



## THE NORTHWEST RING OF FIRE

### The Lynnwood Magic Club \ I.B.M. Local 339

March 2009

# THE PASTEBOARD

## Excuses, Excuses, Excuses

Yes, this newsletter is late, quite Late. No doubt you've been wondering where it is and what took me so long to get it out.

Actually probably not since we just discovered at the last meeting that these aren't being e-mailed out like they are supposed to be, but hopefully we've fixed that issue with this issue and you'll actually get this issue so you'll know why you haven't gotten previous issues and why this issue is late.

Our last meeting (the one in March) was fantastic!

We had over twenty fine folk in attendance and several newcomers that hopefully will be coming back. Our fearless leader, Brian Cook, was not able to attend due to work conflicts. But after a short discussion on the feasibility of having everyone get to GI Joes to disrupt Mr. Cook's work environment - we all thought we should go buy stuff and then return it en-masse - Jeff Dial got us back on track by taking the reins of authority and got the meeting underway.

The first order of business was the business reports and each officer (at least the ones that were there) dutifully filled us in with the status of their departments. All in all it was discovered that everything is fine and that the club is running like the well oiled machine that it is.

Smoke and Mirrors is coming along. All the acts have been booked, posters put up and the backstage crew assembled. Ticket sales are progressing and it looks to be a great show. Don't forget to go with all of your friends and family in tow. It's Saturday April 11<sup>th</sup> at the Everett Performing Arts Center 2710 Wetmore Ave at 7:00 p.m.

We also have a fine slew of lecturers coming. We have Levent coming on May 2<sup>nd</sup>. I've just watched his Misers Dream DVD set and you don't want to miss this one! Fielding West will be here on June 13<sup>th</sup>. He's been getting rave reviews across the country with this outstanding lecture. We also have Kostya Kimlat (September 5<sup>th</sup>) and Curtis Kam (November 7<sup>th</sup>) coming. More news on these two as the date nears. After all this interesting

and intriguing information was imparted a short break was called.

When we came back from the break several people performed effects they were working on.

Don Brisbane, Craig Colombel, Dick Ptacek, Mark Paulson and Payne all performed fine effects.

A insightful discussion was then held as to what everyone keeps in their pockets to perform at a moments notice. Several wonderful effects were shared and shown, a couple of which are going in my arsenal.

With that the meeting was brought to a close and we all went to Maddocks for greets and eats.

It was such a spectacular meeting that I was in somewhat of a daze after attending. So much so that I didn't notice the sinister black van following me home from the restaurant.

I had thought my involvement with the firm had come to an end decades ago but I was soon to learn that my old nemesis Josip bore a grudge that transcended both time and space.

As I came to a stop at the first light the hitherto unnoticed van smashed into the rear of my car. Dazed and surprised by the unsuspected attack I was oblivious to the two men in battle dress coming up on either side of my damaged vehicle.

I suddenly found myself showered in tiny particles of shattered glass as one of the goons broke out my driver side window. I tried to grap for the tire iron I keep under my seat but I am not as fast as I used to be and the two henchmen had me pulled out of the cab of my car before I could get a grip on my weapon.

Struggling was futile as they had the chloroform soaked rag over my nose and mouth before I could get a single punch thrown. These guys were obviously well honed professional.

I awoke tied to a chair in a dark and damp room. It only took me an instant to realize that the room was on a boat and that we were under sail to points unknown.

I checked my bonds. Chains! The fools had used chains to constrict me. They obviously were unfamiliar with the writings of Harry Houdini and didn't know that chains, because of their inability to be drawn as tightly as rope or cord were child's play to escape from. Especially if the child had read *101 Easy Chain Escapes* a dozen or more times. Needless to say I was out of those restraints in a matter of moments.

The goons who had chained me up like a bad set of tires obviously had great faith in their abilities as they left the door to my room unlocked. Cautiously I made my way topside to see what I was in for.

It was still night. I could see the light of Everett receding as the tramp steamer I was on slowly made it's way out of the sound. I'd have to act fast if I was going to get out of this mess and get this all important newsletter written. Checking to see if I still had my notes from the meeting in the hidden compartment in the heel of my shoe (I did) I made my way to where I knew a life raft should be.

Nothing. The berth which should have held a life raft was empty. I made my way to the next station only to find it as empty as the first. A

sinking feeling of an imminent was beginning to take hold of me.

Quickly I ran to the bridge only to find that unattended. It was only when I saw the controls smashed and the detonator timer ticking down to zero did I come to the full realization as to what was happening. I was on a floating bomb set to go off in under three minutes! I had to act fast.

Jumping overboard was not an option. I knew, as well as Josip did, that hypothermia would set in less than six minutes were I to find myself in the sound without a survival suit – which I'm sure all of which had been removed from the vessel. Or had they?

I ran to the emergency locker to take stock. Sure enough not a survival suit or life raft was to be found. But they had left the flare gun! Perfect.

With two minutes thirty seconds left on the timer I made my way to the mess. Under the sink, where they were supposed to be were the black trash bags that I needed for my plan. Quickly I pulled them out of their easy dispense box and, as I ran back topside, wove half of them into a makeshift rope. This plastic cord I attached, one end around my waist, the other to the butt end of the flare pistol.

With less than thirty seconds remaining I firmly planted the barrel of the pistol against the disk and pulled the trigger. The recoil ripped the gun from my hand (as I knew it would) and sent it skyward dragging me along with it. If my angle had been correct (and why wouldn't it be?) I should now be heading toward

the abandoned paper mills that still sat on Everett's waterfront.

Just as my trajectory slowed the freighter erupted in a mighty roar as the hold full of explosives detonated. My timing, like my trajectory had been perfect. The flare pistol had taken me far enough away from the ship to avoid any harm from the explosion but had kept me close enough to take full advantage of the ensuing shock wave which pushed me even closer to my desired destination.

I grabbed the remaining garbage sacks and fashioned them into a makeshift parachute to help lessen the impact of my soon to be occurring landing.

I couldn't have planned it better if I had tried. I made a perfect landing in the sluice pit of the paper mill. The thick papery water absorbing all the harmful shock of the impact. In the flickering orange light made by the immense fireball that was slowly rising into the sky from the burning hulk of the freighter I made my way to the highway to find transport back to Seattle.

And this is why the newsletter was late this month as I took me three weeks to hitch hike from Everett to Wallingford.

## Your Officers

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Visit our Website

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The Message Board

<http://www.runboard.com/bnorthwestringoffire>

## Upcoming Happenings

### Magic Mondays

7:00 p.m. Second Monday of the Month

Third Place Books Ravenna

### Cabaret of Dr Caligari

8:00 p.m. Third thursday of the Month  
Heaven Nightclub Pioneer Square

### Levent Lecture

May 2nd

Check the Webpage

### Smoke and Mirrors

April 11<sup>th</sup>

[elementalent@me.com](mailto:elementalent@me.com)

### Kramien's Jamboree

CANCELLED !!!!

<http://www.magicjamboree.com/home.html>