Neptune's Page

Illusory News for



Imaginary

Place

Fuire Folk

Ren Fest Edition #6

Parting Is Such Sweet Sorrow

Sep 29, 30 - 1590 CO

"But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?" Sire-

Ooh, baby. Ooh, baby. Dip me in Chocolate and put me on a stick.

## Further Legends of Phil ye Squidde

You sit around enough campfires and tip cups with enough gypsies, you hear the most peculiar things. Particularly if you keep steering the discussion towards an ancient unholy squid. For example...

...the unholy beast's tentacles will regrow if they are severed. A noble Knight was the cause of this discovery after lopping off one of Phil's limbs with his blessed broadsword. The tentacle wriggled away, emitting strange and unnatural moans heard by every psychic within 30 leagues. It was finally captured by an Italian named Leonardo, who proceeded to chop bits from it, batter the bits, deep fry them, and sell them as calamari rings. Since the chopped off bits continued to grow back, many rings were had by all. They're still for sale if you look for them. (After chopping off the tentacle, the Knight was quickly picked up by three other tentacles and dragged down to a watery doom.)

...those who fall into the pool of the vile beast are quickly ripped limb from limb and devoured in horrible and unspeakable ways. The Elder Squidde then sends back a squidling doppelganger in the shape of the recently deceased, so quickly and so eleverly that only a moment passes, and none are the wiser for the accursed exchange. The squidling doppelganger fully replaces the victim, maliciously fitting into human society - until the Day of the Surfacing, when Phil ye Squidde will rise up from the deeps and call his squidling army to dominate the planet. Indeed, many sages ponder just how many squidlings roam the world, and what their beckoning cry could mean: "la! la! Phil fthagn! Yo!"

...the ancient Sumerians began the worship of Phil, until one day when all nine worshippers were suddenly sucked into the earth, accompanied by a belch of godlike proportions. Phil worship was then dormant for many millennia.

...squidling doppelgangers will obey humans who wear a likeness of Phil on their person. Since many squidling doppelgangers also wear a likeness of Phil, this leads to much confusion. However, only Dread High Priests are allowed to wear the Sigil of the Squidde, an unholy symbol so powerful that if we were to print it here, your eyes would glaze over and you'd develop an uncontrollable craving for sushi.

...Phil secretly wishes he were a parakeet, but will cruelly torture for all eternity anyone who tells him that to his "face,"

Or so it is said.

## Stupid Advice - the lost episodes.

- 1) Never spend more than an hour trying to flush a privy.
- 2) Prepare to stop when flashing.
- Warm your hands in your OWN armpits or someone ELSE's inner thighs. Because the reverse looks stupid.
- 4) Magic. It works like a charm.
- Vampires suck.
- 6) Never, Never, Never, Never ... nevermind.
- 7) Don't ask, just eat it.
- 8) Anything can be turned into sexual innuendo. Anything.
- Children, do not try this at home. We are untrained amateurs with no sense of self preservation.
- 10) Don't mind us, we're just a roving band of itinerant gypsy wanderers. But don't think of us as mere gypsys, think of us as... choreographers of life. It's a long motto, but it's a motto.

### IDs & Gate Guards

#### Gary Kopp

I've not heard many complaints this year but last year I heard "but I go through this gate 20 times a day. The guard should know me." Well sure you go through that often. You and 400 other people. The guards can't recognize everybody. A short (and favorite) story of mine from the 1989 season. I myself was coming up to site from the campground the night of the last party or talent show. Ahead of me was a large man, and he arrived at C gate some 10 to 15 steps before me. He was a sizeable man, about 6 feet tall and 210-225 pounds, dressed in blue jeans and a plaid shirt, carrying an embossed goblet. As he started to pass through the gate, the guard asked to see his pass. He stopped, startled, and then replied, "Oh, certainly" and withdrew his wallet. It was the wallet of a middle-aged businessman. That is to say, it was thick with plastic cards, photographs of loved ones, and business cards. He continued speaking, "It's in here somewhere, it's been so long since I've been asked for it." I breezed past, flashing my ID at the guard. As I walked away, I kept my eyes on them and saw him show her his card and be admitted. I had to think, "If G. Hermann with his embossed goblet saying KING HENRY can be asked for an ID for site admittance after how many years and pictures, who is anyone else to complain?"



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JOE ESTIVAL





## Festie Sayonara

And so we end another run with clashing swords, transvestite nun. With tales of marriage and of squid... it's shocking, all the things we did. We've seen the end of rap pants loose, watched men get dunked in pickle juice, Seen Valkyries search for Brave Dead Sven. and hailed a new Queen (once again). We've heard the Lion speak in French. learned not to call Carpathians "wench," We've maimed and mangled, all in fun, called R.I.P. to get things "done." Indeed, the Opera was truly tragic, but the Wizards seemed to improve their magic, Guarding ponds from passers-by as bees bite bosoms, soon to die. Though not a fire was lit on site to warm those soggy from their fight, The Bakers knew just what to do and served impressive chicken stew. The Virtues, sights for blessed eyes, in truth were Vices in disguise, And Robin Hood returned from dreams well, nothing's really what it seems. We saw the world through Yarro's ears, were given glances, laughs, and leers, Inspired by the jousting fray,

But now it's over, go on home,
and take this with you, whence you roam:
Though all is finished, said and done,
no more parades in rain or sun,
The shops are empty, closed, and locked,
our friends make fun of the way we talked,
The drums are quiet, grass grows in next year we do it all agin.

we bit necks on Saint Kenneth's day.



