

Disney World Fairy Tales (Not Quite)

I came across a really fun article awhile ago called: Confessions Of A Disney Cast Member. The article was written by a guy who spent 5 summers working at the Walt Disney World resort as a Disney cast member. If you're like me and a frequent visitor to the Magic Kingdom, then you will appreciate the following not-so-tall-tales. Even if you've never been to WDW, the following stories are fun to read. Among the entertaining stories he has to share:

Excuse me man, are you pregnant?

What's more terrifying than the 38-foot drop on Disney's Big Thunder Mountain Railroad? Having to ask women in line if they're pregnant. It's for their own safety, but forget a woman scorned—hell hath no fury like a woman who's been mistaken for being pregnant. Once, when I was in training, I watched a coworker approach a larger female park visitor and ask, "Excuse me, ma'am, but are you pregnant?" "Pregnant!?!!" the woman screamed, her voice turning heads at the happiest place on earth. "No! What are you saying? Do I look fat to you?!" She turned to her friend and screamed some more: "They think I look fat. Let's get out of here!" I was so traumatized by that incident I crafted a plan to avoid offending anyone. Whenever I spotted a "suspect," I asked everybody in the vicinity—including teenage boys and women in their 70s—if they were with child. If the woman I suspected was actually pregnant, she left the ride quickly. If she wasn't, she just thought I was working a gag.

I sure am Randy today.

Disney made the "first name" name tag famous, but the tag doesn't always match the person wearing it. One day, as I was steering the raft to Tom Sawyer Island, my name tag dropped

into the river, forcing me to get a new one. There wasn't a single "Robert" left, so until a replacement could be made, I pretended to be "Randy," a name that amused visitors from the U.K. to no end. Elderly English ladies lined up to have their picture taken with me. One screamed when she saw me, grabbed her friend, and yelled, "Is that really your name?" Being a good Disney cast member, I lied and said yes. The friend said, "You know, we love a good randy man back home." But lady, even I'm not that good a cast member.

To get onstage, dress the part.

A few attractions choose audience volunteers to be part of the show, but the selection process is far from random. Typically, you need to be a certain gender, size, and age for each of the different roles. You might even need to be wearing a specific item of clothing. On my off days from work, I used to go over to Universal Studios, and I would get picked all the time to play "Mother" in the old Alfred Hitchcock show. They needed a guy my height and weight who happened to be wearing the same type of plain white tennis shoes I always wore. Also helpful for getting picked: cuteness and enthusiasm. Curious kids who ask nicely and look excited often get extra attention, along with thrilling perks like riding up front and introducing shows.

Stroller relocation program

Disney's a family place, but the people who work there come to loathe strollers. It's part of a cast member's job to keep strollers in nice, orderly lines and to make sure they're only left in designated areas. But park visitors keep their strollers in an appalling condition, loaded up with dirty diapers, rotting bottles of milk, and half-eaten PB&J sandwiches. Others see no problem with parking their strollers right in front of an attraction's exit or entrance. Sometimes thoughtless individuals like this incur the wrath of the stroller police, and their precious Bugaboos and

Maclarens are intentionally relocated to a place “far, far away”—at the very back of the area cordoned off for strollers.



Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of (confiscated) rum
On special Grad Nites, when Disney hosts loads of freshly graduated high school kids, the park puts extra staffers inside Pirates of the Caribbean and other rides as lookouts to monitor less-than-legal activities. Our focus was mostly on what the kids were consuming. Booze, cigarettes—you name it, and a Disney cast member has confiscated it from a 17-year-old at one time or another. One clever kid, forced to hand over his bottle, noted the irony of getting busted in the middle of a ride that celebrates a drunken pirate orgy. “Hey, don’t the pirates have enough?” he asked. “They need mine, too?”

Please keep your happiness to yourself.
This attraction has been camera monitored for your safety. That’s the spiel Disney broadcasts over its loudspeakers for many rides. But the cameras are also meant to protect you from yourself. One night, while most parkgoers were watching the fireworks display, a couple strolled over to Pirates of the Caribbean, where I was working. They not only had a boat to themselves, but empty boats all around them. The real fireworks display, it turned out, was visible on the security cameras to all of us working that night. Let’s just say the show the couple put on wasn’t exactly G-rated.

If you enjoyed the above stories, you might want to [read the article in its entirety here](#), along with other theme park insider info.

WHAT A DIFFERENCE A NIGHT MAKES!

TONIGHT'S PERFORMANCE WAS PURE MAGICAL GOLD! We had 15 reservations tonight and by the time we started our evening of mystery and mayhem, I'm sure we had at least 30. Quite a switch from the nine we had last night. I AM SO PSYCHED! I know I mentioned that I was scared to death when this improv thing came up but after tonight, I am hooked. Thanks in no small part to a larger than I anticipated table at the front of the murder scene. One of my best friends decided to spread the word about the entertainment via a mass email that really worked! I knew a couple of them were speculating about coming tomorrow but I am so glad that they came tonight along with a third visitor and then two more came along! HEHEHEHE!!!!

While last night's audience was very fun and we were able to play off of them really well... nothing beats interacting with a large crowd of VERY receptive participants. There were moments of physicality that no one was anticipating that I found (as a performer) very exciting! And it was all out of the blue! That's improv folks and I love it! Never judge something until you've done it yourself? I hope the video came off well enough to post highlights on youtube so I can share some of it!

There is something new already brewing for my return to the stage! As with anything involving the stage, I am already

pumped about it! Stay tuned for more info as it becomes available!

A Very Intimate Beginning

Tonight was the opening for the murder-mystery dinner theatre at the Quarterline Cafe. It was really intimate because we had a grand total of **5 audience members!** But it was really fun, the paying customers seemed to enjoy themselves as they played along and attempted to guess whodunit and why to win a fantastic prize. Our overall effect had to change a bit and hopefully when we get more audience members, it can go back to our original plan! But improv... what can you say? If the paying public is entertained then it is all good!

I must give a shout out to the crashers who shall remain nameless. They traipsed right on in. "Stella" went out to greet them, then they walked out. I attempted to fit them into the plot by acknowledging the late comers and suggesting that they may be two more possible suspects. It must have worked because after we wrapped, I told the cast who they were and everyone knew that I must have known them. Apparently, they were making reservations to one of the remaining two performances.

So, while fun and intimate, a few more audience members would be helpful so that we can do some of the more physical bits we had been working on. Call for reservations (419)485-0253!

Morat And The A Man Of Magic AND MORE PIZZA

Hello every people. My next night in Flor-ida was a spent in a [downside up](#) building. I a look up and I see the stairs on the ceiling. Wooly Sheep. It was a very strange building, I never seen anything a like that. We a go to the downside up building to see the magic man on stage. He was a very strange man. Little girl person, Taylor was a called on to the stage to do a magic trick. A few minutes later, Morat was a called up. Magic man thought Morat say Borat. I tell him my name is a MORAT Notboratnichkov from Liswathistan. Magic man say he a call me Timmy. T and I tie the hands of magic man together and pull hard on the a rope. I a think I pull little too hard because I pull the other end right out of T's hands. Some people in audience say Morat was a very funny. But they were a three sheep to a the wind. A little bit later, Chris was a called to the a stage to do a magic trick. I a also see a weird man person who was a on stage and a showed a huge a stomach and a large a crack. Not a only did we a see the magic, we also a eat the pizza pie. WOOLY SHEEEP, more a pizza. I think we all were a sick of pizza. NO MORE A PIZZA PIE!!!! I a like a pizza pie but I a not like to so much so a many times. three nights in a row is a TOO MUCH!!! But, Morat enjoy the a magic man, he was a very funny.