

# ONCE UPON A TIME

BY  
MARK HASLAM  
STEVE MITCHELL



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WRITTEN BY  
MARK HASLAM

ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
STEVE MITCHELL

When Mark Haslam was asked to host the Founders Day 54th anniversary at the Magic Castle® on January 2, 2017, he conceived the following story as part of his presentation, with the wonderful illustrations provided by his good friend Steve Mitchell.

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DEDICATED TO  
**MILT, BILL & IRENE**  
LARSEN

A long time ago — and yet perhaps it wasn't such a very long time ago — there lived a magical carpenter named Milton, who along with his brother William, dreamt of a magical castle in the land of Hollywood.



And so it came to pass in the year of  
nineteen hundred and sixty-three their  
wish was granted, and the Magic Castle®  
came to be.



William brought his princess, Irene, to the enchanted place and she became its true light. All was well.



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The finest magi in the land sought out the magical castle and they toiled there in exchange for only a few small coins.



A great wizard from the north came in  
to shield from the storm and his wisdom  
attracted magical beings from many lands.



Leprechauns came from across the sea,  
and they told very, very long stories.





Others came from stranger places...



As William and Irene travelled far and wide, spreading word of their magical castle...



Milton and his army of elves dug deeper into the land of make-believe, expanding their inner kingdom.



**E**veryone lived happily at the magical castle — they feasted and they drank... and they drank...and they drank.

Twas a wonderful time. Every evening resounded with the joyous sound of laughter and applause from the splendid, brightly lit castle on the hill...however, dark days were on the horizon.



A cloud appeared over the magical place and forces threatened to cast a spell—they wanted to rule the enchanted kingdom.

“There are many gold coins to be had” they declared. And so the struggle between light and dark had begun.



¶

“Thy cannot banish Milton, for he is our founder” yelled the crowd. And they booed loudly...

And so the spell was broken, the falsehood would be of no avail, and the kingdom rejoiced.



A knight in shining armor rode over  
the hill and a new era reigned over the  
magical castle.



And so, to this day — even though the magi are asked to hand over more and more gold coin every year — they all live happily ever after in their castle upon the hill.

