

Riggirori's Trick

by Blake Burnett

The Olde Town Theatre was open again. It has been closed since the 60's, but they renovated the abandoned building and it is currently the opening week, and people are flooding in. And, on Halloween night they are celebrating the Magician, Vincent Riggirori, the Star of the Olde Town Theatre. That's why my dad said, anyway. I don't want to go to the theater. It sounds dorky and boring. On Halloween night we got in the car and headed downtown instead of trick-or-treating. The theater parking lot was full and once we parked, we went inside. The walls were plastered with portraits of Vincent Riggirori. A man with fizzily white hair walked over. "Would you like to-oh wait...I forgot!". He promptly ran off. "He's the founders' brother and a lot of people think he's crazy", Dad said. "Looks like it!" I said. We found our way to our red cushioned seats and sat down. The founders' brother sat in a chair towards the front of the auditorium. The lights dimmed and the red curtains opened. They did a couple of piano songs and some singing. It was really boring. But after the Wacky Western Wombat Band finished singing its folk songs, no one came on stage immediately. But then, THUD. THUD. THUD. It echoed through the silent theater and a dim light appeared on the stage. It was a man with a black suit and top hat and a fancy, poofy red shirt. He was holding a wand in his hand. Hello, he said. I am the magician and I greet you today at the reopening of the theater. The founders' brother jumped up from his seat and shouted "I remember! ..Him! Vincent Riggirori!! He hasn't changed a bit!" Laughter rippled through the crowd. "Yes, Yes congratulations on your newfound memory. He is correct. And did any of you hear why they closed the theater down? The magician pointed to the founders' brother, his brother decided to pay me less even though I was getting him almost all the money. Now, up to that point, I had dabbled in real magic, not just the hiding scarves in my sleeves. So, when his brother was up on the stage greeting the audience, I took out my wand." He lifted up his wand, high up in the air. "And then, I set off a spell that would cause an explosion. Then his younger brother would take his place and I was likely to keep the same amount of pay. But, it just so happened that a play of Snow White happened the previous day, so the spell hit the "magic" mirror and bounced off and landed on the floor in front of me. They closed the theater, he continued softly, but because the theater was so quiet, it echoed through the room. Because I disappeared, they couldn't find me. And what would his brother say if I told him what I am planning tonight? As my final trick, I will make this theater and everyone in it disappear. He began muttering words under his breath, beginning an incantation and sticking out his wand. Shiny wisps of green smoke began to trace out of his wand and swirl around the objects like the props and chairs and they became transparent. He continued muttering, but I stood up. I clenched my fist. I had to stop him, I had to break his concentration-- or something. I ran up the aisle with red carpet. I quickly bolted up the wooden stairs onto the stage where the slightly transparent Vincent Riggirori stood, or floated, still chanting.

He didn't notice me, so I crept up, not sure what to do. If this guy knew real magic, it probably wouldn't work if I just tapped him on the shoulder. I grabbed the Styrofoam battle axe and continued creeping forward. If this guy was a real ghost, and if ghosts are actually like I read about and saw in movies, this would work. I lifted the battle axe high above my head, then swung my arm forward and released it. The prop sailed through him, and apparently ghosts are like I read about in books and movies, because he just turned around and stared at me with his piercing black eyes. I turned and ran. The ghost magician glided after me, his wand brandished. I barreled down the stairs into a creepy dark room filled with props. I ran down next to a shelf of old junk and crouched, hiding in the boxes. I couldn't see him. But then, I heard thunderous noise and the shelf I was crouching next to toppled over, pieces of shrapnel from it flying off into the walls. Luckily, though, I was crouching next to a box, so I dove into it and shut the lid, granting me protection. And then I heard a ghostly voice say "come out, come out wherever you are!" There was another huge explosion and there was the sound of water trickling. I can't hide forever, I thought. He's going to get me eventually, so I grabbed something from a shelf and threw it at him. It turns out that I threw a 'proton pack' from Ghostbusters. That made him mad. I have no idea how a ghost from the 60's knew about Ghostbusters, but apparently, he did. He turned and pointed his wand at me. A jet of red light missed me by 2 inches, smacking into the wall and causing a huge smoking explosion that knocked me over. That explosion left a gaping hole in the side of the building. I sprinted out of it and onto a strip of grass next to a busy street. The ghost of the magician glided out after me. The ghost said, "I thought it was going to be good when I made the whole thing disappear, but it will be even better if I only make one of you disappear. Then, they will close it down again and my revenge will be complete." I stopped at the sidewalk because there was no crosswalk near me. But then, he prepared to use the explosion spell again, so I jumped backward, but since I was on the sidewalk, one of my feet was on the curb and one was on nothing, so I fell backward into the bike lane. Now, the ghost was right on the sidewalk, he readied his wand ready to make me disappear. But then, a motorcycle came shooting down the road causing a gust of wind to pickup the ghost and slam him down into the road. "I'll get you" he yelled. And he began floating towards me, but at that moment, a semi-truck barreled past sending up a huge wind. The ghost soared up into the sky yelling until his translucent body disappeared into the starry sky.