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Cautiously he rose from his barstool and walked towards the door. Noticing he was shaking slightly, he paused to gather his wits "What's all this then?" He mumbled while bending to lift the envelope, keeping one eye on the door. Once again there was no return address, only his name. Opening the letter he was not quit sure what to expect to read this time.

"Your task for now is this. Gather a sample of your blood on the night of a full moon. Then you are to go to the Grove in the forest and face southwest. You will walk forward three feet, then dig a hole four feet there. In this hole you will find a package. It's contents shall be nine long knives, and eight samples of blood. Take all of these with your sample to the faerie circle. Call upon the Fae and request them to place an enchantment upon them. They will know what it is to be. Agree to whatever their price is, we need this enchantment."

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Needless to say, next year we're asking Van to bring an eighteen-wheeler.

Now for the less-than-good news... On Wednesday evening at the Chalk Man, there was a very tense moment when a non-performing Revelwooder decided that their seating was reserved also. However, due to the way it was handled by the rest of a very embarrassed Revelwood, it turned out to be a non-event. The shrieking curses stopped and within minutes the party was back in full swing. This was very much appreciated by the Chalk Man group as they had never had such an incident happen in their establishment before.

The second bit of unpleasantness was more personal. That is because it happened to just one person. The next night, about 30 minutes till dawn, Q and I stumbled back into camp. I crawled into my tent and as I touched down onto my pallet just barely conscious, I heard Q fumbling about, bumping into things outside his tent, snickering and giggling as his brain tried to catch up with his body. His brain was on a five-second delay. Suddenly, I heard this wail of pain as Q shouted out "Oh My God.... My Eye!"

Before I could respond, someone screamed out from inside their tent. "Keep it down will you, I'm trying to sleep!"

Q continued to lament, but in a much softer voice, "My eye... my eye."

It seemed that Q soundly poked himself in the left eye with the pointy end of his wine skin while trying to take it off.



Jabbed it real good too. The next morning he could not see out of it. He couldn't even open it. He was reluctant to go to the medical tent because as a nurse, he knew what they were going to say. "Go home. Pennsic is too dirty for an open eye wound." He wasn't going anywhere. So he decided to treat himself.

Q washed it out, took lots of pain killers (God knows there were enough of those to go around) and in true Revelwood fashion, made an eye patch from an old piece of leather. Tarani stuck a Boris sticker on the patch in case he got lost. This way whoever found him would know where he belonged.