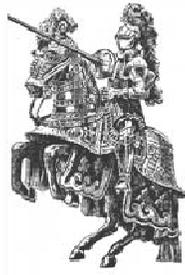


“News you won’t
hear from the
Kingdom”

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October 22, 2011 Volume 4, Number 3

Online: <http://www.trfwtf.com>

Your Weekly Source of
Must-Know Faire Gossip,
Opinion and Useless News

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THIS WEEK'S FEATURED TOPICS

...AND THIS IS YOUR PATRON CAMP ON DRUGS

Once again it is up to this publication to bring a serious matter into the blinding glare of public attention. In case you have somehow missed it, we have an infestation of raving jackasses out in Patron's Camp. In the dark southeast corner of Area 1d10t Camping is a tent that spews flashing lights, loud and obnoxious music, a flood of drugs and hoards of aggressive, drunk and drugged up assholes at all hours of the night and day. Women are being harassed, people are being accosted in their own camps and loud amplified 'music' is being crammed into the tired ears of the normal people trying to sleep at night and have a fun weekend at faire.

Case in point: Last Friday night, these idiots played their stupid, pounding music until 4:00 in the morning and did it so loudly that many faire participants and surrounding neighbors thought that somebody was actually on the site with their stereo turned way up. But no, it was coming from over a half mile away at the "Ravers' Camp". We don't want to hear any more lame excuses that they were not in "quiet camping" and can do whatever they want, because their noise invaded damned near the entire property. On Saturday night, several of the drug-soaked dickheads from that camp were finally kicked out of the patron camping area by security. How bad did they have to get before that finally happened? Is the rule of law somehow suspended out there? Inquiring minds want to know.

At the risk of understatement, it goes without saying that this bullshit is completely unacceptable. Thus we offer this advice to TRF management and security: **The safety of patrons in the camping area is threatened by the out-of-control "ravers" and drugged up kids. You need to act now, because if you can't get those little fuckers under control, somebody out in patron camp is probably going to do it for you. If you won't take our word for it, just check the blogs because there are quite a few conversations on about it. And for the sake of sanity, at least ban unreasonably loud amplified music after midnight.**

OCTOBER 15-16 TRF NIPPLE INDEX™

- Saturday - 0.1(am), 0.0(noon), 0.0(pm)
- Sunday - 0.1(am), 0.0(noon), 0.1(pm)

ENTERTAINING PATRON SHENANIGANS

Our intrepid guests have been surprisingly well behaved over the last two weekends, but some notable exceptions bear revealing.

On Sunday, an apparently enterprising (if uncreative) set of patron parental units decided that their young son could be a fountain of cash if properly exploited. Thus they enticed mundane-clad Junior into balancing a plastic water bottle on his head and holding a piece of cardboard with a badly lettered message that said "*I bet you can't hit me with a quarter. And I am sure you can't hit me with a \$5 bill.*" They were lucky not to be hit with expulsion from the grounds.

However, a few people did get escorted out, courtesy of those long-suffering security guys. There were a few lost kids that were reunited with their families and there was some row concerning the questioned nature of a guest's sexual orientation at the Sea Devil on Sunday. Yawn.

ENTERTAINING SHOWER SHENANIGANS

It is no huge secret that the facilities of a certain gender are lacking in flowing hot water. Thus the men's participant showers are continuing an honored tradition of co-ed use this year. This is not only ok, it is downright proper in our opinion. Anything that reduces the uptight and prudish nature of our nutty, fashion-drenched society is fine by us.

However, we would like to make a request of the nice couple that was "steaming up" the 3rd from the last shower just after midnight on Saturday. Guys, it sounded like you were having a lecherous good time, but if you are going to make that much noise, you really need to bring enough for everybody. Thanks.

ENTERTAINING VENDOR SHENANIGANS

It is with reluctance that we say this, but there have to be some limits to the participant dress code. Our current issue is directed to the nice gentleman that stands on the benches around the tree in front of his shoppe near the front gate. Sir, wrap pants tied off in "breezy mode" probably shouldn't be worn commando style, even if you do have a nicely tanned set of buns. Especially so if you are going to stand up on a bench and wave at the adults and kids walking by. You see, the resulting peep show is inappropriate in that particular setting.

IMAGES YOU CAN'T UN-SEE



Duuuude! Yer a donkey!

Just call him
"Poppin' Fresh"!



We love fishnet faeries!



Once on the internets,
it is there forever.

PRIVY PROFUNDITY

*If you are wearing a costume
right now, you are lame!*

(Followed by)

*I bet you paid to get in,
didn't you?*

FROM THE MAILBAG

The following account of douchebaggery was received in the trfwtf@yahoo.com mailbox. This is from October 9th and is an abridgment of the received message which was really too long to include here:

"Speaking of uncalled for, I was being sprinkled on lightly as I strolled back to my booth in the late morning when a loud boom went off nearby. I was concerned as I was on the path directly in front of the Pony Rides. To my dismay, some idiot teenager had taken disadvantage of the dry ice at the Dipping Dots booth and created a dry ice bomb with a water bottle. Now, had it not been about 4 feet from the back of the Pony Rides where the few small children at Faire were taking the opportunity to ride a pony, I would have let it go. But, since idiocy was obviously rampant, I let loose the 'Attack ****'. I told the idiot boy and his idiot friends (one of whom was in the process of making another bomb, albeit his intelligence may have been hampered by the fact that he was inhaling the gas fog being released by the dry ice in water) that they were indeed idiots and why. I then turned my attention to the idiot teenage girl left unattended at the Dipping Dots booth and told her she should know better. Oddly, these idiots hung around until the Sheriff showed up (yes....I also called security), Kudos to the lady at the information booth nearby who had the forethought to snap a photo of these morons to show the Sheriff so he could track them down, smack their parents and promptly show them all the door (or at least that's how I fantasize it went). Of course in hind sight, I am amused that the idiot teenager that set the dry ice bomb off wasn't as quick as he thought he was and it blew up in his hand. I hope his fingers are still numb and severely hamper his ability to self gratify for months to come."

A FORETOLD REMINDER

We said we were going to keep reminding everyone to support our friends that have lost their homes and possessions in the Texas fires. There has been a lot of positive energy coming from the TRF family and we would like nothing better than to see that continue. If you haven't done so already, find these folks and give them your support. There is more than just your karma at stake here. These are friends in need.

**HEY, WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED READING,
PASS THIS NEWSLETTER ON TO A FRIEND!**

See you next week!