

# the knight after

unofficial newsletter of the minnesota renaissance festival



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by Wednesdays or at Cast Call each weekend.

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## Notes From The Editor

We've come to that time of year again, the final weekend of this season's Festival. The year 1999 brought us many new challenges and disaster was overcome. The devastating fire last February and the resulting reconstruction made us all aware of how strong our Fest Family is. Personally, I made many new friends among the crafters and wish them all prosperity in their new shops in the years to come. A new bond was solidified between entertainment and crafts that is wonderful. The thank you's they have given us and the pride we have knowing that we made a difference in their lives has made the year very memorable. I thank each and every one of the volunteers for all the hours that were dedicated to the reconstruction effort. When many of us meet again it will be the beginning of a new millennium. My hope is that there will be no more disasters and we can open next year with much less stress for everyone. I would also like to thank Stephanie Lindorff, Lynn Winter-Ritt and Paul Pleasants for giving me support, advice and encouragement during some personal emotional stress. The strength of your friendship means so very much to me and has helped to keep me sane. Until we all meet again next year-be safe, be happy and have a wonderful year!

Blessings to all, Sherry

*The smallest goal achieved stands taller  
than the grandest intention. Do whatever  
your heart leads you to do-but do it.*

-author unknown-

*Some people come into our lives and quickly go.  
Some stay for a while and leave footprints on  
our hearts and we are never, ever the same.*

-author unknown-

Dance  
With  
The  
Dragon!





## Top Ten Ways To Reacclimate

*If you're not quite so eager to leave behind the Faire experience, you might try these at-home substitutions:*

1. Have a household member rev up a leafblower outside your bedroom window just before dawn, so you won't miss the privy-suckers.
2. Invite about 2,000 friends over, then try to walk from one end of your house to the other.
3. Crank your heater up to 100 and stand in front of it wearing a sleeping bag for a skirt and a wool blanket for a shirt. Add a hat. Try to cool yourself by drinking warm rust-flavored water.
4. Be drunk by 11 a.m. Sleep it off mid-day and start all over again at 4 p.m.
5. Each day about 2 p.m., pile fine dirt in front of a portable fan on a card table. Stand in front of the fan so the dirt blows into your eyes. Every time it does, curse.
6. Put pebbles all over the floors of your house. Wear thin-soled slippers as "shoes." Walk on the rocks for 10 hours straight.
7. Charge your family \$3.00 for iced tea and \$5.00 for a baked potato.
8. Sprinkle your toilet seat and bathroom floors with water and wet wadded tissue. Add a pile of fake vomit.
9. When you undress at night, wad up your clothes and stash them outside. Sprinkle beer and dirt on them.
10. And remember: Twice a day, with an expression of humble respect on your face, yell "God Shave The Queen!"

## MacDonald's Soliloquy

Is this a burger which I see before me,  
The soft bun in my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.  
I eat thee not, and yet I want thee still.  
Art thou not, gourmet's vision, sensible  
To taste as to sight? or art thou but  
A burger of the mind, a false dinner,  
Proceeding from the meat-oppressed stomach?  
I see thee yet, in form as palatable  
As this cracker which now I chew.  
Thou nourish'st me on the way that I was going,  
And such condiments I was to use!  
Mine mouth are made the fools o' the other senses,  
The calories worth all the rest; I see thee still,  
And on thy plate and Happy Meals of fat,  
Which was not so before. There's no such food;  
It is the bloody diet which informs  
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the Weight Watchers  
Tastebuds seem dead, and raw salads abuse  
The growling bowels; famished celebrate  
Jenny Craig's offerings, and wither'd hunger,  
Alarm'd by his sentinel, the bathroom scale,  
Laughs as it watches, thus with his mocking numbers,  
With Hamburglar's ravishing strides, towards his goal  
I move like a ghost. Thou warm and delicious beef,  
Hear not my teeth, which way they chew, for fear  
My very swallows prate of my gluttony,  
And take the present mirror from the room,  
When now suits do not fit. Whiles I starve, he lives;  
Buffets to the heat of charbroiled chicken gives.  
[A bell rings.]  
I go, and it is done; the microwave bell invites me.  
Hear it not, Tongue; for it is a knell  
That summons thy mouth to heaven and thy body to hell.

*Amity's Courtesy Of*



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## The Faire Folk

Advice For The Eternally Muddled

Reporters: Paul Ploospeids and Amy Jo Kloss

faire-folk.com  
Critical Praise For The Open Fly:

**Steven J. Wilson:** "Oh look, there's The Pornographic Puppets!"

**Steven Miller:** "You got any twine?"

**Pam Silver:** "Where is your HAT, Virgo?"

**David Bryce:** "As funny as a wet fart staining my tights on a humid day."

Here already? We have only just started to go insane! The final weekend is here, man, zip, all done. Before getting too silly, please allow this following statement - Paul and Amy want to thank everybody for a wonderful season, it has been most magical. Many new friends were found, and many lessons learned. No one actually said anything to us, but we also want to address anyone who felt we went and stepped on toes: we are a bit mischievous, but we mean no harm. We make sure to poke fun of ourselves, too. All grievances can be sent to our Attorney. Thanks especially to Lloyd Brant and Rosie Cole (Theater of Fools) and Terry Foy (well...the Suckin Forysteller) for the support and sharing the years of experience they have. And the Stage Crew at Witchwood, for spoiling us rotten. Thanks so much, Sherry, for having the guts to print this drive, and for carefully inserting stars where the f'cking swear words were. Thank you also, Pam, for being willing to play with us. Why do we write this column? The money, of course.

For the first time (we think) EVER the Festival was shut down 1/2 an hour late due to over-attendance! Confused Entertainers wandered aimlessly not sure if they were still supposed to be in character! Management has vowed to encourage the Patron's next year to attend earlier in the day, and on less busy weekends. The Talent Show went well, and Pulanami Puppets proved once again that you don't need comic timing or rehearsed lines to make a crowd of Rennie's laugh. They have decided to change the description of the show from "The World's Most Dangerous Puppet Troupe" to "That Picked-Up Puppet Thing." Lucky himself was even reminded that one leather mug of Woodpecker can cause brain cells to die at a rapid rate, and rend a perfectly good memory to monkey babble faster than you can say "Alzheimer's Disease." We celebrated our triumphant performance by going to sleep.

1. Hey Man! You look like a stoner, you know where I can get some weed out here? I'll trade ya for food... (subtle and anonymous CKC Worker)

**Willy:** We here at Pulanami Puppets do not condone the use of illegal narcotics unless it is a day of the week that ends with -AY, or it is readily available. Be forewarned also that the evil weed will cause this condition of state uh, of being in, you know to forget what the hell the question was

anyway? Why is my mouth so dry? Look, Soup in a Bread Bowl!! I look like a penis, you dumb sh't!

**Penelope:** We entertainers are not supposed to talk to CKC employees while we are working... however we do just f'ck around.....so I think something can be worked out. I usually don't have to do anything for food because I am so cute and undernourished, but I have do have some kick-ass ditch weed that you might be interested in. I scored it from a guy named John Doe or Jim Peterson or some easy-to-chant name like that....

2. There is this really annoying Puppet Troupe that works at our stage that is always asking advice about the show they do here. How can we tell them they suck without hurting their feelings? They give us really great tips... (Quite Possibly The Witchwood Stage Crew)

**Willy:** Hmmm tough one....I would say this would be a good opportunity to hone your acting skills. Pandor to their apparent retardation by taking them for all they are worth. Help collect the hat pass, and just show them an empty hat and shrug. See if you can have a little fun, suggest crazy things to see if they are stupid enough to do it. And for God's sakes, you might attract better talent to your stage if you just dusted a little....

**Penelope:** Puppeteers can be very annoying, you never know where their hands have been, but at least their props don't sh't backstage. But if you must get rid of them, use standard pest control protocol....first by throwing rocks at them. If that doesn't work Safety Services advises using a shotgun, paying particular attention to the contact points.....such as the water cooler and benches backstage. If that doesn't work, put out all the stops and invite them over for a spot of tea.....and don't forget it is easier to be honest when you are ripped

3. I tried to get together some Peasants for a street bit, but the President Resident Peasant just laughed in my face. He turned up his nose and walked away. What did I do wrong? (Push and Philiff)

**Willy:** You just didn't follow the proper channels. Times change, and the Peasants now have a hotline you can call to do bits with them. The number is 1-800-TOO-BUSY. They cannot possibly handle the load, and the need to buy more Peasants has become apparent. They have taken proper steps towards organizing, and have hired me to be their agent. I responded by creating the Peasant Project, all donations are tax deductible if you cheat on your taxes. The money we raise is going for building a lounge for them to relax and an on-site bunkhouse, steks and twine donations also accepted. And a guard for the Chapel.

**Penelope:** Have you ever tried to herd elephants? And have you ever seen how much sh't they produce? Well, it is exactly the same....somewhat. But the real problem stems from POT. Roughly translated it means Peasant Official Time.... not one of these pathetic creatures have a watch or even a vague idea of how to tell night from day or their head from their ass. However, they do seem to be smart enough to realize that scrounging around in the dirt is still more fun than being a scribe.

**Thought until next season:** "You wanna Puppet Show? Here, let me just put this shoe box on my lap...." (From Lucky Thirteen)

"Kiss my Ass, I got sh't to do...."(from Virgo)

## You know you're Castle Trash if.....

Your shroud of Turin is painted on velvet.  
 Your daughter's chastity belt has rusted.  
 You can't afford a cod piece-nobody notices.  
 You have more sheep dogs than sheep.  
 You sold your only horse to buy that jousting lance you just had to have.  
 The plague improved your complexion but only for a little while.  
 The Pope sends you to the Crusades-in Norway.  
 Your armor is made from that foil that came with your chewing gum.  
 Your wife is stronger than your plow horse-but the horse is prettier.  
 The grail you brought home has "made in China" printed on the bottom.  
 Your wife says you have the smallest turret in the kingdom.  
 You won "most improved" at the tournament.  
 They call your daughter Maid Marian.  
 Your family crest is a chicken with a banner that says "peace before discomfort".  
 Your sheep seem strangely nervous around your oldest son.  
 Your scullery maids laugh out loud when you call Edward The First, "big Ed".  
 You know you're castle trash if you're war tent says Wal-Mart on the top flap.  
 You have to polish your own lance....a lot.  
 Your portcullis is painted fluorescent lime green.  
 The torture chamber equipment is by "Acme Inc."  
 The moat is full of old carriage tires.  
 Your hennin (pointed female headdress) is made out newspaper.  
 Your jeweled sword handle consists of multi-colored jellybeans and macaroni.  
 You have at least one suit of horse armor on blocks in your front yard.  
 You have the smithy weld a special pocket on your armor for your chew.  
 You have a sword rack behind the driver's seat on your carriage.

You don't understand why inbreeding in the monarchy is a problem.  
 You have many types of siege engines in your collection-only one or two work.  
 You had to have the serfs remove the wheels from your castle.  
 The only dragon you've defeated is a purple one named Barney.  
 Flushing the toilet disturbs the ducks in your moat.  
 The sword in the sword rack of your carriage is rusted to the rack.  
 If your moat is stocked with largemouth bass.  
 If your round table has a hole in the middle for an umbrella.

## Toasts To All Of You

May you live as long as you want to,  
 May you want to as long as you live,  
 If I'm asleep and you want to...then wake me,  
 If I'm awake and don't want to...then MAY I, and  
 -McRudy's Team Cheery Cloud, MN-

May the best of your past  
 be the worst of your future  
 -Norm Nevins-

May the greatest of your desires be  
 the least of your accomplishments.  
 -Anne Makley-

May the sun shine gently upon  
 your face in the daytime.  
 May the breeze cool you softly at night  
 May your friends be many,  
 your enemies few and swiftly passing.  
 And may you have love, joy, and peace in  
 abundance all the years of your life.  
 -author unknown-

