



# The Knight After

Unofficial Newsletter of the  
Minnesota Renaissance Festival

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## Notes From The Editor

This issue of The Knight After has an extra 2 pages because I received an article that was written by a Columbine High School Student (page 5) that I wanted to include this year. The words really hit home for me and I think you will also find it very thought provoking. Page 6 has a copy of the Sonnet written by Brian Murphy that was auctioned off for the Phoenix Project. If you don't know what The Phoenix Project is all about, more information can be found at: <http://projectphoenix.tripod.com/> The Open Fly is a bit longer this week and continues with the problem of sexual predators that Mush's Musings brought out last issue. These are very serious issues and need our attention. If you have been a victim, please, please...tell someone, tell everyone. You can also e-mail me privately and I will forward your concerns to the appropriate person. Don't let another person be victimized by your silence.

I want to thank everyone who attended my belated "Surprise" Birthday Party last Friday night at Bad Manor. Special hugs go to Donna and Diane for organizing it and remembering me. It made my 1st Half Century special!

Blessings,

*Sherry (Rosally) Roth*

## Tidbits

Anger is only one letter short of danger.

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If someone betrays you once,  
it is his fault.  
If he betrays you twice,  
it is your fault.

## Celebrate the Season



Indulge in the season's finest with food sampling, garlic seminars and demonstrations. Don't miss the return of Peasant Olympics.

Mush's Musings  
Fair Folk  
For the tortured ramblings  
of a melting mind"

www.faire-folk.com  
THE END IS NEAR  
by Mush, Lord of the Lunatics, etc.

Well, our time together is almost at an end. After this weekend we will have only two more short days together and then it's good bye for another 10 months. Have you said or done all that you wanted to for this season? Given that special someone a flower or a big fat sloppy kiss on the knuckles? (You knuckle suckers know who you are.) Does that person you have been flirting with for weeks know if you have been serious or just kidding around in a festival sort of way? **NOW IS THE TIME!!!**

You have this weekend to make all things clear and then next weekend to say "um....it was really great getting to know you, I'm glad we did what we did....um...maybe we can do something next week....or, um Like....whenever you have some time, ya know?" (translation: Thanks for sleeping with me, I had a great time, I don't want my girl/boy friend on the outside to find out so I'll call you...like maybe...ya know?)

Okay that sounds really cold and jaded, hmmm how appropriate, I will admit that good stuff does come out of the last two weekends. But it is important to be clear about this stuff. If you have been doing the flirty thingy or showing an interest in another person **LET THEM KNOW!** Don't be a dork and play games, festival time and life are far too short. I don't mean to put a shadow on festival relationships, really,

There are some good people out here and well worth the time and effort to get to know them. Of course there are the scum-sucking rat bags that deserve to



be slapped just for taking in a breath, that if they get near me I would like to stick them in a big drum and beat them fare thee well...but the others are really good folks. I address this just to remind you not to miss a good opportunity, sometimes the people we meet out here can be our best friends (of course some don't last much longer than the STD they gave you does).

Be good to yourself. A friend once told me that every time you choose to make a friend you gave a part of yourself away. You gave it to them because you felt you could trust them with that little part of you. Don't be too free with those parts of your soul, they are hard to take back but grow in value the longer the other person has them.

So, having said that, let's re-cap...Don't wait, do it now or you will regret not doing it. Be careful about doing it or you will do it wrong and regret doing it...once it is done you can't take it back without doing someone wrong and then word will get around that you do it badly and you won't be able to do anything about it. I hope I have been clear, if not, then find someone to explain it to you and find me...and explain it to me, I am thoroughly confused at this point.

**Remember, Sunday is National Wear A Basket On Your Head Day (not sure why, that's what I was told), so come on, put a basket on your head and walk around like a zombie, it should be more fun than one person is allowed to have.**

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Next week:

The final farewell-will he/she call next week? Does his knuckle sucking mean he likes me? Or: Knuckle sucking: sexy or just a good way to lick something other than your own fingers? How about: Next time I do that, I may want to ask if they wash their hands after using the privies. What's that funny taste?

# The Open Fly

Divide For The Edmally Flustered

## Notable Quotables:

www.faire-folk.com

"This place could use more low lifes."

-Carr Hagerman

"There's almost anything you could want; you might even find a date. But one word of warning boys, be careful of the bait." -Lynn Salisbury

"[If you are the one I am talking about], your time is borrowed, and we are angry." -Scott Livingston

"The Knight Alter? Never read it, why should I?"  
-Tom Fowler

Only two weeks left! As usual, when everything starts to groove, the show is almost over. It was a pretty quiet week, compared to the rest of the run. Let's talk a bit about anachronisms. Not paper cups with "Pepsi" (trademark) printed on them. We're talking about Wizards and Trolls and Mud Demons. (Oh my!) Now I'm not complaining, but aren't we supposed to be a historical re-enactment? What kind of personality crisis is developing here? Well, it IS show business, with the emphasis on business. MAF themselves own the Mud Show, complete with non-human characters. What does that mean for the rest of you? Yep, you can finally be your own Dungeons and Dragons character! Feel free to use your imagination! Be a Sorceress, and work on your fireball spell for the Patrons! Dress like a Klingon, and claim you were transported to the wrong quadrant. Show up as a modern day drag queen, and claim you are ahead of your time. Try a rubber Orc or Hobbit suit during the colder days. The sky is the limit! If you're lucky, you might even get away with a 'Thippie' character with purple hair, sunglasses, and no shirt while selling pickles and singing Grateful Dead tunes. And if this is the standard for the entertainers, then the shopkeepers should be able to follow suit. They should be allowed to sell Styrofoam coolers and Pine Tree air fresheners. Fair is fair.

Another subject we are loathe to approach but feel needs discussion is a subject raised last week by our fellow column writer regarding sexual predators. It seems all the women at Festival understood exactly what that is all about, and are supportive of this discussion, while most men paused and thought back, trying to figure out if there is any skeletons in the closet. Maybe the men need some reminders here. If she is younger than 18 and you are older than 18, it is against the law. Period. Ask any lawyer. If she lies about her age, you are still breaking the law, so don't even take the chance. If you can divide your age by two and still be older than her, she is probably just a little young for you. If you find it easier to get laid by preying on younger girls, maybe you're an ugly f'ck and an immature fat tub of lard, and should spend more time in the privy with a pocket pussy and a gallon of lube rather than spending your time scarring the innocence of young girls and putting them in psychiatric therapy long before they go crazy on their own. Or consider plastic surgery. In the meantime, remember that all young girls at Festival have parents and friends that care what happens to them, and if you want to avoid an embarrassing visit to the local Sheriff's office, you better be responsible with your actions. Also, don't forget this, boys, no matter how far she has led you on, if she says no, anything you do after that is rape. If you have to get them drunk to score, maybe you should work on your social skills first, try learning a few three-syllable words. Enough said about that. Not funny, but it needed to be said.

Send your questions and flames to [lucky13@vici.com](mailto:lucky13@vici.com), or peruse the archives of 'The Open Fly' for the past three years at [www.pulnanamjuppets.com](http://www.pulnanamjuppets.com)!

### Dear Minions:

Is it true that your mud pit has lots of cash at the bottom and is going to become part of the games at Festival next year with the name 'Diving for Dollars'? -Strapped for cash

**Botch:** Our lawyers and accountants have been looking into ways we can create more income from our wildly successful show, and franchises have been considered. We will start small with T-shirts and maybe a Christmas Album, and work our way up to commercial endorsements and breakfast cereals. Hmmm, yeah, we can even get CKC into the act by selling 'Mud in a Bread Bowl'.

Open Fly continued on Page 5





The Third Annual Rubber Duck Race

Sunday, Sept. 17th, 10:30 A.M.

Children's Realm Water course

Rules of engagement follow:

1. Entrance fee is \$1.00
2. Prizes are distributed as follows: 25% for 1st place  
15% for 2nd place  
10% for 3rd place  
50% for charity (see below)
3. The charity is as yet unnamed. A legitimate charity will be chosen by the sponsor of the last place duck.
4. Last place will be defined as the last duck to cross the finish line after which no further ducks cross within 5 minutes. This allows for ducks stuck in the rocks.
5. Contestants must provide their own duck, decorated to be easily identified. Examples are available in several craft shops throughout the realm.
6. All modifications to the duck must be strictly decorative, no "Hot Rod" ducks.
7. Rubber Ducks only please, let's keep 'interpretation' to a minimum.
8. Need not be present to win.
9. Present your duck(s) with entrance fee(s) to Wolf von den Ecke (Bruce B.) at Nancy Chien-Eriksen's (shop 722) where your entrance will be recorded. Alternatively you may enter 1/2 hour before post time in back of the pub. Look for the landsknechte.
10. Display space may be made available either at Nancy's shop or at Kat in the Hat so handicapper's may examine the entrants.



Lojo Russo & Friends Grove

invite you to the Albuminium Blue CD Release Party!

AT THE CEDAR CULTURAL CENTRE

Thurs., Sept. 21st / 7:30 - 10:pm

We'll do songs from the album and an "All Request" set!

Tix are \$8 in advance / \$10 at the door

(Bring your pass and receive

\$2 off the door price)

The Lost Dr. Seuss Book - I Love My Job

I love my Job, I love the Pay!  
love it more and more each day.  
love my Boss; he's/she's the best!  
I love his boss and all the rest.

I love my Office and its location -  
I hate to have to go on vacation.  
I love my furniture, drab and gray,  
and the paper that piles up every day!

I love my chair in my padded Cell!  
There's nothing else I love so well.  
I love to work among my Peers -  
I love their leers and jeers and sneers.

I love my Computer and all its Software;  
I hug it often though it doesn't care...  
I love each Program and every File,  
I try to understand once in a while!!

I'm happy to be here, I am I am;  
I'm the happiest Slave of my Uncle Sam.  
I love this Work; I love these Chores.  
I love the Meetings with deadly Bores.

I love my Job - Till say it again -  
I even love these friendly Men -  
These men who've come to visit today  
In lovely white coats to take me away!!!

## THINK ABOUT IT!

The paradox of our time in history is that we have taller buildings, but shorter tempers; wider freeways, but narrower viewpoints; we spend more, but have less; we buy more, but enjoy it less. We have bigger houses and smaller families; more conveniences, but less time; we have more degrees, but less sense; more knowledge, but less judgment; more experts, but less solutions; more medicine, but less wellness. We have multiplied our possessions, but reduced our values. We talk too much, love too seldom, and hate too often. We've learned how to make a living, but not a life. We've added years to life, not life to years. We've been all the way to the moon and back, but have trouble crossing the street to meet the new neighbor. We've conquered outer space, but not inner space. We've cleaned up the air, but polluted the soul. We've split the atom, but not our prejudice. We have higher incomes, but lower morals. We've become long on quantity, but short on quality. These are the times of tall men, and short character; steep profits, and shallow relationships. These are the times of world peace, but domestic warfare; more leisure, but less fun; more kinds of food, but less nutrition. These are days of two incomes, but more divorce; of fancier houses, but broken homes. It is a time when there is much in the window and nothing in the stockroom.

This was written by a

Columbine High School student

## The Open Fly

### Advice For The Eternally Flustered (Continued from Page 3)

**Peewee:** I am already been in contact with the Orient to assist in creating action figure dolls and other collectibles, riding on the coattails of the Pokemon craze, and to market to gullible Star Trek Geeks. Botch will be available in cute little homemaker and ballerina outfits while I will be garbed in sexy armor much like Xena. After all, we sold our souls to the big D himself, Mr. Poterson, why should we stop there?

**Dear Minions:**

You both suck sh't. I think your show is the worst piece of crap I have ever seen. The script is nothing but modern day anachronisms and stolen material, and you spend more time scoring people than you do entertaining them. You are just the flavor of the week, and when everybody figures out you have sold out for a high profile cash grab, your names will be worth nothing. I hope you rot in that pit of sh't and get cancer. I dare you to print this. -Jealous 20 year Veteran

**Botch:** Save your breath, you will need it to blow up your date. Let's see, 20 years times 15 days per year equals LESS than a year, f'ckants. But hey, intelligence and math skills aren't everything. Too bad you didn't think of it first. I'll bet you were the last one picked in school when they split up the class into teams, and your friends secretly think you f'ck little dogs. And dare us to print it? I'll bet you're so worked up that your third grade tactic worked, you are busy right now seducing Rosy Palmer and her five handmaidens. Don't forget clean up when you're finished, you overpaid community theater reject.

**Peewee:** Wow, stop, you're turning me on. Our show only answers to the lowest common denominator that pre-occupies everyone here, GREED and POTTY HUMOR! The audience WANTS fart and sex jokes, and anything else they don't have to decipher or think about. Maybe you should see the show again, and sit in the front row so you can truly experience our awesome presence. Get there early, or you will be standing behind 500 people. I would write more, but I need to make a down payment on my new Mercedes.

Faire Folk

www.faire-folk.com



The sonnet below was written by Brian Murphy and auctioned at The Phoenix Project's Silent Auction the spring after the fire that destroyed Cartwheel Cove. The names within it are the people that pooled together to buy the sonnet. It was requested that I print it here so that it can be shared with everyone.

Lo, all of these ascribed upon this page,  
Moved unto action by their family's plight,  
Their love o'erpowering the inferno's rage,  
Have brought our darkest hour their brilliant light.  
Hail Robert and hail Steven, Thanks unto  
Our Angel, Kat, both Stephanies, two Dougs,  
To Sherry, Mary, Kerry, Hammer, too,  
Thanks Heidi, Beth and James, along with hugs:  
Kim, Stephen, Xxy and Lojo helped to save:  
Thanks Kirstin, Eric, Monty, Errol, Jill,  
Gustavus, Lori, B.J., Anna gave  
That Cartwheel Cove would be no barren hill:  
Pray, reverence these - without their great good will  
The Phoenix glory might be ashes still.

Image Courtesy Of  
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