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## Magic

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# Magic

## **Abstract**

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

"I was just a little girl when I fell in love with my daddy, a short man with a big heart. He would take me up to the Burning Bush park to swim with me and teach me how to dive. I would never go off the high dive but daddy told me if I tried it, he'd buy me an ice cream cone. I thought I was going to drown but it was worth it; nothing ever tasted as good as that chocolate ice cream cone."

## **Cover Page Footnote**

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# ALYSSA OSINSKI

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## MAGIC

I was just a little girl when I fell in love with my daddy, a short man with a big heart. He would take me up to the Burning Bush park to swim with me and teach me how to dive. I would never go off the high dive but daddy told me if I tried it, he'd buy me an ice cream cone. I thought I was going to drown but it was worth it; nothing ever tasted as good as that chocolate ice cream cone.

Daddy was a generous man. He would buy me toys for no reason and take me to Lakeside Farms to get candy. He would buy me the biggest pumpkin on the block at Halloween time and he always had a more creative costume than I did. The year that I was a princess with a sparkly wand and a tiara, my dad was the Boogar Man. Ever since I can remember, he would tell me that the boogar man snuck into grocery stores at night and put boogars on all the candy and gumballs in the 25-cent machines. This intrigued me and I never understood the big smirk on his face when I carefully looked in the machines and claimed to have spotted some boogars. Anyway, along with his Boogar Man costume with dried silicon all over his clothes and a mask with a big green boogar between his nose and lip, he mixed some Nickelodeon Gak with water to make a really drippy green slime. He "slimed" everyone handing out candy with "boogars." For some reason, he ended up getting more candy than I did that year.

Daddy definitely had a lot of tricks up his sleeve. In fact, he was a magician. He pulled quarters out of my ear, and did rope tricks and card tricks. All his secrets were hidden in his big, dusty old magic book that I was forbidden to even think about opening. After all, he had made a pact with the International Brotherhood of Magicians that he would not reveal to anyone the contents of the book.

Daddy was really an amazing man.... until I turned twelve.

Dad was such a jerk! I couldn't believe my parents were so uncool and I no longer had the freedom I felt I needed. He would yell at me over petty little things like not cleaning the litter box or forgetting to get the mail. He would ground me for rolling my eyes and walking away from him. Living with dad was turning into pure hell. Who'd have known this supposed God would answer my plea when I wished him dead?

I was fifteen. It was the first day after a long winter that the weather was warm enough to wear short-sleeves. It was the first day the motorcycles were back on the road. After getting his inspected, dad was on the way home from the shop when the bike started to shake and he lost control. No one knows what was wrong with the bike; the investigators couldn't prove anything. All we know is that he hit the guardrail. He hit the ground, snapped his neck and instantly died. Since there was a big fire, no one even got to say goodbye to his body.

Something this drastic had never happened to me. Someone I had loved and hated for so long was never going to kick a soccerball with me again. He would never take me to Lakeside Farms and pick out the biggest pumpkin. But at the same time, he would never hit me and call me a slut, or dump the cat's litter box on my floor when I didn't clean it.

Sure, there are ups and downs to every death, but I knew right away that I shouldn't have wished my daddy dead. For the rest of my life, I would regret it. I would spend endless days searching through his drawers, his personal memories, and his office for familiar smells and glimpses of the man I had once loved so much. I would struggle to let the good memories take over the bad. I would stop and look at myself and see the same qualities of my daddy and laugh and cry at the same time. I would rub the dust off his magic book and wonder what the contents were, but never ever dare open it.