been asking around town and the soccer league about the boy and his mom with no answers. There was a big celebration and the whole town was there. Soccer was becoming the popular sport for the school. The principle gave the players soccer awards, but looked forlorn and disappointed.

Bob went up to the principle to cheer him up and said, “The school won state in football.”

The principle looked back at Bob puzzled and sadly said, “What? ... We lost. We were last place in football. What do you mean we won?”

“That’s what we’re celebrating here. We won first place in football,” Bob said.

“What, ... football, ... no, this isn’t football, it’s soccer,” the principle said. “Who cares, it’s only soccer, nothing.”

“The whole world calls it football,” Bob said. “It’s the most important sport in the world.”

“Humph!” the principle said with disgust and walked away.

“There’s no way of getting rid of the Super Fairy name,” Shaylee said. “We need to deal with it in some way. So maybe we can get everyone to just think it’s only a fun name and no one takes it seriously.”

“Yeah,” Bob said feeling proud of his daughter.



“Yeah,” their other kids said. “Hurray for Super Fairy.”

“We have a whole pack of super fairies,” Bob said.

“That we do,” Shaylee replied.

The next day they went to see Amie, the family therapist. Amy knew about the fairy world and had visited there. She was a kind lady and a link for the fairies to the human world. She could make sense of a world gone mad.

“Come in,” Amie said as she walked into the waiting room and invited the family into her office. “How are you all doing?”

“Fine,” Shaylee and Bob said.

“You’re the fairy family visiting here. I was in your woods and it was a beautiful place. Everyone seemed so welcoming. It was the most interesting internship there was in grad school. No one believes in real fairies. They just thought it was the name of a housing development. And that’s okay. They don’t need to know everything. So, what brings you here today?” Amie asked.

“It seems we’ve been getting too much attention,” Shaylee said. “The kids at school have named our oldest, Zoyie, ‘Super Fairy’.

“We’re afraid someone will take it seriously and get stupid,” Bob said. “Zoyie stopped a rape and it got too much attention. She didn’t do anything wrong, but it got a lot of attention. Things like that keep happening. We need to learn how to help people and stay below the radar, so to speak.”

“Hmmm, sounds interesting,” Amie said. “She wasn’t really doing anything wrong, just not doing it the best way. We could work on that. Anything else?”

“There was a woman who came to a soccer game, we call her a black witch. Her name is Apophis. You would call her a violent level five anti social personality disorder, someone completely off the charts for criminal behavior. She was arrested, tried, convicted, and imprisoned in the fairy world for poisoning people. She poisoned people for fun and profit. There’s no magic to it, it’s just knowing all about poison. She escaped. Zoyie reacted to her son at the soccer game. He’s just as bad. He had been imprisoned too. They fled when Zoyie saw them, the team won, Zoyie’s the hero, and now she gets way too much attention. People think Zoyie has some kind of magic. They have no idea how dangerous Apophis and Jason are. The boy helps his mom kill people. They were both in prison and escaped.”

“Wow,” Amie said. “That’s quite a story. Let’s unpack that a bit and then I’ll talk to Zoyie alone, if you agree.”

“Sounds good,” Bob said.

They all talked for awhile, and then the therapist talked to Zoyie alone. They made an appointment for the next week.

School went on with Zoyie trying to get less attention, but she remained the hero. More books came from the fairy library and she devoured them as fast as she could get them. In the fairy world children go to Library, not school. Aurora debated with her everyday. Zoyie longed for someone who could challenge her in her studies.

The Black Witch



Captain Amante came to meet the family. She knocked at the door and when Shaylee opened it she said, “I’m Captain Amante, we met before. Remember the hunt for the biter. Biter is a fairy term for vampire. I’m here to find out what you know about Apophis and Jason.” The officer was abrupt and straight to the point without the usual polite conversation. “We checked, they escaped,” Captain Amante said. “They were in a portal by themselves and both doors were locked from the outside. No one else was there. They must be killing people and doing it secretly. There’s even a bigger threat. Someone let them out. We’re checking every prison. Someone even tried to open the ‘Party Club’ portal. There’re a lot of criminals there. They didn’t get the lock open. We now have people guarding the portals. There must be another black witch helping Apophis and she must owe them a favor.”

“Wow!” exclaimed Bob. “I thought locking someone up in a portal was a done deal.”

“We did too,” the captain said. “I brought people to do security for your family. I don’t think she will come here, but who knows. If anything happens go to the other world immediately. I think you’ll be safe there.”

“We’ll do that,” Shaylee said feeling her motherly protection instinct rising.

“Do you understand what she does?” the captain asked.

“She poisons people with plants,” Zoyie answered. “We read about it in Library. Some plants are poisonous by themselves. Some are not poisonous by themselves, but are deadly when mixed with other plants. She puts part one in one food and part two in another food, they eat both, and then somebody is dead. It leaves no trace. They like killing people like we like soccer. They do it for fun and they do it for money. There’s books on those plants and how to use them. They trick people to sneak in the poisons.”

“You understand what they do. There’s an antidote, but it has to be taken first,” the captain said. “Here take these mushrooms,” and she handed Shaylee a basket of light blue with dark purple streaks mushrooms.”

“They told us not to eat those,” Zoyie said.

“Normally you don’t, but now you have to,” the captain said. “Just give little bites to the small kids. You three eat a whole mushroom. You may feel a little down, but only for a day.”

“Wow!” exclaimed Bob. “I never imagined. We’re the mole to the human world and now this. In a witch hunt. Just, ... wow.”

Aurora showed up and joined them. “You wanted me too?” she asked.

“We need to find Apophis and Jason. Will you help?” the captain asked.

“Of course. What can I do?” Aurora asked,

“Go with Zoyie and find where they live and work. You can start with Jason’s school. I’ll send help, a pack of wolves that work with us. The leaders are Wallace and Morrighan. They’re part fairy and can do stealth. They can make themselves seem as if they were invisible. They can track anyone. Oh, and we want to catch the black witches alive.”

The captain went on to explain more and ordered them not to make contact or do anything, just find their location.

“We heard that she was telling fortunes on the back side of the industrial district,” Shaylee said. “They said she had an herbal shop there.”

“The security people are here with me. They’ll keep you safe. They need to stay out of sight and not attract attention,” the captain said. “Can Zoyie and Aurora just go by and see what’s there? And not do anything but look? I talked to Aurora before about it. That’s why she came.”

“If that’s what you need,” Bob said reluctantly. “Is that okay with you Zoyie?”

“YES!” Zoyie said enthusiastically.

“And not draw attention,” the captain said. “That’s an order. Do not draw any attention. And don’t make contact. They don’t need to know you were there.”

“Yes ma’am,” Zoyie replied, her eyes showing too much excitement.

They continued talking and making detailed plans.

The next day Shaylee went to the school office and made arrangements for Zoyie to miss school for a few days. They said she needed to visit relatives, a half truth. The office people didn’t want to argue.

The following day Aurora and Zoyie got up early and drove to the other school in a van with dark windows and parked. They took a security guard with them. On the outside of the van it had a sign that said, ‘Pete’s Plumbing - We Can Do It All’ and a big picture of a girl in a bathtub covered with soap suds. They watched the teachers and students come. There was no Jason. Aurora called the school office and said, “I’m Ms Apophis and I’m calling about Jason. I need to check his schedule. Did I give you a time when he would be back in school?” They replied, “Yes, you said in two weeks.” “Thanks,” Aurora said.

“Now where do they live?” Aurora asked.

“Doesn’t she do fortune telling?” Zoyie asked. “Maybe we can look for a fortune teller. I looked online. They’re all in the industrial district. It’s only a klick from here.”

They drove through the district and made notes of all the fortune tellers. “We’ll just park and watch,” Aurora said. People were coming and going. After awhile the fortune tellers went to lunch and came back. They marked each one off the list as they saw who was there. After three days they found a shop that didn’t open. No one was there. It wasn’t online in any social media or website. The sign on the front of the shop said ‘Fortunes Told’. Another sign said, ‘Herbal Apothecary’.

“I bet that’s it,” Zoyie said.

“We’ll just walk by and look in the window,” Aurora said.

As they walked by Zoyie said, “I can feel the evil.” They looked in the window and no one was there. It had all the fortune teller decorations and shelves full of small bottles. There were old books on another shelf. They walked into the coffee shop next door and ordered coffee and muffins and sat down to chat. Aurora started a conversation with the coffee shop owner. After chatting awhile Zoyie asked about the shop next door.

“They suddenly left a few days ago,” the coffee shop owner said. “Some really strange

people went in there. When they came here for lunch everyone thought they were witches or something. I don't believe in witches, but they were creepy. The weirdest people you ever saw came to have their fortunes read and buy stuff."

"That's what I thought," Aurora said. "I went in there one day just to look around. I was going to get some halloween decorations but it was so creepy I just left and forgot my little purse. I was hoping to get it back. Do you know anyone who has a key?"

"The property owner must have one," the coffee shop owner said. "He's next door. I'll ask him," and she went to get him.

The property owner came back with the lady and said, "I'm not suppose to do this, but I'll try to help. They left owing rent and now I have to clean up the place." He went to the fortune telling shop and opened the door. They went in and turned on the light. There was an awful smell, like a faint smell of death. The girls searched the place. Aurora found a small purse and said, "This is it! I'm so glad to have it back. Thank you so much. Zoyie was taking notes on everything they saw. The bottles had names on them written in runes. "I bet this stuff is toxic," Aurora said. "I bet it's poison and would kill someone. You'd better get a hazmat team in here to clean it up."

The man looked unhappy at her words thinking how much that would cost. Then he looked at the stuff and thought she must be right.

"Those books are rare collectors' items," Aurora said pointing at the books. "I bet you can get a lot of money for them." The man looked happier at those words. Then the two girls left.

After they were in the van Zoyie said, "I hope she doesn't come back and do something to that man."

"We'll have someone watch the place," the security guard said.

"That's a start," Aurora said. "Tomorrow we bring Wallace. Maybe he can find a trail."

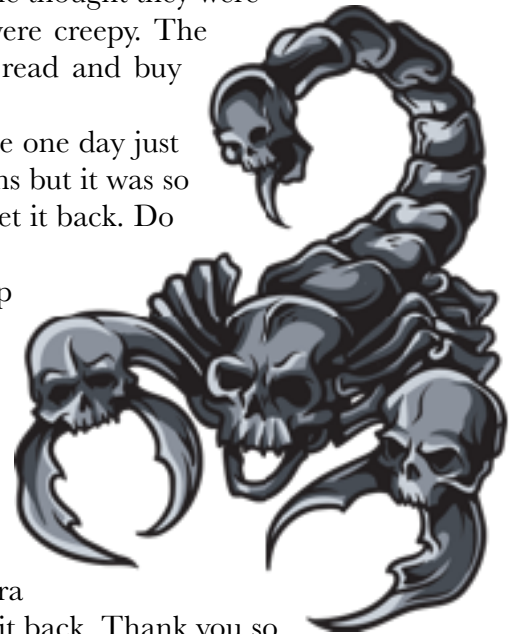
The next morning they brought Wallace, a 110 kilogram wolf. He was doing his best to act doglike. He walked at Aurora's heel as if he were on a leash. He told them that he would not do the leash thing ever no matter what. They walked down the street with Wallace sniffing everything and the girls studying everything. The security guard was in the van watching. There were two more security guards dressed like homeless people in the alley. After walking down the street they turned and began walking up the alley. When they got to the shop Wallace said to them in the thoughtscape, *Don't go in there. It's a bad place.*

"We'll just be a minute," Aurora said and she opened the back door that Zoyie had left unlocked the day before. She went inside and found a scarf that belonged to the witch. There were sacred garments from several people. She took them outside and let Wallace smell them.

Gahhh, that's horrible, thought Wallace to them after one sniff. *They really are black witches. That smells evil.*

"That's right," Aurora said. "These aren't just Wiccans playing in the woods for fun. They're the real evil deal. We have to find them. There's six garments here. How many smells are there?"

Wallace sniffed each one. *Gahhh, gag a maggot,* he thought to them. *There's four smells and each*



one is worse than the other. Two fairy smells and two human smells.

“There’s four black witches in this coven,” Aurora said.

“There was a bunch of Wicca stuff in there too. They were selling it,” Zoyie said.

“They’re hiding in a group of Wiccans,” Aurora said. “We just need to find the local Wiccan group. The military fairies can infiltrate them. They won’t get freaked if the fairies look like fairies. They’ll think they look cool. We start looking for Wiccan groups tomorrow.”

The next morning Zoyie was searching online for Wiccan groups in the area. Aurora and the security guard went back to the fortune telling shop to look for Wiccan information. While they were searching the place the property owner came in on them. “You’re some kind of investigators aren’t you. I knew it the other day,” he said.

“You got us,” Aurora said trying to look for a way out.

“I knew they were up to no good,” the man said. “What’d they do?”

“Kill people,” Aurora said and waited to see the man’s reaction.

The man just shook his head and said, “I thought it must be bad, but I didn’t know it was that bad. Are you with the FBI?”

“No, we’re with an antiterrorist group,” Aurora said trying to find a way out with the least damage possible. “They call themselves black witches. They don’t have any magic. They just study herbal poisons and use them to kill people. It’s an evil cult thing. See all this stuff around you, it’s what they use to poison people.”

“You were serious when you said that?” the man asked.

“Dead serious,” Aurora said for emphasis. “We’re leaving soon. We don’t want to be here around this stuff any longer than necessary.”

“I think we have what we need,” the security guard said. “Let’s go.” They left. The man had a look of fright on his face and ran out of the shop.

When they arrived at home Captain Amante was there waiting for them. “We need to go to the other world for a briefing. I don’t want this thing to spin out of control and somebody get hurt. I talked to Bob and Shaylee. They’re up to date now and they said Zoyie can go with us.” The captain, Aurora, Zoyie, and a security guard hopped in the van and drove to the portal. Soon they were at the queen’s village and met in a conference room in the Library. The queen and colonel were there. Lutetia had come too. After small talk and refreshments the meeting began.

The queen addressed the group, “This isn’t a witch hunt, not in the historical sense. We’re hunting criminals. They chose to identify themselves as black witches, then, so be it. They don’t have magic. They’re very skilled at scamming people and killing them. They enjoy it and think they will be rich and powerful. It’s spreading and has to stop now. Most of the sociopath fairies are in jail. The others stay below the radar. They’re recruiting the worst of the human sociopaths and hiding in the Wiccan groups. Two fairies escaped from prison and started this. They were helped by the humans they seduced and there must have been another fairy. There are several teams investigating all of this. You’re



here for your specific skills. Any questions?"

"Let's save the questions for later," Lutetia said interrupting the others who were raising hands.

"Good," said the queen. "The colonel in in charge. Captain Amante leads a special forces unit. Zoyie, I apologize that you're here, we wouldn't include a minor, but you found yourself in the middle of it, Lieutenant Chris is an intel officer, and that leaves us two moral psychopaths, who, I hope can give us some insight as to how these people think. Colonel, you're up."

The colonel gave a briefing on the operation. Then the captain gave an on the ground report. Then the lieutenant gave a background report on the fugitives and their connections. Finally Lutetia and Aurora tried to explain the psychology of the fugitives. "I don't have any empathy, but I do follow the rules," Lutetia said. "They just don't have any rules. Because they have no empathy or morals they think of things you would never imagine." She went on to give examples. It was a refresher course from what Zoyie had learned in Library, but in much more depth.

"What if you're in a forest with a friend and along comes a man eating bear?" Lutetia asked. "All you have is a knife. What do you do?"

Aurora instinctively knew the answer and said nothing. The others had heard the story before and said nothing. Zoyie thought and thought and had no answer. "What do you do?" Zoyie asked.

"Stab your friend in the foot with the knife,:" Lutetia said. "She'll scream and attract the bear. You can outrun her and the bear will eat her." Then she waited to see Zoyie's response. "That's how a psychopath thinks. You didn't think of that because you aren't a psychopath. That's how these people think."

"Let's say you go to your mother's funeral," Aurora said. "While you're waiting for it to start you meet a charming young man. He's really hot and you realize he's the love of your life. The funeral starts before you get his name and number so you go in and sit down at the front. After the funeral you look for him, but he has gone. You ask and no one knows his number. What do you do?"

Zoyie thought and thought and said, "I don't know."

"You kill your sister," Aurora said and waited to see Zoyie's reaction. She just looked confused. "The man goes to family funerals. If there's another family funeral he will be there and you can get his number."

Zoyie looked stunned and then said, "That's cold! ... Who would do that?"

"A psychopath." Lutetia said. "That's how they think. We don't do that. We follow the rules."

"I can't believe someone would do that!" Zoyie cried.

"Two percent of people are psychopaths and that's how they think," Aurora said. "Most are non violent, just liars and cheats. Some are moral and follow the rules. The people we are dealing with are the violent ones."

"They're like snakes," Zoyie cried. "Cold blooded snakes."



“Exactly, they’re snakes,” Aurora said. “Snakes in skirts. That’s why people call them reptile people.”

They continued the conversation for almost an hour as Zoyie was trying to wrap around her head what she was learning. It was going to take time to absorb what she heard.

They spent two days in the fairy forest before going back. Zoyie asked Lutetia where the king was. Without the usual polite hesitancy she just said, “He’s drunk somewhere on the other side. Remember the old fairy tales where you read about how some fairies sneak into people’s wine cellars and drink everything. He’s one of those.” Zoyie realized that Lutetia was a good source of information for what others wouldn’t tell her. And how good it was to have Aurora for as mentor.

Zoyie and Aurora found the local Wiccan groups. There were three, one had 18 members, one had 11 members, and one had seven. They didn’t go to meet them because the black witches might be there. The lieutenant sent agents to join the Wiccan groups. The fairy intel people simply said, “We’re fairy witches from the fairy world,” and looked the part. The Wiccans welcomed them and invited them to visit their gathering not realizing that they were real fairies and lived on the other side of a portal, even though they had told them that they did.

The group with 11 members met the next Saturday night in the woods. Two of the ‘fairy witches’ joined them making a perfect 13. They had made a good impression and were welcomed to the party. Wallace was just out of sight with his pack of seven 100 kilogram wolves. Zoyie and Aurora were nearby with telephoto night vision cameras wearing ghillie suits, an irony because the suits that made them seem invisible were named after an ancient fairy. The captain was nearby with three of her people and the lieutenant. They didn’t want anything to happen and didn’t want the local girls to become victims. The 13 showed up, built a bonfire, had fun, danced, partied, and finally went home.

The surveillance crew met the next day. The lieutenant had arranged for a team to track the girls. Wallace and his pack had reported they they didn’t find the horrid smell of the black witches. “They all look okay,” said the captain. “I’m guessing all of them had been in the shop. They didn’t know what they were getting into there. It could have been any any shop and they didn’t know the difference.”

The following Saturday the group with 18 members were having a gathering. Three different ‘fairy witches’ joined them. It was all the same. No sign of the black witches.

The Saturday after that the group with 7 members had their gathering. One ‘fairy witch’, the lieutenant, made arrangements to join them. There were five black witches there. That made a perfect 13. The Wiccans had no idea what was going on. Soon they were dancing in the moonlight as only Wiccans can dance. Aurora noticed that one of the black witches put something in the drink. *It’s half the poison, they’re going to poison someone. Someone will get the other half.* She thought to herself as quietly as possible so the black witch wouldn’t hear. She waved to Morrighan, the alpha female wolf, and whispered in her ear. Morrighan quietly told the others. “It stops now,” the captain ordered in a whisper to Morrighan. “We go when I say “goddess.” Morrighan went in perfect stealth mode and told the others.

The Wiccan group was chanting and dancing in a circle and singing and chanting.

“Goddess,” said the captain. No one of the dancing witches noticed. The whole surveillance crew pounced on the party goers. They had all the humans pinned to the ground. The two fairy black witches went up trees like squirrels. The young wolves were right behind them up the tree. The black witches went to the end of the branches to escape the wolves and the wolves followed breaking the branches clean off the trees. They fell to the earth in a pile and

more wolves were on them pinning the black fairy witches to the ground. One of the human black witches threw two poison darts hitting a wolf and a fairy special forces agent.

TWANG, an arrow the size of a small spear hit the witch who had thrown the darts almost cutting her in half. There were now three dead. The queen stepped out of the shadows holding a bow that was the thickness of a tree. Her ancient age had not diminished her prowess with a bow. The crew quickly separated the black witches from the Wiccans. The queen went to the young girls who were now horrified with fear. She explained what was happening and apologized. "I had no idea they were going to poison you," the queen said. "If we knew that we would have stopped it before it started. We have been tracking them for weeks. You all have half the poison in you. Don't eat anything or drink anything except pure water. It will go away in three days. Here's an antidote. Take it now just in case and handed them pieces of the blue mushrooms." The girls thanked the queen and walked away to their cars in stunned silence.

The four remaining black witches were strip searched, bound, and put in the van so they could be interviewed. After refusing to answer questions they were taken to another location, a rocky area with a tall cliff. They parked the van at the top of the cliff and took the black witches out. After the lieutenant interviewed them again they still said nothing, so they separated them. They took the first fairy black witch to the edge of the cliff and said, "One last time, who else is in the group?" She said nothing and they threw her off the cliff. The wolves captured her at the bottom. The fall wasn't fatal, but it did rough up the old hag a bit. The people on top only heard a scream and a loud thud. They took the second fairy black witch to the edge of the cliff and said, "One last time, who else is in the group?" She said nothing and they threw her off the cliff. The wolves captured her at the bottom. The fall wasn't



fatal, but it did rough up the old hag a bit. The people on top only heard a scream and a loud thud. They took the first human black witch who had watched everything to the edge of the cliff and said, "One last time, who else is in the group?"

"WAIT, WAIT, I'LL TELL!" shouted the old hag and she began to tell everything. It was like someone poured truth serum on the two old hags, they told it all.

In a couple of days the black witches were locked up in a secret portal with new permanent locks. Death would have been a mercy with where they were. The captain had everything she needed to hunt down the rest of the black witches. The Wiccans were being more careful with who they let in and where they went. Wallace and Morrighan were grieving at the loss of their son. The fairy army buried their lost soldier with honors.

The captain addressed Zoyie and Aurora, "Thank you. You did well. It's time for you to go home." She gave Zoyie a medal for valor.

At home Zoyie had just missed Spring Break. When she sat down in writing class the

teacher said, “Class, write a paper on what you did on Spring Break.”

Zoyie thought, *Wow! I can't do that. I can't say anything. ...* Then after a few minutes she thought, *Maybe if I tell them the truth they won't believe anything.*

Sunflower Seeds ©2021, Wichita, Kansas Sunflower Mensa, is received through the subscription portion of annual dues. Mensa is an international society of those who scored higher than 98% of the population on a standardized IQ test and is a 501(C)(4) not-for-profit organization with no religious or political affiliations. <http://www.us.mensa.org> Copying is prohibited without prior written permission of the editor. Material must be submitted to the editor by the first of the month to be published in the next month's newsletter.