Sono the fox and his friend Ballad the dragon-fox were enjoying Vecks’ magic show in the old fashioned theater. The multi-night charity event to save the theater seemed to be a huge success as entertainers from all over came to perform for notoriety more than money since the proceeds went to the theater restoration. The profits shined as brightly as the new audience chairs and curtains could attest to. The place was alive with modern lighting and sound systems to enhance the spectacle.

 The scalie magician that they were watching was no exception. He was quite the grandstander. He was finely dressed and a fan of flourishing motions with his hands and cape. In the previous trick, Sono was called up as a randomly selected volunteer because karma heard his snark on how volunteer selection was rigged.

Ballad watched with amusement as his friend was guided into the classic “rearrangement box” trick. The magician did shuffle up the three boxes that comprised his friend. After rearranging the pieces of Sono a few times, even taking them and places them one at a time in front of him completely separate, he then properly reassembled the fox.

“You folks are no fun!” The magician exclaimed with a wink, “I wanted to see him end up upside down.”

The crowd laughed as he opened the doors to reveal Sono had a change in wardrobe. He now sported a feathery leotard and tights. However, Sono looked seemed obvious to the constant mock catcalls and roaring laughs from the audience. He just stood there presenting himself with a rather distant gaze.

The magician smiled at the reaction, “My new assistant will find himself, compelled to do as I say. For instance, jump.”

Sono jumped. The magician laughed with the audience, “Didn’t even wait to hear how high!”

“And now, my assistant will aid me in more… ‘pressing’ matters. But first! One more volunteer will be required.”

Feeling bad for Sono, Ballad rose and went up to the stage.

“Ah, so willing!” The magician had a glimmer in his eye, “Assistant, would you please escort your friend up here?”

Sono paid no attention to the slaps on the butt while the audience as he took Ballad by the arm with a smile. He held the dragon fox on stage as the magician raised the curtain behind him revealing a strange accordion-like contraption with a depiction of a white bunny on the front. There were holes for Ballad’s face and feet but that’s it.

“Behold my dear viewers, my finale, the Consquishionator 7000!” Vecks said with a wave of his hand. Ballad looked to the device nervously then to Sono who just grinned back dumbly.

“Assistant, press the button. Pull my beautiful construction up” The magician commanded as a spotlight focused on a control panel beside the Consquishionator 7000. Sono skipped over to the console and lever. He pressed the big red button that allowed the contraption to let in Ballad. The magician beckoned Ballad in, and after some encouragement from the audience clapping Ballad stepped under the machine.

“Good and ready bunny?” Vecks asked Ballad eliciting some chuckles from the audience.

Balllad nodded. The magician winked, “Assistant, lower the machine.”

Sono pressed the button again to lower the machine down upon Ballad until it enveloped him completely save his face and the tips of his toes.

“Pull the lever, Assistant, and behold my dear audience as magic unfolds!”

Sono pulled the lever and it clicked as the machine hummed to life. Ballad glanced up as the device pressed down on him lower and lower until he was as flat as a pancake. The audience gasped but the magician held up his hands, “No need to be alarmed ladies and gentlemen our good bunny is completely unharmed. Assistant, show them our bunny’s old self?”

Sono raised the spring and went over to where Ballad once stood. The wide eyed fox-boi picked up a pizza-sized solid imprint of the dragon fox and showed it off to the crowd. Some “ooh”ed and “ahh”ed, some murmured their suspicions on the illusion.

The magician waved his wand at the Consquishionator 7000, “Now, to reverse the neutron flow.”

Someone in the crowd shouted how that was impossible, but the magician paid him little mind. With a twinkle in his eye he looked to his audience, “Now my friends. Witness this.”

He pulled up his sleeves for a moment and pulled off his hat, “Nothing up my sleeves nor my hat.”

He fixed his sleeves back, rolled his hat down his arm, and popped it off his shoulder onto his head, “Assistant, place our bunny onto the platform and pull the lever once more.”

The feathered fox placed his flattened friend on the platform for the C-7000 sliding it under the accordion part. He then pulled the lever to raise the device which had a depiction of Ballad’s fox-dragon self instead of a bunny. Smoke bellowed out of the holes instead of a face or feet once the contraption started to rise to its full height; then dropped with a fwoosh!

The smoke dispersed to reveal a tall white fluffy bunny fur. He looked to his hands with the same dopey smile as his fox friend.

“Hats are for hacks.” The magician said taking his hat off as he bowed. The audience broke into a standing ovation. “How do you feel bunny boy?”

“Hungry.” The transformed fur answered.

“Come here foxie.” He then said putting his hands behind his back. The fox assistant went over to him, and the magician brought his hands back out to reveal a plate with a carrot on it. “Give this to your co-assistant bunny.”

Sono did as commanded and Bunny Ballad took the carrot in his hands and ate it greedily. Vecks waved goodbye as the curtain closed. “Have a safe evening ladies and gentlemen.”

With the curtain down and now alone, the magician placed his hat back on his head and turned to his pair of new assistants grinning devilishly. “Now for some more fun with you two.”