

The Knight After

Unofficial Newsletter of the Minnesota Renaissance Festival

~ From The Editor ~

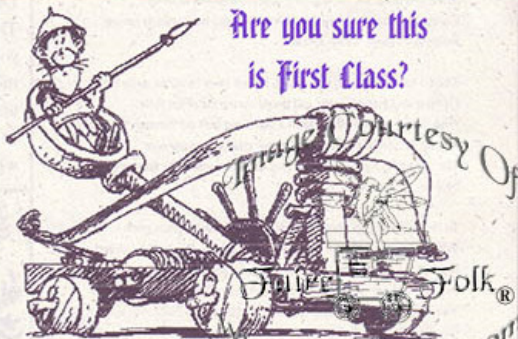
Well it's here already... "hump" weekend! My how the time is flying by again this year. What a beautiful two days we had last weekend. I guess our prayers were answered! I heard about the child from the wedding that got left behind on Saturday and wish to say a very loud **FWZZAH** to all those people that took care of her. (Karol, are you calmed down yet? If not, you know which campfire you can visit to help!) Speaking of the campground, what is up with the privy suckers coming in and cleaning at 5:30 A.M.? What a disgusting sound to wake up to in the middle of wonderful dreams! I hope that problem will not happen again. At 48 years of age, I need all the "beauty" sleep I can get! Thank you to those who have let me know they have a web page. I will put new ones in each week and put the full list that I have gathered in the last issue. Please continue to let me know your web page addresses. Blessings, Sherry

The New Bard

Far, far to the west, in a magical kingdom, there was a king. As was required for a kingdom. And the king was bored. Very bored. The king had a royal magician, but the magic just wasn't so... well, so magical anymore. So he decided to summon to himself a new form of amusement. He heard that there was a bard in the kingdom of surpassing beauty and skill, whose very look could turn a man (or certain women) to jelly, whose voice could stop wars, could calm a charging gorilla, could even get little kids to sit still. So the king summoned her to a royal audience. Now, our erstwhile magician could see the future (not with a crystal ball, or anything special, just with the normal type of foresight and such) and knew what would happen if the king heard the woman sing - he's back to pulling small coins out of children's ears and making the little ball disappear from under the cups. So on the eve of the bard's performance, the magician approached the bard, bearing a cup of wine, mixed with a magic potion of his own creation, brewed after long hours of research and arcane study. And as the bard finished off the offered cup of wine, she slowly transformed into a small mare, with a glossy black mane, and a long, beautiful tail. The magician quickly saddled the mare, and led her into the stables, where he left her. As the time of the scheduled performance fast approached, the king became upset, and sent the magician to find the bard. He returns a few moments later, a sorrowful look upon his face. He turned to the king and reported: *I'm sorry your Majesty, the bard will not be performing tonight. She's a little horse.*

Hard work spotlights the character of people: Some turn up their sleeves, some turn up their noses, and some don't turn up at all. It's our attitude that counts. Attitude is the little things that makes a big difference.

-Author Unknown



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is First Class?

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Suppose Edgar Allan Poe Used A Computer

Once upon a midnight dreary, fingers cramped and vision blurry,
System manuals piled high and wasted paper on the floor,
Longing for the warmth of bedsheets,
Still I sat there, doing spreadsheets...
Having reached the bottom line, I took a floppy from the drawer.
Typing with a steady hand, I then invoked the SAVE command
And waited for the disk to store,
Only this and nothing more.

Deep into the monitor peering, long I sat there wond'ring, fearing,
Doubting, while the disk kept churning, turning yet to churn some more.
"Save!" I said, "You cursed mother! Save my data from before!"
One thing did the phosphors answer, only this and nothing more,
Just, "Abort, Retry, Ignore!"

Was this some occult illusion! Some maniacal intrusion!
These were choices undesired, ones I'd never faced before.
Carefully, I weighed the choices as the disk made monstrous noises.
The cursor flashed, insistent, waiting, bailing me to type some more.
Clearly I must press a key, choosing one and nothing more,
From "Abort, Retry, Ignore!"

With my fingers pale and trembling, slowly toward the keyboard bending,
Longing for a happy ending, hoping all would be restored,
Praying for some guarantee timidly I pressed a key.
But on the screen there still persisted, words appearing as before,
Ghastly grim they blinked and taunted, haunted, as my patience wore,
Saying, "Abort, Retry, Ignore!"

I tried to catch the chips off-guard - I pressed again, but twice as hard.
I pleaded with the cursed machine: I begged and cried and then I swore.
Then, I tried in desperation sev'ral random combinations,
Still there came the incantation, just as senseless as before.
Cursor blinking, mocking, winking, flashing nonsense as before.
Reading, "Abort, Retry, Ignore!"

There I sat, distraught, exhausted, by my own machine accosted.
Getting up I turned away and paced across the office floor.
And then I saw dreadful sight: a lightning bolt cut through the night.
A gasp of horror overtook me, shook me to my very core.
The lightning zapped my previous data, lost and gone forevermore.
Not even, "Abort, Retry, Ignore!"

To this day I do not know The place to which lost data goes.
What demonic netherworld is wrought where data will be stored,
Beyond the reach of mortal souls, beyond the ether, in black holes!
But sure as there's C, Pascal, Lotus, Ashton-Tate and more,
You will one day be left to wander, lost on some Plutonian shore,
Pleading, "Abort, Retry, Ignore!"

Steps To Happiness

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Everybody Knows:

You can't be all things to all people. You can't do all things at once. You can't do all things equally well. You can't do all things better than everyone else. Your humanity is showing just like everyone else's.

So:

You have to find out who you are, and be that.
You have to decide what comes first, and do that.
You have to discover your strengths, and use them. You have to learn not to compete with others, because no one else is in the contest of "being you".

Then:

You will have learned to accept your own uniqueness. You will have learned to set priorities and make decisions. You will have learned to live with your limitations. You will have learned to give yourself the respect that is due. And you'll be a most vital mortal.

Dare To Believe:

That you are a wonderful, unique person. That you are a once-in-all-history event. That it's more than a right, it's your duty, to be who you are. That life is not a problem to solve, but a gift to cherish. And you'll be able to stay one up on what used to get you down.



The Invitation

By Oriah Mountain Dreamer (an Indian Elder)

It doesn't interest me what you do for a living. I want to know what you ache for, and if you dare to dream of meeting your heart's longing.

It doesn't interest me how old you are. I want to know if you will risk looking like a fool for love, for your dreams, for the adventure of being alive.

It doesn't interest me what planets are squaring your moon. I want to know if you have touched the center of your own sorrow, if you have been opened by life's betrayals or have become shriveled and closed from fear of further pain!

I want to know if you can sit with pain, mine or your own, without moving to hide it or fade it or fix it.

I want to know if you can be with joy, mine or your own, if you can dance with wildness and let the ecstasy fill you to the tips of your fingers-and toes without cautioning us to be careful, be realistic, or to remember the limitations of being human.

It doesn't interest me if the story you're telling me is true. I want to know if you can disappoint another to be true to yourself; if you can bear the accusation of betrayal and not betray your own soul.

I want to know if you can be faithful and therefore be trustworthy.

I want to know if you can see beauty even when it is not pretty every day, and if you can source your life from your God's presence.

I want to know if you can live with failure, yours and mine, and still stand on the edge of a lake and shout to the silver of the full moon, "Yes!"

It doesn't interest me to know where you live or how much money you have. I want to know if you can get up after the night of grief and despair, weary and bruised to the bone, and do what needs to be done for the children.

It doesn't interest me who you are, or how you came to be here. I want to know if you will stand in the center of the fire with me and not shrink back.

It doesn't interest me where or what or with whom you have studied. I want to know what sustains you from the inside when all else falls away.

I want to know if you can be alone with yourself, and if you truly like the company you keep in the empty moments.

Check these out on the World Wide Web!

Renaissance, The Elizabethan World - <http://ren.dm.net> - John Neitz (Lord Chamberlain of the Royal Court) helped create this wonderful page

Robert W. Schug's Page - <http://ssw.che.umn.edu/ctr4rjm/People/Schug.htm> - We know and love him as His Royal Highness, Phluff of the House of Panache

Be sure and let me know of your website!

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OPEN EYE ADVICE



As most of you know, last weekend was busy. Hundreds of people submitted their questions to The Open Eye. This time we sent Sausvend to pick up the box we placed by the Pavilion Stage to Bud Maxon. In his severely inebriated state, he picked up our box and drank all the questions. Sausvend was outraged and promptly took action. He took a nap.

Dear Open Eye,

I came to one of your shows and I heard that stinky narrator say, "Remember to have your puppeteers engaged or neutered." Well, I'm a really big puppet and I don't know why you guys should take that kind of abuse. Would you like me to straighten him out?

Chuckling Chuck

Odysseus: Chuck, my bet is that you couldn't come within a 10 foot pole from the stinky narrator. I'd recommend using a six foot sword instead. That way you save 4 feet. After all, saving your feet is a good idea during the Labor Day weekend. You'll have to deal with the pole yourself - you brought him.

Cyclops: Thanks for the offer, but now that my medication has taken effect, I believe I am fully capable of performing the operation myself. Besides, the big puppets don't scare Lucky since he is so used to them ignoring him.

What's the secret behind the Queen's pregnancy?

Nervous Norvís

Odysseus: Beyond those mountains lay the Alps. And we all know that the good lord alps those who alp themselves. Some say ignorance is bliss and those are the people I like to do business with. I hope that avoids your question entirely.

Cyclops: That is a sticky question. The current rumor from Virgo is that the secret involves the use of feathered flying animals and small stinging insects. She offered to give me a demonstration, but I refused because the only animals I like are my sheep.

~REMINDER~

Puph and Phluff are still collecting comp tickets for donations to M.A.P. Let's all help them reach the goal of \$1,000 this year! If you don't have tickets to give, check with them to see how else you can help.

There was a beautiful wench who kissed me last week and promised to drive me wild, but I don't think my fiancée would allow such a thing. Is it possible for a man to be married to more than one woman?

Harry Hormore

Odysseus: I once asked two women to marry me. Some said it was bigamy. Actually, it was big of all of us. It was time to be big for a change. One woman may have been enough for your grandmother, but who wants to marry her? Nobody... Not even your grandfather. I wouldn't let another woman in a marriage like this...well, maybe one or two...but no men! However, if you settle for one, feel free to send me the other.

Cyclops: How the hell would I know? There isn't too many female Cyclops on this island, and I wouldn't know what to do with one anyway. According to Lucky, tho, all you have to do is ask politely, and hope they are bisexual. He says the tax breaks are fantastic, too. But if you smell trouble, run like hell, because they will snap your head off like a bad puppet. I'm gonna stick to my sheep, they don't speak english.

If you're lost in the woods, start playing solitaire with a pack of cards. Someone is sure to show up and tell you to put the red jack on the black queen.

-author unknown-

Laughter is the closest distance between two people.

-Victor Borge-



HUZZAH!

It's Men in Kits

(Highland Fling)

Weekend

Girls - polish up

your
toe mirrors!

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