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The Knight After

Unofficial Newsletter of the Minnesota Renaissance Festival

~ From The Editor ~

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 Niño or La Niña (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 Regalia - <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 Fights" on the Knights Team. Go to my Site Fights 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 FREE 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 Pup 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".

It's not
the heat...



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**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****The A-Z of Friendship**

A Friend

Accepts you as you are**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**

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OPEN EYE ADVICE



As we announced in last week's issue, the Palenami Puppets would be providing a message box outside Bad Manor. I, Ian Dark, put the box there myself. Virgo, Souzvend, Lucky and I beamed with pride when we watched a steady stream of advice-seekers stuffing 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 not make the mistake of sending the Cyclops to get it for us. To top it off, Johnson is still missing... and Polly's breath smells like mint.

Dear Open Eye,

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

Soggy Sid

Odysses: I remember the time that we were stuck on the island of the Lotus Eaters. I told them to go easy on the local cuisine, but those guys 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.

My girlfriend dumped me on the first weekend, and the current rumor is that she is now dating a puppet. Is it only of you guys?

Jealous Jake

Odysses: I deny everything! I came up with the Trojan Horse and now, nobody trusts me. I'm going back into my prop bag where the women are headless and the men are empty costumes.

Cyclops: I think you mean the BIG puppets.. 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

Odysses: 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 putty in my hands. Remember - It won't break, if it's a Woody.

Cyclops: Blow snot 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

Odysses: That's fine for you, Mabel, but what about those 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 ashamed 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 the ground because you didn't leave rumor milling to the professionals. I'd horsewhip you if I had a horse!

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

Check these out on the World Wide Web!



Hey You Sir's Homepage - 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 "Thou":

artless	base-court	apple-join
barfy	bat-fowling	baggage
beslobbering	beef-witted	barnacle
bootless	beetle-headed	bladder
churlish	boil-brained	boar-pig
cockered	clapper-clawed	bugbear
clouted	clay-brained	bum-bailly
craven	common-kissing	canker-blossom
currish	crook-pated	clack-dish
dankish	dismal-dreaming	clotpole
dissembling	dizzy-eyed	coxcomb
droning	doghearted	codpiece
errant	dead-bolted	death-token
fawning	earth-vexing	dewberry
fobbing	elf-skinned	flap-dragon
froward	fat-kidneyed	flax-wench
frothy	fen-sucked	flirt-gill
gleeking	flap-mouthed	foot-licker
goatish	fly-bitten	fullilarian
go-bellied	folly-fallen	giglet
impertinent	fool-born	gudgeon
infectious	full-gorged	haggard
jarring	guts-gripping	harry
logger-headed	half-faced	hodge-pig
lumpish	hasty-witted	hodge-beast
mammering	hedge-born	hugger-mugger
mangled	hell-bated	joithead
meowing	idle-headed	lewister
puanely	ill-brooding	lout
pribbling	ill-nurtured	maggot-pie
puking	knotty-pated	mail-worm
puzey	milk-livered	mammet
qualling	motley-minded	measle
runk	onion-eyed	minnow
recky	plume-plucked	miscrant
reguish	pottle-deep	molowarp
ruttish	pox-marked	mumble-news
sawey	reeling-ripe	ratsbane
vain	spur-galled	scut
venomed	swag-bellied	skainsmate
villainous	tardy-gaited	strumpet
warped	tickle-brained	varlet
wayward	toud-spotted	vasal
woody	unchin-snouted	why-foce
yeasty	weather-bitten	wagtail
greedy	dark-souled	Peterson

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 buy 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 buy me a server that works?



Remember to submit your articles to me by
Wednesday evening.

Thanks, Sherry

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