

Cubicle Genie*

by Jason Lee Norman

Jamie is standing outside of her office drinking tea. She looks out at her two doughy coworkers. Doughy is the most appropriate description for them. Jamie is wearing that dress that you like. It is made from wool or something, very short, and she has black tights on underneath. It could be animal fur, maybe a sabretooth tiger. She looks like a cave woman while she is drinking her tea. She holds her cup by the handle and with her other palm underneath it. She is Raquel Welch in *1,000,000 B.C* holding a pterodactyl egg.

You have two wishes left.

At the TV station across the street two sports team mascots are dancing and miming for the cameras. There are some young men wearing baseball caps at the viewing window simulating sex acts for the cameras. They double over with laughter, more sex acts, the mascots jig and bounce and play fight, more sex acts. A producer shoos the men away.

You have one wish left.

That magpie you like to look at is back again. He's on the third floor ledge right now. He has his head cocked, like birds do and is looking at the doughy women of the third floor as they munch on crunchy things. The magpie shakes his tail, like magpies do and he hops on top of the air conditioning unit to groom himself. He will be up to see you on the seventh floor soon. He will come and cock his head and shake his tail for you to watch just like he does every morning. He will be right up to see you, just as soon as he stops laughing. The women on the third floor cannot hear the noises he is making.

You have no more wishes left.

* * * *The cubicle genie is your typical 3-wish-granting-genie who is a cousin of the North African variety. You will usually find him trapped inside an old bottle of photocopier toner.*

