

The Artist

an english short-story

Von RonPossible

The Artist
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It was in the semester holidays when I first went to this new performance in the Colin's. I honestly couldn't imagine any other show having gone on in Colin's for years, well, at least I didn't go there because I either didn't have the time, or it just looked boring from the very beginning. But that time, I finally had time to go there, and this performance looked quite nice on the posters. So I went to my Mum downstairs that afternoon. "Where are you going, boy?" she asked. "Are you finally going to do something outside instead of sleeping the whole day?"

I smiled at her and answered, that I would go to the new show in Colin's in some hours and added the question, whether she want to join me. She chuckled "No no boy. I have too much to do in the house in contrast to you!" I just nodded and said "Well mum, I guess you will miss quite a nice show then." As it already was afternoon, I did not have to wait really long in front of Colin's when it finally opened. There weren't any people around and I wondered whether the show maybe isn't as good as expected. So I stood outside until some other guys went in. I paid my money on the entrance, which was quite cheap as estimated. I went to sit on one of the old chairs in the saloon, at a lonely table. The other people had spread silently on the tables around me, waiting for the show to start.

I didn't see anything from the poster in here yet, though I looked at the stage very closely. The placard had been full with spots and there was a man on it, throwing long knives at a woman, who posed on a wall like a model. The headline was "Professor Divine and Mademoiselle FiFi: the overnatural duo!" Some night club-like music was played in the very background and I began to feel a bit dizzy. But suddenly drums began to drub and some spotlights were moved onto the stage, focusing a mid-aged man in a smoking. "Ladies and Gentleman" he said proudly. "I will now do the overnatural! I will throw those knives" he interrupted and showed six knives to the audience. " on a human being, without hurting her. I beg for a warm applause to Mademoiselle FiFi!"

As he asked us to clap, we of course did so, and a beautiful young woman, probably in my age, came onto the stage from behind. She was dressed in a ballet suit, all in purple. Mademoiselle FiFi waved to the audience and it seemed that she even blinked to me. I was kind of paralysed when she did so and I observed each of her

steps closely. Then the show began. Without saying a word, Fifi leaned back against a wall, pressing her arms on her side, and keeping her legs together.

"I will now throw the first knife." he said. The Professor narrowed his eyes for a moment and then threw the first knife precisely. I stared on the sailing knife, and I was fascinated of it. This gracious movement, flying through the air, cutting it, directly floating to the woman's wonderful body and... exactly banging into the wall, only some centimetres next to mademoiselle Fifi's beautiful head. The next five knives followed with the same grace and mystery the the opposite side of Fifi's head, between her legs and next to her shoulders. "The last one." he said quietly to himself sounding as he was a bit angry because of something. The he raised his voice to the audience. "I am now throwing the last knife. It shalt miss Mademoiselle Fifi's lovingly beating heart in a hairlength, and not more!"

This time, he threw the knife with a unconcentrated power and it jammed through the air, slitting it mighty and it heavily banged in Mademoiselle Fifi's Armpit. Now I began to breath again. It was more than exciting and fascinating to see this. And when I looked up to Mademoiselle Fifi, she smiled brightly. How could she smile? I do not understand it. She plays with her life, and the professor with his freedom. If he would kill her, he would of course get prisoned. But I could not hold myself. When I went home, I told my mother all about the show, and she was not really interested. "Typical for this gypsy-like people." she said. "Those are only tricks, I know it. You shouldn't watch such crap." I could not get her point at all. "Mum, it is true! Really! He..he just did throw this knife and he had the force to kill this woman, but, he did no mistake." My mother laughed a bit. "Can be, can be. But you know what? I don't care!" She went on doing household. I chuckled a bit angry, and went up into my room and thought of it a long time.

It was gorgeous to have the power to decide between life and death, I thought. And how can this Mademoiselle be so sure that he survives. I mean, she smiled the whole show long. That night, I had an incredibly delightful dream, seeing the show in the point of view of this last knife, sailing rotating through the air and accurately arising between her body and her arm. I woke up exceptionally before afternoon this time. And went to talk to my best friend Morton about the show. "You are believing this stuff?" he asked. "Yes of course!" I shouted in excitement. "I have seen it with my own eyes." Morton could not understand what was up with me. "You never seemed so interested in anything before." he remarked and encircled me with a suspect look. "I am not interested." I said. "I am FASCINATED!"

Then, I asked him whether he would come to the show this day, but he didn't really want. So I went alone, and it was exactly the same like before, and wonderful! I have never seen such an incredible scenery in my whole life. How did he learn it? I would love to learn this too, but I would never dare to, I prefer to watch, to watch him, the knives, and her... her smile, something mysterious is in her smile, but I don't know what it is. She really looks like an angel, or a devil ... No, she is an angle.

I went to the show the next three days too and the need to talk to the artists grew inside of me. My mother protested every day, I shouldn't waste my money for this. I was not the only one, who came day after day, some other men did so as well, I asked myself why. But maybe, I should find that out later on. But this day when I wanted to go to the show, my mother went to stand in front of me and said. "You have an eye on this Mademoiselle right? She is nothing for you boy, she is a show lady. Probably full with some kind of disgusting illnesses." I was quite confused and asked her. "Did you

see me looking at her?" She nodded. "Oh yes. Morton brought me to the show and we watched you observing her. You are sick boy. I never imagined I would have to say that, but I want you to stay home." I chuckled nervously and pushed my mother to the side, leaving quickly.

I watched the show another time and was even more excited when the last knife was thrown than before. Because I knew, after that one, I would go to meet them backstage. I needed a long time to think of it, but I am prepared now.

The last knife sailed, I bit on my underlip and formed fists of my hands, my eyes following the shining metal. And once again, a perfect shot. When the two went to bow in front of the audience and left the stage, I went to follow them after fifteen minutes. I saw Morton, my best friend on one of the tables, but acted like I did not recognize him and just went on. When I stood in front of their locker room door, my heart began to beat very intense. But as I was prepared, I knocked three times and... the professor opened. I shivered a bit when he looked at me, but then the shivering was changed into a warm wave flowing on my back, when I saw him smiling. "Michael my dear friend." he greeted me. I was shocked. "How do you..." He interrupted smiling brightly and his cheeks turned into a soft red color, he looked a bit like santa clause, only without this red clothing, and his beard was twisted and styled. "Your name? Oh don't ask. I just know it." He grabbed my hand and pulled me inside softly. "Take a seat please. I knew you would come." I sat down confused. "How did you know?" Professor Divine laughed kindly. "You always looked at us like you wanted to talk to us, it is a pleasure to have you in my audience, you are a fellow fan I see." I nodded and he shouted into the other room next door. "Fifi darling! We got a visitor! It's Michael." The he spoke to me. "She is just changing." and blinked with the left eye. I nodded once again and asked: "May is ask..." He interrupted me again laughing. "Sure, whatever it is, just go ahead, my friend!"

"How do you do this? Why don't you miss her any time?" In this moment, Mademoiselle Fifi entered and the professor didn't say anything, though I had seen that he wanted to. Fifi smiled brightly at me, she nearly danced through the room, every step of her was beautiful, everylast inch. She saw that I had glanced at her, and I blushed a bit. "Fifi, darling." he said to her. I asked perplexive "You two are married?" , both answered with a yes, but somehow I could not really believe it. Professor Divine was about 50 years old, and Fifi about 20. The professor showed me his training room after having drunk a cup of tea and having told the two what I think of their show. In his room, there was a puppet of straw, covered with a blanket, which does not have any cracks in it. I asked him whether he never had hurt the puppet in his life. I was confused because his answer had a bit of a regretting sound. "Only one time, and that was in the beginning of my career." I nodded and now asked again. "How can it be that you never miss your aim?" He smiled. "An artist never says his secrets."

Fifi came in . "Darling, I prepared your bathtub." He moaned silently. "Oh yes, that is what I really need right now." He turned to me. "You two can of course still talk a bit, I think it is nice for Fifi to have someone to exchange in her own age. I will be in the bathtub for some time now, I guess ... I will see you tomorrow in the show, eh?" he blinked smiling, thumped on my shoulder and humpeled into the bathroom.

I sat down with Fifi for a while and told her a bit of my life, she listened carefully and I stared onto her great body the whole day, he wonderful mysterious smile, and her eyes which reflected the lights so beautifully. He blond hair, and her blue eyes, and her red lips, just wonderful, I could stare at them the whole time, if I wouldnt have

control of myself, I guess I would even have started to drool. She didn't tell anything of herself, but asked me to come back tomorrow, with her soft sexy voice. I of course didn't say no. When I left, I saw Morton again standing in the floor, but I just tried to walk past him. I was really surprised that he didn't talk to me at all. Maybe it wasn't Morton, it was too dark anyway to see it precisely. My mother already was in bed when I came back, so this time she would at least not bother me with her attitude.

Next day, I didn't even see her, I meant to hear her in the background mumbling at me, but I was lost in thoughts for this woman. The show once again passed greatly and I went backstage again. I just wanted to knock, when the door got ripped open, and the undressed angel stood before me. She pulled me in, grasping my jacket and pushing me on the couch. "My husband is sleeping already" she said, and kissed me intensively. "But..." I mumbled, but I had no chance than kissing her deeply. She ripped off all my clothes and I was spellbound to her beauty. We stood the whole night together and in the last minutes, she said, with a whispering soft sounding voice. "I love you Michael, I loved you from the very beginning." I said to her. "... I love you too, Fifi!"

The next days passed and I felt great, though I didn't see Morton for some days. When I asked my mother about him, she gave me an answer, but I forgot it right away again, because I only wanted to go to Mademoiselle Fifi and pass the next night with her. This time, when I came in their locker smiling, she wasn't there. Professor Divine was sitting there, greeting me at once. "Oh my friend! Where have you been? You are looking for Fifi? I am sorry, she isn't there today." I stood polite, of course I did, I still feel a huge mass of respect for this fascinating artist. "Where is she then?" He thought about it. "Uhm, she said she wanted to go shopping in downtown. Or in a restaurant or something." I nodded and thanked the professor, and didn't even think of what I did to him, to him who calls me his friend. And I cheat on him by taking his wife for myself. But I went to downtown and looked through the most accurate cafés there. It did not take long till I found her.

"Why are you here?" I asked her shouting. "You promised to be there! When your husband sleeps. I nearly came in and wanted to say something hot, but if he had heard it, he would..." She pressed a finger on my lips "Shush. Its okay! I am here because I want it." I chuckled and stepped back. "What? What are you doing here then?" She smiled. "I am meeting a man." My eyes widened and I screamed. "A man?!" She nodded smiling her mysterious smile. "Yes. Of course." "But ... you said you love me, did you?" I asked, totally out of my shape. "Yes I do," she said good-mooded. "But why..." then I got interrupted by a voice which I know for years, much longer than Fifi and Professor Divine, and it was not my mother, it was a male voice.

It was Morton, my best friend. "What a surprise to see you here, Michael." he said and Fifi talked to me. "You should leave." I was near to cry. How could she do that? And how could he? The one who said I laughed me dates the one who claimed to be my best friend?! I wanted to say something, but Morton said before I could: "YES! You should REALLY leave, NOW!" I went totally out of control and smashed my fist into Morton's face, who fell backwards onto a table. I did beat on him several times, when my mother suddenly interrupted. "MICHAEL STOP!" Fifi stood next to the scene smiling. My mother shouted at the woman, while I was still beating Morton, but Fifi didn't make even an eyelid. The next thing I can imagine was that I sat in the living

room. The last things went so quickly. My mother explained that she wanted Morton to spy on me, because she couldn't talk to me anymore. I seemed to be in another world for weeks and she was worried. I should just leave the café and my mother went with Morton into the city hospital. I was so confused when I sat there all alone in the living room. I imagined my mother driving away with my hurt best friend, who certainly had fallen in love to my Fifi while spying on me.

And I imagined Mademoiselle, the angel herself, walking proudly away out of the scenery, not looking at me at all, just smiling the way she always does. Suddenly, the doorbell rang. I opened the door and ... I couldn't believe my eyes, it was Professor Divine. "Oh dear friend. Please, may I come in?" I nodded and offered him some tea and a seat, but he denied the tea. "I am greatly appreciating what you did to this man." he began. I wanted to tell him the truth and wanted to interrupt him, but as I know from him, he always interrupts and I can not help it. "You must have found out about this evil man who cheats on my by dating my wife. You must have done it for me, yes, that is what a true friend does! I am really proud of you!" he said and I always wanted to throw the truth in, but I just couldn't. "But it was..." "No let me talk, my friend. You have prove so much courage and friendship to me, from now on I don't want any secrets between us." I gathered all my thoughts and faults in my mind and said with a force:

"PLEASE! It was not like that. I cheated on both of you as well, I was so angry that she suddenly came up with my best friend and, I had to beat him, something inside of me forced me." He held the breath and nodded then, not smiling anymore, seeming more human like "Could have imagined that." "Please," I begged, "I didn't mean to." He tapped my shoulder and said seriously. "No my friend, they all do not mean to, but she does. Do you think I don't know that she cheats on me? She does it all the time, with everyone, she does not feel love." He became red again, but not of laughing, but of anger. "This slut! Don't you think I know what power she has to other men? No? I gotm attracted to her too and she became my assistant. I hate her for cheating on me and for breaking thousands of male hearts! She is a beast, and angel from the outside, but a devil from the inside. I would love to..." I proceeded. "...k...kill her?" He said with a deep voice "Yes."

I became nervous. "Bu....but you could!" He shouted. "No! I can't ! It is not the thing that she sleeps with other men, no, that is not why I would love to kill her. It is her smile. Her devilish selfish smile which says, here I am, kill me if you can. I deserve it! I am the devil! And oh yes god, she deserves to die! She is a monster, just a monster. Hell how I would love to kill her, cut her into pieces, no! Hit her dark heart and blow life out if her devilish body, so this smile disapperars... forever." I said to him calmly. "But sir, you could do it every day." He chuckled heavily. "No I can not! That is my art. Don't you think I try to kill her? I try it every damned day! Oh yes, I train for it. But my hand does not do what I want. I can not miss the spot, I can not just jam it into her gracious devilish body. As much as I want it, my body does not allow it. Its my curse. But one day. Yes! One day, I will revice the mistake which I made on the straw puppet years ago. And that day, will be the salvation of my soul , and the eternal damnation of hers, how she wants it. And how she deserves it."

Now, I know his dark secret, and hers. Now, I know why I and all the other spectators are so fascinated about the show, it is not the excitement, no, it is not the smile and not the charisma of the professor, no..it is this convulsive prospect to see the knife miss its target one time. It is the expectance to see the mysterious smile disappear from her lips, to see this devil dead. "Now, I am throwing the final knife." his voice

echoed once again. "It shalt come just one hair-lenght next to Miss Fifi's wonderfully beating heart." And all our eyes followed the knife with the question: Will he miss his target this time? Will the shining weapon kill the deamon this time? Will her smile drift away? It will happen one time, and when it happens, we will be there, to see the smile fade.