

Psychics or Ouija Boards - Who Ya Gonna Call?

by Linda Seccaspina

I used to believe in full moons, tea leaves, psychic readings and especially my horoscope. I never left the house without reading what some stranger had written in the daily newspaper. If my dream book went missing it was insomniac time.

I had a psychic visit my store one day who told me she loved the clothing I sold so we made a trade. Madame B would come once a week and tell me things that I needed to know in exchange for some free items. She would look me straight in the eyes and grasp my hand while telling me the same things week after week. Madame B always told me to relax and things would eventually come.

"Who knows what is coming, but something is coming!" she would always say.

That bit of information cost me a piece of jewelry each week. Madame B confirmed that when we first met she saw a giant red aura around me. But then so did the woman who worked at Walmart in Brockville. That bit of information from Madame B cost me a silk scarf; the woman at Walmart asked for nothing.

On the fourth week of knowing Madame B I told her I finally found a house after looking for a very long time. Madame B assured me that very house would definitely be my new home as she tried on a pink bra and admired her reflection. Thirty-four days later I moved into that very same house and Madame B told me I would live there forever, as she pocketed a necklace and tried on a skirt.

On the sixth week I brought a Ouija board into my new home that was intended to talk to the spirits of the past. Madame B did not assist me this time because my shop was running out of bras, skirts, and sweaters.

That night, I took out my finest candles - tall, slim and pure white. I lit them and they shone brightly against the dark of the night. I prayed for the old man who had died in the house and then for his wife who was now in an old folk's home. I asked for their love to last an eternity. As I blew out the candle, tears ran down my face. The very next day I found out that the old woman had passed during the night.

I thought I heard the smooth wood mantle sigh as the house had come full circle and so had I. Finally I felt so complete that I never needed to listen to Madame B again or hand out free merchandise. I believed that I could handle life myself now, and so ended the days of needless information, charlatans and free merchandise.

