

Christmas Magic

And How I Survived It

By Dennis Knight

December 25th

It was a lovely Christmas morning, Aunt Maggie, and of course Sarah and I and the children missed having you this year. Little Sally was thrilled with the Magic Bake Oven you sent. She must have produced at least eight batches of cookies today, and I expect she'll soon get them right. Oh, and Ronny loves his Junior Magician kit. He's been reading and practicing all day and I believe he is going to become quite the prestidigitator. In the meantime, my razor has disappeared, apparently forever.

The holidays are just not the same without you, Auntie, but I understand your misgivings about being around the children after your unexpected haircut three years ago and your broken nose last year. Perhaps Sally was a little too young then for a Missy Miss Hair Salon Kit, and of course none of us knew about Ronnie's punch when he laced on those Rocking Rocky boxing gloves last year.

December 28th

Ronald has mastered his tricks and demonstrates every one of them to me, over and over and over. He even has perfected the magician's irritating banter. But more things are missing, and I blame that old black magic. Today into magicians' limbo he sent my favorite Mel Tormé CD to join my razor, nail clippers and brush.

Sally hasn't got the hang of baking yet, but she's persistent, and I've made three trips to the toy store for replacement mixes at about five bucks a pop. Isn't that kind of high? The cookies come out too shiny, so I plan to increase the oven temperature by screwing a bigger light bulb into the toy.

December 29th

I should have checked the warning label. The new hundred-watt bulb warped the side of Sally's oven, but she's still baking, even though her cookies now are burned and her cakes are still soggy. Could you please tell me where you purchased the magic set? I'm hoping the company might have a different model, one that will help me reverse some of Ronny's spells.

December 30th

I have just a short note today, Auntie. I can't eat another burned cookie, and if one more thing of mine disappears, I swear I'm going to take that fake silk hat and cram it right over the little sorcerer's ears. I'm getting why you no longer come for Christmas.

January 1st.

It's been a good day. Sally ran out of baking supplies and hasn't asked for more. Ronald's perilous box of prestidigitation seems piece by piece to be vanishing, each perhaps by its own charm, and Ronny's marvelous magic wand snapped in half when he tried to pry apart the wire puzzles he had magically interlaced. While everyone denies crushing the magic silk hat, the stomped imprint exactly matches Sarah's sneaker.

Happy New Year, Aunt Maggie!

P.S. I found my razor, CD and other stuff this afternoon when I levitated Sally's toy oven up to the attic.