

Renaissance Festival Recap

By: Anna Turner

Amusement Editor

For Amusement

Run date: 24 Sept. 2010

I rode a camel this weekend.

That's right. I rode a f#\$*ing camel.

At what wonder of wonders did I ride this humped beast? Well, the Ohio Renaissance Festival, of course.

In case you cannot tell by the hearty spread about Ren-Fest, we at Amusement are extremely excited to have taken part in this timeless display of medieval merriment. As enthusiastic as we were about partaking in the festivities, nothing could have prepared us for the enchantment of that world.

As soon as you enter the castle gates, you are engulfed in another universe, and can suddenly better relate to the little girl in "The Lion, The Witch and The Wardrobe" when she discovers Narnia. Costumed hooligans greet you, but you pay them little attention. You are mesmerized by the sheer magnitude of the grounds — there is building after building in Renaissance-esque architecture lining the gravel path that winds through Ren-Fest, creating the semblance of a village straight from the middle ages.

It was like being caught in a time warp, where nothing aged besides the ale and mead.

Our first stop was at the stone carver. The mason and his daughter were using tools of old to carve mushrooms and trees, useless trinkets that would someday be thrown at the village drunk's head. We moved on to the weaponry, where sword after sword sat menacingly in scabbards, awaiting their glorious moment in the heat of battle. But it wasn't just swords. There were whips and axes and battle flails (the clubs with the spikes on it), oh my! I was lucky enough to wield one of the swords, despite it being taller than me and weighing four times as much as the camel I rode. Yeah. I'm a badass.

With the weight of the valiant sword still tingling through my arms, we departed the weaponry in order to visit a much more quaint shop — that of a jeweler.

Yeah. That was pretty boring, to be honest.

We next visited the Theatre in the Ground (a clever play on Queen Elizabeth's Theatre in the Round) where we saw a reenactment of "Beowulf," that involved a mud pit and a shirtless man. Referred to as "the mudde show," this version of Beowulf involved mud flinging, mud splashing and mud body painting.

A true display of theatrics.

Then there was the jousting! Sir Timothy and Sir Robert battled it out, shattering lances and ribs in the process. I don't remember who won, but I do remember that Sir Timothy was a pansy. So I'm guessing Sir Robert won ... But neither of those are real people so I guess it doesn't matter.

The human chess match was next. The Queen declared that this chess match would determine the leader of her royal navy, and a band of Renaissance clothing-clad villagers marched onto the large chess board, prepared to fight to the death.

And that they did.

The first duel was between a bishop and a knight. It was quite violent and went on for far too long, but still entertaining. They knew how to party in the Renaissance, I'll give 'em that much. Our final stop of the day was the Vikings' Horde, a shop filled with animal pelts and barbarianism. Exploring the Viking paraphernalia made me ache to pillage a village, but I'm kind of a pacifist and probably wouldn't be too good at that ... but hey, I can dream.

And that's what Ren-Fest is all about: A dream. A dream that somewhere in the world you can buy overpriced medieval clothes and jewelry, or watch children throw tomatoes at someone's face, or catapult frogs into a poorly-dyed pond, or eat a turkey leg the size of your face.

Or, if you really dream big, you can ride a camel.



**All materials copyright and
exclusively owned by Anna
Turner and Snobster Media
LLC.**

**Our Media is Better Than
Your Media.**