

Once upon a time a wondering poet met a mysterious and beautiful lady. They sat among flowers and spoke together of many things, gnomes, pixies, Druids, Love and sadness, and magic ceilings. The poet was entranced by the lovely stranger and lavished honest praise on her. But unbeknown to him the lady had come from a far off eastern land, and while in that land a spell had been cast on her by a mystic who had been engaged to do this evil thing by a prince whose love she had spurned. It followed, that any part of her body that was praised would be lost forever if she did not accept the praise graciously. The only part of her not affected was her bottom, this was because she had escaped from the mystic's power before he had quite finished his spell-weaving.

"Your face is beautiful", said the poet. This pleased her but made her feel great shyness. "Oh no, not really", she answered, abashed and confused. "Your legs are lovely and your breasts divine" the poet told her. "My legs are too sturdy and my breasts too small", she replied. And so it went on, the poet praising the whole of her body, while the lady demured. After a while she began to sing, her sweet voice filling the woodland grove where they rested. Soon the poet was lulled to gentle sleep. While he slept the power of the spell was at work, and when he awoke all that remained of the lady was the part unaffected by the magic - her lovely bottom. The poet was sad, but being a poet he could not help but be enchanted by the beautiful bottom. His heart pounding, he uttered spontaneous verse as he gazed at the soft roundness and delicate complexion of the wonderful rotund beauty before his eyes. It was all too much for him. "I think I love you", he cried, kissing the trembling bottom passionately. The bottom blushed deeply but did not reject his kisses. "I think I love you too", she said. The poet was filled with joy. "We will travel far and wide together" he told her. "Oh yes, yes, said the bottom in sweet tones". And so they set off. As the journeyed butterflies would flutter around the beautiful bottom fanning her with their little wings, birds burst into song at sight of her. When the poet and the bottom slept at nightfall, their cheeks gently touching, owls gathered to watch over them. On passing through town or village men knelt in adoration as she passed; women's envy melted away and they too were overcome by the lovely spectacle. News of the fabulous bottom spread throughout the land, orchestras were hastily assembled as they neared cities, and love songs were played in her honour as they passed through.

After some years of wondering thus, they decided they wished to settle, they had become very close, in fact they loved each other madly. "We will climb a magic mountain to seek a Druid who will marry us", said

the bottom happily, and so they did. When they arrived at the mountain top they found a Druid tending his flock of ravens. After they had told the Druid their wishes, he spoke long and earnestly to them. At last he said to the poet, "I will marry you, but you must share your lovely bride with the whole world; such a beautiful bottom should be hung in the sky for all to adore". The poet was very sad, but the Druid told him that if he was prepared to wait ten thousand years, the bottom would return from the sky to be his forever after. "Then I will wait", said the poet. And so the Druid hung the lovely round bottom in the sky; it is there for all to see on cloudless nights. The Druid named the bottom "Moon" which, of course, as everyone knows, is an ancient Druidic word meaning "beauty".