

THE SECRET



"Dear Boss, I keep hearing that the police caught me, but they won't get me... For my next job, I'll cut off the lady's ears." »

"Dear Boss! ..." We all remember these two little words which, for years, gave chills to the entire population of London and made the policemen of Scotland Yard boil with rage. They were the first two words of "the red letter". The letter published by The Star newspaper which had just materialized the shadow that terrorized England and the world:

" Jack the Ripper ". "Jack the Ripper".

A journalist from this newspaper The Star was then accused of having written the letter himself. It was reportedly covered by its editor, Thomas Power O'Connor*. But here it is... 2 days later Catherine Eddowes is murdered... and her ears are cut off.

I have almost always heard about this story of suspicion. So it is time, since we are among ourselves, to say everything I know about it.

Let's be frank, maybe this letter was written by this journalist and chance had done the rest. Perhaps also that T.P. who had just founded what he wanted to be a formidable tool for studying the mechanisms of the human soul, was happy to publish it because it gave exceptional light to his journal.

But what is certain is that T.P. had nothing to do with it. On the other hand, Ah, on the other hand!... That he then covered his journalist... that's something else! He certainly did. Because something incredible happened, a few days later:

T.P. became the custodian of a SECRET. A secret he could not reveal.

But this letter would allow him to investigate... and, discreetly, to guide the investigators. Because he knew things, T.P. O'Connor on this Jack the Ripper"! But he had given his word not to reveal anything. And a given word, with the O'Connors, is a given word. Let's not forget that T.P. was born in County Westmeath in Ireland. Moreover, his mother, from the gentry, the untitled Irish gentry, had passed on to him the sacred values of his rank. And he had a place to keep...

But he also had an investigation that he had promised himself to lead.

* You will understand that I want to say a word to you about T.P. O'Connor – as those who appreciated him at his fair value nicknamed him. And there were many of them. Let's not forget that he dated Oscar Wilde and Arthur Conan Doyle.

He was one of the last representatives of the Irish Parliamentary Party in the House of Commons of the United Kingdom, after the independence of the Irish Free State in the 1920s. But he was also "Father of the House"., that is to say that he was the Dean, since, much appreciated by all, he was the deputy in office having had the longest parliamentary career without interruption (more than forty-nine years).

We are going to dive back into those dark nights of WHITECHAPEL, this gloomy district of London.

We are on September 30 of the year 1888.

It was on this day that Catherine Eddowes died at the hands of Jack the Ripper...

Midnight has just struck on the big clock of the church in Whitechapel...

What do we know exactly? We know that it is a little after midnight that Catherine Eddowes leaves the prison where she was kept for a few hours in a drunk tank for drunkenness on the public highway. Three witnesses see her. She rushes into a narrow alley called Church Passage... According to the police report, no one will see her alive again.

And yet... someone else saw it... And saw something else...

In this almost abandoned district of Whitechapel where a few families have been happy to find refuge and where fear has been great since this story of disemboweled women, lives, alone, a mother with her daughter, Shannah, who has just turned fifteen. She accepted this night job at "William and co", sorting old clothes for resale but she was very clear with Shannah: "You don't go out under any circumstances when I'm not there".

Yet that day, midnight has struck for some time and Shannah can't wait any longer. She counts, more and more worried, this time which passes and which rings, every quarter of an hour, the neighboring church.

Now it's really too late... she can't take it anymore...

So she goes downstairs and gently opens the door that overlooks this dark night... But there she jumps! The silhouette of a man has just framed himself in the alley, under one of the few lampposts that illuminate everything with an orange light. Scared to death, Shannah does not move. The man is there, almost in front of her. Four, maybe five steps. Motionless she sees him looking in all directions. Suddenly, a woman arrives, over there, at the end of the street. The man tries to hide in the shadows. Shannah holds her breath... Trembling, she can't take her eyes off it. Because she knows the silhouette of this man. That youthful look, that face with that big mustache. Those impeccably cut clothes... She's sure she knows this man...

But who is it ?...

Here is the woman who arrives at the end of the street. The man reappears in the light, adjusts his gloves. "Good evening, Madam," he said to the one who is Catherine Eddowes. And Shannah immediately recognizes the voice. "Good evening," the woman replies, quickening her pace as the man watches her disappear into the distance down the alleyway through Miter Square. And who follows...

There will be only one cry. A single, slightly muffled cry. Shannah doesn't move, her eyes bulging. A shadow runs past the barely pushed back door. It's him. It's him. It is this gentle and polite man who says hello to them every time he meets her and her mother...

When Shannah's mother arrives home, she finds her daughter sitting on the floor, terrified: "Mother, I saw the killer. And I know who it is," she said in a very small voice. The poor woman hesitates little. She goes to the drawer of the small bedside table and pulls out a piece of yellowed paper. She looked him in here a long time ago. In the pale light of the moon, she reads, once again, the name her husband wrote to her before he died. The name of the one who protects all Irish in London.

The name of the one who will protect Shannah: T.P. O'Connor...

She's going... tomorrow she's going to see T.P. O'Connor.



TOUR of the hour

You can force any hour, here is an example by forcing 4H.

So we know that it is September 30, 1888 and that it is a Sunday.

But we don't know the time.

Take the card and the penny.

Look at the dial

You will let yourself be guided by the power that you have within you.

You will mentally turn the hands and you will stop at one hour.

A full hour. Keep it well in mind. **This is YOUR time.**

you will allow the secret to be fulfilled:

You are going to roll the dice. NUMBER 5 (example of result)

from your time you will go back 5 hours.

Now you will move forward 9H

(choose a number to arrive at 4H by subtracting it $9-5 = 4$ hours, hour to discover).

at this time to help you force the number 9 you can explain that Catherine came out of a house at number 9 or other

At this new time, you are going to remove the one from your own time, the one you saw on your dial.

What time did you find?

4 hrs? Well we will check. Can you return the card please? Take the penny and scratch the dot, what time is it?

You can achieve this effect with 2 spectators, one who chooses the time and the other who rolls the dice.

You can also ask the spectator to mentally roll a dice to tell you the result.

to know :

To replace the pen use a dry erase pen

Gold or silver scratch off tablets are available on amazon etc.

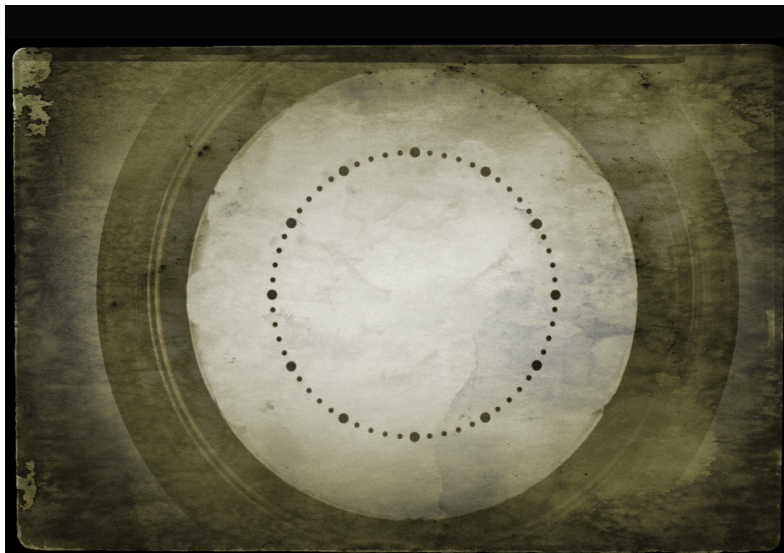
IDEA



"The Secret" the most elegant way to reveal a card, color, number, sign forcing ESP etc.

EXAMPLE ROUTINE

Give the card to the spectator, perform your forcing with your method (swengali, exchange envelope etc.) spawn a coin (use Quiver, purse etc.) which you give to the spectator and ask him to rub the golden disc, your prediction or divination appears...



Use an erasable pen to write your prediction in the white circle or you can also use the templates provided to print a disc with your symbols, number, color etc. Cut out the disc and glue it with repositionable UHU glue at the location of the white disk and put a golden dot not on it, you are ready for your revelation.

The surface of the card has been specially treated to withstand scratching. To erase the pen use a cotton ball.

To change the pellet, lift the plastic wrap write your prediction in pen erasable, position a new pad, you are ready for your service.



WWW.MAGICCLOVER.SHOP

