

A Decade of Magic in The Upper Keys

Not only has the Michael Trixx magic show become a MUST-SEE for ALL Florida keys visitors, even the locals keep coming back for more. Ten years ago Trixx started performing here in the keys with local musicians Case and Davidson on the Lor E Lei stage. Fans have followed Michael on his magical journey, watching him grow, both as a magician and as a person. "The show is always changing and improving" says Trixx who visits Las Vegas once a year to study with award winning magician/mentor Jeff McBride, founder of The McBride Magic and Mystery School in Vegas www.magicalwisdom.com.

Speaking of award winning, After 12 years of performing magic, in October, 2007, Trixx finally made his way to Daytona for the "Festival of Magic, State Magic Convention" his first convention ever. One year later Michael returned to the Festival to enter in the magic

competitions, Trixx took 2nd place in the adult stage competition and 3rd in the "Close-up Magic" contest. "Not bad for my first competition" he said, and adds "In these competitions you perform for only 7 minutes and I found it difficult to establish my character in that amount of time." Trixx plans to "tweak" his competition act and return to future conventions. Seven minutes was a lot longer than the 90 seconds they give you on "America's Got Talent" which Trixx also appeared on this past season on NBC. The local show runs about 40 minutes.

Michael Trixx is "All Fired Up" for his TENTH straight season performing in the Keys!

You can catch all the action Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays at the Island Grill MM 85.5 ocean side 305-664-8400 or Mondays and Wednesdays at Lor-E-Lei, mile marker 82 bayside 305-664-4656. For booking or info visit www.michaeltrixx.com.

Boss Ralphie

The story continues...

Story by Edward Carboni

Boss Ralphie (Archangel Raphael) is having a bad millennium and has been demoted to being the angel in charge of recruitment. We first meet him when he tells Sam Miller, a retired trackless trolley driver, that he will soon be an angel working on Ralphie's crew. Bigz (God) gives Ralphie the task on Christmas Eve of reforming a life long thief (Bugsy Sullivan) and getting the thief to help a little girl (Breezy) who is known as a pure spirit. The girl is so special that if Ralphie fails, his position as an archangel is in serious jeopardy. With the help of another angel who enjoys quoting mob movies (Finch), they find the thief and set out on Christmas Eve to complete the task they are assigned.

On the way, they encounter a homeless man who Bugsy judges to simply be a bum. Ralphie explains to him that the man is a doctor who used to lament the plight of the homeless without doing anything but now spends time on the street to help.

So the good doctor realized that without action his sympathy was just sentimentality and nothing more. That year he decided to stop making himself feel better about himself by feeling bad for others and he started coming to the streets for two months every year—the really hard months for most of these people. He's been beaten and he's been robbed, and he has also saved many lives, so when you speak of him, you will speak in a respectful tone," Ralphie said.

"Sorry, I didn't know," said Bugsy. "That's right. You didn't know, but you made a judgment anyway, didn't you?" said Ralphie.

"A guy like you doesn't have a lotta room for judgments, pal," said Finch.

"Don't worry about it Bugsy, you didn't know any better, and besides it's not your problem...is it? You're just....what was it you said...oh yeah, 'just getting yours'. That was it, wasn't it?" Ralphie said.

Bugsy Sullivan looked at the snow covered pavement as he walked. He was a bit embarrassed by what he had said about the man in the doorway. He didn't know people would do something like that. He had no understanding that someone could do something like that.

"You're not the only one Bugsy, a lot of people feel that way," said Ralphie.

"Could you stop answering what I'm thinking, it's very annoying," the thief said.

"You don't like it when someone else is in there, do you?" Ralphie asked.

"It's just annoying is all." Bugsy began to kick snow as he walked.

Just passed Spruce Street Ralphie, Finch and Bugsy turned into an office building and walked past a night watchman sitting at a desk reading a paperback novel while Wayne Newton's voice came out of a small radio. He sang about how cold it was out there.

"That guard didn't even notice us," said Bugsy, he was no longer constantly contemplating running. They would find him again. That resignation would do for now, until he could find some other opening.

"Nope, he can't see us—go ahead, check it out for yourself," Ralphie said. Finch was playing with the elevator buttons, pushing 'up' on each of the four. Bugsy went over to the watchman

and waved a hand in the guard's face. No response. He clapped his hands, not a twitch. The thief looked back at Ralphie with a childlike grin on his face. Ralphie smiled back. Finch was running around pushing the buttons again.

"How did you do that?" Bugsy asked, still excited, "Nobody at all can see us?" "It's part of being with Bigz, discretionary visibility. You were a little more difficult but not much. Some people can see through it, though. The pure spirits," said Ralphie.

They got off the elevator on the 13th floor and headed for the offices of Dearborne Real Estate.

A company Christmas party was underway. Well dressed people were mingling around tables filled with food, cocktail glasses in hand. The conversations that were overheard consisted of gifts received and given and the worthiness of each based upon its expense or value.

"Okay mister angel guy," said Bugsy Sullivan, "these are the type of people I steal from; rich, pompous people." He felt good saying it. He liked to convince himself that his discerning stealing had an air of moral virtue.

Ralphie looked at the thief and shook his head.

"You're telling me that because these people are pretentious and arrogant, you think it's a righteous act to steal from them, is that it?" said Ralphie.

"Well yeah, they think they're better than everyone else. Why not bring them down a peg or two?" said Bugsy.

"There you go judging again—you do that a lot, don't you?" asked Finch.

"Bugsy, the point is not who you steal from, it's the fact that you steal at all. It has nothing really to do with anything outside you, and everything to do with what is inside you. When you draw conclusions like that it is only a few steps until you justify stealing from another set of people because it satisfies your wants. That's how evil gets going, my friend. But like you said, that's not your problem is it, Bugsy? You're just getting yours, right?"

Ralphie said, "Finch, are we done here?" "Bada-bing boss, were outta here," said Finch, and they walked out of the room and out of the building and into the night with no one having known they had been there.

The three continued their journey on 5th Street as the snow fell around them. Bugsy was feeling particularly uneasy. His thoughts of running were nearly gone—replaced with a strange sense of wonder after having gone into the office building unseen. He could not explain the two men with him who claimed to be angels. But the events of the evening made it impossible for him to deny the fact that something very weird was going on and it was beyond his comprehension. He resigned himself for the time being to whatever it was they had in store for him.

After trodding a few more blocks through the deepening snow, Ralphie stopped at the door of a pub, a yellow glow flowed out from the paned windows and reflected in the white snow.

"Feel like a drink?" he asked. The pub was half full with patrons who were all, in some way, celebrating Christmas Eve. Ralphie, Finch and Bugsy

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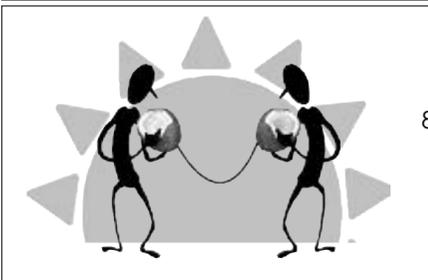
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