

# Neptune's Page

Illusory  
News  
for



Image Courtesy of  
an  
Imaginary  
Place  
Faire Folk®

Ren Fest Edition #3

Mid-East Mirage

Sep 8, 9 - 1590

Delightful Dances of de Desert  
or  
Martha, Get the Polaroid!

www.faire-folk.com

## Ye Legende of Phil ye Squidde

Of all the dark, myth-enshrined secrets known to the Silent Sages of Site, truly none is more wondrous than the Black Rites of Phil ye Squidde. Some say the pool sprang into being when a drop of wizard's blood hit a hissing, steaming stone that had fallen from the sky, while others claim it to be the work of Dark of Night and Storm Damage. So let us go back to that time, oh so many days ago, when the Mysterious Pool made its first appearance.

It was just after Midsummer's Eve when the Faceless Priest was killed by an anonymous dagger in his unbeating heart. For countless ages he had performed the forbidden rites which had kept the tentacled monster of lore satiated. But the elder beast had been kept silent for so long, that many forgot that it had a voice, a hunger, and a long, slimy arm. When came the next new moon, for the first time in human ken, the ceremony went unsaid. No words of the Ancient Tongue spilled out into the dark-lit void. No incense spiraled up into the starchy heavens. No blood poured down into the labyrinthine bowels of the earth. No eldritch spells kept the ancient one sleeping.

Days passed, and the slimy beast's hunger grew. When the stirring of its stomach was indistinguishable from the rumbling of distant earthquakes, it sent a single, groping tentacle through the dark recesses of the earth, seeking the snack for which it lusted.

After long travail, the rubbery arm broke through the ground and flailed about, grasping at anything that ventured too near. Three squirrels and a fuzzy white kitten met their fates that night, but the monster was not too satisfied. It had waited long enough. Now was its time.

The thrashing of the sucker-covered limb had left a small depression in the hillside, and the secretions of the nether creature soon filled it with a viscous, greenish liquid. The tentacle slipped down into the murky waters and waited for lunch...

And the creature came to be known as Phil, for all that would fall into the pool's depths would go to Phil ye Squidde.

The  
Word  
for the  
Weekend  
is

C  
O  
N  
T  
I  
G  
U  
O  
U  
S

## JOE FESTIVAL Sez:

ATTENTION  
K-MART SHOPPERS!!  
FOR A LIMITED TIME  
YOU TOO MAY BE ABLE  
TO OWN THE  
JOE FESTIVAL STRIPS  
#  
II  
BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO  
ACT QUICK FOR  
SUPPLIES AREN'T  
VERY ABUNDANT.  
THEY'LL ONLY BE  
AVAILABLE THROUGH  
REN OR ME...  
(CBS SMITH)



## Rules For Surviving Festival

and

Phun Phestival Philosophy

- 1) Leverage is everything. Coverage is nothing. Acreage is big. (Cleavage is something else altogether.)
- 2) If you play a drum twice, is it reperussion?
- 3) Never look in your mug first thing in the morning.
- 4) Spirituality isn't dead. It's meditating.
- 5) Kissing a cobra can be hazardous to your health, depending on which end you kiss.

## The Taxman Cometh

Go, bury your coffers and board up your shacks  
I am the man who comes for the Tax

It's right that you fear me and fear to the max  
I am the man who comes for the Tax

Now if you won't pay, you'll be stretched out on racks  
Or cast into stocks till you cough up the Tax

I will take what you have, and I'll take what you lack  
Then I'll take what you dream of, it's all in the Tax

From gold, silk and diamonds, to turnips in sacks  
There is nothing at all that's not part of the Tax

The floor and the ceiling, the window with cracks  
The privy, the stable - its the property Tax

I'll tax the breakfast, and dinner and between meal snacks  
And the mint after supper? You can bet that its Taxed

Don't be unwary, and don't turn your backs  
For I love those back taxes (Hell, I love all the Tax)

Oh, don't thumb your nose, for these are the facts  
I can cut it off clean, its called the Thumb Tax

Now don't try and escape, or cover your tracks  
'Cause I know a big headsmen, he's got a big axe  
And if you are naughty, he'll take a few whacks  
They will never revive you, the leeches and quacks  
Your flesh and your bones they will pile up in stacks  
But you still won't be free

There's a Burial Tax

Nefarious Tariff  
(Guild of Revenue Enhancement)

with special thanks to "Lips" Bush

## A Public Service Announcement

How many times have you said to yourself, "Golly, I wish [insert name here] were dead!" Or, more graphic, "Gee whiz, I really wish [insert name here] would somehow manage to fall into a huge vat of boiling oil!" Or, more to the point, "Land sakes, I wish I could hire an assassin to take care of [insert name here]!"

That's where we come in. We at Rasputin, Ishmael, Pox believe that you have just as much right to hire an assassin as [insert political leader here]. When someone's time has come, use the tried and true method of kings and emperors.

So call us when you want to get rid of that annoying someone, before that annoying someone calls us to get rid of [insert YOUR name here].

Rasputin, Ishmael, Pox, P.A.  
Public Assassins



Faire Folk®  
www.faire-folk.com

Extreme solutions for petty problems.

## The Missing Maypole

In case you were wondering, there used to be a Maypole where the Travel Information Booth by Bad Manor now is. For those of you familiar with the symbolism of the Maypole, I have a few questions. Has Festival been emasculated? Is it now a eunuch, and if so, how does it feel about it? I know that I'd be upset if someone chopped down my Maypole. Or did it just used to be Festival on A Stick, and they threw away the stick? Was there a sudden ribbon shortage? Just curious.

## JOE FESTIVAL

