

# Lacklister

Green Candle

Rusty Screw

Purple Toadstool

filligreed notebook

Silk Bowstring

Silver twin prong cork puller

Flourescent Green headband

Crystal Dice

Folded up Note

Forget-me-



“Call up one of your tools,” I said. “Any of them might open this door.”

“I can’t remember the stuff you’re talking about,” Sharlatan said, wiping the dust from one of the broken computers.

“Let me guess,” I said. “Another side effect of mixing the treasure-hiding magics.”

“One way to hide treasure is to make people forget about it. Of course, you normally want the person hiding it to remember, but...”

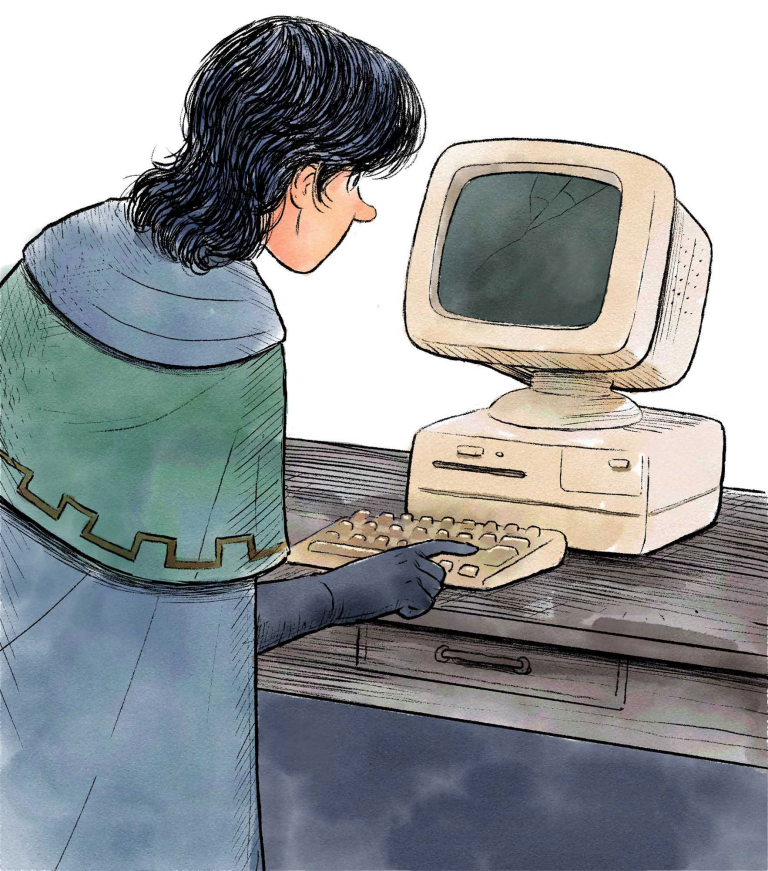
“So, how do we get that tool again?”

“My ‘cheat sheet’ might have an alternative,” he said.

He was referring to his “Lacklister”. Another frankenstein of magics—retrieval codes, map legends, and answer keys for all the things hidden or forgotten into his “Wherewithdrawl”. Its counterpart of sorts.

When I asked where the list was, he said, “Well, you don’t want something that important just lying around to be lost or stolen. It’s one of those ‘everywhere and nowhere’ things.”

He handed me the folded paper he’d been consulting. “See if you can find something on this forgetmenote.” He



leaned down to the computer monitor and tapped its keyboard—though it wasn't even connected.

The paper was filled with scribbled lists and sketchy drawings. “These are the things in your Wherewithdrawl?”

“The lists of the Lacklister are never complete,” he said, searching the blank monitor. I saw nothing helpful on the paper’s portion of the list.

“Are you actually seeing a list on that screen? I don’t see anything. Is that part of your “Lack Log”?”

“Ah!” he said, turning from the computer. “I remember this!” He held up a green velvet glove; presumably from his Wherewithdrawl. It was decorated with gold filigree and studded with emeralds.

I was relieved. We were closer to the X. It would sustain our museum. My son would not have to look for a career in another part of our world.

He pushed against the door with the glove on. The glove hummed and rattled. One of its emeralds burst with light, then shattered. The giant stone door gave a rumble, and with an exhalation of wispy smoke, gave way slightly. Sharlatan pushed it open...

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