

My Fallen Genie

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It all started as I began walking to my leased villa, on the beautiful beach at Boca Raton, Florida. It was hard to believe, for sure, I had two weeks of solitude to enjoy, away from the rift raft at work.

Walking, enjoying the sun, and the clear ocean waters dancing between my toes, on my shoeless feet, thousands of miles from work. What else could I ask for? Maybe, having a woman on each arm each saddled in a revealing bikini.

Oh, maybe someday, but not today. Today I am nature's recipient of, peace and pleasure; my prescription for the day.

As I daydreamed about my good fortune, my villa was creeping closer in my eyesight. I didn't notice a bottle lying on its side, buried halfway beneath the sand that I was about to unite with in an undignified way. With a quick jerk and tumble, and without much grace, I stepped on the bottle, and found myself in a very precarious position. Being facedown in front of my villa, looking upward to see if I had suffered any embarrassment or not. The latter prevailed.

Returning to my feet, I reached for the bottle that caused such an episode, to toss it out as far as I could to the ocean blue. As I grabbed the bottle from the bottom of my feet, to attempt to toss it on its merry way, I thought I heard a muffled voice crying out within the bottle, "Please open the bottle, and let me out," over and over again.

Did I get lucky; many thoughts immediately came to mind. Did I stumble on a Genie in a bottle, is there such a thing as Genie's, will I be rich, and soon be able to retire to Florida.

After brushing the cruddy bottle off from all the crud and debris strangling it, which had collected before it reached its final landing on this Boca beach, and into my life, I collected my thoughts on how I would continue.

Looking deep inside the bottle, it I could not see a Genie inside. Actually, I saw nothing, and I started to feel a little stupid being awfully excited for my find. Then the muffled voice continued, "Please let me out, pull the plug out, and I will award you with your wish." That did it, my greed won over, I pulled and pulled using all my might, and much more, as the plug eventually gave way. With a watery gush, and a splash, the water and mud was followed by smoke, which gave way to a Genie, who exited the bottle dressed in dirty, raggedy, baggy pants, red sash, that was tied loosely, and hanging from his waist, gold earrings, bracelets, and large pointy shoes that have seen better days as his mode of transportation had.

He made his way out of his bottle totally unbalanced, and very undignified, almost falling in flight in front of me, I introduced myself, trying so hard not to laugh, I had so much riding on this. I then asked the Genie,

“Why he was so disheveled and kind of dirty looking? That I had seen Aladdin on Broadway and Remix was clean and so was his mode of transportation, and he could also sing.”

“That’s Broadway,” the Genie responded aloud, with a slight anger in his voice, and besides, Remix is no Genie, I can vouch for that, and you want what young man from this Genie’?”

“Okay Genie,” I replied, thinking better,

“What about a change of clean clothes,” I asked,

He then answered me without any hesitation, “Young man, do you live near by?”

“Yes I do, two houses down,” it was a terrible mistake.”

Then that’s where I’ll go to fetch some clothes to wear, you do have clothes at home, don’t you?”

“I’m not your size Genie, you look to me to be about at least seven foot tall, and I’m only six feet.”

“ Good guess young man, and don’t you worry, I’m a Genie, and don’t you forget it.”

We walked to my villa, and I showed him in. He was so tall when reaching my bedroom he had to lower his head as he entered. "Seven feet tall my ass, closer to eight, that’ll be my guess now.”

After reaching my bedroom, he went straight to the closet doors, flung them open, and deposited my clothes all over the bedroom. Picking up what he liked, trying some on and asking, "Look young man, how do I look, does it fit.”

Time and time again I would hear and see my clothes being destroyed, ripped and torn to shreds, as the Genie just smiled while asking me, “How does it look young man”

He eventually settled for a black jacket, and white shirt. Don’t know where he was apparently going, but anyplace away from here would do, after I’m granted my wish, he owes me at least that.

“I’m leaving now young man, I had a great time finding this jacket to wear, and especially like the Genie on the lapel. I want to thank you so much by granting my jacket”

“Genie”, I said a bit surprised, “I didn’t have a jacket sporting a Genie on it, and it seemed to fit you quite well.”

He looked me straight in the eye, and said, "I told you long before that I was a real Genie, and now make your wish and I'll grant it. Close your eyes."

I closed my eyes and was awakened by a crowd of onlookers, as I lay on the beach holding my head in pain. Yes, I was lying in the same precarious position, and a crowd was gathering around me asking me what had happened, what was there to say?

Just then as I sat up an EMT, wearing a black jacket, sporting a Genie on it came to give me aid. He noticing that I was paying special notice to his jacket, the EMT asked if I believed in Genies, and I answered, "Yes I do."

He then was on his way, and as he left said to me, I believe in them too, young man, until we meet again.