

THE
MISDIRECTION
OF
ABADDON
KANE



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By John Parham

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Misdirection of Abaddon Kane

Kane looked into the smoky mirror and the mirror looked back.

A shadowy figure coalesced in the background like an apparition he knew well. The mirror reflected a fiendish visage of a spectral man. Abaddon Kane became the reflection, a magician and a master of misdirection.

Smiling with maniacal energy, he muttered, “*Its ShowTime!*”

The gold brocade curtain parted to reveal his glory to the audience. A regal, tall frame lit with floodlights and projected a mesmerizing image.

All eyes were on Kane, and he knew it. “*Not my audience*”, he thought, “*my flock!*”

Confident, long strides delivered him to his mark on the stage. His red velvet top hat, pinstripe tuxedo, red ascot and carnation in his lapel was quite a sight to see. The audience loved him, the price of admission already repaid and the show had not even begun.

A well-rehearsed regal bow performed and highlighted by the removal of his top hat. Long, thick curly locks cascaded to frame an angular face. Kane, after many moments of adulation from his flock, rose like a phoenix to his full height. With orchestrated moves, he adroitly placed the top hat atop his black locks.

A spotlight projected an otherworldly glow into his eyes. One might say they were deep pools of red, tinged with crimson fire. But the flock dismissed this possibility as they knew it was a trick of lighting.

Kane spread his arms wide and with a deep, thunderous voice, said “Welcome!”

Thunderous applause shook the auditorium and crashed across the lit stage and Kane absorbed the adulation. He knew the flock came to believe, and he intended to deliver. With perfect timing, Kane raised his arms and the thunderous applause abated.

He summoned his commanding voice, and said, “You came to see magic, and ye shall receive!”

The flock erupted once more, Kane grinned and inhaled the excitement in the air. He raised his arms, quelled the flock, and said, “You all know magic is simple misdirection. I draw you to look here” as Kane tilted to his right and extended his right hand. But the actual magic was in his left hand as he opened his fist and released a sparkling golden orb.

When they realized the misdirection, all turned their gaze to the floating, sparkling orb. It floated over the auditorium and disappeared into the rafters of the cavernous ceiling. Many “oohs” and “ah’s” escaped as Kane cracked a huge self-serving grin.

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“*Now I have them,*” he thought.

“Misdirection is the key to life” Kane announced. “Life is what you perceive it to be, not what it may be” and turned to his left. As the flock focused on his left side, he flipped his right hand. A flock of white doves flew away across the auditorium and created more squeals of amazement.

“Are you tired of living a life of mundane reality?” Kane asked.

He then removed his top hat and a white rabbit popped out. The rabbit wore glasses, pulled out a pocket watch, then muttered for all to hear “*I am late, I am late*“. The rabbit then bounded out of the hat and hopped across the stage.

Thunderous applause followed by long moments in the spotlight. Kane thought, “*Yes, you are mine!*”

“*Now, for some actual magic,*” he thought.

“Please humor me. And remember, this is only misdirection of magic, so no harm will come to you. Please turn to your right, hug the person sitting next to you and kiss them. Something magical will occur,” he ordered.

And like magic, each member of the flock hesitated, then turned right and held their seatmate. Each kissed the other. With the kiss, a strange bond formed, not questioned yet not understood.

With slight confusion, the embrace released, all returned their focus to Kane. He looked to the flock, and asked: “Now, do you not feel better about yourself?”

After a few moments of reflection, a thunderous “Yes” reverberated in the auditorium.

Kane said, “You should, for misdirection of life is true magic!”

The flock was quiet and absorbed his words. He asked, “Do you feel the magic?”

“Yes” was the resounding answer.

Kane let a slight chuckle escape his lips as he thought, “*Yes, misdirection is my calling card. And magic is my coin. Thank you all for buying in.*”

He raised to his full height and seemed much taller, maybe the spotlight exaggerated his stature. With wide spread arms, “Now, you of the misdirected life, full of magic delivered by the one next to you, go forth and spread the magic. For all of you are now walking the path of the misdirected soul. Go forth and spread your magic!”

The auditorium erupted in cheers and enthusiastic cries of “Misdirected Magic, Misdirected Magic!”

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Kane allowed the explosive revelry to continue for several minutes, then held up his long arms. The flock quieted down. “Go forth and use your magic to misdirect the lost souls among us!”

The flock, now energized, filed out of the auditorium. They poured into the busy street and began to touch and spread their magic to the multitude of misdirected souls.

After the auditorium emptied and the flock fervently sent on its mission, Kane exited the stage. He entered his dressing room, removed the velvet top hat and placed it on his dressing table in front of the mirror.

He looked into the mirror once more. This time his apparition had much more substance. Kane grinned when the apparition beckoned him to join it in the mirror.

He thought, “*Why not?*”

Kane glanced at the top hat and it shuddered gently. He placed the hat atop his curly locks to complete the apparition in the mirror. Kane walked directly into the mirror, flashed a devilish smile at the last moment. A whisper of “*Magic and Misdirection*” fluttered in the air then vanished.

Magic and Misdirection of Life courtesy of Abaddon Kane.