

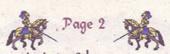
Well. I hope everyone is dried out and cooled off after last weekend! This editor is getting too old to take that kind of heat and humidity dressed in so many layers, leggings, boots, hat, etc. I guess we can just blame it on El Nins or La Nina (sp?). Let's all pray for better and more comfortable weather this weekend. A big "THANK YOU" to all of you that noticed and acknowledged the article about me in last Saturday's Star Tribune. I was thrilled and flattered by it. And for all of you out in WWW land...the article came about because of my web page! If you missed the address in the first issue, my page is called Rosalily's Renfest Regalla - http://www.cloudnet.com/~renfest/ Take a look at it if you can and I welcome any feedback. Also, while you are there, I am also involved in "The Site Jights" on the Knights Team. Go to my Site Jights Spirit Page, there is a link there to the voting booth. I would appreciate your votes. You can vote once per day.

On another note, a few kind folks have said that they would be willing to pay for each issue of this paper. I do this for the fun and the reward of people saying they love it. It is TREE to anyone who wants it. Yes, it does come out of my own pocket, but I will accept donations and those donations will be turned over to Puph and Phluff for M.A.P. in your name! Blessings. Sherry



# Sir Slipalot Pun

A newly knighted hero, Sir Slipalot, was the shortest knight in the whole kingdom. For one brief moment he had slipped and performed a heroic deed, earning his knighthood, but no-one's respect. So, when he turned up at the stables to claim his steed, it should not have surprised him that he was given a large and shaggy St. Bernard dog. Slipalot, however, was not in the least deterred, and set out to find fame and fortune. On the first evening out, he encountered a violent and drenching rainstorm. After many refusals, he turned to one last remote cottage hoping for refuge. He dismounted from his, by now very bedraggled looking 'steed', and knocked. The occupant, on seeing them, insisted they come in at once. Slipalot was very grateful, and expressed his gratitude to his host. "Don't say anything about it", said the generous man, "I wouldn't send a knight out on a dog like this".



#### Ultimate annoying patron comeback story?

by Charles Knutson - MacGregor Historic Games .

We were at a fur-trade Rendezvous in Northern Minnesota about 1991 and camped 'near a talented company of re-enactors portraying various 18th century tradesmen. Our friend was the gunsmith and was working with his apprentice doing demos and making gun parts at a portable forge. We had school classes visit in the morning so they hadn't had time to get completely set up, and when they had a break in the crowd he told the apprentice to pound out a few nails so they could hang up their tools so they didn't trip over a hammer and break an ankle. So the apprentice is making nails and this older woman comes up and asks what he's doing, and he replies that his master told him to make some nails so they could hang up their tools. To which the woman said. "They didn't have nails back then!" The apprentice looked at her and replied "No ma'am, they put Christ on the cross with duct tape..." Of course, the woman walked off in a huff.

She apparently went on to the blacksmith who was working his forge and getting lightly poached on this hot, steamy August day, and told him. "You can't do that in bare feet!" He replied "No ma'am, these are people feet -bear feet are furry and they smell nasty when the hot clinkers fall on them."

Of course, by now she was getting pissed (-and probably rightfully, having been "zinged" twice in a row.) and she then ran in to the gunsmith who was walking back to his shop with a plate of lunch, and she righteously informed him that he shouldn't be eating during public time, to which he agreed, and said he was "demonstrating 18th century eating techniques." At which time she screams at her husband, who had been tagging along behind her, that how terrible all these people were, and stomped off towards the parking lot.

It wasn't until dinner that night when they shared their stories of. how the day was, that they realized they had accidentally triple-teamed an unsuspecting patron with their not-quite-polite one-liners. I assume she has never gone back to another re-enactment event after the experience, but it's still tempting to "zing" the occasional pompous patron who thinks they know everything.

Never spit in a man's face unless his mustache is on fire. -Henry Root

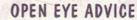
If you meet someone who has no smile, give them one of yours, -author unknown

amage ( The A-Z of Finence Accepts you as your live - folk. col Believes in "you" Calls you just to say "HI" Doesn't give up on you Envisions the whole of you (even the unfinished parts!) Forgives your mistakes Gives unconditionally Helps you Invites you over Just "be" with you Keeps you close at heart Loves you for who you are Makes a difference in your life Never judges Offers support Picks you up Quiets your fears Raises your spirits Says nice things about you Tells you the truth when you need to hear it. Understands you Values you Walks beside you X-plains things you don't understand Yells when you won't listen and

Zaps you back to reality

Ourt

amage



As we announced in last week's issue, the Pelanami Pappets would be providing a message box outside Bad Manor. I, lan Dark, put the box there myself. Virgo, Sourcend, Lucky and I beamed with pride when we watched a steady stream of advice-seekers steffing their requests into our box. Sunday night before we left, I sent Polyphemus the Cyclops to collect the question box. On the way back, he got hungry and ate the box and most of the questions. So, we're going to put a new box up there this week and we're won't make the mistake of sending the Cyclops to get it for us. To top it off, Johnson is still missing ... and Polly's breath smalls like mint.

Dear Open Eve.

Every time I sat on a bench last Saturday, my bett turned brown and wet. What's wrong with me? Soggy Sid

Odysseus: I remember the time that we were stuck on the island of the Lotus Exters. I told them to go easy on the local cuisine, but those day's wouldn't listen to me. They had the same problem, but they didn't even have to sit down.

Cyclops: Too many food coupon books.

Me cirifriend dumped me on the first weekend, and the current rumor is that she is now dating a pupper. Is it ody, of you guys? Jealous Jake

Odyssees: I dony everything! I came up with the Trojan Horse and now, nobody trusts me. I'm going back into he prop bag where the women and the men are empty costames.

Cyclops: I think you mean the BIG puppers.. I think you should check under the costumes and see if she is there.

I am but a humble peasant, yet I'm in love with a beautiful Princess. She doesn't know I'm alive. How can I get her attention? Lovesick Larry

Odyssess: Larry, I had the same problem until I pillaged the Woody Spoon company in Troy. Anytime I want to meet a beautiful Princess, I always pack my Woody. As soon as I whip it out and show her I carry the Big Johnson model, she's like putly in my hands. Remember - It won't break, if it's a Woody. Opplage: Blow anot on her dress. That has ALWAYS worked for me. They don't forget that.

The current rumor is that someone is telling rumors about the rumor mill. What can I do to help? Mabel The Mouth

Odgesses: That's fine for you, Mabel, but what about these poor employees working at the rumor mill? Think of all those millers who will be without a job because you're off freelancing ... You should be exhamed of yourself. The next thing you know, we'll have foreigners making the rumors cheaper than we can right here at home. A whole industry will be run into to the ground because you didn't leave rumor milling to the professionals. I'd horsewhip you if I had a barce!

Cyclops: Burn down the mill, and make a new Tavern!

## Check these out on the World Wide Web



Hey You Sir's Homebage - He brings the greyhounds to us! - http://www.wavefront.com/~heyyousir/htm Homepage of Corvus D. Elrod - For everything Corvus - http://www.otherwhenet.com/

Let me know if you have a web page!



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### Submitted by "A Fyne Whine

To construct a Shakespearean insult, combine one word from each of the three columns below and preface it with the word

artless base-court apple-john bawdy bat-fowling baggage beslubbering beef-witted barnacle bootless beetle-headed bladder churlish boil-brained boar-pig cockered clapper-clawed bugbear clouted clay-brained bum-balley common-kissing craves canker-blossom currish crook-pated clack-dish dankish dismal-dreaming clotpole dissembling dizzy-eved coxcomb droning doghearted codpiece errant dread-bolted death-token fawning earth-vexing dewberry fobbling elf-skinned flap-dragon froward fat-kidneyed flax-wench frothy fen-sucked flirt-gill gleeking flap-mouthed foot-licker gootish fly-bitten fultiliarian gorbellied folly-fallen giglet impertinent fool-born gudgeon infectious full-gorged haggard jarring guts-griping harpy logger-headed half-faced hedge-pig lumpish hasty-witted horn-beast mammerinb hedge-born hugger-mugger mangled hell-hated joithead mewling idie-beaded lewdster paunchy ill-breeding lout pribbling ill-nurtured maggot-pic puking knotty-pated malt-worm milk-livered mammet pass qualling motley-minded measle rink onion-eved minnow recky plume-plucked miscreant roguish pottle-deep moldwarp ruttish pox-marked mumble-news saucy recling-ripe ratsbone vain spur-galled scut venomed swag-bellied skainsmate villainous tardy-gaited strumpet warped tickle-brained variet wayward toad-spotted vassal weedy unchin-snouted whey-face yeasty weather-bitten wagtail dark-souled

A SERVER THAT WORKS Sung to the tune of the Joplin classic, "Mercedes Benz"

Oh Lord won't you buy me a server that works? My friends all use Unix, no servers with burps. My servers work half-time; a truckload of quirks, So Lord won't you by me a server that works?

Oh Lord won't you buy me some new admin clowns? The current ones cause me deep ungainly frowns. Prove that you love me and put them all down, Oh Lord won't you buy me some new admin clowns?

Oh Lord won't you buy them a beginners' course? I'd like to stop cursing before I am all hoarse. They need to Get It, if need be by force, Oh Lord won't you buy them a beginners' course?

#### [Everybody!]

Oh Lord won't you buy me a server that works? My friends all use Unix, no servers with burps, My servers work half-time, a truckload of quirks, So Lord won't you by me a server that works?



Remember to submit your articles to me b Wednesday evening,

Peterson