



The Dismay of Desare

Desare (De zu ray) Pinkins was a beautiful young girl who was tortured and murdered in 1689 because of three prominent daughters' jealousy of her. The Salem witch trials which many are familiar with or at least have heard of has gained the most attraction in modern folklore. But they weren't the only ones occurring during that time. People back then were skittish, easily spooked, and downright wicked. Witch hunting was a popular thing. If you angered certain people, they'd call you a witch or antichrist and get rid of you, many times using very cruel methods. They were far more wicked than any witch. Desare Pinkins was one of the most tragic cases from those times.

The poem:

*Through many years of nights and days, a tale of the sad but true,
is told again despite the curse, now passed from me to you.
It is a tale of an unfortunate girl, a girl named Desare,
who happened to live at a wrong place and time, on a beautiful summer's day.
See, Desare was a young and beautiful girl, hair silky smooth to touch,
many men longed for her, one would die for her, but the ladies didn't care so much.
Three jealous girls with no moral sense, one day decided to
end her life with no remorse, and they knew just what to do.
They knew the judge that ruled back then, his mind full of suspicion lore,
of devils and witches whom he condemned and their painful fates he swore.
He claimed all people of evil had brands they forever wore,
which marked the type of evil inside them, a curse forever more.
A girl one day told Desare to meet her at the pond,
for a picnic of sorts and girlish play, which enticed the beautiful blonde.
Poor Desare, youthful and blind to truths about her new friend,
was heading down an evil path, her fate this course would end.
"Sit down my dear and drink some punch" she said to Desare,*

*who drank so merrily and smiled so happily on this wonderful joyous day.
 She did not know that her cup was tainted with an ether along its rim,
 soon comfort took her, her mind grew heavy, and the sky began to dim.
 "Would you like to nap, go ahead my dear, that's what these days are for.
 I hope you dream of many wonderful things as the water laps upon the shore"
 Tranquility now set Desare, asleep without a twitch,
 not feeling burns upon her flesh in symbols of a witch.
 That wicked girl had done her deed, her vengeance renewed once more,
 now knowing the fate of Desare is what was left in store.
 "Wake up my dear", said the evil girl. "Your skin is sunburned red".
 Desare woke and could now feel the pain from toes to head.
 Two weeks passed by and then one eve, they arrested Desare,
 who went to face that treacherous judge on a bright lit summer's day.
 Inside the court three girls did sit, including that false friend,
 who was now shouting "WITCH" and demanding her life to end.
 Desare was now full of fear and didn't know just why,
 the girls were shouting that to her and wanting her to die.
 With things unfair as they were back then, without even a trial,
 the townspeople were building a bonfire all the while.
 "I'm innocent" cried Desare, "Please, listen to my plea",
 but the judge cared not to hear her case, but only from the three.
 "There's marks on her back", said one wretched girl, the others nodding too.
 "Tear off her clothes, see for yourself that what we say is true."
 "Do it now", ordered the judge, "Guards, take off all her clothes,
 and bring her here to me so I can see just what the marking shows".
 As he touched her young bare skin, it occurred to Desare
 just what had happened at the pond that bright hot summer's day.
 "Goddamn you," cried Desare, "You did this thing to me!"
 "What have you done here on my skin just for the judge to see?"
 "You be quiet" ordered the judge, "Don't blame the innocent."
 "I've known these girls for many years, they're truly heaven sent."
 "I've sworn myself to protect these folk to my last and dying breath,
 I see the marks with mine own eyes and I sentence you to DEATH!"
 Desare, naked and cold, cried out a mournful "NO!
 My God, my God, oh please, please, God, this just cannot be so!"
 The guards grabbed Desare and dragged her straight outside
 where people began punching and spitting and slicing at her hide.
 They kicked and clawed and stabbed at her and clubbed her in the head,
 then one took an axe and chopped her back which made her cry in red.
 The taste of blood made Desare know that she was soon to die.
 "Angels above please give me wings, I'm so yearning to fly!"
 The really bad girl stabbed Desare straight through her chest and lung,
 "You witch. you whore, you will not ever fly nor will any song be sung."
 Desare was now quite weak, her life ready to expire
 as they tied her up and stabbed her gut and threw her in the fire.
 As she burned up into ash on that woeful summer's day,
 One mournful voice was heard to speak, "Goodbye my Desare."
 It's said the ghost of Desare still haunts at times in which
 someone has desecrated her soul with the markings of a witch.*

While sitting around a campfire, the sad poem of Desare is told. Prior to the story, a queen card is written upon by a lady spectator. The story is continued, describing her fate of being tortured and burned to death. During this time, the card is folded, pierced onto a stick, and then poked into the fire. All is done, the whole thing appearing to be just a strange sad story told. Well, that is until that lady spectator wakes up the next morning to find the semi-scorched but mostly intact card with her writing on it attached to the outside window of her sleeping quarters. A mean prank I know, and probably never to be performed, unless for some reason per chance you happen to be at a campfire with a group and you're in a wicked mood.



Spread through the cards until you come to a queen.



Cut the queen card to the face and allow the victim to write the word 'WITCH' across the queen's body. Actually, any kind of marking will do.



Remove the queen and the card below it, as one, and place the card(s) in your left hand. The placement is very important. Notice that it's at the first joints of the thumb and index. They are holding it at the center of the short sides.



Here's a side view. Notice the card is off the palm. Depending on the size of your hand, you may have to experiment some.



Keeping your left fingers together, the right thumb presses on the middle of the queen, the right fingers going behind the left fingers.



Once the card is press against the base of the left thumb and index, start rotating your left palm downward. During that motion, your right thumb jogs the queen leftward into the left palm. The left pinky, ring, and palm grasp the queen and hold it in place.



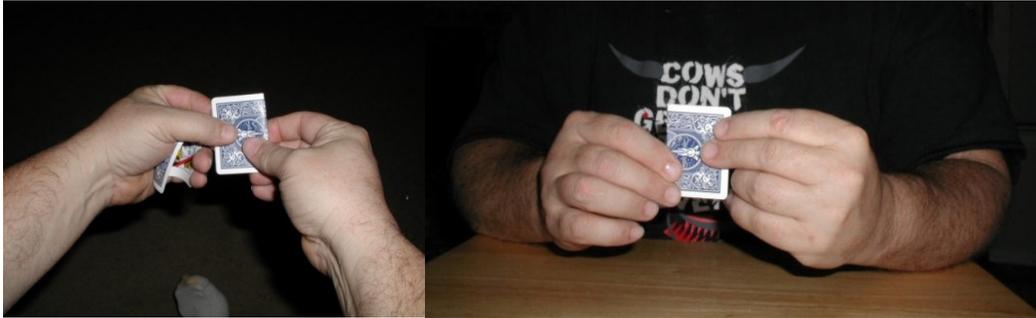
The left hand now tightens, but not to the point where the queen gets crimped. Friction of the left hand allows the right hand to move the extra card rightward.

The back of the extra card has been visible to the spectators the entire time, which they assume to be the queen, so there's no suspicion.



The extra card is rotated clockwise until it's at a right angle. The right fingers crease it along its middle, starting at the top. **IMPORTANT:** Make sure it's edges are in alignment as not to flash its pip at the top. For further aid, when you start bending the card in half, keep the half closest to you slightly lower than the front half so a blank part shows at the bottom (to the audience). Once the card is almost folded in half,

align both halves. If the top pip does flash, you'll know it as everyone will laugh at you. Notice the left fingers mirror the right fingers (notice the front view picture).



When the right fingers reach the middle point during the creasing, bend the left ring and pinky slightly inward (notice the front view picture). Practice to make sure you don't accidentally crease the queen card. Those last two actions are very important to give the motions a natural appearance as you'll notice, if you were to fold a single card this way, the fingers naturally mimic each other and once they're past the halfway point, there's no reason to keep them all straight and together.

This method requires some practice to get it down. Any other can be substituted in of course, like a simple double lift method. In the darkness around a campfire the explained method works. My hands are large as well, so it's easier for me to do. Buy some cheap cards, then fold away! By the end of the deck, you'll have it down.

This method of substituting a stranger card for a selection can be used for various routines. I was just in a dark, gothic mood when I constructed it so the story of Desare was a great match. The story demonstrates the poet that I am not, though I have received some positive responses from people who've read it. I felt weird going into some detail of her torture, but I felt it necessary for the atmosphere and convey the cruelty of those times, and is perfect for a campfire tale. I mentioned making sure not to crease the selection because you want it to be in the best shape possible. If you did decide to use this routine as explained, slightly scorch the card with a lighter or match to give it an eerie appearance. If someone is superstitious, this will probably scare the crap out of them.



A spectator seeing the card on the window.