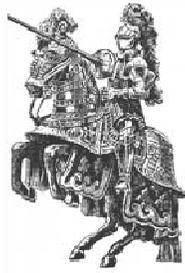


“News you won’t  
hear from the  
Kingdom”

TR



WTJ?

October 19, 2013 Volume 6, Number 2

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## THIS WEEK’S FEATURED TOPICS

### THE WEATHER IS HERE, WISH YOU WERE BEAUTIFUL (REDUX)

So the first weekend of the 2013 season was graced with what has to be the hottest, most humid, rainy, and all-around SUCKY weather in years. There wasn’t a dry spot to be found anywhere. But even so, the show went on and in some cases damned well, too. But there were exceptions. Slippery stages were a problem for several acts which suggests that TRF may want to invest in some non-skid additives for the deck paint on the new stages, just for safety’s sake (just a thought). There are still a lot of places on the grounds with huge drainage problems that result in rivers running under (and sometimes through) shoppes and roads that are impassable. Judging from the large culverts lying around by the back road, the class 4 rapids that occasionally cross that important thoroughway may about to be contained.

The participants weren’t the only ones feeling the effects. See the Shenanigans article on the next page for more.

### THINGS WE SAW LAST WEEKEND

*(Cue the 1983 song “Changes” by Yes)*

There are so many new things and improvements, that it is hard to know where to start. The Falconer’s new stage looks very nice, even if it has some functional problems being a stage for an actual bird show. The loss of the mostly nekkid women at the Brazilian restaurant is viewed with mixed feelings, but in all probably best not to incite the carnal desires of the less disciplined among the patrons. (The dancers were hot, though). The Green Man seems to be back with a new sparkly bit in the joust show. The excellent evening fireworks show looked a lot like it used to, years ago.

The path shows were great, despite the rain. We were glad to see Circa Paleo and Tartanic again. Adam Crack’s show continues to mature into a solid entertainment, including the funky harmonica in the evening at the arena. Props to Saxon Moon as always, and also to the Pirates and Shunyata in their new digs at the Sea Devil and the Hacienda, respectively.

### THIRD-WORLD PROBLEMS IN THE FIRST-WORLD

We say it every year, but this time we are going to be less pleasant about it. The shiny new pay-for-use shower facilities for the patrons has really brought home just how bad the problem is of the participants’ privies being virtually destroyed by the uncaring assholes we have running around this place. It happens every year.

The participant privies and showers are provided free as a convenience by TRF in an effort to make working in the often dusty/muddy/sweaty conditions here easier to deal with. But for our life and soul, we can’t figure out why they even still bother. In just one weekend this year, the privies looked like something you would see in a war zone in some foreign shithole. As much as we love most of the people here, we have to say there are some of the foulest and most uncaring shmucks to ever grace a festival in our midst, and we aren’t going to take it anymore. These subhumans seem to find it well within their rights to plug up the commodes with paper towels, not to flush the damned commodes when they are done and insist on throwing their soiled underwear and paper towels on the floor when they crap themselves, or when the commodes back up from all the abuse. Other idiots pee in the showers, clog up the shower drains with mats of hair and throw unwanted clothing and empty bottles of soap or other hair products on the ground and leave them there. Do you nasty perps give a damn? At all?

Well, you will.

How, you ask? Good question! As has been demonstrated in the past, the caring and concerned people behind this newsletter are not beyond actually DOING something about a problem instead of just complaining about it. So please note that at any time this season, it is possible that one of our stealthy agents may be observing the state of the privies, who is coming and going, and who is actually making the ungodly messes that others have to clean up. Offenders will be named in this newsletter for the benefit of the greater good. These privies are a public resource for all and the idiots are going to stop trashing them or suffer the consequences.

You’ve been warned.

## FIRST-WORLD PROBLEMS IN THE THIRD-WORLD

Last year, there was no end to the problems people had trying to make their cell phones talk, text or surf when a lot of people were on site. A partial solution seems to have been placed by Verizon in the form of a temporary cell tower (Cell On Wheels, or COW) out behind the EB. Most of the TRF(WTF?) Staff have VZ phones and they worked quite well last weekend (even had 4G, woo!). However, there are still some vendors with phones on other carriers that had trouble. There were rumors of WiFi access from last year, but after walking around, we didn't see anything pop up on the iPad that looked official. Our best guess is that if you are a vendor needing credit card transactions to work on your phone and your phone doesn't work without WiFi around, you're pretty much SOL.

## ENTERTAINING PATRON SHENANIGANS

The heat, humidity and rain really took a toll on the EMTs last weekend. There was call after call for people that had collapsed because they either forgot, or didn't know, that beer is not a substitute for water and dehydration is a serious condition that can ruin your whole fricken day. Apparently some inebriated patrons had to be wheeled out by the rickshaw guys when they demonstrated their inability to achieve locomotion on their own. There was a call for EMTs to the "crawling wall" for either a sprain or broken bone which although not unexpected, is still not something we like to hear. On Saturday, the rain flushed out some slithery critters that ended up biting some participants, also requiring medical attention. A few folks got frog-marched out by the law for possession of things they shouldn't have on Sunday.

On the participant side, there was also an EMT call to the jousters' barn for a broken arm. Get well soon, Brian!



## IMAGES YOU CAN'T UN-SEE



Did he poke himself in the eyeballs with his lower lip?



Extremely Raggedy Anne



In memory of the Hacienda dancing girls. ☹



John Boehner. Welcome to his shutdown.

## TRF NIPPLE INDEX™ FORECAST

- Oct 19<sup>th</sup> - AM: 3.0 NOON: 2.9 PM: 5.8
- Oct 20<sup>st</sup> - AM: 6.0 NOON: 3.5 PM: 6.2

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

**See you next week!**