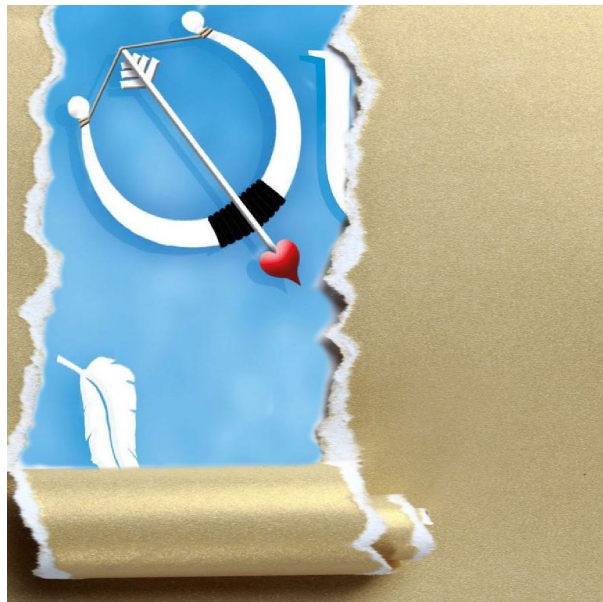




Here's Your VIPeek!

Psst, Friend! You're the first to see this!

You may have come across this teaser I posted on my Facebook author page. The torn wrapping paper revealing Cupid's bow with a love-tipped arrow nocked into place, the hint of a white feather falling through a bright blue sky.



But I've saved the full sneak peek for you. Why? Because my newsletter subscribers are always going to get everything first.

Now. Without any further blah, blah, blah, and since you're probably scrolling ahead anyway, I hereby proudly reveal the cover of *First Quiver!*

drumroll, please



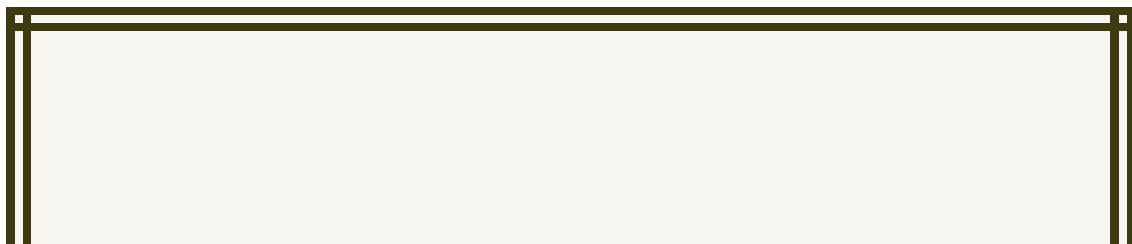
I know, right? As you can see, this is no serious tome on classical mythology!

Also, *sigh*. Poor, poor Cupid. Our boy is in quite a pickle!

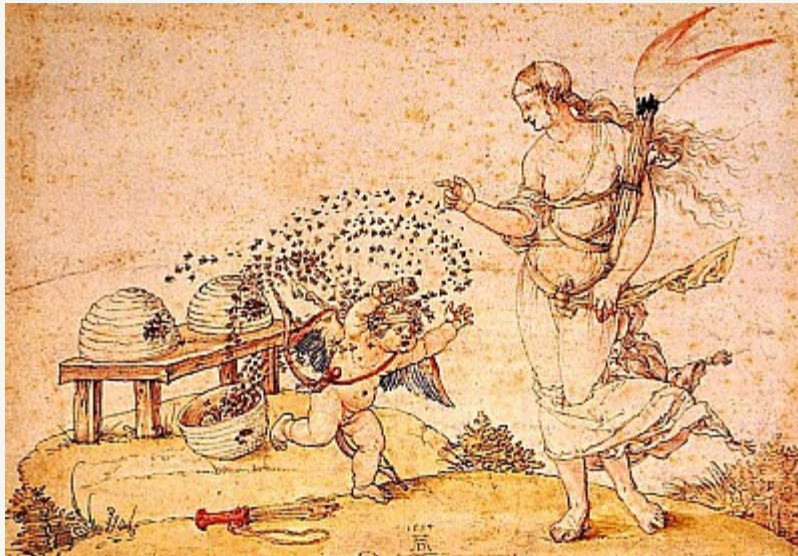
Before another inch of screen rolls beneath your fingertips, let me credit my amazingly talented cover artist, Betti Gefecht, for this gorgeous, original design. I hope you'll visit me at [my website](#) in a few days [those of you who follow my blog will receive a notice when I post], where I'll take you behind (beneath?) the cover to properly introduce you to my dear friend Betti and share a few highlights from our joyous collaboration.

> IN THE NEXT ISSUE: An excerpt from Chapter One

For now, here's a morsel of Cupid mythology to chew on...



3 MINUTE MYTHOLOGY



Cupid the Honey Thief (1514) by Albrecht Dürer

THE HONEY-STEALER

As we're on the topic of a mischievous Cupid, I offer the wonderful vignette, "The Honey-Stealer," which was beautifully illustrated in this pen and ink and watercolor by Albrecht Durer. The bee was a popular metaphor for Cupid among the poets, and it makes sense considering how the bee invokes the flower of youth, the sting that love can often deliver, and honey as its sweet secretion. Though this narrative poem is included in the Idylls of Theocritus (number XIX), scholars posit the piece was written much later and incorporated into the collection after the fact:

When the thievish Love one day was stealing honeycomb from the hive, a wicked bee stung him, and made all his finger-tips to smart. In pain and grief he blew on his hand and stamped and leapt upon the ground, and went and showed his hurt to Aphrodite, and made complaint that so a little a beast as a bee could make so great a wound. Whereat his mother laughing, 'What?' cries she, 'art not a match for a bee, and thou so little and yet able to make wounds so great? [The [Theoi Classical Texts Library](#), accessed 23 October 2020.]

[Click here](#) to view a very different, voluptuous rendering of the story, an oil painting circa 1525 by Lucas Cranach the Elder, entitled *Venus and Cupid, The Honey Thief*.

Thanks so much for being here to share my excitement.

Got questions? Suggestions? Complaints? Your replies go straight to my inbox.
Until we meet again, stay safe out there!

Beth C. Greenberg

[Click here for past issues of the newsletter](#)



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