

Sunflower Seeds



Wichita on the River at Night

Zoom meetings on Saturdays at 4:00 PM

**September 2022, Volume – 50, Issue # 9
Kansas Sunflower Mensa Newsletter**

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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.

October 1, 2022, 12:45pm

N & J's Café & Bakery, 5600 E. Lincoln St., Wichita 316-681-3975

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

Meeting Schedule

1st Saturday, October 1, 2022, 12:45pm

N & J's Café & Bakery, 5600 E. Lincoln St., Wichita 316-681-3975

2nd Saturday, October 8, 2022, 2:00 pm - Program Meeting

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

Speaker to be announced.

3rd Saturday, October 15, 2022, 11:00 am - Museum Meeting

The Great Plains Nature Center, 6232 E 29th St N, Wichita, KS 67220-2200, 316 683 5499

4th Saturday, October 22, 2022, 7:00 pm

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

5th Saturday, October 29, 2022, 12:45 pm

The Muse, 1400 Museum Blvd, Wichita, KS 67203 (316) 268-4973

Zoom Meetings Saturdays at 4:00 PM

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/72081034487?pwd=aWdKUStzbEVhNktjRzF0VEYxQTlSQ09>

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

As Regional Vice Chair for Region 7, I'm here to support the local groups, local leadership and membership. While I know you all want to read fun and silly columns, interspersing these with leadership insight is also valuable. So let's talk about problem members! It's not a pleasant topic, but it's something we ALL deal with in our local groups.

As you well know, Mensans come from all walks of life. They have interests and proclivities, which is what makes this organization so dynamic! But at the same time, some Mensans – as with all other personalities in life – tend to be not what we want or expect. Sometimes they tell stories rather than ask questions during a presentation, turning the attention toward themselves. Other times they beg the question, asking us for lots of mental energy, when their personality might not return the favor. In rare instances, there are some Mensans who simply want to spread negative energy through complaints and gossip.

This is nothing you don't know! These personality quirks aren't limited only to Mensa, rather they're in all cultures, across all walks of life, etc. Here are a few strategies for dealing with difficult personalities:

- Speak openly and politely to the potentially offending person.
- Repeat words or phrases the individual may have used and point out how the wording may have been off-putting.
- Point out behaviors, especially physical ones involving contact, that may be offensive. This could cross boundaries or genders, so consider having a friend or local leader available for the discussion.
- Focus on the positive! Sometimes words or suggestions don't hit home, and ignoring the offender can go a long way toward resolution. Turn your attention to something you can affect, like dissuading gossip or planning a fun new event.

Should these avenues not work, local leaders are there for you! Your LocSec can help resolve issues or direct a complaint to a local ombudsperson who will help resolve a dispute. I'm also always available to help, since I truly want to make your Mensa a better and more positive place!

Alan Watts' Zen Buddhism: Comparison to New Age Writers

by Gracie Ulrich

In the previous article, we discussed Alan Watts' writing in relation to Mind Science and Self Help and sales motivation authors.

More recently, and connected with the New Age movement rather than with business and motivation (or overlapping the two), came authors Richard Bach, Neale Donald Walsch, Dan Millman, James Redfield, John Kehoe, Marc Allen, Barbara Sher, and Win Wenger with Richard

Poe, as well as dozens and perhaps hundreds, of others. These books tended more towards a modern mystical outlook, and taught that one can reunite with the One, can move into one's own genuine Self regardless of what the rest of the population of the world chooses to do, and (of course) how to easily and effortlessly create the reality one really wishes for one's life.

One difference from the previous authors is that most of these did not quote scripture, but simply let their theology stand by itself. Therefore, many Christian fundamentalist preachers condemned these authors as promulgating Satanic New-Age paganism. Because of this, such books cannot be used within Apple-pie-type multi-level marketing organizations, which define themselves as primarily Christian, and which draw heavily from the American political Right-wing Republicanism and the central regional American Bible Belt for their support and growth. Probably the worst offense is the notion that believing works whether it is backed up with scripture or not, and that reincarnation is an idea behind the more metaphysical of these works.

In spite of these apparent drawbacks, these authors have been hugely successful in their promotion of belief in oneself as the center of one's own universe, and the creator of one's own reality.

The problem of reincarnation is not to be dismissed. Watts' work clearly implies reincarnation, and at times specifies it pretty clearly (though in his opinion it hardly matters, as the point of uniting with the One is to release attachments). This would be a problem for Christians who follow the prescribed doctrinal line since the First Ecumenical Council of Nicea 325 A. D. At that time, the mostly-Western bishops who attended ratified which of the books to be included in official Canon of the Christian Bible, deliberately eliminating many mystical passages and reinterpreting or condensing others. Unfortunately, those bishops (mostly Eastern Orthodox of one kind or another) who understood and valued Biblical mysticism arrived too late to vote.

One presumed motivation for the choices of beliefs was said to come from Alexander the Conqueror, who wished to consolidate his power, and found that the doctrine of reincarnation was not conducive to the sort of all-encompassing power that he had in mind. (Other authors say that Alexandria was ecumenical in his interests and beliefs, and he is rumored to have eventually converted to Buddhism, with its belief in reincarnation.) Another motivating factor was that many of the attendees did not themselves understand some of the sacred texts and they assumed that if they didn't then no one else would ever be able to do so either. At any rate, the upshot was that the official doctrine from that time forth was to no longer include any reference to reincarnation. Now each person would have one shot only at life, and one expression of the self. They could succeed or fail, and even those terms were the opinions of the church. How to define success or failure? This became the province of the Church's representatives alone. Woe to whoever would dare to question this authority. The Roman Catholic Church's stranglehold was not truly broken until the time of Martin Luther (which was not so far distant in time from Henry VIII's break with the Bishop of Rome either). (My sources for this interpretation of the historical facts comes from my own life-long membership in the Episcopal Church and the general knowledge to be gained merely from association there, from some exposure to Gnostic heresies (especially in the 14th Century, and as related in books such as *The Isaiah Effect*, and

The Second Messiah; I am drawing on general knowledge of history, and these references are vague with the exception of the Greg Braden).

In spite of the fact that the majority of humans around the globe believe in reincarnation, such belief is anathema to most Christians around the world today. The exceptions are the relatively rare independent free thinkers, the Unitarians and Unity Church followers, and the Catholic (and other) mystics (who have always seen the same things as all the other mystics from every tradition in the world). I can surmise that this would have been one of the reasons why Alan Watts had to leave the Episcopal Church. As accommodating as they are, they do have their limits, which are clearly spelled out in the Canons of the Church.

The Episcopalians who call themselves “of the Celtic tradition” seem to skirt this problem by not getting too specific about their exact beliefs, though the true Celtic tradition does presumably include reincarnation. However, the Celts were commonly seen as coming primarily from around the British Isles (though their actual geographic area of influence was actually much greater). Also, the Episcopal Church originated from within the Anglican tradition, from the time of Henry VIII and his political and personal decision to defy the Pope and divorce his first wife. Therefore, the two (Celtic tradition and Anglicanism) are loosely associated in peoples’ minds, particularly in the United States. This allows for Celtic traditions to be more or less acceptable within the Episcopal Church, regardless of how Pagan they actually might be in their origins.

However, other than that, few Christians can clearly state that they believe in reincarnation without having to pay the price for it by being shunned, or having to recant, or by departing the Church, or by merely being quiet and not discussing their intuitive beliefs..

I have omitted countless works that are germane, including entire categories which would serve to reinforce Watts’ points. These other sources include all the works on quantum physics, everything dealing with magic and sorcery, the Rosicrucian literature, Theosophy, and much regarding specifically Chinese philosophy and systems of thinking. However, in so brief a paper, this is the as inclusive as I can safely venture without losing form and meaning entirely.

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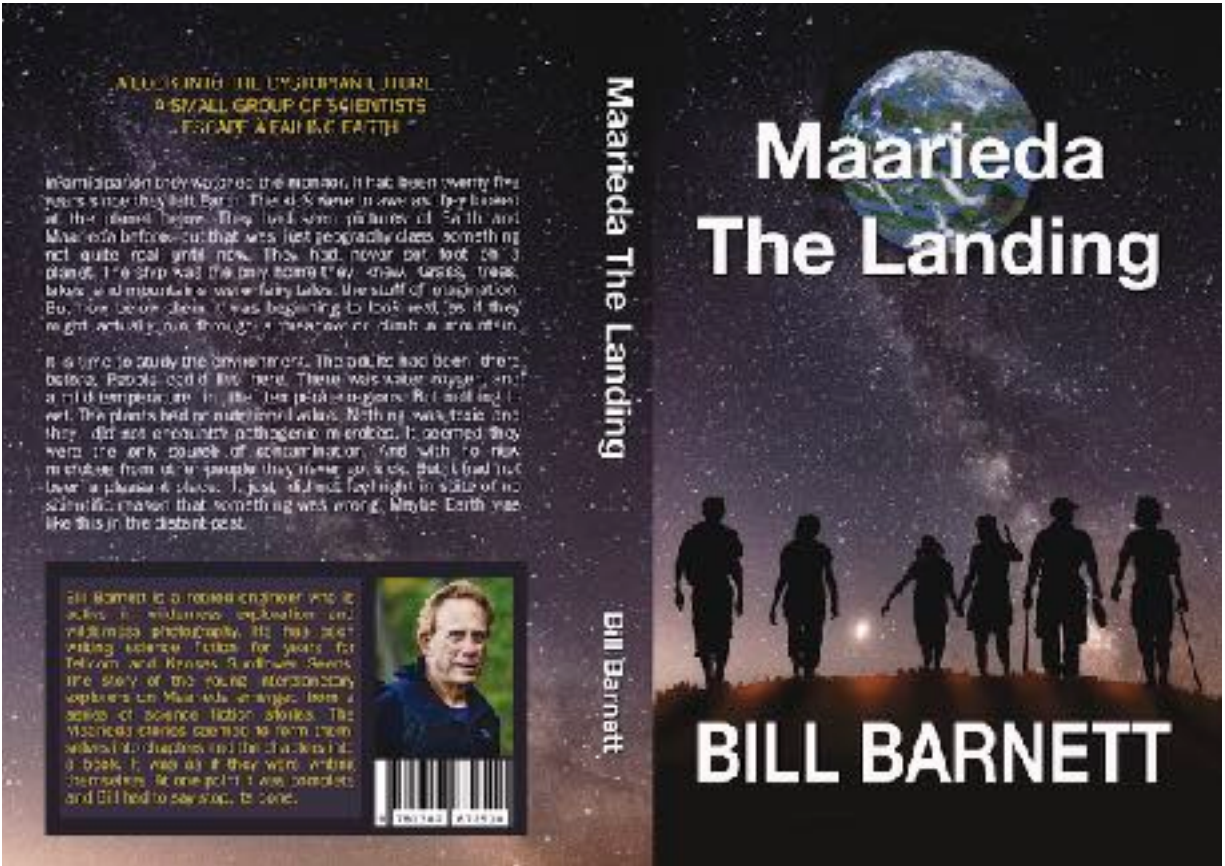
Maarieda The Book

Bill Barnett

The short stories about Maarieda that were printed here are finished. The book is published. Copies are being printed.

Available at Watermark Books,

<https://www.lulu.com/shop/bill-barnett/maarieda-the-landing/paperback/product-5kgdy6.html?q=maarieda+the+landing&page=1&pageSize=4>
 and from Bill.



Seeds Humor
 Mike Dickson

WHEN ABSENCE IS EVIDENCE

Two archaeologists, a Greek & an Egyptian, are arguing over who came from the more advanced ancient civilizations. The Greek says "While digging on Corinth, we found copper wires buried under the village. This proves we already had telephones in the 6th century BCE!"

And the Egyptian replies: " Well, in Giza, we dug under the ancient village & found no wires at all, thus proving they had already gone wireless!"

From: Aristotle & an Aardvark Go to Washington

How to Become a Really Good Pain in the Ass: A Critical Thinker's Guide to Asking the Right Questions

Book Review by Randy C Hamilton

"How to Become a Really Good Pain in the Ass: A Critical Thinker's Guide to Asking the Right Questions" By Christopher DiCarlo PhD. He hails from Canada and has worked at Harvard.
c2011 Prometheus Books

A super book with a crap title, IMO.

398 pages total of well written and easily understood critical thinking, opinion, analysis, notes/ references, bibliography, and index. The chapters include Arguments, Evidence, Fallacies, History, and his Big Five Questions. Twenty-four Fallacies are individually explained and discussed. Biases, Context, and Diagramming of arguments all have their own chapters. The method of Socrates and the Modes of the Ancient Skeptics are discussed in chapter 7.

Asking questions, the Socratic Method, is his way of getting people to think. His Big Five Questions are: 1 What can I know? 2 Why am I here? 3 What am I? 4 How should I behave? 5 What is to come of me? He expounds upon each question with "natural" and "supernatural" responses.

From the Preface: "The purpose of this book is to provide tools to allow you to question beliefs held and assumptions made by others who claim to know what they're talking about." And from the Conclusion: "We have the tools by which to reason. We have the sciences by which to understand the natural world. The rest is up to us."

I highly recommend this work. It is the best book I have ever found for a list of, and lucid explanations of, these twenty-four fallacies in arguments. Buy it for the list and read it for the philosophy.

All the Best,
Randy C. Hamilton Ω

The Enchanted Forest - A Short Story Cont.

When they visited the library all Álehttá could say was, “Wow! I wish I could stay here for ever and read.” Then they visited the toy factory and Álehttá wanted to stay for a day. She carved a small wheel and was told she did excellent. In the evening the fairies held another feast for them. Álehttá said, “I see why people never go back, but we have a mission. Leon found his quest and now he can do it.” At dark the four of them went into the forest to sleep.

After a week’s traveling they arrived at the queen’s village.

“There must be a splendid palace here,” Álehttá said. “I can’t wait to see it.”

Leon just chuckled to himself at her words.

When they arrived it looked like the other villages.

“Where’s the palace?” Álehttá asked a young fairy. She just looked at Álehttá with a puzzled look.

“Do you mean, where does the queen live?” the young fairy asked. “That way, turn right at the second street.”

Álehttá followed the directions and found an ordinary fairy cottage with a grandmother entertaining small children in her garden. “Do you know where the queen lives?” she asked the grandmother.

“That’s me,” the grandmother said. “How can I help you?”

“Uhh, ohh, we’re here to see you,” Álehttá said.

“You’re on the quest to be the ambassador?” the queen asked.

“Yes,” Leon said. “Glad to meet you. I think we met before.”

“We did,” the queen said. “Come in and sit down. I’ll get you some herbal tea and then we can talk.” Soon she came back with tea for everyone including the wolves. “Tell me about your adventure,” she said.

Leon and Álehttá told her the whole story in fine detail. The queen listened with patience and delight. They talked all day. At the end the queen said, “Come back in two days. I will talk with my council.” The four of them left to explore the area and return in two days.

When they returned the queen said, “We welcome you as ambassadors. Álehttá, you need to be appointed by your queen.”

That must be the shaman’s wife, Álehttá thought as quietly as she could. “Thank you,” she said. “Your hospitality is enchanting.”

The queen smiled and nodded. The couple left the village and made as many clicks as they could before nightfall. The wolves trotted easily behind them.

The next morning Leon said, “We need to talk. You didn’t tell me the whole story. If want to be my wife you need to tell me the rest of the story.”

Álehttá sat down and looked serious. “I guess I need to do that. I never tell the story.” She waited and was almost crying. Then she looked around the forest for some time to get her courage up. “The quest is a little scary, but fun. My story scares the hell out of me even now. But here goes. My family died of a toxic waste spill. We used to herd reindeer. It was a wonderful life. I was sick, but survived. I was the only survivor. It took months to find my way back to other people. I almost starved. The authorities put me with my step grandmother. She wanted to control everything I did. She put me on drugs that made me calm and feel like I was trapped in a prison. Then she said I was trans and put me on more drugs. I felt like a caged animal, it only got worse. Then she scheduled surgery to make me into a boy. It was worse than a nightmare in a dreamscape gone inside out. I ran. I didn’t know where I was or what I was. I hid in the woods. It

was the only safe place. Wallace found me and helped me. I thought he was going to eat me and that would be my escape. I hoped he would eat me, but he didn't. He cared for me. He was the only person I could trust. One day I found the red mushrooms. My grandfather used them, but told me I was too young. They made me drunk as hell, but when I woke up my mind was better. Soon the other drugs had no effect. Now, I wander with my friend, Wallace. Finally, I have two more friends. Okay, that's my story. You're hiding a story too. I read it in your body language the day we met."

Leon talked, "Wow, that's a story. "I'm an orphan too. My dad was a human and my mom was a fairy. We lived in the Earth world and had a farm where we were selling produce in town. The drug cartel came to our farm and told my dad that they would kill him if he didn't grow their drugs. He was doing what they said and planning to run away but didn't know where he could take us. One day the feds came and started a gunfight. Everyone was killed. I had been playing in a stream and hid. After everyone left I went back to the house and saw that everyone was dead. I ran. It took forever to find a portal. A kindly old grandmother fairy showed me. The fairies raised me. One day I went back to seek revenge. Morrighan found me and convinced me to forget the revenge and let karma do its thing. I watched for months. The feds who killed my family got in another gunfight with the drug dealers. They killed each other to the last man. I've been wandering the forest ever since. And then I met you. You tricked me from the very start. All you did was trick me more and more."

Álehtá said, "You're a fairy and you're complaining about being tricked. Hahahaha, you're the original tricksters. All you do is trick people. You tricked me too." Leon couldn't help laughing out loud. He had been caught in his own schemes. "And you were getting drunk on mushrooms." The wolves were watching in delight at the fairy human spectacle.

After an hour of lover arguments Álehtá said, "Truce. I forgive you."

Leon said, "I forgive you too."

Then she tackled him like a wildcat. When they finally came up for air, trying to catch their breaths they looked at the wolves. "Look," Álehtá said. "Morrighan finally came into heat. Wallace will be happy."

"And Morrighan too," Ω

Zoyie



Bob was working on the job site for the new environmental center when he got the call, Zoyie had done it again. It was her first day of high school. He dropped everything, called Shaylee, his wife, and headed to the shop where she worked part time to pick her up. She called Aurora, their best friend, who said she would take care of the other kids. The principle seemed upset on the phone and said it was urgent. Zoyie was never a bad kid, but was always getting into something. She had the personality to go with her fire red hair which came from her father. She had the tall muscular build of her brunette mother, but much more so. The kids called her a Vulcan because of her elvish ears, a recessive trait inherited from both of her parent's ancestors. Sometimes they called her a werewolf because of her pointed teeth, another recessive trait from her ancestors. Mostly they just called her Spots because she was one big mass of freckles. Spots was her nickname. She was loved and hated as the protector of the little kids. From her first day of school she had become the center of attention. The school administration knew Bob's family well. There were many talks with administrators, all of which exonerated the girl. The school staff had all known them since since Zoyie was in first grade. Zoyie made sure of that. No one dared to mess with the little kids when she was there.

While Bob was driving he remembered the first week of Zoyie's first grade when the principle had called him and Shaylee into his office and informed them that there was surgery available for Zoyie's ears. "Have you had a doctor check her ears?" the man had asked. "We did," Bob had lied. "The doctor said her hearing was perfect." The man looked back with an incredulous look and said, "About those points! They are pointed. The ears are pointed, like a

fairy or elf or something. The kids will bully her.” Shaylee had replied, “Isn’t it your job to stop the bullying in school?” “I can’t do everything,” the man had replied. “I don’t think she will have any trouble with the other kids,” Bob had replied. “It NEEDS to be done,” the man had dictated. “Well it won’t. She’s not getting any unnecessary surgery,” Bob had replied. Shaylee had added, “Period. For all the reasons. End of story,” and they stormed out of the principle’s office. A week later they were back because Zoyie had stopped the bullying someone else had started. “Did she get into a fight?” Bob had asked. “No,” the principle had replied, “But she was very intimidating.” “So?” Bob had asked in reply. “The other children were scared,” the man had said. “Then they shouldn’t have tried to start a fight,” Bob replied. It went on and on, the girl had stopped all the fights in school, but never broke the rules. There was nothing the principle could do except complain.

Bob pulled the car into the parking lot and Shaylee was waiting for him. “I was remembering when Zoyie was in first grade,” Bob said to his wife as she got into the car.

“Don’t forget middle school,” Shaylee replied. “She was something else there too.”

“Yeah,” she was a one girl bully stopping team,” Bob replied. “I wonder what she did this time?” he asked.

“Probably something we told her not to do,” Shaylee replied.

They continued talking until they approached the school. There was an ambulance pulling away and five police cars were parked out front. After sitting in a line of cars trying to get into the parking lot Bob finally said, “She must have really done it this time,” with a dread in his voice.

“Yeah, she must have,” Shaylee replied. They continued on in silence and finally parked the car. As they walked through the schoolhouse commons the students were all watching then and talking about Zoyie. There was a policewoman guarding the office door.

“Are you the parents?” the policewoman asked.

“Yes we are,” Shaylee stated with a deliberant sound of pride.

“Come in,” the policewoman said motioning to them to enter the office and then returning to watching the students in the commons.

They walked into the principle’s office and Zoyie was sitting in between two large male policemen while another police woman was standing taking notes.

“Come in and sit down,” the principle ordered in an angry voice. “Zoyie injured the quarterback. He can’t play football now. She picked him up and threw him against the wall. The coach said he might never play again. He was the number one quarter back in the state. We were going to win state this year.” The principle looked like he was going to cry.

“We need to talk to Zoyie,” Bob stated in an authoritarian voice.

“She can’t leave,” the principle ordered.

“She won’t,” Bob replied sternly. “Come with us, Zoyie. We’ll be just outside.”

After going outside Bob asked, “What did you do?”



“He was raping Mary. I had to stop him,” Zoyie replied calmly.

“You aren’t suppose to attract attention,” Shaylee said.

“I had to do something,” Zoyie said. “He held her down and was putting his fingers inside her. She was screaming. The girls were frightened. The football team was laughing.”

“So you threw him against the wall?” Bob asked.

“Yeah, I had to to stop him,” Zoyie replied. “Picked him up and threw him hard.”

“We told you not to attract attention,” Shaylee said. “It’s going to cause trouble.”

“There wasn’t anything else I could do,” Zoyie said.

“What else happened?” Shaylee asked.

“That’s about it,” Zoyie answered.

“Okay, let’s go back in,” Bob said and they went inside.

“Tell us the rest of the story,” Bob demanded.

“She threw him against the wall. It broke bones,” the principle cried.

“What about Mary?” Shaylee demanded. “How is she? What did he do to her?”

“They were just playing,” the principle said. “They always do that.”

“RAPE ISN’T PLAY!” Shaylee shouted.

“It wasn’t rape,” the principle said with an air of dismissing the whole thing.

“Holding a girl down and putting fingers inside of her against her will is rape. That’s legally rape,” Bob said.

“Well, ... it’s not that bad. ... Boys will be boys,” the principle said with an air of dismissal.

DON’T! Shaylee shouted in the thoughtscape to Zoyie. *NOT NOW!* Their whole family could talk in thoughts as well as out loud and none of the humans could hear them talk in thoughts. *DON’T DO THE PRINCIPLE!*

The family and their friends were the same flesh and blood as humans, just a different culture and lived in a connecting world that humans couldn’t find. Bob and Shaylee were half fairy and had converted to the fairy world. Zoyie, their child, was full fairy and much stronger than most humans.

Zoyie just looked quietly at her mom.

“Okay, Miss Policewoman, is it rape?” Bob asked.

“We’re investigating the case,” the policewoman said.

“Is holding a girl down and finger fucking her rape?” Bob asked.

“That would be rape,” she said.

Bob looked at the principle and said, “You’re trying to tell me that a skinny little girl picked up a great big strong football player, into the air, and then threw him, through the air, against the wall? Yeah, and pigs fly.”

Everyone laughed. Even the principle laughed and then returned to his pouting.

“She’s the biggest kid in her class,” the principle whined defensively.

“So? And you don’t care about sexual assault? ... in plain daylight? ... with a crowd of witnesses?” Bob demanded of the principle.

“We could have gone to state,” the principle whined. “Everyone will be so disappointed.”

“If you don’t care about rape then I don’t care about your goddam football team,” Bob said.

“Me too,” Shaylee grinned feeling proud of her family.

“Can she go?” Bob asked the policewoman.

“We don’t have anything to charge her with,” the policewoman said.

“Thank you,” Bob said. “We’re going and she’ll be back for school tomorrow. You need to have a talk with the whole damn football team.” And Bob, Zoyie, and Shaylee stomped out.

When they were in the car Bob started talking, “Try not to make such a big mess,” he said in a fatherly manner.

“I bet they stop raping,” Zoyie replied.

“Listen to your father,” Shaylee said. “He’s trying to help. You can’t just go around beating up people.”

“I told him to stop and he just laughed. He even said, “You’re next,”” Zoyie said. “What else was I suppose to do?”

Bob and Shaylee were quiet the rest of the way home. When they arrived Bob looked at Zoyie and said, “We need to plan what to do next. They’re looking for an excuse to do something to us. Try not to be in a mess at school.”

“I’ll try,” Zoyie promised.

“I’ll schedule an appoint with a family councilor,” Shaylee said. “We can brainstorm better plans there.”

The next week Shaylee received a call from the school office. They wanted to meet. She called Bob to check his schedule and then called the school office back and made an appointment. The kids had now named Zoyie ‘Super Fairy’.

When Bob arrived at the house they all met for a family meeting.

“What’s going on at school?” Shaylee asked Zoyie.

“Pretty much the same ol’ boring stuff. What we learned in Library in the fairy world a couple of years ago.”

“And how are the kids acting?” Shaylee asked.

“It’s pretty calm now,” Zoyie said.

“The boys are asking before they touch the girls. Half the time they say yes and half the time they say no. The boys are pretty frustrated. It’s really funny watching them. None of the boys are attractive. They all look ugly.”

“What about this ‘Super Fairy’ talk?” Shaylee asked. “You aren’t suppose to talk about fairies.”

“I didn’t say anything,” Zoyie said. “I never said I was a fairy. They thought I have some kind of super power. Not to mention that I look like a fairy. What’s wrong with that? Why can’t I just say, “I’m a fairy.”?”

“They get weird ideas. People are stupid,” Bob said. “And don’t loose people in a portal. ... Not unless EVERYONE agrees,” while he was remembering the event with the people who wanted to destroy the Fairy Forest and were put in a fairy portal prison forever, a story that Zoyie loved. “And you can’t pose as a stripper either, unless you get permission first.” He said knowing that Zoyie never missed anything. The fairies had posed as strippers to bait the corrupt developers and politicians into the fairy portal prison.

“Can we just try to let things calm down?” Shaylee asked in a motherly tone.

“Yes ma’am,” Zoyie promised. “Can I go now?”



“Yes,” Bob said.

Two days later Bob and Shaylee were in the school office. The councilor and principle were there. The police weren’t invited.

“We lost the first game. It was 22 to nothing,” the principle cried. “It was horrible, the backup quarter back couldn’t hit the broad side of a barn. He threw two interceptions. There was even a safety. We lost to the worst team in the state.”

“And why should I care?” Bob said. “We’re here about Zoyie. She’s suppose to be in honors class and they’re doing repeat stuff. When is she going to get real honors classes?”

“They’ll do something about honors. We need help in football,” the principle whined. “This can’t happen again,” the principle added. “We can give her a diversion if you sign papers that you’re responsible for what happens if she does it again.”

“The courts have ruled that she has a right to self defense,” Bob said. “The man said he would rape her next. He’s 18, an adult. Have you expelled him? Is he being prosecuted?”

“We can’t expel him,” the principle said. “He’s too valuable. He’s the team hero.”

“Rape makes someone a hero?” Shaylee asked angrily. “What kind of hero is that?”

“The kind that wins football games. We’ve been over this before. You’re overdoing this rape thing,” the principle said.

“I’ll let the courts decide about the rape thing since you won’t. The attorney said not to sign anything,” Bob said.

“She can’t ever do any of this again,” the principle said. “It’s like she’s a vigil ante.”

“Do you know the legal doctrine about vigil antes?” Shaylee asked. “I asked the attorney and he told me. They talked about it in law school. It doesn’t follow the rule of law and isn’t allowed, unless there is no rule of law. If there is no rule of law then being a vigil ante is the rule of law. You have no rule of law here so guess what? You get a vigil ante and it’s the rule of law. So there!”

The principle just stared into space wishing they weren’t there in his office, or anywhere in his school.

“I expect she’ll get the schooling prescribed by law!” Bob exclaimed.

“And the safety prescribed by law!” Shaylee exclaimed.

Bob and Shaylee walked out. The principle was cursing to himself in his office.

When Zoyie arrived home from school Shaylee asked her, “How did it go today? Did anything happen?”

“Same ol’ same ol’,” Zoyie said. “We got a new honors teacher, but she’s doing the same thing. It’s just a class for rich kids. School sucks. Library is better. Why can’t I just go to Library?”

Library was the education center in the fairy world. The children mostly read books.

“The people in Library let you bring home some books,” her mother said. “We’ll talk to them some more. We have to be here to keep the Fairy Forest safe. That’s why we are here. There are more corrupt people who want to destroy it. It’s a political war. Are you reading the books?”



“I read Aristotle and Plato, and all the other books. Aurora is the only one here I can debate with about the books.”

“We’ll send for more books,” her mom said.

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