the
WISHING
BOTTLE
Casey S Bell

THE WISHING BOTTLE

Casey Bell

Copyright © 2018 Casey Bell

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

Casey Bell
PO Box 5231
Old Bridge, NJ 08857
authorcaseybell.com

CONTENT

Chapter One…5

Chapter Two…24

Chapter Three…33

Chapter Four…38

Chapter Five…43

Chapter Six…48

Conclusion…55

CHAPTER ONE

Henry Danker, an English-American man, is sitting in a chair in a dressing room. His eyes are closed and look more like meditating than sleeping. A knock is heard on the door and his eyes open. A voice is heard from outside,

"Places, please."

Henry stands slowly stretches for a bit, then checks his face in the mirror, and then opens the door. He walks the hallway to the set. There are four men sitting at a table. One man, Brian Trump, a Chinese man is sitting furthest away. Next to him is Ryan Umber, a black man. Next to Ryan is Michael, a Hispanic man. Next to Michael is a Native Indian, Eric Right. Henry sits in an empty chair by the table. A man's voice is heard.

"And in 5, 4, 3, 2…"

He gives way to the hosts. The audience applauds, Henry speaks.

"Good morning. Thank you for joining us today on The Chat. It is time for Heated Subjects. John Ignite, an African-American male is suing J&N the clothing store for racial profiling. He alleged that when he walked into the store he was stopped by security and was frisked before he was allowed to enter. John alleges that the white males who entered before and after him were not screened and when he asked the security he was escorted out."

Ryan Umber speaks,

"This is unfortunately normal in this country. Police and guards always assume black men are criminals. It is annoying, but it's the norm in this country. I personally will never shop J&N again."

Brian asks,

"Do you think he should sue though?"

Michael answers,

"I believe so. They violated his civil rights."

Henry interjects,

"It's no big deal. Black men commit most robberies. The security was just making sure he wasn't going to rob the place."

Michael responds,

"That is not true. Some of the most famous robbers, Jesse James, Bonnie and Clyde, and Butch Cassidy were all white people."

Henry responds,

"That was over a hundred years ago."

Ryan responds,

"First and foremost there are no statistics to prove most robberies are done by black men. Secondly, white males did all all of the school, church, and movie theater shootings in America. So if anyone should be checked before going into buildings are white males."

The audience applauses in agreement.

Brian speaks,

"Let's move on before this gets heated."

Michael responds,

"Well, this is heated subjects."

The audience laughs at the comment.

Henry continues,

> "Ava Hungry, the news anchor for chancel 3 nightly news has resigned due to finding out she gets paid over a thousand dollars less than her male counterpart who has been working at the news station for three years as opposed to her seven years at the station."

Eric responds,

> "Well, as a man I am proud to say I am 100% for equal pay."

The audience applauds his comment, Eric continues,

> "I would never, as a boss, or CEO, pay a woman less than. I believe it is unjust."

Ryan responds,

> "I think what is worse is she has been there longer than him and yet they feel the need to pay him more. That is a huge slap in the face."

Brian continues,

> "I just think it's sad that Americans keep saying this is the best country in the world and yet there is still racism and sexism. No offense, but this has never been the best country in the world."

Ryan responds,

> "Never."

Michael chimes in,

> "Never. Nunca."

Eric responds,

> Well, I beg to differ. I am sure this was a great country when my ancestors were living here before the Englishmen came and stole this land. Prior to this land

being stolen, it could have been one of the best countries. There was no racism, or sexism.

Ryan continues,

"No rats, no roaches."

Henry interrupts,

"I don't think it's a big deal. Men get paid more all the time."

Brian,

"But it's wrong."

Henry responds,

"It's the man's job to work. If the woman would get married to a breadwinner she wouldn't need to work."

Michael,

"Your mind must still be in 1950."

Eric responds,

"Not all women are married. They deserve the same pay. Especially if they have children and no father in the picture."

Henry responds,

Well, who's fault is it that she got knocked up?

Ryan responds,

"Not all mother's got knocked up. Sometimes the man just leaves or sometimes he dies and she has no choice, but to be single."

Henry responds,

"She makes good money. What is $1000 less?"

Brian responds to Henry,

> "It's the principle not the money. Besides, I promise you would have a problem being paid $1000 less than a woman."

Ryan responds,

> "He's have a problem being paid $1000 less than us."

Michael asks,

> "Do we all get paid the same?"

Henry stops the conversation,

> "Let's not do that on live television. We're moving on. A Baptist church in Alabama may be looking at a court date for speaking against homosexuality. Gary Oker, a gay man said he went to the church thinking all was welcomed and when he heard the preacher speaking against homosexuality he went to the police to report it. Gary says speaking against the gay lifestyle is hate and should not be legally allowed. What do you think?"

Michael responds,

> "What happen to separation between church and state? The bible speaks against it and according to freedom of speech they have the right to believe it."

Eric responds,

> "But why only go after the Christian church? Muslims and Jews speak against homosexuality as well as do many other religions and faiths."

Ryan responds,

> "It's a bit hypocritical on the government's part because they are trying to stop churches from speaking against homosexuality, but the freedom of speech law

allows white supremacist to speak against people of color. The government rolls over backwards to help the gays but have done nothing to stop hatred against people of color. This is stupid and clearly proves that the gay people are wrong for thinking the gay rights fight is the same as black rights. It is legal for any white person to get a group of white people in a building to speak against people of color, but they want to make it illegal for a church to speak against homosexuality which if you think about it is unnatural. What is the difference between the two?"

Henry hesitates to speak on issue,

"I really don't have any thoughts on this issue. I think we should move on. Rebecca Lynda, of Massachusetts has pressed charges against Jason True, the film actor, stating he sexually assaulted her. Jason is denying the allegations saying the encounter was consensual, or so he thought."

Brian responds,

"That seems to be the thing lately, the man thinking she wants, but she didn't."

Michael asks,

"How do you know if she is resisting? Did she fight him?"

Henry answers,

"She didn't mention the details, but it seems like to me if you say no loud enough he would understand. Most women don't say no. sometimes I think they play games."

Ryan responds,

> "My dad always taught me if she's not your wife don't touch her. I know that sounds old school, but most times allegations come from two people who were not married to each other. Having sex before marriage always has consequences. If you want good results you just do what works, and what works is sex after marriage."

Henry responds,

> "Well, I say, if you don't want sex with him do not go back to his place. It's like you're asking for it. Okay, moving forward a lesbian couple took to social media asking people to boycott Grinder Bakery. The bakery refused to bake their wedding cake because homosexuality is against their religion. What do you think?"

Ryan responds,

> "No one ever boycotted Denny's. And I can bet you those white lesbians would eat at Denny's in a minute."

The audience applauds.

Eric responds,

> "I sill believe in freedom of faith. If they believe it's wrong they shouldn't have to serve them."

Brian responds,

> "I understand, but if you choose not to serve someone because they are in sin then you'll go out of business, because we are all in sin according to the bible."

The audience applauds

Henry responds,

"I personally don't understand what the big deal is, just go to another bakery."

Ryan responds,

"That's what black people did, we went to IHOP."

The audience laughs

Henry continues,

"I think they are making a big deal out of nothing."

Michael responds,

"That's easy for you to say, a man who has never had to endure injustice or inequality."

Henry looks at Michael with dismay and then continues,

"We'll be back after these messages. Don't go away."

The audience applauds. Henry speaks,

"Michael, what the hell was that?"

"What?"

"It's easy for me to say because I never endured injustice. It seems like you're being prejudice."

"Name one time you ever had to go through someone judging you because of your skin or gender?"

Steven, the stage manager walks onto the stage and whispers out of the side of his mouth,

"Men don't do this in front of the audience please. It doesn't look good."

Henry ignores him,

"That's the problem with you people, you're always being victims."

Ryan interrupts,

"You people? What people?"

Brian interrupts,

"Uh, guys, Steve is right. Don't do this now."

Steen continues,

"Guys, we're about to go back on air. Please stop. In 5, 4, 3, 2…"

The wonderful show continues with the guys doing their best to not show any animosity towards each other while recording the episode, once the show is over the men exit to their dressing rooms. Henry, after changing, leaves the television studio and walks home. Henry is strolling the streets, walking to his destination. Mr. Danker is a 5'7" white skinned male with handsome features that would make any female straight or gay blush at the sight of his smile. He walks arrogantly with eyes of judgment as he views humans. He walks by a plus size woman and speaks softly to himself,

"She really needs to lose weight."

As he continues to strut his "stuff", he sees a black male who is speaking loudly on a cellular phone, adorned in very baggy and saggy attire, Henry speaks to himself in disgust,

"Black men are such thugs."

He continues his journey to his destination when he sees a male and female Chinese couple speaking in their native tongue. With much anger he speaks quietly to himself,

"I hate it when they come here and don't learn English."

As he continues on his judgmental ways, he sees a Mexican female child, and immediately speaks softly,

"I wish all of those illegals would be deported already."

As he continues to walk he sees a woman standing to the side of the street. She is adorned with a yellow blouse with green polka dots. Her red skirt is worn over her purple and white striped pants. She is wearing black and hot pink plaid shoes, her face is decorated lavender blush, blue eye shadow, and orange lipstick, and a big smile, a pair of blue gloves, and of course, who can miss the pink, yellow, and violet hair. As he looks at her with dismay, he mumbles low enough for no one to hear,

"What the hell is she wearing?"

As he walks by her the woman speaks,

"I am wearing clothes. What are you wearing?"

He halts immediately, shocked at her answer to his unheard question. He speaks,

"What?"

"I said, I am wearing clothes. What are you wearing?"

"Why would you say that?"

"You asked what I was wearing? I am telling you."

"But--"

"But what? You thought you were quiet enough, so no one could hear you?"

Henry stunned at her response freezes; trying to respond innocently knowing he is guilty, he can only speak one word,

"What?"

"You spoke quietly enough, but I heard your thoughts before you spoke."

Henry even more stunned shakes his head no in shock.

"Yes, it is possible. I can hear your thoughts, Henry."

Henry's eyes open widely as she speaks his name. He looks at her in amazement,

"How did you know--"

"Your name? How did I know your name? Do not worry about that Henry. It is not important. What is important however, is your nasty habit of judging people and your insensitivity to injustice. How would you like it to be judged for your skin or gender?

Completely stunned Henry stutters a bit trying to find words that won't lie, but also won't incriminate him. The woman speaks,

"What's wrong Henry, you cannot find any more judging words for this situation? Today, Henry, will be the start of a new life for you. Starting today, you will be judged for judging. When you get home, you will find it."

Henry speaks up,

"Find what?"

"You'll see it when you get home. Oh, and Henry?"

"What?"

"No one else can see me. Only you. So, I suggest you stop talking to me."

Henry looks around to see people walking by looking at him like a mad man talking to the air. He turns back towards the woman, but she has disappeared. Henry stands there for a moment not sure of what just took place. Henry soon gets himself together and continues to walk to his destination. He walks now with his head down much more afraid

to look at anyone. Henry finally arrives back at his apartment. He opens the door and looks around for the woman. He then speaks.

"I don't know who you are and where you came from, but I demand you leave me alone. Do you hear me! I'll think it, will you hear it then?"

"Where are you? Come out you coward. Where are you, who are you? Why are you following me?"

Henry stops to think for a while he then speaks to himself.

"Please, don't tell me I am going crazy. I don't need this now. Please let my mind be okay."

He drops his belongings on the couch in the living room and walks into the kitchen. He opens the refrigerator and grabs a soda bottle. As he shuts the door, the woman appears.

"Who are you talking to?"

He jumps in fear.

"WHO ARE YOU? What are you doing here?"

He places the bottle down; the woman grabs it.

"Just calm down. You are not going crazy."

"Then why can't anyone else see you?"

"This is the way it works."

"How what works?"

"You have been judging people for too long. And you have been privileged for a very long amount of time. It is now time for us to show you what it feels like to be judged and not privileged."

"Who the hell is us?"

The woman hands him the soda bottle, which is now the *Wishing Bottle.* The bottle is an iridescent bottle with the words "Wishing Bottle" carved into the front of it. On the back of the bottle, Galatians 6:7 is carved in it.

"What the hell? How did you do that? Who the hell are you?"

"You sure like to use that H word a lot."

"Who are you?"

"It doesn't matter. Take this bottle. Rub it and you will have one wish granted."

"Is this a joke?"

"No, Henry. Take the bottle."

Henry takes the bottle. He looks at it in amazement. Henry looks down at the back curiously.

"What is Galatians 6, 7?"

There is no response from the woman. Henry lifts his head and the woman is gone.

"What the hell?"

Henry scratches his head unsure of what is happening. He is confused and scared he might be losing his mind. Henry places the bottle on the kitchen counter and then walks to the living room, sits at the desk, and turns on his computer. He waits a while and then begins to click and type. He looks at his computer screen and reads,

"Galatians 6:7. Do not be deceived: Yaweh cannot be mocked. A man reaps what he sows."

Henry sits at the computer when he hears the woman's voice,

"You have been judging people for too long. And you have been privileged for a very long amount of time. It is now time for us to show you what it feels like to be judged and not privileged."

He turns to look but sees her not. He then walks around the apartment looking for her.

"I can hear you! Where are you? And who are you to tell me I judge too much? Who are you to tell me I am too privileged? Huh? WHO ARE YOU?"

After realizing, she is nowhere to be found, Henry sits back at his computer. Henry types some more and reads out loud.

"Schizophrenia is characterized by thoughts or experiences that seem out of touch with reality, disorganized speech or behavior, and decreased participation in daily activities. Difficulty with concentration and memory may also be present."

Henry types some more on his keyboard.

"Types of mental disorders. Clinical depression, anxiety disorder, bipolar disorder, dementia--"

He pauses for a moment.

"Wait a minute. There is nothing wrong with me. I am not crazy. I am not mentally ill. I am simply tired. I did not sleep well last night, and I simply need a nap."

As he, stands to go to his bedroom the bottle on the kitchen counter rocks a little bit making a noise. Henry looks in the kitchen and sees the bottle. He slowly with much concern walks towards the bottle. As he approaches the bottle, it stops rocking. He reluctantly picks up the bottle and views it. He then looks around his apartment looking for the woman one last time and then looks at the bottle once again. He takes a deep

breathe in and sighs heavily. Henry is contemplating whether he should rub the bottle or break it. With much fear, he takes his left hand and rubs the bottle. The bottle jumps out of his hand and Henry, startled, jumps back. The bottle lands on the floor standing upright and a genie comes out of the bottle. This genie has dark skin, curly yellow hair, a sky blue and pink plaid jump suit, and purple sneakers. Henry's eyes open wider than a lion's mouth roar.

"What the hell? I'm going crazy."

The genie looks at Henry.

"Hey, man. I hope you're not going crazy now. I've got work to do with you."

Henry stands still not able to move and unable to speak. The genie speaks,

"Well, don't just stand there. Give me a handshake or better yet, give me a hug. I prefer hugs."

"My God!"

"No, I'm not your God. My name is Lazar and I am your genie. Where is Milagros?"

"Who?"

"The woman who gave you my bottle."

"You mean that lady with the pink, yellow, and purple hair?"

"That's her. And its violet, not purple. She has such wonderful fashion sense."

Henry looks at Lazar with a "you must be kidding" look on his face. He then answers,

"She keeps appearing and disappearing."

"That's what she does. I just wish she would have staid. I haven't seen her in a while. Oh well, I'll see her towards the end."

“Towards the end of what?”

“The journey you are about to take.”

“What journey? I am not going on a journey.”

“Yes, you are. You rubbed the bottle, so you have to take the journey.”

“How was I supposed to know I would have to take a journey?”

“Every wishing bottle comes with a journey, silly. Don’t you know?”

“I don’t know what I know anymore. I don’t know what’s going on. This is all too strange for me.”

“It’s simple, man. All you must do is tell me which you wish to end, racism, or sexism. Once you choose your wish I will end it with your help.

“Why would I do that?”

“Because as a white man you can end it.”

“But, why should I care?”

“Because no one should experience injustice and/or equality. Not even you.”

“Things are fine the way they are.”

“But what about racism and sexism?”

“They don’t really exist.”

“What about all those people you were talking about on The Chat today?”

“How do you know about the show?”

“Henry, I know just about everything about you.”

“How? And how did you know my name?”

"Milagros put a paper with your name on it in the bottle. I had the chance to read it along with the many people you spend judging on a daily. By the way not all black people are thugs."

Henry shockingly looks up at Lazar surprised. Henry speaks,

"If you're a genie, why not allow me to wish for money."

"How much would you wish for, one million, 85.84 billion dollars?"

"What kind of number is that?"

"You didn't notice? August 5, 1984."

"Oh. How did you know my birthday?"

"Milagros told me."

"I thought you said you haven't seen her in a while."

"She put it on the paper. Remember the paper she put in the bottle?"

"How does she know so much about me?"

"At this time, it doesn't matter. Now pick which one you wish to help end."

"It's not as bad as everyone says it is."

"That's because you have never experienced it. Michael was right."

Henry looks at Lazar amazed of how much he knows,

"I didn't start it, so I don't need to end it."

"You don't have to start the war to end it."

"Besides, I don't have to make the wish. And this isn't even a wish."

"It is a wish. I live in the wishing bottle and I am given to those who can help my wishes come true."

"A wishing bottle is for the person who rubs it not the genie inside."

"No, Henry, wishing lamps are for the rubber, wishing bottles are for the genie."

"So, your wish is to end racism and sexism?"

"My wish is to end all evil, but I can only do one at a time. You are a racist and a sexist, so I have been given to you to end one of them. Once we are done, I get to go to someone else to end something else that is evil. It is lots of fun."

"I don't want any part."

"Well, once Milagros chooses you, you don't have any choice."

"I do have a choice. Now, you're going to get out of here before I call the police."

"I am a genie that came out of a wishing bottle. Do you actually think the police can do anything?"

"I am not helping you!"

"Well, there is another option, but I warn you it is not good."

"There are no options because I am not helping."

"You don't have any choice. Your life is not your own any more. If you don't help me than she'll come to you and cause your life to be in harvest."

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"You have one more chance. Do you want to help me or not?"

"GET OUT!"

"You don't have to yell. Your neighbors will hear you."

"Get out."

A watch appears in Lazar's hand he tosses it to Henry. Henry catches it and looks at it. Henry asks,

"What is this?"

Lazar places his left arm behind him as to reach for the Wishing Bottle. The Wishing Bottle moves towards Lazar. Lazar smiles at Henry.

"It was nice meeting you Henry."

Lazar turns into liquid and ends up in the bottle and the bottle disappears. Henry not sure what to think stands in silence. He looks at the watch only to notice the watch on his wrist. He touches the watch wondering how the watch ended on his wrist being that he doesn't remember placing it on yet. He then sighs,

"I think I need a nap. A huge nap."

CHAPTER TWO

Henry awakes and looks at his wrist and notices the watch is still on his wrist. He looks at it and notices the screen is blank. He tries to take it off his wrist, but it will not budge. As he takes scissors to try to cut them off he hears a woman's voice laughing outside his bedroom.

"Do you actually think you can cut it off with scissors? Don't be so silly."

Henry's eyes bulge out in fear not sure, how a woman got into his apartment. He runs to his closet and gets a tennis racket. He slowly opens the door. A woman with olive skin is standing out side his door. She has on a green gown with trees, leaves, fruit, and vegetables patterned on it. Her hair is brown and infused with flowers and grass. She smiles at Henry and replies to his tennis racket.

"You wouldn't hit me with that racket, now would ya?"

Henry frightened replies,

"Who are you? How did you get in here?"

"Calm down, Henry."

"How did you know my name?"

"The same way Lazar knows your name."

"Are you with them?"

"We work together."

"Well who are you?"

"Kotinga."

"What?"

"My name is Kotinga. It means harvest."

"Why are you here?"

"To give you your harvest."

"What harvest?"

"For every seed you've sown, I return it to you as a harvest."

"What seeds did I sow?"

"Every time you had the chance to end racism and sexism you chose not to. Even Lazar gave you the option to rid one and you said no. It is now time for you to experience racism and sexism."

"What?"

"You heard me. As Michael said it is easy for you to say, but now it won't be easy any more."

"What do you mean?

"You'll find out soon enough. The watch you are trying to remove will be your reminder."

"Reminder of what?"

"It has a number five on it."

"No, it doesn't. It's blank."

Henry looks at the watch only to be surprised that there is a five on the screen. Henry asks,

"How did that get there? It wasn't there before?"

"Don't worry. If it gets to number zero and you haven't changed your mind in helping Lazar than you will stay in this world forever."

"What world?"

"A world where white men are the minority and no longer privileged. A world where white men are mistreated and treated unequally."

"What if I change my mind?"

"Then you will return to your world where you will help Lazar end racism, sexism, and all white privilege."

"I thought I only had to choose between racism and sexism?"

"That was before, but now the options have changed."

"What will happen to me in this world?"

"Everything you allowed to happen to everyone else."

"Bad things?"

"If they weren't bad when you did them to others, then no, it isn't bad."

"Will I suffer?"

"Maybe, but whatever happens, always remember you only have yourself to blame. Everything I give to you, you already gave it to me. I am simply returning it."

"Like Karma?"

"I am Karma. I am the harvest, Karma, the boomerang, and even the reaction. Many people have created their own concepts of me, but I have always been the harvest."

"Should I be scared?"

Kotinga laughs.

"Why are you laughing?"

"Because it was a funny question. If you weren't scared when you were judging, why should you be scared when you are being judged?"

"I never thought of it like that."

"No one has until they meet me. Well, enough talk, Henry. It is time for you to face your harvest and take what you have dished for so long. Put the tennis racket down and get ready for work.

Henry walks to his closet and puts the tennis racket back. Kotinga disappears in to thin air, but continues to speak:

"Get there early. You'll have to wait in line"

"What line?"

There is no response. Henry closes the closet door and walks towards the door. When he doesn't see Kotinga he scratches his head. Henry walks out of his bedroom and into his living room. He searches all through his apartment for Kotinga but doesn't find a sign of her. Confused he looks up:

"What the hell is going on?"

Henry undresses while walking to his bathroom. He gets into the shower and readies himself for work. Henry walks to work speaking to himself asking what fruit he will gain from the seeds he has sown. Confused and bothered while walking many people are leering at him, but he is too pre-occupied to notice. He soon arrives at work and notices a line.

"That must be the line Kotinga was talking about."

Henry notices the line, but also notices many people entering the studio without getting in line. He decides to ignore the line and enter the door. As he does, a guard stops him. The guard speaks,

"What do you think you're doing?"

"I'm going to work. I work here."

"I don't care. Get in line and wait your turn."

"But I just saw a few people enter without getting in line."

"Your kind is not permitted to enter without being checked. You know that. It's the law. Now get in line or I will get the police to take you to jail."

Henry sighs and then steps away from the guard. He then walks to the end of the line. Someone who works in the studio gets in line behind him.

"Hey, Henry, what's up?"

"Nothing. Why are we in line?"

"It's the new law. Didn't you hear?"

"No. What law?"

"It was signed last month, and it started today. It's the GVP law."

"What are you talking about?"

"The Gun Violence Prevention Law. The house and senate agreed on it."

"Explain this to me."

"Where have you been, Henry. Everyone has been talking about it."

"Not here apparently. Why do we have to stand in line and why are only white men in this line?"

"That's the law. All of the mass shootings in schools, movie theaters, churches, work places, and marathons were all done by white males, so the GVP law was signed into place to stop any future mass shootings."

"How so?"

"All white males have to be checked for guns or any other weapons before entering any building."

Henry is outraged,

"Are you serious!?"

"Very serious."

"But this is illegal. It's discrimination. This is considered racial profiling."

"That's why everyone was protesting. Well only white men were protesting, but it didn't work."

"How did this get passed? There are more white men in the house and senate than anything else."

"There used to be, but not any more. Most of them were voted out."

"Are you kidding me? Is this a joke? Is this a hidden camera show?"

"No. As unbelievable as it sounds this is the real deal. Everywhere we go we must be checked before entering any building. They believe it will end the gun violence."

"This is ridiculous. I don't believe it."

Henry finally gets to the start of the line and is checked by the guard. Henry walks into dressing room and sits at his desk with humiliation. Sharon, the script manager walks towards him.

"Hey, Henry. Look this over. This is one of the subjects being discussed today."

Henry ignoring her, interrupts,

"Can you believe I had to go through that line being checked by the guards like I am so kind of criminal? I have never felt more humiliated in my life. I nearly had to strip naked outside the building just because of my white skin. This is not fair."

Sharon responds,

"America has never been fair."

She places the paper work on his desk and walks away. Henry plops his head on his desk.

"I have a feeling I am going to hate this harvest I am going to reap."

Another show is done, and Henry leaves the studio. Unlike before as Henry leaves he notices a line of white men at every building waiting to be checked for guns or weapons. He then notices every building has two doors. One has a sign over it which reads, *People of Color and Females*, and the other door's sign reads, *White Males.* Every door marked white males has a line of white males waiting to be checked by security. He stands, stares, and shakes his head. At one store he sees security checking a white male no more than eight years old. He looks perplexed and gets behind a white male and asks,

"They even have to check boys? Why not only men?"

"Because all of the school shootings were done by white boys? The house and senate believe if all white men and boys are screened they don't have to make new gun laws and they can also end all mass gun shootings."

"This is ridiculous."

"I don't have a problem with it. My cousin was shot and killed, in a bar, by a white man who went on a shooting rampage. Had this been in effect back then my cousin would still be alive."

"But this is considered racial profiling."

"If you didn't care about that when they were doing it to black men, why care now?"

"How do you know I never cared?"

"Did you ever lead a protest or sign a petition?"

"Not exactly."

"If you didn't stop it or at least try then that is sign you didn't care."

"So, you're okay with this procedure, being checked before you enter every building?"

"Anything to stop another one of my family members from being killed is fine with me."

The man turns back towards the line waiting patiently for his turn to be screened. Henry leaves the line and continues to walk home. Henry walks into his apartment puzzled about the new white male screening policy. He turns on the television; a news anchor voice is heard,

"The president signed the GVP law into place to decrease the gun violence in America without changing the gun laws. Many European-American men are outraged with the new law, but in the words of the president, this law is here to stay."

Henry responds to the news,

"This is terrible."

Henry turns off the television and turns on his computer. He logs in to fwitter, a social media website. As he looks at the feed, he sees a selfie of a black man with a line of white men behind him waiting in line to be screened. With the picture, the black man posted the following message, "Finally, white men know what it is like to be discriminated. My inequality shoe is finally on their feet." Henry responds,

"This is un-American."

Kotinga's voice is heard,

"Said the hypocrite."

Henry turns towards the voice and responds,

"What do you mean by that?"

"You never cared about injustice in America. There has been injustice in America since 1776. Why now do you speak those words?"

Henry is speechless. Kotinga continues,

"You are a hypocrite along with the rest of America. The only time you care about injustice is when you are the victim, but if it has nothing to do with you, you do not care. This is just the beginning. Every injustice you ignored is returning to you."

CHAPTER THREE

Henry awakes and looks at the watch and it has a number four on it. He yells at the watch,

"I don't care. I am not helping! Standing in line is not so bad!"

Henry gets ready for work. He walks to work and gets in the white male line. He stands their annoyed at this new policy. After being searched by the guard, he walks into the office. Steven, the stage manager approaches him.

"Hey, Henry."

"Hi, Steve."

"Did you get the memo?"

"What memo?"

"There is going to be a quick meeting in the meeting room."

"About what?"

"I am not quite sure, but it might be about the new law that was put into place."

"The Gun Prevention law?"

"No, the new law that went into place last month."

"Which one is that?"

"The Unequal Pay Prevention Act."

"Last month? How did I miss that?"

"They haven't put it in the news, but I get emails when the president signs a new law."

"How?"

"I get it from IFTTT dot com"

"Oh, what's that?"

"It's a website. I'll tell you more about it later. I don't want to be late for the meeting."

"What time does it start?"

"Now, basically. I'll see you there."

Steven walks away from Henry. Henry sits in his chair scratching his head. He notices his co-workers walking towards the meeting room. He stands and follows everyone to the room. The room is filled with every employee, manager, supervisor, and staff member. Confused as to what the meeting is about and why it was called he sits their speechless. Soon the Executive Producer of the show enters the stage with a woman. His boss speaks,

"Attention everyone. Thank you for coming to the meeting. It won't be long. I know we must get ready for the show, so it won't be long. As you all know I have treated all of you with much respect and honor and have treated each employee here at The Chat with equality. However, due to the new law that was signed last month, the Unequal Pay Prevention Act, I am no longer allowed to be the Executive Producer. By my side as most of you should know is my wife Jessica, and she will for now on be the Producer and I will be her assistant, the Co-Producer. Instead of coming to me as you did in the past you will now direct all questions and concerns to her. I had a joy being your boss, but now the time has changed. Are there any questions?"

No one responds to the call of questions. His wife continues,

"Well, if there be no questions you may all return to work."

Everyone stands and converses as they walk back towards their workspaces. Henry catches Brian.

"Hey."

"What's up, Henry?"

"Explain to me this new unequal law."

"You haven't heard of it?"

"No."

"Where have you been?"

Henry looks around.

"I don't know."

Brian continues,

"Well, the president thought the only way to end unequal pay was to stop allowing white men be CEOs and presidents."

"Why?"

"Because every CEO behind unequal pay was a white man. Therefore, the president of America thought if no CEO is a white man than unequal pay will not exist. So, the house and senate agreed to make it illegal for white men to be CEOs of companies."

"That is ridiculous and against the constitution."

"This country never abided by that thing."

"This is unfair to us."

"When has America ever been fair. I'll admit it, I never did anything when America was mistreating women. This is nothing but me reaping what I've sown. Because doing nothing to end injustice is worst than do something to begin injustice."

"So, you're okay with this?"

"No, but it is what it is."

Brian walks away. Henry stands their dumbfounded. He goes back to his dressing room and stares in the mirror looking in a daze. His new woman boss walks by his dressing room and notices him staring in the mirror. Although the door is opened she quietly knocks, when Henry does not answer she speaks,

"Henry. Henry!"

Henry awakes.

"Oh, hi. Yes?"

"Is everything okay?"

"Yeah, I'm just…thinking."

"Okay. I'll see you on the set."

His boss smiles and walks away. Henry sits there not sure what to do. After the taping of the show, he walks to his dressing room to change. Michael follows him in his dressing room. Michael approaches him,

"Hey, Henry?"

"Yes, Michael?"

"Are you okay?"

"Um…yeah. Why?"

"You seemed pretty weird out there. Is everything okay? Did you need to talk?"

"Yeah…is this really?"

He stops and thinks about talking about Milagros, Lazar, and Kotinga, but fears he might be taken for a loony. He continues,

"No. No, I'm okay. I don't need to talk."

"Are you sure, man?"

"Yeah."

"Okay. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Yeah. See ya."

Michael walks away. Henry gets his belongings and walks home like a zombie not able to believe his new life. He enters his apartment and turns on the television. The news is heard,

> "Will Fences, Burrow Smorgasbord, Matthew Zuck, and many other billionaires due to the new unequal law have given their businesses over to their wives who will continue to run their businesses for them. This has many people talking including the hosts of The Chat."

Henry turns off the television. He paces back and forth shaking his head in disbelief.

"This cannot be. This must be a really long dream. A really long nightmare."

He continues to pace. He then stops in his tracks.

"Wake up! Wake up, Henry! Wake Up. WAKE UP!"

Henry runs into the wall and falls.

"Oh my gosh! That hurt. Wake up, Henry, please wake up."

Henry realizing, he is not waking up. He stands and limps to his room. He sits on his bed and looks around.

> "Kotinga? Kotinga! Kotinga, where are you? Lazar! Milagros. Please, one of you put an end to this dream."

He slowly lies down on his back and softly cries.

CHAPTER FOUR

Henry awakes. He looks around not sure if he is dreaming or still living his harvest. He notices the watch and the number three on it. He rolls his eyes.

"What more do you have for me? Huh? What more? You cannot scare me into anything. I won't help you."

He readies himself for work and walks to work. As he sees lines of white men standing at every building he realizes either this really is life, or he hasn't awaken yet. He sighs heavily and continues to work. He stands in line and waits his turn to be screened. He finally gets into work and notices a lot of different faces. He also noticed many of his co-workers in the studio are gone. Looking confused he notices Ryan and calls him over.

"Ryan, come here."

"Hey, Henry, are you okay? You don't look good."

"I don't know, man. All these new laws against white men are angering me. This is unlawful."

"It's not bothering me any."

"Of course, it wouldn't Ryan, who are all of these people? And where is the rest of the staff?"

"They had to fire a bunch of the white people and replace them with Bella-Pell."

"What is that? Bella-Pell?"

"It's the politically correct way to say color people."

"What happen to minority?"

"That is now considered offensive."

"Why did they fire everyone?"

“Not everyone. Only a certain amount.”

“Why?”

“Because of the new law.”

“WHAT LAW!”

“Stop screaming, Henry, everyone can hear.”

“Sorry. What law are you talking about, Ryan?”

“You are really out of it, Henry. The Hate Meetings Prevention Act.”

“What?”

“H.M.P.A.”

“What is that?”

“Man, listen. There is a new law that the senate made to prevent K.K.K. and white supremacist groups from meeting.”

“Excuse me?”

“H.M.P.A. states that it is unlawful for any meeting to include only white people as to prevent white supremacy groups from meeting. The law states that in any meeting, group, or function with three or more people, there must be a person of color for every two white people in the room or building. This way white racist can never hold meetings.”

“Are you serious?”

“Yes. They had to hire people to make sure there was at least one Bella-Pell per two white people.”

“That is unconstitutional and unlawful.”

"America has been going against the constitution since they wrote it. In addition, as of last week it is the law. It keeps businesses from segregating, discriminating against and refusing to serve Bella-Pells as well. It's a good thing for us people of color. Now we never have to be mistreated again."

"What about us white people? All those people lost their jobs?"

"As I see all ya'll white people had it coming. You are walking in my old shoes and now I have yours on. It feels great."

Ryan walks away from Henry. Henry notices Steven and calls him over,

"Steven, come here."

Steven walks to him,

"Yes, Henry?"

"Oh, thank God, you weren't fired. You're the best stage manager."

"Thank you. What do you need?"

"I'm sorry to say this, but I cannot go on today. I need to go home."

"What are you talking about. You can't just leave."

"You don't understand, I am not feeling well."

"What's wrong? Do you want me to get the physician?"

"No. I am fine."

"Then if you're fine, why can't you go on?"

"Steven, I cannot discuss it. Just trust me. I need to leave."

"Henry."

Henry rushes out of the studio.

"HENRY!"

Everyone in the studio including his co-hosts watch him as he rushes out. Eric asks,

"Steven, what's wrong with him?"

"I don't know, but you guys are going on with out him. He said he needed to leave. Get ready. We're going on the air soon."

Henry runs home crying. As he opens his apartment door, he looks around. He steps in and closes the door. He starts searching angrily and crazily around the apartment.

"Where are you? WHERE ARE YOU? I demand you show yourself. Show yourself right now! I demand it. Kotinga. KOTINGA!"

A bang is heard on the door. A voice is heard from the outside.

"Boy, what's all that screaming in there? Are you going crazy? Don't make me call the police. Are you in there? Open the door."

Henry pauses and then opens the door. The man on the outside speaks,

"Yo, what the hell is wrong with you? What's all that screaming?"

"I'm sorry."

The man, peaks in the door,

"Who are you yelling at? You ain't beatin' on no woman, are you? Because if you are, I'll take you out myself."

"No, there's no one here."

"Then who you yellin' at?"

"No one."

"What's wrong with you? Are you ill?"

"No."

"Then why you yellin'?"

"I'm sorry. I was just…I was practicing my lines. I'm sorry."

"Oh, you're an actor or something?"

"Yeah, I guess. It's nothing special. I'm sorry. I am sorry. It won't happen again."

"Ok, man. Sorry, for banging on your door. Have a good evening."

"Thanks, you too."

Henry closes the door and then places his head on the door. Henry sighs heavily. He then sits on his couch. He sits there for a few moments in silent distraught at his life. He then slowly slopes down into the couch and sobs.

CHAPTER FIVE

Henry awakes and notices the watch is still on his wrist. The number two is on the watch. He stands and speaks to the air.

> "I am not helping you. You actually think you're doing something to me? So…what. I must stand in line everywhere I go. Big deal! I can never be the boss. Who cares? I don't want to be a boss. I am never allowed to be in a room with white men. Do you think I care about that? This is nothing. What more do you have? Huh?"

A knock is heard at the front door. Henry thinks its his neighbor,

> "Go away, there is nothing wrong with me. Get it over it!"

The knock is heard again, and then a voice is heard,

> "It's the police open up."

Henry shocked,

> "They called the police on me? What idiots."

Henry goes to the door with nothing, but underwear on. He opens it.

> "Yes, police officer."

The officer notices he is only in his underwear,

> "Oh, sorry to catch you in your underwear sir. We are just checking to make sure everyone who qualifies got his belt. Are you single?"
>
> "Yes officer. What belt?"
>
> "Did you get your belt?"
>
> "What belt are you referring to?"
>
> "Your chastity belt."

Henry chuckles,

“Are you serious, officer?”

“This is no laughing matter. You were supposed to have it done by yesterday.”

“What are you talking about? Is this a joke?”

“No sir. This is the law.”

“The law? What law?”

“The Sexual Assault Prevention Law.”

“What law is this?”

“Are you serious? Where have you been? It’s been all over the radios, newspapers, and television.”

“I must have missed it.”

“The sexual assault prevention law stops sexual assault.”

“How? And what does it have to do with a chastity belt?”

“White males are the cause of a high percentage of rapes and molestation…over eighty percent. The president decided to make all white single males get a chastity belt put on so he cannot assault anyone.”

“Are you serious?!”

“Yes. Now you better come on.”

“But what if I get married?”

“After you show us your wife and wedding certificate we will remove it for you.”

“Is this a cruel joke, officer?”

“I don’t know you. Why would I play a joke on you?”

“Did someone put you up to this?”

"I don't have time sir. Go get dressed so I can take you in and fit you for your belt."

"What if I don't."

"Then I will arrest you with or without pants. Now what is it going to be?"

Henry pauses for a moment and then speaks,

"I'll be out in a moment."

The officer steps in the apartment.

"You go get dressed. I'll be out here waiting."

"Can't you wait outside?"

"What? So, you can try to run away?"

"How?"

"The fire escape. I'm not stupid, sir. Hurry this up. I have other single white men to check on."

Henry dresses quickly and then meets the officer. The officer and Henry leave his apartment. The officer opens the car door for Henry and drives him to the police station. Henry gets out of the car and is escorted into the station. The police officer escorts Henry to a room.

"Doctor, here's another one."

"Thank you, officer."

The police officer walks out of the room. The doctor speaks,

"Hello, sir."

Henry doesn't speak. Feeling violated he stares at the doctor. The doctor speaks,

"I know this seems crazy, but the president is only trying to end sexual assault."

Angry Henry responds,

"Who is the president?"

"Oval Winifred."

"You mean the actress?"

"Yes."

"I don't believe this."

"Believe it, man."

"Am I dreaming?"

"No, and you are not in Oz either…or wonderland. Not even Never, Never Land. You are in the new America."

"This is degrading."

"It maybe, but due to the new law this is a must. Please remove your pants and underwear."

Henry pulls down his pants and underwear. The doctor measures Henry's waste and penis. The doctor then goes into a closet and removes a chastity belt. He adjusts it and then places it on Henry. He then locks it. He takes the key and places it in a baggie. The doctor speaks,

"What's your name and address?"

"Henry Danker. 42 Eighty's Street, Smokey Lady Mountain, New York 14926."

"Thank you. And your phone number?"

"Why do you need this information?"

"So, if you get married I or someone else will be able to find the correct key to open your belt."

Henry sighs,

"Two, two, two…three, five, sex, sixteen, forty-five."

The doctor writes all the information on the baggie. He then puts the baggie in a file drawer. He then looks at Henry,

"Uh, you can pull up your pants now."

Henry pulls up his pants and asks,

"What now?"

"You're free to go home now."

Henry lowers his head in shame and then walks out of the office. The police officer notices him and walks him to his car. Henry gets into the car and the police drives him home. Henry arrives, and he slowly walks to his apartment door. He opens the door, walks into the bathroom, and looks at himself in the mirror. Henry pulls down his pants and stares at his new belt in shame and shock. He shakes his head and then pulls his pants back up. He then walks into his room and plops on the bed and falls asleep.

CHAPTER SIX

Henry awakes and is in a daze. He stares into space for some time. He looks at the watch and the number one is shown. He sobs heavily.

> "Okay, you win. YOU WIN! You win. No more of this, please. I promise I will help Lazar. Just no more of this injustice. I cannot take this anymore."

Kotinga's voice is heard,

> "Henry. Come into the bathroom."

Henry jumps up and runs into the bathroom. He enters, but no one is there. He looks around the bathroom, in the shower, the sink, under the sink, in the mirror cabinets, but sees no one. He decides while he is in there to use the toilet. He pulls down his pants and holds his penis. As he is holding his penis, he realizes the belt is gone. Excited he jumps and looks while urinating. Excited the belt is gone he is making a mess.

> "Oh shoot."

Henry catches himself, finishes, and then cleans his mess. He then looks at the watch and notices it is gone. Not on any wrist. He then jumps up and down. Henry happily readies himself for work. He skips down the street smiling and greeting people. He is even being kind to the people of color. He gets to the studio and does not see a line of white men. He smiles high and gallops into the building. Of course, everyone is looking at him and judging. He walks around the studio and notices everyone he used to work with is back, he grabs one.

> "Jeffrey, its so good to see you. Welcome back. I see they gave you your job back."

Jeffrey responds,

"Henry, what are you talking about?"

"They fired you yesterday due to the new law?"

"No, they didn't fire me and what law are you talking about?"

"The white supremacy prevention law or act or something to that affect."

"Yeah, you might want to think about taking a vacation."

Henry hugs him.

"It's so great to see you."

"Yeah, okay. See you Henry."

Jeffrey walks away swiftly and talks on his radio,

"Uh, Steven, I think Henry is losing it. You might want to get the physician."

Henry walks into his dressing room. He smiles as he looks around. A woman, wearing a black skirt and black blouse, which resembles Milagros enters the room. Henry notices her.

"It's you!"

The woman speaks,

"Excuse me."

"Milagros!"

"My name is Millie. I'm a new intern. Sharon told me to bring this to you. It's one of the subjects she added for the heated subjects."

"Oh, okay. Sorry about that. You looked like someone I've seen before."

"No problem."

Millie walks away. Steven and the physician enter the room.

"Hey, Henry."

"Hey Steven. Everything okay. Why is Dr. Lassiter here?"

"Oh, just to…uh…make sure all is well. Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine. I have a question though."

"Yes."

"Is Mrs. Bell still the Executive Producer of the show?"

"You mean Samuel's wife, the producer's wife?"

"Yeah. Is she still taking over for him?"

"Um…no. Why would you think that?"

"Because of the law. She had to take over for him because of the law."

"What law?"

"The unequal pay prevention act."

Steven and Dr. Lassiter speaks at the same time.

"What?"

"The new law."

Steven continues,

"Yeah, so Dr. Lassiter is going to check you just to make sure you're okay. And you might want to sit out for today."

"Why would I do that?"

"Because you seem off."

"No. I'm not. I really am not off. In fact, I am on."

"Yeah, okay. I'm going to be straight with you Henry. I think something is wrong with you."

"I am fine. I really am fine. They gave me another chance."

Steven and the Doctor speak together again,

"They?"

"Oh. You wouldn't believe me even if I told you. I am fine. I promise. I am okay. Thank you doctor for your concern, but I am fine. I promise I am fine."

Steven continues,

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I promise."

"Well, be ready in ten minutes."

"I will."

Steven and Dr. Lassiter leave his dressing room. Henry looks around the room with a big smile. He looks up to the sky and mouths the words, "thank you for another try." As he does so Michael walks by his dressing room. He calls him,

"Oh, Michael. Come here."

Michael enters the room,

"Yeah."

Henry embraces him with a warm hug. Michael reluctantly receives it.

"Henry, what is wrong with you?"

"I am so sorry, Michael. For all the injustice you have to go through. I never understood how horrible you feel until recently. I wish I could have understood earlier. I am really sorry."

"Okay. Thank you, I guess. Are you okay, Henry?"

"I am okay. They gave me another chance?"

"They?"

Henry embraces Michael one more time. Steven's voice is heard backstage,

"Five minutes."

Michael stops the hug,

"Henry, we have to get on stage."

"Yes, of course."

Michael and Henry walk to the set. Henry notices a man in a blue jumpsuit near his room sweeping. The man resembles Lazar. As Michael continues to the stage, Henry stops and greets the man.

"Lazar?"

The man looks up and points to his nametag.

"It says Larry."

"Oh. I'm sorry. You look familiar."

"Apparently I look like Lazar."

"Yeah, I'm sorry."

"No worries."

Well, uh…happy sweeping, Larry."

"Thank you, Henry."

"Hey, how did you know my name?"

"You're Henry Danker. Who doesn't know your name?"

"Oh right, of course. See ya."

Henry continues to walk to the stage. Ryan, Brian, Michael, and Eric are sitting in their seats. Henry sits in his chair with a huge smile. The other hosts with much confusion look at the new Henry not sure what to make of him. A woman wearing black slacks and a

black blouse, resembling Kotinga approaches Steven and hands him something. Steven speaks to her,

"Thank you, Korina."

Henry notices her and stares. The woman simply smiles at Henry and walks off the set. Steven counts,

"In 5, 4, 3, 2, 1"

Henry speaks with a huge smile on his face. The other hosts continue to look at Henry in wonder.

"Welcome once again to another episode of The Chat."

The audience applauds,

> "Thank you, today's first subject for our Heated Subjects… you know what, before we begin I just wanted to say I am very sorry to everyone I have ever offended. My views in the past have been prejudice and Unamerican. I am truly sorry for all the Bella-Pells, I mean people of color and women who have had to endure injustice and inequality. As a white man I believe it is my duty to help put an end to this so starting today I will donate money to all the organizations who fight against injustice such as the NAACP and Times Up Movement. I will also agree to be a spokesperson for any organization who may think I can be of help. Furthermore, I will begin an online petition and I want every American to sign it so we can send it to the government so they can start making laws against injustice and inequality in this country."

The audience applauds, as do his co-hosts. As the show continues, Larry is still sweeping the backstage. Korina and Millie approach him. Millie speaks,

"Well, do you think he changed for good?"

Larry speaks,

"I don't know. It seems like it."

Korina chimes in,

"Do you think this will last or it's temporarily?"

Larry speaks,

"I think we got him. He will help make big changes to America."

Millie,

"Good job, ya'll."

Korina speaks,

"Thank you. You too."

CONCLUSION

And that my dear, yes you, the one reading this book, that is the story of the Wishing Bottle. You can be just like Henry. You can be the one to change your country, town, community, neighborhood, church, and family. You can be the white man who ends white supremacy and privilege. You can be the black man who ends black on black crime and gang activity. You can be the woman who ends woman disrespecting each other. You can be the man who puts an end to unequal pay. You can be the Muslim who ends ISIS. You can be the Christian who ends molestation in the church. You can be the doctor who cures the patient instead of killing them (with your pills). You can be the politician who begins limited terms in senate and house. You can be the police officer who ends police brutality. You can be the father who ends father's abandoning their children. You can be the person who ends whatever injustice, inequality, or any other inhuman, disgraceful and oppression in this country of America or any country in this world. It is time for you to do something. Protesting is not enough. It starts with you cleaning up your families, communities, neighborhoods, churches, businesses, and government. You can do it. I believe in you. You can do it. We can do it. Let us do this together.

authorcaseybell.com

OTHER TITLES BY CASEY BELL

The Diary of Stephanie Dane

4Score

Crystal Fountain

Buried Lies, Surface

The House on Atticus Lane

Moving 4Ward

Essays From Dysfunctional Families: Literary Betrayal

A Family of Strangers

To College or Not to College

*Men Are Dogs (*Coming August 2018*)*

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

You Are Beautiful

How to Love Your Bully

The Day the Rainbow Broke Up

http://authorcaseybell.com/

http://payhip.com/caseysbell

bookcasepublishing.weebly.com

The Wishing Bottle

A man is given a wishing bottle that can either put an end to racism or sexism. He has to choose one. Which one will he choose.

Casey S Bell

ISBN 978-1-387-84623-8
90000
9 781387 846238