

**N I C O T I N E
A N O N Y M O U S
P I C N I C**



SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 21, 2003

NOON TIL 5:00 PM

ELDORADO PARK WEST— LONG BEACH

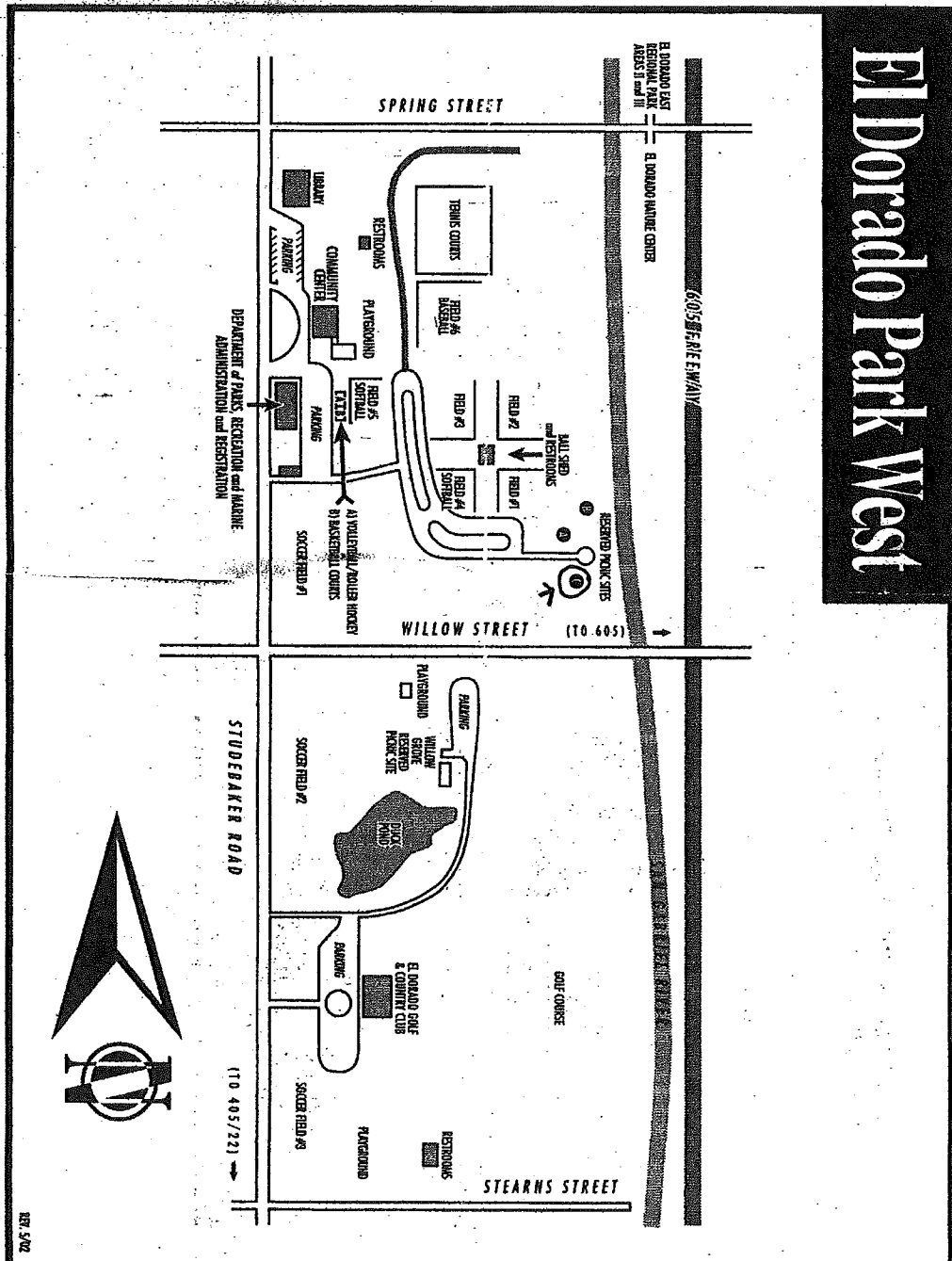
**Southern California Intergroup Nicotine Anonymous
POTLUCK LUNCH, FUN AND FELLOWSHIP**

**THE INTERGROUP MEETING AND ELECTION OF OFFICERS WILL
BE HELD BEFORE THE PICNIC AT 10:00 AM**

**ALL ARE WELCOME
SCINA PROVIDES THE DRINKS—YOU PROVIDE THE FOOD!!
FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL STEVE H: 323-257-9917**

NORTH ON 605 – EXIT WILLOW/KATELLA – GO WEST ON WILLOW TO STUDEBAKER. TURN - RIGHT ON STUDEBAKER – GO ¼ MILE TO 2760 STUDEBAKER – TURN RIGHT BEFORE BROWN BUILDING – GO PAST THE BALL FIELDS – PICNIC AREAS ARE ON RIGHT.

SOUTH ON 605 – EXIT SPRING – GO WEST ON SPRING TO STUDEBAKER – TURN LEFT ON STUDEBAKER - GO ¼ MILE TO 2760 STUDEBAKER – TURN LEFT PAST THE BROWN BUILDING - (SAME OL BROWN BUILDING) – GO PAST THE BALL FIELDS – PICNIC AREAS ARE ON RIGHT.



Name Train

75

Every player is a superstar in *New Games*, and here's a way to make sure that each of us receives an ovation to match that status.

We stand in a circle, facing the center, and one player volunteers to be the locomotive. If he's a genuine railroad buff, he'll take a few chugs around the circle, piston-driving with his arms, choo-chooing, and maybe letting blast with a steam whistle or two. (No diesels in this game.)

The locomotive stops and exchanges introductions with one of us in the circle: "Hi, I'm Bob." "Hello, I'm Mary." Upon learning the person's name, Bob the locomotive breaks into a semaphore-style cheer, alternately raising his arms and extending his legs while chanting the person's name: "Mary! Mary! Mary, Mary, Mary!"

After Mary has been hailed, Bob the locomotive turns around, Mary places her hands on his hips as a caboose, and the two of them chug across the circle to find another person to introduce themselves to. "Hi, I'm Gregory," says the chosen player. Bob repeats Gregory's name; then Mary repeats it, and then they both break into semaphore euphoria, chanting, "Gregory! Gregory! Gregory, Gregory, Gregory!" Following Gregory's chant, Mary becomes the locomotive, Bob puts his hands on her waist, and Gregory joins the train as the new caboose, and they all chug off to acquire another car.

We continue adding cars to the train, cheering everyone by name as we go along. We might even split into two or more trains (depending on the number of players) before each of us has been duly celebrated and added to the *New Games Express*. What's next? A game of *Loose Caboose*, of course. ■





Yurt Circle

123

The name of this game derives from that ingenious Mongolian nomads' tent in which the roof pushes against the walls in perfect equilibrium, keeping the structure standing. If we all work together, we can get our own yurt supporting itself in no time.

We form a circle with an even number of players. All of us face the center, standing almost shoulder to shoulder and holding hands. We then go around the circle and one person says, "In," the next says, "Out," and so on. When we're finished, each In should be standing between two Outs and vice versa.

Then we count to three, and the Ins lean toward the center of the circle while the Outs lean back. We all keep our feet stationary and support ourselves with our held hands. With a bit of practice, we can lean amazingly far forward and backward without falling.

Once our yurt is stable, we can try counting to three and having the Ins and the Outs switch roles while we continue holding hands. If we get really proficient, we can try switching back and forth in rhythm.

A yurt stays upright because each part is responsible for supporting the whole, with an interplay of forces in opposition and in harmony at the same time. What could be a better metaphor for New Games? ■