

It was a busy night at the local theater. Throngs of people waited under the twinkling marquee to get their tickets for the latest 3D movie hit, and the lobby was filled with the smell of fresh popcorn and imitation butter. Things were much calmer away from the lobby, where the bright lights gave way to an artificial twilight, and the chattering of the masses faded into the whispers of a dozen different movies playing to their audiences behind closed doors. A line of people had filtered their way down the dim hallway and waited outside theater thirteen to receive their red and cyan 3D glasses and head in to their showing.

As the theater attendant moved to hand the last pair of paper and cellophane glasses to a young couple, they flipped out of his hand and floated to the floor. The apologetic employee stooped down to pick them up and handed the first to the young man. The second pair skittered across the floor as he reached for it, ending up another couple feet away. With an embarrassed smile he stepped toward it, and it skipped farther across the floor. With a quiet huff he chased down the pair of glasses and finally managed to corner them. He snatched them from the floor and brushed them off against his uniform before handing them off.

Such an occurrence wasn't anything unfamiliar to those who worked at the theater. Even the regulars were aware that odd things often happened, and the near daily reports had been a draw for tourists and out-of-towners for years. The theater was, without a doubt, haunted by a mischievous and playful ghost. Back when 3D first started being shown at the theater, sightings of this anomaly were frequent. Eyewitness reports were strikingly consistent. The anomaly appeared to be some sort of red and cyan dog that often sported his own pair of 3D glasses, earning him the name 3Dee. As time passed, the sightings of this strange ghost dog were reported less and less, but the tricks he played remained frequent and harmless.

In the space between the walls of the theater, the ghost dog pondered the dilemma of his stolen glasses. He floated his way into the theater and poked his head through the ceiling, carefully observing the moviegoers. His form flickered and separated out into two slightly-offset images, looking like an anaglyph movie viewed without glasses. Finding himself unpleasantly flattened into two dimensions, he snorted and shook his head, flickering again and pulling his body back into a single, three-dimensional whole. With a swish of his tail he cloaked himself in the light of the projector, and floated unnoticed into the audience.

In the audience below, the young woman with 3Dee's glasses was just reaching for her drink. The ghost swooped up and stuck his muzzle through the bottom of the cup and blew a stream of bubbles into it. The soda bubbled up and popped the lid off the cup, splashing soda all over the girl. She excused herself with an exasperated sigh and squeezed out of the aisle to clean herself off in the restroom, glasses still sitting on her nose.

The ladies room was empty as she stepped inside and removed the glasses from her face. She set them near the sinks and pulled a handful of paper towels from the dispenser, and proceeded to

pat herself dry. 3Dee followed after her, observing her from the solitude of a toilet stall. He poked his head through the door and eyed his glasses, determined to make a move for them.

The woman looked up at the mirror suddenly, catching a glimpse of the ghost in the mirror, like a drawing of a face on the stall door. She turned around, giving the stalls a confused look before returning to her task. 3Dee floated above the toilets with a sour scowl, as the startled woman now glanced back up at the mirror every few seconds. He dove down under the floor and slid through the earth until he was under the sinks. Cautiously, he rose up under his glasses, catching them perfectly on his face.

His body flickered, and he looked down at his chest to find the young lady's hand poking through him, in the process of grabbing the glasses to return to the theater. She froze, eyes fixed on him as he stared back, blinking and tilting his head to the side, sliding his glasses askew. To the woman, his body looked to be flickering between two and three dimensions constantly, his body taking on and losing the illusion of depth at random. He began to float away, and gave a playful yap as he shot through the mirror and vanished.

The woman made her way back to the theater to rejoin her boyfriend, shaken up, but not terribly upset. She greeted him with a smile and whispered to him that everything was fine. As she looked back to her seat before sitting down, she paused and let a small smile pull across her face. Waiting on her seat was an extra pair of 3D glasses.