

The Dinklaker Effect



“Nice, very nice,” cooed Norman, as his charges levitated beach balls over their heads. “That’s right, keep them level. No sudden movements now” – he continued, suppressing an urge to leap up and yell *lemons!* – “and no extraneous thoughts. Just focus on that ball over your head.” His students used various means to keep the objects afloat. Some relied on the Meissner effect; others employed a self-generated electric field to levitate electrostatically; a few tapped psychokinetic abilities that sat well in the realm of the paranormal. But Norman didn’t care *how* they defied gravity so long as they did it. “Focus, Blanche, focus,” he cautioned one woman as her ball wavered slightly in the air. She got it back under control, but then the ball began to bob and weave like a schnockered boxer. “Noooooooooooo, thinkup**thinkupthinkup!**” he cried. But it was too late. The ball fell heavily to the ground, triggering the Dinklaker effect, which reversed the positions of the balls and their levitators. But Norman’s pupils didn’t just hover above their balls, oh no. They rose up into the sky, higher and faster, until they disappeared. That was the dark side of the Dinklaker effect. The good part was that he had first dibs on the contents of the wallets and purses that his erstwhile initiates had left behind. Hmm, not bad. Not bad at all.