

Beefcake and the Queen of England

written by Holly

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By Holly Lisle

Last night I dreamed I had an audience with the Queen of England, and out of gratitude, she gave me a gift – an adjustable paper ring, white, stamped with red ink that said “Compliments of the Queen of England.” She then sat in a throne above a long line of cars and threw similar white paper rings into the back of each as the car drove by her throne. Royalty on the drive-thru plan.

Further, I dreamed that Matt and a score of calendar hunks, dressed in red bikini briefs, were doing a beefcake dance down a giant spiral staircase. Stranger yet, the beefcake and the Queen of England were connected in a way that was incredibly logical and sensible in the dream, but that I can't get my mind around now. (Unless I was responsible for bringing the all-male cabaret to the Queen of England, for which she was grateful ... but I know that wasn't it.) I'm left this morning with a weird sense of “What the *hell?*”

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