



The Knight

After

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from your editor

As I stated in last week's issue, this will be the last year that I publish The Knight After (unless something drastic changes my decision before next season). A very big THANK YOU to all those that have expressed how much they have enjoyed reading this and looked forward to it each Saturday morning for the past six years. Thank you also to column contributors-Paul Pleasants (Lucky 13) for creating The Open Eye and The Open Fly, the new author who took over The Open Fly at a moments notice, Scott Livingston (Mush) for Mush's Musings, Michael the Mime, The Peacock Players, and various other friends who have sent me jokes and stories to be included in The Knight After.

Thanks for the memories,

Sherry Roth

Happiness lies for those who cry,
those who hurt, those who have
searched, and those who tried,
for only they can appreciate the
importance of people who have
touched their lives.

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Time Value

To realize the value of one year:

Ask a student who has failed a final exam.

To realize the value of one month:

Ask a mother who has given birth to a premature baby.

To realize the value of one week:

Ask an editor of a weekly newspaper.

To realize the value of one hour:

Ask the lovers who are waiting to meet.

To realize the value of one minute:

Ask the person who has missed the train, bus or plane.

To realize the value of one second:

Ask a person who has survived an accident.

To realize the value of one millisecond:

Ask the person who has won a silver medal in the Olympics.

Time waits for no one.

Treasure every moment you have.

**You will treasure it even more
when you can share it
with someone special.**

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One Person Making A Difference

One day an old man was walking along the beach in the early morning and noticed the tide had washed thousands of starfish up on the shore. Up ahead in the distance he spotted a boy who appeared to be gathering up the starfish and one by one tossing them back into the ocean.

He approached the boy and asked him why he spent so much energy doing what seemed to be a waste of time.

The boy replied, "If these starfish are left out here like this they will bake in the sun, and by this afternoon they will all be dead."

The old man gazed out as far as he could see and responded, "But, there must be hundreds of miles of beach and thousands of starfish. You can't possibly rescue all of them. What difference is throwing a few back going to make anyway?"

The boy then held up the starfish he had in his hand and replied, "It's sure going to make a lot of difference to this one!"

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If Tomorrow Never Comes

If I knew it would be the last time that I'd see you fall asleep, I would tuck you in more tightly and pray the Lord, your soul to keep. If I knew it would be the last time that I see you walk out the door, I would give you a hug and kiss and call you back for one more. If I knew it would be the last time I'd hear your voice lifted up in praise, I would video tape each action and word, so I could play them back day after day. If I knew it would be the last time, I could spare an extra minute or two to stop and say "I love you," instead of assuming, you would know I do. If I knew it would be the last time I would be there to share your day, well I'm sure you'll have so many more, so I can let just this one slip away.

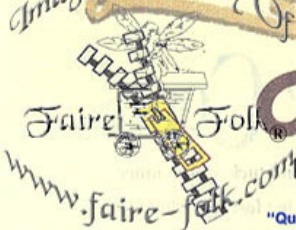
For surely there's always tomorrow to make up for an oversight, and we always get a second chance to make everything right. There will always be another day to say our "I love you's", and certainly there's another chance to say our "Anything I can do's?"

But just in case I might be wrong, and today is all I get, I'd like to say how much I love you and I hope we never forget, Tomorrow is not promised to anyone, young or old alike, And today may be the last chance you get to hold your loved one tight. So if you're waiting for tomorrow, why not do it today? For if tomorrow never comes, you'll surely regret the day that you didn't take that extra time for a smile, a hug, or a kiss and you were too busy to grant someone, what turned out to be their one last wish.

So hold your loved ones close today, whisper in their ear, tell them how much you love them and that you'll always hold them dear. Take time to say "I'm sorry," "please forgive me," "thank you" or "it's okay".

And if tomorrow never comes, you'll have no regrets about today.

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The Open Fly

by Fooled You, I'm Still Not Revealing Who I Am

"Quit humping everybody on stage!" Erin Kasper...Juggler Lover

"Just one more weekend and then I can tell him to piss off!" Bonnie Jacobson...Pent up person at large

"What the fuck do I have to say to get in the quotes?" Mark Lazarchick...Loving, caring, sympathetic man

"I'm not the author of the Open Fly, Shit I can't juggle do you think I can type?"

...Mick the yellow Dew Drop...Big Twinkle looking guy

"Why does everyone think I'm writing the Open Fly?" Dan Hasselius...All around great author and creative guy.

Well good job to everyone in tracking down the Festivals most wanted man. Lucky 13 has been captured and brought to quick justice. He is currently serving a life sentence at a mud show in an undisclosed location. We wish to thank everyone who offered information in this ongoing search. The reward has been given to the proper party's involved in the squealing on of Lucky 13. Dan Patton of Fire Inc. was the tattler tail and has received the pornographic pictures of TJ the Wiener as promised. He was last seen heading to a tent with a gym sock.

Who's writing The Open Fly contest is now complete. The ballots have been counted and tabulated and the results are as followed based on number of votes.

1st place Dan Hasselius with 212 votes

2nd place Paul Pleasants with 155 votes

3rd place Dayna Brennan with 17 votes

4th place Mark Lazarchic with 2 votes

We have decided that since the voting shows there to be no conclusive author of the Open Fly and that you people are not very observant. The new author/authors have therefore decided to remain unknown so that he/she may continue to write whatever the fuck he/she wants to write. If this upsets you in any way just ask Dan Hasselius why he is so secretive. If you actually ask the author if he is the author he will tell you.

It would seem that many would not like to say out loud what is about to be read, but we here at the Open Fly can no longer not make notice of the obvious. The Royal court of the MRF 2001 season is a much more entertaining, better prepared court than we have had in years. Without the harness around the necks of the court this year they have come out of their shells to show everyone that they are more than just a pretty group of people. Thank you all for showing what you are made of, Carbon, Hydrogen, Oxygen, and gunk.

Holy shit we are tired!

A word on playing with Mr. Jim Peterson. Try it, if he does not want to move along to someone else. Not everybody wants to be a part of your reindeer games. We hate to break it to everyone out there, but not everyone is in a good mood all the time. Treat him as if he was any other goofy looking schmuck out there. Then throw him in a gunny sack with a badger high on PCP.

Pitch the sack into the feast hall at Bad Manor. Peak in as the Dew Drops then juggle him along with the other garden weasels they have. Laugh when they drop him over and over and over and over and over and over again. (Just like a normal show) Grab him and pitch him back onto the street just in time to see Rook's cab run him over. Run over and administer first aid by putting duct tape on the wounds. Continue with your playing on the street. (Not to be actually done. That would be plagiarism.)

Last weekend really sucked weather-wise. With any luck today is bright and sunny with temperatures in the high 90's. Then everyone can start talking about sunscreen and drinking water endlessly again. The rain certainly kept the crowds down last weekend and that did not leave us a whole lot to write about. So if it seems that this weeks Open Fly is full of fluff, your right it is.

Lord Jestus of the Peacock Players seems to be quite serious about letting everyone know just how brave and talented he is by his repeated posts on Renfest101. Jestus take a breath and relax. Christ almighty you seem to be awfully concerned with people knowing how big your balls are. Do everyone a favor and drop your pants at cast call this morning and show us what a real set of nutties look like.

ASK DICK

Dick, What is it with Lucky 13? I could swear I saw him doing a show this year. Is he gone? What gives? Sincerely Paul Pleasants

Dear Paul- I'm sick of all your questions you whiny little twerp. I only wish I could smack you in the head.

ZIPPED FLY

This week we have decided to take the advice of a poster and give out some specific awards to some unfortunate people out there. These awards are simply our opinion and not based on any sort of logic or common sense.

Big Balls Award

Our New King and Queen, Michael Border and Lolly Foyl

These two had the pleasure of stepping into some HUGE shoes and not only did they make them fit, they busted them open. You both have done a better job than anyone could have ever imagined anyone could do.

Look At Me Award

Oh this one is simple. Anita Kane. She jumped out this year and said look at me and then we did and laughed our Asses off.

Best People We Don't Really Know Yet

The Fairy Court. Not only do they look great. They can also play and improv with the best of them. We should know as we played with them several times and they are great!

(Continued on Page 6)





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(The Open Fly-Continued from Page 5)

Stepping Out Of The Shadows Award

Didn't notice a lot of this guy until this year and wow are we impressed. Johnny Behr! He is willing to be the pawn in many people's games and he plays it better than anyone could. Thank you your highness!

Lay Off The Crack Award

Who else. Mark Lazarchic. This guy is willing to do anything to get a laugh and we mean anything. He has been seen eating dirt, humping everyone, licking benches and everything else that you must be doped up to do.

Pressure Cooker Award

Plain and simple: Erin Kasper. Not only does she have to put up with JP's endless ramblings about nothing. She has to put up with all of us. If you don't think that Erin is a very key person in our little fest world, then you are one dumb motherfucker.

Craziest Bunch Of People Award

If you don't know them then you are probably still sane. FIRE INC! Dan Patton, Dale Houston, T.J. Kudalis, Dane Breimorst, Andy Ziesmer, Andy Shaw, and Stu Milsten. If you have not stopped by the Dragon's Den after hours, keep it that way you will only be sucked into the world they live in and it's really weird there. These guys rock with a capitol ROCK!

Can't Talk Too Busy Award

Have you ever sat down during fest and talked to Tim Wick. Of course not, he is always running between the 456,865 shows a day he does. Tim, sit down, take a break and lay off the espresso.

Most Touching Moment Award

Siege Woofare performed by just about everyone on Erin Kasper and organized by Dan Hasselius and Eric Clark. If you missed it, to bad. It may never be able to be seen again. If you where a part of it then you know what we are talking about.

The new author/authors of the Open Fly wish to thank Paul Pleasants for the opportunity to write The Open Fly this year. We also wish to thank Renfest101 for printing this trash every week. We also wish to thank Sherry Roth for printing this garbage every week and for here complete support. We also wish to thank God for being God. We also want to thank Jim Peterson for letting us bash him. Thank you to Erin Kasper for believing in me! Thank you to everyone in the street for being so great this year. We will miss you all more than you can possibly imagine. Everyone take care and if you are upset with us picking on you, be glad. It means you where noticed by us.

All opinions expressed in the Open Fly are just that. If you don't like what your reading maybe you should stick your head up your butt.

One Final Conclusion:

TJ IS DEFINITELY A WIENER!



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In The Eye Of The Peacock

by William G. Verburg-Cunningham

The last weekend of yet another great year and I know everyone is planning to go out in a blaze of glory. At least as long as another monsoon does not turn your bonfire into a lake. We will all move on and when we look back at this year of fest we will all remember that fun filled day when somehow the Mississippi river was routed right past The Bear. But do not fret, a little water never hurt anyone and the fest will continue on. No matter how many feared yet another survival reality show to be filmed on location at island fest we will try to remember the good things. It will be exceedingly difficult to top last Saturday's rain show but we, as Peacocks, will never the less try our best. This weekend along with out random acts of silliness, we have decided on a more serious endeavor. Over these past few weeks we have been observing people and trying to make a decision. Sometime during the day on either Saturday or Sunday we will be giving away awards for festival excellence and going above and beyond the call of festies. We have made our choices and we will be inducting people into The Order Of The Peacock. Just remember that big brother peacock is watching and the eye of the peacock is upon you. This author believes everyone deserves an award and I would like to thank everyone from the bottom of my heart.

**Absolutely nothing to
see or read here!**

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YOU MIGHT BE A REDNECK IF...



The Halloween pumpkin on your front porch has more teeth than your spouse.

You let your fourteen-year-old daughter smoke at the dinner table in front of her kids.

You've been married three times and still have the same in-laws.

You think a woman who is "out of your league" bowls on a different night.

Jack Daniels makes your list of "Most Admired People."

You think Genitalia is an Italian airline.

You wonder how service stations keep their restrooms so clean.

Anyone in your family ever died right after saying, "Hey, y'all watch this"

You've got more than one brother named Darryl.

You think that Dom Perignon is a Mafia leader.

Your wife's hairdo was once ruined by a ceiling fan.

Your Junior/Senior Prom had a Daycare.

You think the last words to The Star Spangled Banner are "Gentlemen, start your engines."

You lit a match in the bathroom and your house exploded right off its wheels.

You had to remove a toothpick for your wedding pictures.

The bluebook value of your truck goes up and down, depending on how much gas it has in it.

You have to go outside to get something out of the 'fridge.

One of your kids was born on a pool table.

You need one more hole punched in your card to get a freebie at the House of Tattoos.

You have flowers planted in a bathroom fixture in your front yard.

Ya can't get married to yer sweetheart 'cause there's a law against it.

You dated one of your parents' current spouses in high school.

You think loading the dishwasher means getting your wife drunk.

Your school fight song is "Duelling Banjos."

Your toilet paper has page numbers on it.

Newlyweds

A young couple were married, and celebrated their first night together, doing what newlyweds do, time and time again, all night long. Morning comes and the groom goes into the bathroom but finds no towel when he emerges from the shower. He asks the bride to please bring one from the bedroom. When she gets to the bathroom door, he opened the door, exposing his body for the first time to his bride where she sees all of him well. Her eyes went up and down and at about midway, they stopped and stared, and she asked shyly, "What's that?", pointing to a small part of his anatomy. He, also being shy, thought for a minute and then said, "Well, that's what we had so much fun with last night." And she, in amazement, asked, "Is that all we have left?"

September 29 & 30

Sweet Romance



I've Learned

by **Andy Rooney**

- That it's those small daily happenings that make life so spectacular
- That under everyone's hard shell is someone who wants to be appreciated and loved.
- That one should keep his words both soft and tender, because tomorrow he may have to eat them.
- That everyone wants to live on top of the mountain, but all the happiness and growth occurs while you're climbing it.