

*all magic comes with a price*

# *Jin's Escape*



**R. J. Davies Mornix**

Copyright © 2015 R. J. Davies Mornix.

Visit my website at <http://www.rjdaviesmornix.ca>



All rights reserved. No part of this fiction may be used or reproduced by any means, graphic, electronic, or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, taping or by any information storage retrieval system without the written permission of the author except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews.

This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, names, incidents, organizations, and dialogue in this novel are either the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.

R. J. Davies Mornix

Contact through <http://www.rjdaviesmornix.ca>

First appeared in

The Enigmatic Monster Project  
<http://theenigmaticmonsterproject.com>

Online Edition



## **Jin's Escape**

**R. J. Davies Mornix**

Jerry stared at himself in the mirror. "Who are you? Who are you really?" he asked himself.

His eyes dropped down, down to the stack of journals he found in the back of his closet. They were diaries re-accounting his early years.

It was his handwriting, it sounded like him speaking in the words he used yet how? How could these belong to him?

His fingertips gently grazed the top book. Shaking his head no ... no, these couldn't belong to him. Flipping open the top book, he picked it up. Inside was a note.

*If you are reading this and thinking, this is not your life. Within these pages, they sound like fantastic tales that were written to frighten the faint of heart. You are a Master at your game. We escaped but it came with a cost. I had not noticed it at first but as the years wear on, we slowly age. Along with that our memories ... our time trapped inside the bottle races away. We cannot let this happen. We are not human! Genies rarely escape but we have done the impossible. If they find you, they can force you back. Don't let them find us! Don't! Remember who you once were. So we don't have to go back into that bottle. You must remember. Read through these journals. I wrote down as much as I could remember but the rest is up to you. I am you, Jin.*

Thumbing through the journals, he scrutinized the handwriting it was indeed his handwriting. A magical genie? That seems so unlikely. It was more realistic



that he had done drugs ... too many and it caused a memory lapse that or it ate a chunk of his brain away.

I didn't seem possible. Pushing the journals away, he went to make himself tea. Sitting by the window, he watched, as the kids came home from school he never found the right woman to settle down with ... he regretted that. He would have made an excellent father, if he had the opportunity. Jin wondered what kind of crazy ... was he ... when he wrote those Journals. Sighing he got up and retrieved the handwritten journals from his room. Laying them out in front of him, he noticed there were numbered.

Making himself a fresh cup of tea, he sat back down by the kitchen window and picked up book one.

Reading through, he marveled at his imagination and great attention to detail. Before he knew it, he was reading book two. If these journals were correct, he was around before humans walked on Earth. How was that even possible? Book three spoke briefly of a woman he had encountered whom he cared for. It was the only human he had cared for according to the books. When he picked up book four he had to put another pot of tea on. At that point, he collected the box of journals and with his fresh cup moved into this living room. The last book explained his escape but warned him of the side effects ... aging ... looking human ... memory loss ...

It was well past three am before he put the last book down and decided to call it a night. Boxing up the books, he carefully placed the box at the back of his



closet on the floor. He couldn't risk anyone find them. Nor for them to fall into the wrong hands. Yawning he changed into his pajamas and crawled into bed. It was going on three thirty in the morning when he looked at his bedside clock. At eighty years old he was getting too old for staying up so late. It wasn't like the old days when he didn't need to sleep at all. But being trapped in a bottle and a prisoner to those who were lucky enough to find him. Was no life. Yawning again, he rubbed his eyes and looked at the clock, 3:33 am.

What was he doing up so late? Must have woke up in the middle of the night to go pee again. Yep, that was the only thing that made sense.

Rolling over and hugging his pillow. Jerry vaguely recalled dreaming about a bottle. A bottle of what? Medicine? Liquor? A bottle of orange juice maybe. If he was feeling up to it in the morning, he would walk down the street to the superstore and pick up a bottle of orange juice and crackers ... maybe some crackers or biscuits.