

7-15-1987

## *To Ged or Not to Ged / Encounter / She Danced With the Elves*

Alexander Martin

Dwight E. Humphries

Janet P. Reedman

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### Recommended Citation

Martin, Alexander; Humphries, Dwight E.; and Reedman, Janet P. (1987) "*To Ged or Not to Ged / Encounter / She Danced With the Elves*," *The Mythic Circle*: Vol. 1987 : Iss. 2 , Article 5.

Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mcircle/vol1987/iss2/5>

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## Mythcon 52: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien

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# TO GED OR NOT TO GED

by  
Alexander Martin

Apollo Spiratos quietly looked up at the teacher.  
"Mr. Spiratos, can I have your application?"  
Apollo walked over and sat down in a plush white chair.  
The teacher laughed as she looked over the application.  
"I can understand that you don't have the money to pay  
for this class. Explain why you wrote what you did  
under 'Occupation.'"  
"I am a deity. I used to be a very important one. If  
you don't believe me, I have references."

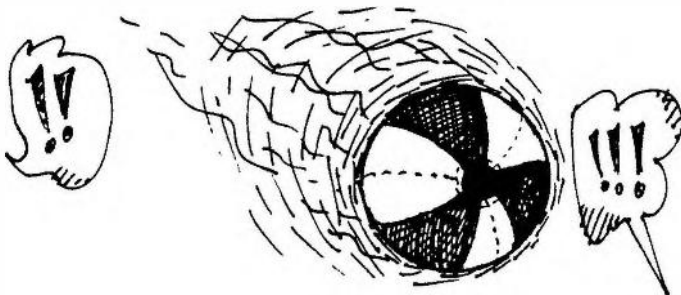
"What references?"  
"Odin. Zeus. Maui."  
"Where does Odin live? Here in New Smyrna Beach?"  
"He lives wherever he wants to."  
"Let me ask you something else, Mr. Spiratos. Why do  
you want to earn a GED?"  
"Every god should have one. I want to know this  
country better. I never have had an opportunity to  
attend one of your schools, and I'm afraid that with my  
busy schedule, a GED is about all I can handle right  
now."

"Well, Mr. Spiratos, we can waive your fee if you  
attend every class. As to your occupation..."

"Stop right there, Mrs. Hogshide!" A tall strong man  
with bright gray hair and eyebrows stood up and glared  
at the teacher.  
"Yes?"  
"I am Odin. You think my friend Apollo is crazy. I'll  
show you who he is!"

And all the months of practicing and working out in the  
Bahamas and the Fijis had restored Apollo's powers.  
Odin nodded.

Apollo smiled and looked at the pretty young teacher  
for the last time.  
Milliseconds later, the room compressed into the size  
of a large beach ball.  
Odin and Apollo were propelled quickly out of the beach  
ball, regaining their normal size. Apollo grabbed the  
beach ball before it hit the ground. Odin laughed  
jovially at his fellow god.  
"Teacher's pet!"  
"She had me pegged for a loony!"  
"Well, Apollo, she's right. We ARE loony. We're  
gods!"  
And the universe was their beach ball again.



# ENCOUNTER

by Dwight E. Humphries

Looking into her eyes  
I almost repented,  
My hand hesitated  
On the slaughter haft.  
As I gazed into the depths  
Warmth beckoned,  
Dim memory shimmered;  
I heard a faint sound  
In the grave where love is still.

Her being laid open  
As the bones that notch my axe,  
All her cries, all the whispers  
Were naked to the cold  
In my cruel eyes.  
Wondering half aloud I grasped them,  
Needs all but perished  
Lost in my land's ice and snow,  
Her hope and love beseeched me.

Still, still orbs human  
And warm they were  
But a corpse light kindled,  
Reflections of myself--  
The moon's tower lord  
Whose windows are dark,  
Walls agleam with Death's power,  
A laughter that chills the soul.

Almost, the past arose  
And I left her whole  
Already lost in  
My kingdom's maze.  
Almost, almost love  
Walked again,  
This woman sweet as absinthe,  
A wine of bitter pain.

# SHE DANCED WITH THE ELVES

by Janet P. Reedman

She danced with the elves when she was young  
And loved them more than mortal kind;  
Her parents claimed she was high-strung,  
Cruel classmates swore she'd lost her mind.

I won't grow up, in rage she vowed,  
Plucking leaves from dying flowers,  
She hated her peers, the giggling crowd,  
That never understood her magic powers.

She scorned marriage and giving birth,  
She didn't dream of love's first kiss;  
Her Destiny was not of earth,  
Earthly pleasures she'd never miss.

Father frowned, mother cried for years  
When she vanished into the wood,  
But she shed not a single tear,  
For her life in Faery was good.