The Black Ranger

Thomas Pecora
St. John Fisher College

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The Black Ranger

Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"The kid just doesn't seem to understand that turning on a light switch won't hurt him! Little Bobby used to love to run around the house playing "swords" with his older brother. Bobby and his brother used to take the cardboard cylinder tubes out of the paper towel rolls to bash each other on their heads. However, as Bobby's older brother reached his adolescent years, Bobby was left to play alone, for Bobby's older brother was no longer interested in Bobby's level of play. But Bobby always loved playing with objects that could resemble a sword! A pencil, a twig, a butter knife!"

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The kid just doesn't seem to understand that turning on a light switch won't hurt him! Little Bobby used to love to run around the house playing “swords” with his older brother. Bobby and his brother used to take the cardboard cylinder tubes out of the paper towel rolls to bash each other on their heads. However, as Bobby’s older brother reached his adolescent years, Bobby was left to play alone, for Bobby’s older brother was no longer interested in Bobby’s level of play. But Bobby always loved playing with objects that could resemble a sword! A pencil, a twig, a butter knife!

Anyway, little Bobby saw an episode of the “Power Rangers,” in which the Black Ranger sticks his sword in a magical hole inside a rock, and then the Black Ranger’s sword becomes bolted with thunder in order to defeat the evil witch! Bobby was so excited, hopping on the sofa and the chair and jumping onto the floor, as he imitated the Black Ranger’s power moves. He was always so cute, with those little hairs sticking up like a porcupine! I could never really read his mind. He would travel to worlds that I’ve never seen!

One day, when I was cooking in the kitchen, I heard little Bobby say, “Go-Go! Black Ranger! Stab that ugly witch with the power sword!” I looked around the corner, and there Bobby was again, glued to the television. So I went back in the kitchen as I was preparing my chicken stir-fry, and I was confident that Bobby was secure in his little world. The next thing I hear is, “Take that, Pow! Bang! Ha! Ha! Boom!” So I said to myself, “Oh there he goes again, pretending he just killed the wicked witch!” Then I heard again, “Huh...ah....AAA...Help!” And then I heard a drop and the sound of the floor vibrating! I looked around the corner again, “Damn Bobby! What the hell did you do to yourself?” However, my question had no relevance to him because he was convulsing on the carpet floor with his right hand hanging over the coffee table next to an electric socket! To my surprise, I found a butter knife penetrated inside of the electric outlet! Then I quickly glanced at Bobby again, shaking, hair fallen on his face, and with a “black” tint of color added to his skin. I quickly rushed Bobby to the hospital.

After Bobby successfully recovered, or should I say, has successfully regained his “physical strength,” Bobby’s world of imagination has been “darkened” for life. Sadly, every time I turn on any light switches at night, Bobby flips out and starts having flashbacks of his special day! He’s so sensitive; he’s like a schizophrenic in disguise. Just turn on those lights at night and there “bigger” Bobby goes... running around the house covering his head, and shouting stupid comments like, “She’s gonna get me! That witch ...
no don't shock me! Turn off the lights!" Bobby was always able to put himself in a totally different world than ours. Now he's part of that "other" world. Until this day, Bobby is forever remembering his "power day," when he became "The Black Ranger" with his powerful electric "dagger!"

-- Thomas Pecora