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The Knight After

Unofficial Newsletter of the Minnesota Renaissance Festival

~ From The Editor ~

Discover World Treasures is the theme for this weekend. I know I discovered the best treasure in the world when I became a participant of this festival. There is no monetary amount that can compare to all the friends that I have made here. The wonderful comments about this newsletter that was started a mere 3 years ago have given me confidence that I can achieve my goals. Huzzah to all of you, my friends--my family! Blessings, Sherry

Medieval Math Pun

There were three Medieval kingdoms on the shores of a lake. There was an island in the middle of the lake, which the kingdoms had been fighting over for years. Finally, the three kings decided that they would send their knights out to do battle, and the winner would take the island. The night before the battle, the knights and their squires pitched camp and readied themselves for the fight. The first kingdom had 12 knights, and each knight had 5 squires, all of whom were busily polishing armor, brushing horses, and cooking food. The second kingdom had 20 knights, and each knight had 10 squires. Everyone at that camp was also busy preparing for battle. At the camp of the third kingdom, there was only one knight, with his squire. This squire took a large pot and hung it from a looped rope in a tall tree. He busied himself preparing the meal, while the knight polished his own armor. When the hour of the battle came, the three kingdoms sent their squires out to fight (this was too trivial a matter for the knights to join in). The battle raged, and when the dust cleared, the only person left was the lone squire from the third kingdom, having defeated the squires from the other two kingdoms.

I guess this just proves that the squire of the high pot and noose is equal to the sum of the squires of the other two sides.

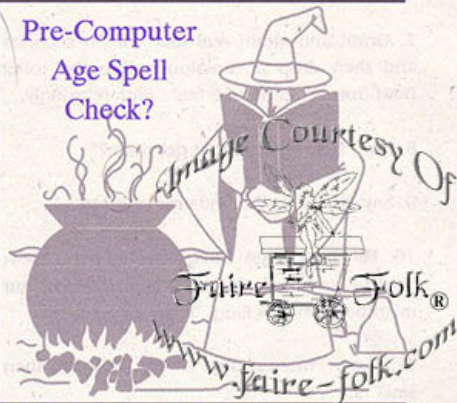
The sunrise is so beautiful, but why does it have to be so damn early in the morning?

-Brad Roth, my husband-

A successful man is one who makes more money than his wife can spend. A successful women is one who can find such a man.

-Author Unknown

Pre-Computer Age Spell Check?





20 Ways to Annoy Public

Bathroom Stallmate

Faire Folk®

1. Stick your open palm under the stall wall and ask your neighbor, "May I borrow a highlighter?"

2. Say, "Uh oh, I knew I shouldn't have put my lips on that."

3. Cheer and clap loudly every time somebody breaks the silence with a bodily function noise.

4. Say, "Damn, this water's cold."

5. Drop a marble and say, "Oh sh*t! My glass eye!"

6. Say, "Hmmm, I've never seen that color before."

7. Grunt and strain real loud for 30 seconds and then drop a cantaloupe into the toilet bowl from a height of 6 feet. Sigh relaxingly.

8. Say, "Now how did that get there?"

9. Say, "Humus. Reminds me of humus."

10. Fill up a large flask with Mountain Dew. Squirt it erratically under the stall walls of your neighbors while yelling, "Whoa! Easy boy!"

11. Say, "Interesting... more floaters than sinkers."

12. Using a small squeeze tube, spread peanut butter on a wad of toilet paper and drop the wad under the stall wall of your neighbor. Then say, "Whoops, could you kick that back over here please?"

13. Say, "C'mon Mr. Happy! Don't fall asleep on me."

14. Fill a balloon with creamed corn. Rush into the stall with your hand over your mouth and let out a lengthy vomit impression while you squeeze the balloon and splatter cream corn all about. Apologize profusely and blame it on the fettucini alfredo you had for breakfast.

15. Say, "Boy, that sure looks like a maggot."

16. Say, "Damn, I knew that drain hole was a little too small. Now what am I gonna do?"

17. Play a well known drum cadence over and over again on your butt cheeks.

18. Before you unroll toilet paper, conspicuously lay down your "Cross-Dressers Anonymous" newsletter on the floor visible to the adjacent stall.

19. Lower a small mirror underneath the stall wall, adjust it so you can see your neighbor and say, "Peek-a-bool!"

20. Drop a D-cup bra on the floor under the stall wall and sing "Born Free!"





OPEN EYE ADVICE



Imagine our surprise when we sent Three Guys Named Ed to pick up our box at Bad Manor, and they reported it **STOLEN!** We conducted an investigation, and interviewed all the cast members, and the culprit seems to have been an older man who was spotted screaming down the steps in a wheelchair! He had long hair and a beard, so we suspect it was Phil McCracken. He was last seen rounding the corner screaming "You're all community theater rejects!" We also suspect he is related to Uncle Jane, but we have no proof, and no one is talking. We later discovered our mistake when we spotted the box aflame on Ed's head during a show.

Dear Open Eye,

My sincerest other and I had a discussion. We both agreed to see other people. Well, last weekend that rat kissed 11,000 other people! Isn't he taking this a little too far?

Jealous Jane

Odysseus: Normally, I'd have a long response here, but I never kiss and tell.

Cyclops: First of all, I would strongly question the validity of having a significant relationship with a rat. You might want to stick to your own species, unless you like sheep. Rats are a dime a dozen out here. Secondly, with that kind of success, why would he be interested in you? Do you have a gold card or something? A rich uncle? Maybe you should look me up. I am much sexier than a rat, and I only kissed 247 people last weekend.

My boyfriend is a mime. How can I tell if he's giving me the silent treatment?

Neurotic Nellie

Odysseus: Count your blessings. I had a brother who rarely spoke. When he did, we couldn't wait for him to shut up again. However, if he gives you too much trouble, have the police give him the right to remain silent. Or if he wishes he could get an attorney to remain silent for him. If silence is golden, you might be a rich woman one day. When that day comes, dump the mime and call me.

Cyclops: Hmm. Your really testing my brainpower here. Silent treatment + batting eyes + uncrossed legs + smiling and licking his lips = "I want to make love to your hot sexy body right now." Silent treatment + icy glare + crossed legs + grimace and spitting watermelon seeds at your eye = "I would rather shag a sheep than you right now." Sh*t. I was never very good at math.

Everyone seems to have a wooden spoon except me. Why are they so popular?

Envious Ernie

Odysseus: Those aren't just any spoons. They're genuine woodies! A lot of people like to grab their woody first thing in the morning. If you don't have one, you could always ask your friend to borrow their woody. Be cautious, some people are very possessive of them. Remember, it won't break if it's a woody! Where else can you get a guarantee like that?

Cyclops: It seems that the whole Woody Spoon thing has evolved into a cult, now known as "The Cult of the Naked Woody," not to be confused with "The Cult of the Naked Potato," which was popular a few years back. They perform a ritual "silverware dance," and then partake of the sacraments of maple sap and wood chips during their bizarre ceremonies. And as we know, behind every good cult, there is a fat rich bastard.

Check these out on the World Wide Web!

Since no one let me know of any participant web pages this week, I am listing some of my favorite bookmarks that have useful Renaissance information. Next week, in the final issue for the season, I will compile the complete list of sites by our own people.

Sir Clisto Seversword's Tome of Adventure and Knowledge - <http://www.execpc.com/~clisto/clisto.html>

Milieux - The Costume Site - <http://www.milieux.com/costume.index.html>

Elizabethan Costuming Homepage - <http://www.dnaco.net/~aleed/corsets/general.html>

The SCRIBE Network Home Page - <http://www.faire.net/SCRIBE/SCRIBE.html>

and just for the fun of it:

Bodger & Grift's Medieval Pickup Lines - <http://jvj.com/bandgpic.html>





The Road Not Taken

-Robert Frost-

*Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;*

*Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,*

*And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.*

*I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I--
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.*

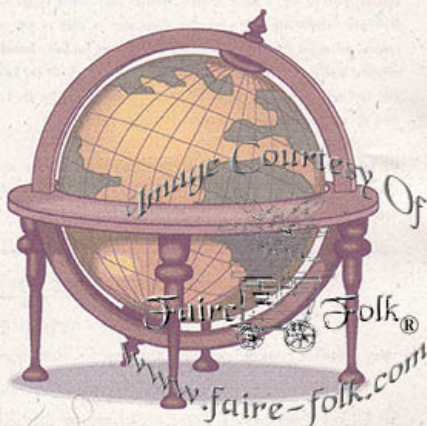
THE TOP TEN REASONS TRICK-OR-TREATING IS BETTER THAN SEX

10. Guaranteed to get at least a little something in the sack.
9. If you get tired, wait 10 minutes and go at it again.
8. The uglier you look, the easier it is to get some.
7. You don't have to compliment the person who gave you candy.
6. Person giving you candy doesn't fantasize you're someone else.
5. If you get a stomach ache, it won't last 9 months.
4. If you wear your Batman mask, no one thinks you're kinky.
3. Doesn't matter if kids hear you moaning and groaning.
2. Less guilt the next morning.

and, the #1 reason trick or treating is better than sex...

1. IF YOU DON'T GET WHAT YOU WANT, YOU CAN ALWAYS
GO NEXT DOOR!

Discover World Treasures



**Travel from country to
country without leaving
the Festival grounds!**