

## The Fortune Teller

*What would you do if you were told that something bad was going to happen to you in 60 days?*

Fall Fest. One of those amazing times where our whole town comes together for three straight days of food, friendship, music and of course rides.

“Uh, I hate waiting in line for the stupid rides,” Ali said as we entered the gates of the festival. Of course she would say that as nothing is ever good enough for her. She is my best friend and all but lately she has been getting on my nerves. It started with her making the lacrosse team over me and has snowballed from there.

“Hey Nik, do you want to get something to eat before we buy tickets for the rides,” Tara chimed in.

“I’m ready to ride them all,” I said.

All three of us made our way to the ticket booth to buy tickets for rides. It seemed like the whole town congregated for this fest each year. Yet, tonight was a beautiful fall night where you could almost wear shorts. The sun was beginning to set as I looked up in amazement at the night sky. In my mind I said, *Nothing could ruin this night.*

“That will be \$20 for an all night pass,” the ticket taker said to all of us. As we looked around at which ride to hit first, it seemed like a flood of people everywhere we looked. Some were bopping to the band playing, “Radioactive,” on stage. Adults were running after their own kids or trying to talk to other adults in the crowd. Kids ran all over the place with a variety of foods in their hand or prizes from the games they had won. It was the perfect scene for the ultimate fun party.

That is until you see how long you need to wait in line to get on a ride.

“This stinks, Ali said, \$20 bucks and you can’t even get close to a ride.”

“I know,” Tara exclaimed. “I say we bounce from this place.”

I knew my friends would act this way if they even had to wait in line for a minute.

Both Ali and Tara were being very snarky about the fest. “Boring, lame, dorks, nerds,” were the words coming from their mouth. At times, I didn’t even know who or what they were talking about.

“Look if you guys want to go-go ahead, but I’m staying,” I said.

Both girls looked annoyed but decided to stay.

“Look at that dumb thing,” said Ali.

As I looked up I saw what appeared to a fortune teller game. It was a tall wooden box with glass around the top of it. Inside the glass was what appeared to be a head of a genie with a blue face and funky hat. Not a soul was around the game. It looked like it was older than my dad. Both my friends were poking fun of it so I decided to have some fun.

“I’m playing,” I said.

As I pressed a red button the machine came to life and asked me to type my name on what looked like an old-school typewriter.

After I did that, the blue head in the machine began to bob up and down and smoke began to fill the glass container that the head was floating in.

“Oh, my God, it’s going to set on fire,” Ali laughed.

It did look like it was going to set on fire. Yet instead, the machine began to talk.

“ I am The Great Wizzio, please wait for your fortune.”

The girls busted out a huge laugh and began to mock Wizzio. I even began to laugh because the game was so cheezy.

“Here is your fortune.”

A card spit out of the machine.

As I looked at it, it had my name and said-GREAT EVIL BEFALLS YOU IN 60 DAYS!!!!

My eyes must have told the story because right away my friends tried to comfort me.

“Don’t worry about that stupid game-what does it know?”

I didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. All I knew was I wanted to go home.

Days turned to weeks and weeks turned to months since the festival. I occasionally would be reminded of the message of Wizzo because I kept the message he sent to me and had the 60 day date reminder on my phone. As I walked into second period at school, the teacher reminded us that our big essay was due January 21st. That day rang in my mind and as I checked my phone, I saw that was the 60th day since I met Wizzo. I also checked to see that today was January 19th. I started to get this queezy feeling in my stomach. I had not thought at all about the upcoming fateful day but now I didn’t know what to think. My stomach was in knots and I began to go into a cold sweat at school. I immediately asked if I could see the nurse. I was sent home and told not to come to school the next day. Normally, that’s a good feeling but instead I stayed in bed all day as thoughts about what could happen to me raced through my mind. The scary part was I did not know if something was going to happen or if it was all a

joke. I wanted to tell my dad about it but I knew his reaction would be to laugh. My mom was visiting her friends in Aspen, so I knew she would also be of no hope.

After a while of worrying I must have dozed off because when I awoke I saw it was 5:30 at night. In only 6 and half hours my fate would be revealed. Was this all a joke or would Wizzo be correct and see me meet my demise.

“Hello,” I answered my phone as I saw I was getting an incoming call from Ali.

“Dude, why weren’t you at school today?”

“I got sick yesterday at school and my dad thought it best I stay home.”

I didn’t know whether she remembered that tomorrow was D-Day.

“Are you nervous about tomorrow, Ali asked.

In my mind, I couldn’t believe that she remembered. “No,” I replied lying.

As I hung up with Ali I could feel my hands shaking. I looked in the mirror and began to see things that looked strange. It appeared as if my body was disappearing as just parts of my body appeared in the mirror. When I went to scream for my dad, I looked again in the mirror and everything was normal.

As I began to drift off asleep I knew I would be hard-pressed to actually sleep. I mean, if Wizzo was right I could be dead by the stroke of midnight. I looked at the alarm on my phone that I set for school and saw it was 11:27. *Do I wait up for 27 minutes and see what happens?*

Next thing I know I pop out of bed and go over towards my closet. *Is there something, somebody, in there? Should I open the closet door? I swear I see something in there?*

I flung the door opened then hurled myself to the ground. Nothing-absolutely nothing was in there. I decided to put my ear-buds in and watch Netflix on my phone. I figured this would get me to the midnight hour and I would wait and see if anything happened.

As the clock struck midnight on my phone and I saw the date flip to January 21st on my APP, I knew the day was upon me. Everything in my mind had been building towards this day. Yet, nothing. The world around me looked exactly as it did every other day of my life. Granted, I was in my bedroom but still, everything was the same. I allowed myself to doze off to sleep knowing I had school in the morning.

As I grabbed my breakfast and headed out the door to school, I was extra cautious with everything I was doing. I walked cautiously to school that morning and looked behind bushes, up in trees, under cars for anything that might pop out at me. Once again, nothing. As I approached the intersection near our school, I saw some friends and waved to them across the street. Just then, I heard a friend scream, “Nik, look out.” As I turned my head to see what was

around me, I saw a boy on his bike streaking right towards me. He was riding as if he was about to get a detention for being late. He had no helmet on and his black and red GT bike came barreling down on me on the sidewalk. I was trapped on the sidewalk as the main road was right in front of me and nowhere for me to turn. He tried to screech to a halting stop and I braced myself to be pummeled by the bike. As I looked into the rider's eyes, I saw that I did not know who the person was in the split -second I saw him. Before I could scream stop he nailed me with his front tire and my head flopped back onto the hard sidewalk cement. Right then everything went black and I fell into total darkness...