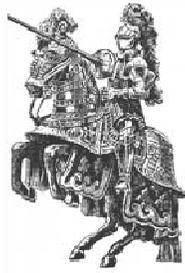


“News you won’t
hear from the
Kingdom”

T
R



W T F ?

November 23, 2013 Volume 6, Number 8

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

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

“Anonymized” communication to TRF
Management can be sent to:

TRFWTF@YAHOO.COM

Anonymity Guaranteed!

Sponsored by:

Litter Box Brand®

Kopi Luwak Coffee

"It's the shit!"



THIS WEEK'S FEATURED TOPICS

THAT'S ALL, FOLKS!

Well, here we are at our last ever edition of TRF(WTF?). This little newsletter started out six years ago as a lark by a group of playful, but dedicated TRF participants as a way to entertain themselves and others. Little did we know we were creating the longest running and apparently most popular unofficial publication ever seen at this faire. We have seen and fearlessly commented on things as silly as co-ed showering and as serious as EMT fails and criminal behavior. Thus is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory of true freedom of speech that is granted by the impunity we have enjoyed. Such power can be abused, but we hope we haven't done that.

Speculation is rife that we are shutting down due to being exposed, or from pressure brought by TRF management. This is expressly not true. Our technical cloak of secrecy remains intact and although we think he doesn't like us very much, at least Lord Albert recognizes the value we have offered in morphing from a newsletter into an anonymous messaging service between TRF and "the rest of us". As for some of the other dipsticks in the front office that have had rude and hostile things to say to us (you know who you are), hopefully L. Albert can at least keep them from hurting themselves, or from causing too much damage from their occasionally unprofessional and immature ways. It may be a forlorn hope, but perhaps not completely misplaced.

We offer eternal and profound thanks to the dozens of regular contributors that have kept in touch during our run. Don't be strangers, you guys! The email box will continue to be active and the few of us that will be continuing the new job for TRF(WTF?) will still like to hear about the juicy gossip, even if we don't publish it.

Finally, we want to give a shout-out to the patrons that have not only given us vocal support, but have also sent tidbits in via email to balance the viewpoints. Thank you.

We leave you with this final issue with some reprints of our favorite articles, pictures and silliness.

Farewell and well met, friends. Keep up the good works.

- TRF(WTF?) Editors and Staff

ROCKSTAR AWARD FOR 2013

The judges' decision is in and the 2013 Rockstar award is: **Kat Mason!** Besides co-owning Twyla's Tyes hair wraps, Kat also runs Rennie Dennie. Rennie Dennie is a non-profit event every Saturday night where hard-working Rennies chip-in a mere \$5 a person to have a hot, home-cooked meal after a long day at faire. She does this since the festival closes at 8pm and by the time participants can get out to go eat, the only place that's open is Magnolia Diner. While they work hard to accommodate Rennies, there's still a long wait for tables and most meals cost more than the \$5 plus gas after driving through post-faire traffic. If you don't have the money, she's happy to work out a way for you to eat anyway by volunteering help or otherwise. Thanks, Kat!

ENTERTAINING GENERAL SHENANIGANS

The last two weekends held a few shenanigans, although for the most part, the seventh weekend was so damned cold and wet that only a few people managed the energy to be stupid. Probably the most egregious fail was actually witnessed by one of our staff when an apparently drunk jackass managed to run over the corral where Sampson the War Horse and his sidekick live while on site. On the standardized scale of asshattery, this is near the top. Fortunately neither horse was injured.

One management shenanigan begs a question. If notices to vendors are sent via text message, but it is an offense to the crown to have a cell phone seen, isn't that a bit of a logic crash? We're just saying..

WE ARE BURDENED WITH GLORIOUS PURPOSE

As we mentioned last issue, even though the regular publication of this newsletter will cease, the website and email box will remain. Anyone wishing to convey a message to TRF management without revealing their true identity can send such communications to us via trfwtf@yahoo.com, where we will sanitize any revealing info and forward the message on. Anonymity is still guaranteed!

AND THAT'S THE WAY IT WAS...

The rest of this edition is devoted to a few of our favorite tidbits from years' past...

WE SALUTE YOU, FRENCH PANTIES! (2011)

One of the more entertaining events in Hanlon Lee's Action Theater history took place this past weekend when the French Knight speared himself a pair of panties that had been "donated" by someone in the audience. The panties were passed to the French Knight from a kettle crack seller who had used his own popcorn display stick as an impromptu lance of sorts to procure the panties from an excited female patron (no further comment on this). Now, if you are imagining a sinuous French woman in a push-up corset, pulling a little piece of lacy dental floss out from under her gauzy cotton skirt to adorn the French knight before battle, you will be disappointed. According to reports, the size of the TEAL GRANNY PANTIES on Frenchy's lance indicated that the buttocks those panties had been clinging to just moments prior had to resemble more a tub of cottage cheese than tasty cheesecake. Those panties flapped around in the wind like a flag on the end of the French Knights lance as he paraded around the arena. But really, kids, does size matter in this case? Isn't it the thought that counts? Yes, we salute you, teal granny panties and we salute you, oh donor of those panties!

OTHER PRIVY MATTERS (2011)

Apparently, wisdom isn't the only thing not to be found in the privies. Hygiene appears to be missing as well. It's sad, but there are some people that are just downright nasty. TRF is making a most impressive effort to keep the participant privies clean, but some of you apparently don't know how use indoor facilities.

Here are some simple instructions:

- ✓ Pee/Poo in the toilet. Not on the floor.
- ✓ Don't throw mounds of toilet paper on the ground. Wipe your ass, discard the paper in the bowl, flush and get the hell out.
- ✓ And yes, these are flush toilets. So flush the damned things when you're done.
- ✓ If you pile 30 cubic feet of toilet paper in the toilet, it is probably going to stop up. If you really have to use three rolls, flush several times during your clean up routine to keep the drains running.

HAVE YOU GOT FAIRE FATIGUE? (2008)

Ok, maybe we are just missing something very fundamental here, but does it seem like the trumpets for the joust are getting slower and s-l-o-w-e-r? They still sound all regal and impressive and everything, but it is taking way too danged long to finish the tootles and blatts. The tympani drums finished several minutes before the brass did the end of the final joust last weekend, for cryin' out loud.

With music critique aside, this a somnambulant reminder that we are seven weekends into this thing and it is easy to get bored and complacent. Even weekend after weekend of postcard weather and good attendance can get boring and mundane. It's the same old rude, rednecky people filing through your shoppe, or stifling you a decent tip after an especially tiring show.

It's time to ask yourself what you believe.

Well, if the patrons don't do it for you anymore, do it for the other participants around you that are working harder than you are to maintain the illusion that is TRF. If you can't handle it, go home. But don't screw it up for everybody else.

Privy Profundity (2008)

"In case of sewer overflow, your toilet seat may be used as a floatation device."

-Men's Privies on Industrial Row,
Author Unknown



- Clearnace neon polyester, \$13.00
- Accessories from the 'Hanna Montana Princess Collection', \$20.00
- Manic Panic Cotton Candy hair coloring, \$8.00
- Obtaining two human sacrifices for the "Faerie Godfather", \$PRICELESS

Rennie ABC's (2010)

A is for Arse, that bounces on my face.
B is for Bodice, that needs some more lace.
C is for Chainmaille, two sizes too small,
(that you should not be wearing, no sir, not at all.)
D is for Dogtail, all pretty in pink.
E is for Elephant, that's had too much to drink.
F is for Faire, the reason we're here.
G is for Garb, that covers your rear.
H is for Henry, who is our King.
I is for India, the source of our bling.
J is for Jousting, the thing with the lance.
K is for Knights, in ...shiny ...shiny pants.
L is for Leather, too much of it here.
M is for Money, you need that for beer.
N is for Naked, too little to wear...
O is for ...Oh, God! What are you wearing?!
P is for Playtrons, with money to spend.
Q is for Queens, some of them men.
R is for Rennie, that would be us.
S is for Sleep, which we can't get enough.
T is for Tent, our house with no yard.
U is for Underwear, no that's not garb.
V is for Virgin, God, what a tease.
W is for Weapons, peace tie them please.
X marks the spot, which is typically wrong.
Y is for Y the hell are we singing this song?
Z is the end, to which we have come,
my throat is now parched, so please pass the rum!
- Presented by the Crew of the Blissful Demise

**DON'T FORGET, ARCHIVES OF TRF(WTF?)
ARE ALWAYS AT TRFWTF.COM!**

Farewell, Friends!