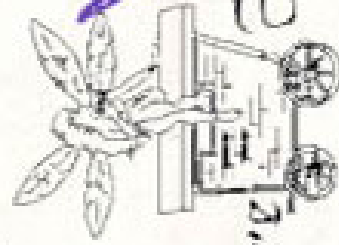


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THE BLUE

UNICORN

The Festival Weekly Reader.

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MINNESOTA RENAISSANCE FESTIVAL HAS BEEN
DECLARED - The land of a thousand lakes.

RAIDERS RIPPED BY MUSICAL MANIAC

PORTSMOUTHORGAN, The Realm (RPI)

Three ships of King Henry's merchant fleet were set upon by Spanish raiders outside the harbor of Portsmouthorgan. At three-to-one odds the battle was going badly for the King's ships, but suddenly something intervened.

A small boat, with the name DRUNKEN SAILOR, came sailing up between the Spaniards and the merchants. From the boat came a sound that one of the merchants described as "Like a Banshee with the constipation--and all the Ex-Lax sold out!" The sound de-masted three Spaniards (including the flagship) and the rest fled.

As the merchantmen watched, the DRUNKEN SAILOR sailed toward town as a fat man with a guitar shouted, "HUZZAH! I'll be home by Sunday! I hope the King's still there."

Warnings have been dispatched to King Henry.

Dispatched to King Henry Of



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At night
In the campfire's glow
Passing the Jack Daniels
In the Blue Lion
Passing songs and stories
And a peg for the beer
We know
The ghost descends upon us

The spirit that passes among us
The spirit of the place, the time
It is called Brotherhood
It taps us each on the shoulder
Whispers to each in our ears
Tells us this one thing
Over and over saying
We share

The Spirit is with us here
Gently moves in each us all
Binds us each to other
The Spirit is to us uplifting
It is also a lonesome thing

The Ghost walks with us briefly
For fifteen days it is with us
Fifteen nights before it passes on
Is it no wonder then
That each of us draws so strongly from
it
Holding it so close
We hold each other close
Till the Spirit fades in an autumn
twilight

I lie awake in my tent
After the campfires have died
Quiet and alone
I hear the Ghost-form singing
A song by each of us
I close my eyes and call for sleep
The ghost-song ehoes
And is still

I lie silent in my tent
After the campfires have died
Quiet and alone
I hear the Ghost softly singing
A song known to each of us
Different to each one
I close my eyes, call for sleep
The ghost-song echoing
Fading to the stillness
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JOE FESTIVAL

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