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Note From a Designated Theatre Ghost

Kristina Kroger

I often spend my time considering the cliché inadequacies of the phrase of “BOO!” Yet such things are to be expected, I suppose, when one transcends the mortal plan, ascending to a supposedly brighter phase of existence, yet is caught up in a stereotypical mishmash.

I suppose your soft, half-capable brain is going “What?” so I think I am going to have to simplify this story for you. Ahem: I’M DEAD. Now, must we carry on like this? You, wondering if there is any credence to this phantom narrator, and I wondering if there is any small amount of neurons firing off in your skull.

So, with all of the pleasantries out of the way, I presume you will be wishing to know two main things: one, how did I die, and two, is it interesting enough to keep your attention. Sadly, I marvel at how this generation of American youth has become so…disturbed? Is that the correct word? No matter. My name is Travis Nash, or was, if you wish to get technical. I was born in 1906, and lived a happy, fulfilling life—until I died anyway.

And this is what I have been building up to; what you have been waiting for. Oh, I know! The suspense is killing me! Oh wait, I’m already dead. My life came to is sad, depressing, sorrowful, tragic (etc.) end in 1929, at the Tivoli theatre, which had been opened six months previously on Christmas day.

I bumped into someone, fell down some stairs, and poof, presto change-o, here I am. Not the tale of romance and horror and mystery you were hoping for, I’m guessing? No matter, my afterlife is much more interesting than my life ever was. I guess you could call me the DTG: the Designated Theatre Ghost. Doesn’t every majestic, old theatre have to have one chain-rattling, basement-dwelling, eerily-moaning resident ghost? It just adds to the atmosphere, if you know what I mean. Nothing is better than keeping guests on their toes; else they stray around a corner, see my transparent ghostliness, and suddenly require a new pair of knickers.

Now, contrary to popular belief, I did not die in the theatre fire—considering that it took place around 55 years after I died. But I guess my perishing in the flames would cast some sort of shadow over the place, making it darkly desirable and mysterious; anything to draw in the tourists.

I rather do enjoy spending my time in the basement—that’s where the dressing rooms are. One positive thing I can say about recent generations. The women are…physically gifted. I spend hours down there, drifting from room to room, observing the strangest things. Oh, let me tell you about the time that one brunette snuck that muscular lion-tamer from the circus down here—the things they got into! There was that one time with the fichus…and am I remembering the
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incident with the pair of scissors…no matter, I suppose I should keep this PG-13 anyway.

Death has been kind to me—much more than life, anyway. I highly recommend you drop by the Tivoli Theater and Bowling Alley in Downers Grove. I do so enjoy visitors.

War Wounds

Bryan Segers

Paranoid, they’ve got me doing guard.
Seeing something from afar
Moving in the dark.

Grab my rifle,
Make sure the bayonet’s sharp.
If he’s hostile,

I’ve got to take this
Motherfucker’s heart and soul
Have I lost control?

Maintain three-six-zero, got to
Get back in the zone.
Shots let off.

It sounded like an AK.
Flip my bitch to semi-automatic, now
It’s time to play.

I am locked, and cocked,
And ready to rock
Any motherfucker who dares to

Overtake my spot. He fired twice,
But missed, so, I shoot back.
One shot, one kill.

So, now he lay flat. Flash from the muzzle
Made his ass hit the rubble
Last chance for rebuttal ’cause

Your ass is in trouble, quick.
Feel the pain
Long enough for me to make it home.