Vikram’s English Academy (ICSE)

**Ignite**

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The magician was little more effective pickpocket. He would entertain the crowd, inviting the wealthiest looking to the stage, then relieve them of their valuables. He took great delight in doing this in front of the audience and there still not being any witnesses to the crime. He would haul enough in one visit to a wealthy neighborhood to a live handsomely for a month or so under another name, in another town, using a different disguise. Then he would invent a new persona and stage name and move on to the next wealthy district. It was a fine plan until he met me, then it all went horribly wrong. You can’t perform the same trick twice with one audience. If performed only once, the magic leaves a strong impression. It will then blossom into a beautiful miracle in their hearts. But when used twice, rather than the audience enjoying the magic, they focus on unravelling the trick. As such, the chance of it being unveiled is high. That is what happened with the young thief. I had caught him. I the trick to his Pandora box. He knew it.

He called me near the forest, promising to return the jewels. In return I would him. I went to the forest. The biggest mistake. What I saw was a different person with a MP-412 REX revolver clasped tight in his lanky hands. It took me seconds to realize this was a poke face, probably that was too.

The fear travelled in my veins but never made it to my facial muscles or skin. My complexion remained pale but confined eyes as steady as ever as if staring at the bull’s eye, a few seconds before I took my aim. I let out an understated and turned to leave, showing I wasn’t afraid to turn my back. My only way out was to overestimate my skill level to assure him that my lack of fear from mystery, instead of a raw nerve. A thought struck, retreat would be a disaster, a show of weakness, an in for the enemy to surge through. Everything in my face betrayed fear. It was a mask of defiance and surety. That’s why I was a leader. The fear would need an outlet of course, but this wasn’t the time. Through a swirl of sickening sound came his voice, through perfect teetch comes the truth and the lies, all vibration in air in consequential to the medium through which they travel. Only I know the difference now. So I watch those perfectly aligned slabs of white enamel, taking in his entire being, I could feel anger flash within me, the urge to hide my true feelings. Truth is treason is an empire of lies. I knew of it. Knowing my creation would not go to waste, that my purpose indeed be fulfilled, I greeted and stared at him in a feary blaze. He ignited a fire within me, and forgot to put it out.