

the knight after

unofficial newsletter of the minnesota renaissance festival



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by Wednesdays or at Cast Call each weekend.

Volume #1999

Issue #5

Notes From The Editor ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Four down and three weekends to go! I want to thank all of you who have enjoyed reading this paper. It makes it worthwhile to publish it, especially when I arrive at Cast Call Saturday morning, see people waiting for it and hearing, "Oh good, something fun to read!" Since this is "Scottish" weekend, I have decided to print my collection of Scot jokes (some of them may be repeats from past issues). Remember...these are meant to be humor and not a put-down. After all, I will admit it publicly, I love the sound of bagpipes! That is, of course, unless Wilson is "playing" them, then plug your ears and run away!

Last Sunday when Corvus would walk by, did anyone else have the urge (besides me) to sing...Fish-heads, fish-heads, roly-poly fishheads? How talented can one person be? Great job Corvus! Let us know when you will be playing that "character" again so that we can bring our poles and bait!

If you have anything you wish to contribute to the next couple of editions, please forward them to me via the info in the title above. I welcome just about any type of submission. Blessings, Sherry

3 Men and A Genie

Three men: one Irish, one English, and one Scottish, were out walking along the beach together one day. They came across a lantern, and a Genie popped out of it. "I will give you each one wish, that's three wishes in total," said the Genie.

The Irishman said, "I am a fisherman, my Da' was a fisherman before me. His Da' was a fisherman before him, and my son will be one too. I want all the oceans full o' fish for all eternity." So, with a blink of the Genie's eye "FOOM".....the oceans were teeming with fish.

The Englishman was amazed, so he said, "I want a wall around England, protecting her, so that no one will get in for all eternity. Again, with a blink of the Genie's eye "POOF".....there was a huge wall around England.

The Scot asked, "I'm very curious. Please tell me more about this wall." The Genie explained, "Well, it's about 150 feet high, 50 feet thick, protecting England so that nothing can get in or out." The Scot said, "Fill it up with water."



Highland

Fling

Ladies=

Remember to
wear your
mirrored shoes
and pray for
strong breezes!

Bagpipe Gags

Q. What's the difference between a bagpipe and an onion?
A. No one cries when you chop up a bagpipe.

Q. What's the difference between a bagpipe and a trampoline?
A. You take off your shoes when you jump on a trampoline.

Q. How can you tell a bagpiper with perfect pitch?

A. He can throw a set into the middle of a pond and not hit any of the ducks.

Q. How is playing a bagpipe like throwing a javelin blindfolded?

A. You don't have to be very good to get people's attention.

Q. What's the difference between a lawn mower and a bagpipe?

A. You can tune the lawn mower.

Q. If you were lost in the woods, who would you trust for directions: an in-tune bagpipe player, an out-of tune bagpipe player, or Santa Claus?

A. The out-of-tune bagpipe player. The other two indicate you have been hallucinating.

Q. How do you make a chain saw sound like a bagpipe?

A. Add vibrato.

Q. What's the definition of a gentleman?

A. Someone who knows how to play the bagpipe and doesn't.

Q. What's the difference between a dead snake in the road and dead bagpiper in the road?

A. Skid marks in front of the snake.

Q. What's the difference between a dead bagpiper in the road and a dead country singer in the road?

A. The country singer may have been on the way to a recording session.

Q. What's the range of a bagpipe?

A. Twenty yards if you have a good arm.

Q. Why are bagpipers fingers like lightning?

A. They rarely strike the same spot twice.

Q. How can you tell if a bagpipe is out of tune?

A. Someone is blowing into it.

Q. What do you call ten bagpipes at the bottom of the ocean?

A. A good start.

Q. Why do bagpipers walk when they play?

A. To get away from the sound.

Q. What's the definition of "optimism"?

A. A bagpiper with a beeper.

Did you hear the one about the bagpiper who parked his car with the windows open, forgetting that he had left his bagpipes in the back seat? He rushed back as soon as he realized it, but it was too late -- someone had already put another set of bagpipes in the car!

If you took all the bagpipers in the world and laid them end to end -- it would be a good idea.

Scot Studying In England

Donald MacDonald from the Isle of Skye went to study at an English university and was living in the hall of residence with all the other students there. After he had been there a month, his mother came to visit him. "And how do you find the English students, Donald?" she asked. "Mother," he replied, "they're such terrible, noisy people. The one on that side keeps banging his head on the wall and won't stop. The one on the other side screams and screams all night!" "Oh Donald! How do you manage to put up with these awful noisy English neighbors?" "Mother, I do nothing. I just ignore them. I just stay here quietly, playing me bagpipes."

Fergus and McDonald

Fergus was walking down the village lane, and he chanced to spy his neighbor McDonald on the roof of his cottage, nailing on shingles, so he stopped to watch. "He was surprised to see McDonald take a nail, look at it, then throw it away in disgust. Then, taking up another, look at it, mutter in satisfaction, and nail down another shingle. Fergus watched him for a wee bit, all the while McDonald would repeat the procedure, nailing some, throwing away others. Fergus, (being a thrifty Scotsman) couldn't stand it any more. "McDonald, ye daft mon, wha' the devil are ye be doin', throwin' away good nails like a daft Irishman?" McDonald, irritated by this said, "Fergus, ye old sheepfivered fool, these damned English nails have half the heads on the wrong side! Fergus snorted in amazed disgust. "McDonald, ye motley beggar, any slack wit knows those nails be for the other side of the roof!"

The Open Fly

Advice For the Eternally Flustered

Reporters: Virgo a.k.a. Stinky Thirteen

Critical Praise For The Open Fly

Uncle Vanya: In Russia land you would be going to death!

King Henry The Only: I NEVER fart!!!!

Mother Superior: You motherf*ckers are going to hell.

Duchess of Diddle: I was NOT laughing!

The Festival is in full swing, and the events have become almost too numerous to mention. The weather was on our side, and excellent numbers were reported for the weekend, congrats to all! "Say," said Pam, "why do you guys have handcuffs on? Is bondage a part of your show now?" The Puppet Project, sadly has been disbanded due to an investigation by the FBI, but we will continue to accept donations. The proceeds will now be going to our legal defense fund, which now is larger than our President's. (Cop's, sorry, we promised!). Please donate cash from now on to the Open Fly box located in the Bad Manor Entertainment Office. Cash only. No checks. Thank you for caring. Help us please. And for the record, Pam had nothing to do with it. We were lying. Really. Do not believe a word we say. But, for God's sake, take a hint! In a candid interview, Pam was open and honest about her talents. "I love Guinness!" she said. "After I drink a mug full, I can p'ss farther than anyone alive!" It's true. The stream actually hits her in the back of the head. We admire her talents, and respect them. She is worth much more than she is being paid. Please do not prosecute her. It was our fault.

1. I heard a rumor that the performers at the Smoker do not get paid for it. How could this be? Who gets my money then? Jaylene (Shakopee Jaycee, Smoker Groupie, first actual question we ever got)

Willie: It's true, we even have to pay for the beer to get us as lit as our audience. Even the big f*cking tip to the Jaycee's for it cost half my income for the season, I have to be "in the element" to give those Smoker Fans their money's worth. I would never think of ripping them off. "Method Acting" I call it, so does Dustin Hoffman. Many question its artistic integrity, but those people usually have underwear two sizes too small, and hats that are five times too big. They forget how profitable it is, go to any comedy club to find out. The only reason we do it is because it is making us famous, and we can actually say "F*CK" during the show.

Penelope: While it is true we don't actually get paid and we are not allowed to drink.....and we can't smoke cigarettes at a

smoker.....and we can't eat any of the food.....and we aren't allowed to fondle the patrons..oh I forgot, we can do that....there are other reasons for doing it. Uh.....yeah.....well okay I can't think of them right now but I do have a kick ass collection of cheap smelly cigars I have been collecting for the past three years now.

2: Why are the peasants becoming so busy? I thought they were supposed to have nothing to do? Duchess of Sturbridge (Has anyone seen a lost group of patrons on a rope?)

Willie: It appears that after years of dormancy, the species know as Peasants have come out of hibernation, and I believe it is because they have discovered how cheap the costuming is. After all, what would you rather do all day; nod, smile, and wave; or blow snot at Patrons and go mud diving? This year, the Peasants seem to be out to prove one thing: being poor doesn't mean being stupid.

Penelope: It is rumored that they are revolting.....nothing a good shower wouldn't cure. My god they are so filthy that when they walk close together they look like one big abominable dirtball....you can't even tell how many of them there are. Now come to think about it they do seem to be clustering up and always on the move. I just assumed it was something to do with moon cycles and their mating rituals.....ugh.....now THATS someplace I'd rather not go, but we do need our Peasants or we would have to do nothing ourselves.

3: I am enjoying being at the Renaissance Festival this year, but am a bit leery of the shower facilities in the campground. How sanitary are they? Stinky Sam (1st year rookie)

Willie: Well, I avoid them at all costs, one year I developed a horrible rash that caused my skin to peel for weeks. General suggestions would be to not touch any flat surface in there, and be careful when you drop your soap, you never really know who you are talking to until you see them naked out here. I myself wear my rubber suit whenever I have to use them, but I never have anywhere to put the quarters...

Penelope: It is my observation that no one uses the showers. Baby powder and a good deodorant are acceptable substitutes as long as you don't get within a three foot perimeter of anyone...this is the reason for hoopskirts. And of course for after hours....the duct tape of our social life is once again liberal doses of Guinness, it is really amazing how many applications this amazing brew has.....uh.....well I can't think of any right now..... I got this killer hangover and am heading to the BLT to get rid of it.

Thought for the week: "What goes around, comes around, gets dizzy, and falls over" (from Lucky 13)

"If you can't be kind.....at least have the decency to be vague." (from Virgo)

Scottish Labor Day

In the back woods of Scotland, Ian's wife went into labor in the middle of the night, and the doctor was called out to assist in the delivery. To keep the nervous father-to-be busy, the doctor handed him a lantern and said: "Here, you hold this high so I can see what I'm doing. Soon, a wee baby boy was brought into the world. "Whoe there Ian!" said the doctor. "Don't be in a rush to put the lantern down...I think there's yet another wee one to come." Sure enough, within minutes he had delivered a bonnie lass. "No, no, don't be in a great hurry to be putting down that lantern, lad...It seems there's yet another one besides!" cried the doctor. Then Ian scratched his head in bewilderment, and asked the doctor: "*Do ye think it's the light that's attractin' them?*"



THRIFTY SCOTSMAN

A SCOTSMAN CLAD IN A KILT WALKS UP TO THE COUNTER IN AN APOTHECARY. FROM HIS POCKET HE TAKES A PLAID CONDOM THAT HAS BEEN HEAVILY USED, TORN, PATCHED, SEWN, AND IS CURRENTLY SPLIT DOWN ONE SIDE. HE ASKS THE PROPRIETOR, "HOW MUCH TO REPLACE THIS, IAN?" THE PROPRIETOR SAYS, "WHY, ANGUUS, THAT'LL BE FOUR PENCE." THEN THE SCOTSMAN ASKS, "HOW MUCH TO REPAIR?" THE PROPRIETOR LOOKS THE CONDOM OVER CAREFULLY, AND SAYS, "THREE PENCE TO REPAIR." THE SCOTSMAN PONDERES FOR A MOMENT, THEN SAYS, "I'LL BE BACK." LATER IN THE DAY, THE SCOTSMAN RETURNS WITH A SMILE ON HIS FACE AND SAYS, "IAN, THE REGIMENT HAS VOTED TO REPAIR!"

The Kilt Question

A Scotsman was strolling across High Street one day wearing his kilt. As he neared the far curb, he noticed two young maidens eyeing him and giggling. One of them called out, "Hey, Scotty! What's worn under the kilt?" He strolled over to them and asked, "Ach, lass, are you sure you want to know?" Somewhat nervously, the lass said yes, she did want to know. The Scotsman leaned closer and confided, "*Why, lass, nothing's worn under the kilt, everything's in perfect working order.*"