

Big Djinn

by

anon

couldn't possibly be

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Big Djinn

No working title.

No name.

The tracks wash away in the rain.

Through the mud, the tracks are easier to follow.

I don't even have a name.

OK. I confess. I have a name.

Big Djinn.

But that is not who I am. For it is I who remain unnamed.

It rains. The horse plods on.

Djinn -- Big Djinn, Jinn, it will be easier, so eventually we will just call him Jim -- looks ahead as the rain washes down his face.

The rain washes down our face.

Can you feel it?

Rain soaked, wet, I must concentrate to shed the clothes, city born, civilized, a man of the streets, but Big Djinn, he is a barbarian, a warrior, Indian, chieftain. He is an outlaw... but not yet, not quite yet.

We are not there.

We are here.

We are Big Djinn.

Feel the rain on your face, the horse underneath, the sword in your hand.

Can you feel it?

Remember?

The cry of war? Of death?

The lamentations of the children, the women, the women children, those were the best, gathered round, ten and twelve, a company, a herd, your brothers in arms, your sisters, all at once, taking a turn, ripping apart, tearing asunder, we can do this the hard way, there is no easy way, the screams, delight in her screams, her struggles, and you at the head, a place at the table, she is the table, like in days of old when they served the flesh in bowls made of bread, there is nothing left, nothing.

A bone necklace... almost nothing.

With a name like Big Djinn, hidden powers will surely be revealed.

With a history like that, ghosts must surely come back to haunt.

But like I said, I do not even know who I am.

And as he rides along, firmly rooted in the present, what future, he is clearly stuck in the past...

###

Aerowyn: she has a name -- Aerowyn Mac Beth Schnell Shnauchen.

Deconstruct it.

Aerowyn: Aero' her tie to Djinn, of the element, Air, betrothed at birth, a promise, a vow, an oath, true to her word, as straight as an arrow, her arrow will win, call me Wynn, spell check will love it.

Mac Beth: call me Beth, your demise or mine, I cannot help if I love you.

Schnell Shnauchen: from the German, the Dutch, the wee folk, the night, of life underground, mining in dark, for treasures, and gems, and the hearts of stars, darkness, chaos, the swirling abyss, she has four arms, the mutant, the freak, she should have two more...

Past anger, past revenge, fully clothed, fully armored, black satin, silk, almost lingerie, stained thick, like a comic book character she never changes clothes, throughout all these years, impeccably clean, except for the blood, that never comes clean.

Wynn, shakes her head, her hair, laughing in the rain, laughing at the rain, away and back, in the shadows behind, following Djinn, scouting ahead, arrow poised, she is an archer, what's this, a gun?

It's not like she's never seen a gun, heard of them, held them, crack shot, sharpshooter, hundred yards, quarter mile, sniper in the dark, advanced electronics, dial it in, but to hold one now, a gun, classic six-shooter.

Why here? Why now?

She pulls back in, back to Djinn, Big Jim, just call me Jim, it'll make it easier on the compilers, you have no idea the problems trying to spell check Djinn, is that plural, a noun, maybe an adverb, a verb, the computer just doesn't know.

I sit and I tap.
This I know.
This is true.
But who am I?
Why?

I do not know.
Aerowyn does not know, so she pulls back, back into view, her horse, crunching through the trees, breaking sticks, rolling over the undergrowth, no horse, my mistake, steel steed, mechanical monstrosity, what is this death, smelling of goblins, orcs, cobalts, and dragons, names of rival biker clans, even her outfit has changed, what right...

WHAT RIGHT???

Even her outfit has changed: Dragon Riders, Mongols, Raiders, or Reavers, the name has not solidified, swirling in mist, purple rhinestones, flaked glitter, across her back, chest, open halter, you wish, purple, it's purple, magic, it is, swirling chaos, somewhere new, that's where they're going, she's never been, doesn't quite know how to be, fitting in, but what does that mean, changing her steed, her weapon, her gun...

Wynn twirls the six-shooter: pearl handled, as if that matters, silver alloy, no plate, full, through and through, magically inscribed, at least that still holds, the dweomer, the magic, special bullets, silver to be sure, exploding hollow points, poison dipped, why fool around, death isn't a game.

Rolling into view, through the trees, gravel path, slow going through the back trails.

“Find anything?” Jim asks, but he will always be Djinn to her, promised at birth, matter of honor, to do or die, her, him, both; so,

like, she'd have to kill him first, just to be sure, but then having done that, she would be next, a matter of honor, do or die, but do it first.

But Jim has asked, cutting off her "Where?" her "What?" her "Why"

Fine, he doesn't want her to know, doesn't want to tell her, maybe he's lost, doesn't know, nothing new there, "Nothing out of the ordinary," she says, twirling the gun around, aiming at the pixie.

What goes through her mind?

###

"I do this for you," the pixie silently whispers, mouths really, lips barely moving, words silently recalled, a pledge long ago, she should be dead, a promise, a vow, take me, take what you want, for me, for you, your troops, your friends, a willing slave, sacrifice, how valuable is that, a willing sacrifice, all that I have, I hold, that I can call near, and for what, revenge, those bastards, those fucks, city dwellers, scum, farmers, a person could spit the word, it is the only way to say the word, ripping the soil, raping the land, burning for naught, for nothing, to nothing, one season, maybe two, they took her grove, her land, her family, her tribe, her sisters, fuck them all, they will die, they will pay.

Is that not clear, not enough, Djinn, a bastard to be sure, ruthless and mean, caught in a war, no, he was drawn to the war, loved it, ate it up, the taste of blood, why cover it up, why wear armor, no protection, no holding back, a ravenous feast of death and decay, drawing on the power, necromancer, only nothing so subtle, so thought out, so known, a born natural, natural killer, if demons could choose, ride freely, that body, that mind, the delight in the

pain, the suffering, and he chose the side of the barbarians, the wilds...

I would only have to make up the names, switch scenes and they make no never mind, no difference, the plains, the animals, the herders, it is a way of life. City folks, farmers, fences, and cultivation, rip up the soil. Where the one prospers, the other does not. Each pushing, wanting more, with war at the divide, the place where they meet.

And pixies caught in between, all the fair folk, but elves can fend for themselves, fairies and fingerlings, drop of out sight, like mosquitoes and rats, the world will never be clean, but pixies, caught in the crossfire.

Away on an errand to come back to death, what is the sound of one hand clapping, what does a lone pixie even call herself?

Is she self?

The power of hate, the power of revenge, "I will power whatever you command. Use me for hate, for wickedness. Spoil the land. Salt the soil. Only do unto them as they have done to me."

Do you wish to see the scene, replay it in your head, city gates, falling, horses throwing themselves at walls, treachery, flames, so many dead, so many, but that power, that hate, given freely, for anything, worth a kingdom, a fortune, a thousand upon thousand worthless lives, blood spilled in gay abandoned.

"He is the last."

"Let me kill him," drink his blood, delight in his suffering, and in that moment become one of you, the monsters, the rapers, the defilers, but no, it was not that thought out.

“Kill him! Kill him! Kill him!” And when the deed not done fast enough, for who could do anything fast enough to please a pixie, before her words, in anticipation of the words, live fast, die young, talking over herself, more than a little crazy, all alone really, no one to talk to, no one to keep up, and taking it upon herself, choking and squeezing, not getting anywhere, the men, they where men, humans, the lot, man killing man, worthless waste, hands not big enough, beating impotently, now there’s a word for a pixie, nothing impotent about them, beating ineffectively, flitting here, flitting there, grabbing the sword, tottering, too heavy, the men watching, laughing, the fun, the game, all of her might, to bring it up, no that won’t work, flapping madly, such a weight, a magical weight, can she wield the sword, make it hers, make it thine, flying in the air, if you want to call it that, fluttering, hate, you will die, last of your kind, you ordered that, he didn’t know, he swears it, but does he not have eyes, if he will not use them, so cut them out, birds, do they not sing, or is he deaf, and...

And she is one with the sword, the sword and the girl are one, blood for blood, and eye for an eye, it dances, it sings, madly astray, in a rage of blind blood, slicing at fingers, and toes...

And the calm presence to keep her center, the presence of mind to reclaim what is his, to have, and to hold, a weapon beyond compare, a danger, delight...

Bid Djinn, the mighty, the ruthless, the fat man, city keep, not even the mayor, died long ago, no king, just a man, wrong time, wrong place, dying slowly, oh, so slowly, like a thousand years unto a pixie, drinking his blood, savoring with delight, enchanting the weapon, become one with the weapon; but then, that is never how it works.

Dancing with delight. To know joy, to know freedom, to know the taste of victory, of death, and in that moment, binding, to be bound, not to the sword, but to the weapon.

It is a motorcycle: Lost Riders, Last Riders, Riders of Death. Pick a name, any name. Thin and sleek, living in joy, for this moment, on the back, holding on tight, Djinn is her man, her's and hers alone, no one knows him like her.

No one.

No one.

No one.

Say it thrice, like a charm, try to make it work, the pixie, Pam, we have to call you something, call me Danger, "We'll call you," and there's Aerowyn jumping in, making light, resentful, "There's that Peter, that Pan," but she's a girl, and Pan is more of a guy's name, besides, someone else has already written that book...

And that could end it, this scene, but we still haven't placed Pam on the back of Jim's bike, Lost Boys, Lost Riders, The Lost, OST, for some reason rings true to my programmers blood, they are the OST, couldn't begin to tell you what it stands for.

"OST? What does it stand for?" Pamela asks, no one is happy with her name.

"Pandora," Wynn mutters under her breath, not even sense enough to be afraid of a gun, pointed point blank, but Pandora, it is a good name, a name that will stick, one that has meaning, and reference, perhaps they should have killed her, let her die, or used her, infused her, nothing but trouble, Pandora.

Pandora ignores Wynn, not through mischief or malice, just unconcern. She promised her soul, so take it now or later, in a

month or a year. Sluttily dressed, matching outfits with Djinn, ripped jeans, hers more so, or less so, the taste of love on her lips, if that's what you want to call it, morning dew, and they ride on, wings gone, she stands on the back of the bike, impeccable balance, circus rider, Djinn pops a wheelie as they turn onto the track, paved road, Pamuela, Pandora, falling, laughing, dropping into place, waiving gaily to Wynn as they leave her behind, to stand by the crossroads, smelling the earth, a pinch of dirt, watching the eighteen wheelers go whizzing by.

She's heard of this place.

But why?

Why this place?

And how does one bring up the rear... let alone, scout ahead, here.

Pandora giggles, then laughs, what a schmuck. Djinn is hers and she thine, promised at birth, what a laugh, it's like Wynn doesn't even know him, but she does. Oh, yes, she does. "I wonder what kind of drugs they have here?" she asks, not so rhetorically, as she opens her bag, her purse, her pouch, to find out she must only but look, the selection is enormous, perhaps that is why they have come here.

Or perhaps not, as Jim, Big Jim, that doesn't really translate, I guess he means, Djinn, throttles it open.

"Speed."

A selection, a choice, a command, a thousand pounds of death, by impact, what payload, but a pixie need not think twice, standing up, tasting the wind, climbing forward, reaching around, face up, ass down, where the wheels meet the road, this thing can go faster.

SPEED: a magical inline directive.

#

There are so many things I don't know.
In writing, there are so many things that I don't know.

Like I know about motorcycles.

Djinn is riding a motorcycle, named after the wind, he rides like the wind.

But how to describe it, fall into it, become one with it.

The motorcycle shakes, it's like a roller coaster at an amusement park, one of those old time ones, the wooden ones, not the smooth modern, but the rickety and old, the vibration is intense, but he can't just let go, sit back, clench his teeth, he has to guide this... this animal.

Pandora is the bike, it's written on her side, flame red, orange, sweet decals, cost a fortune, better than a tattoo, hand stenciled, chrome pipes, rumbling, roaring, red lining, almost red lining, no, over the line, wheels shaking, jumping, going too fast, the wheels hardly contacting the road, almost floating, a hovercraft.

Djinn stands on the pegs, pegging the throttle, leaning into it, like a man on a horse, English, equestrian rider, guiding it, letting it flow, underneath, going as it will, allowing the beast to set it's own pace, gallop, trot, faster than shit, this horse likes to run, and at that speed, you can't reign it in, just a delicate touch, handlebars light in the hand, vibration shaking, just guiding it straight, this turn, not that, weaving around, traffic almost still...

And the beast, rider within, the pixie, Pandora, full of life, bleeding it out, faster, faster, better, more, all for the moment, no holding back, maybe she'll crash, that would be great, all of this over, the

rampage, the hate, but lost in the moment, getting there faster, first, down at road level, the knicks in the pavement whizzing on by, wind in her hair, her face, clear eyed delight, the vibration, the hum, I think this must be a lot like a sex scene for her...

And then, the sirens, the light, a cop car, back in the distance, so slow, so far back, so very very slow, a turn here, a turn there, they could lose him, so easy, so very easy, but Jim pulls over, lights a smoke, breaks out the canteen, pours a hot brew, coffee, speed, the strong stuff, early morning, patting the bundle down in back, hunting rifles, destruction, he could kill the cop...

Best to slow it down.

Pandora sweating on the roadside, walking it out, gravel embankment, pull over, rest stop, skimpy shorts, can't hardly matter, but she's wearing skimpy shorts, loose fitting top, her sex shining through, sipping coffee, not really interested, none of her concern, "Why are we waiting?"

It's a good question?

Tie in to reality, I guess.

That's the answer.

Man speeding, one hundred, two hundred, three hundred tops, it's bound to cause notice, a police chase, so why give chase, pull over, let the cop catch up, two of them, three in cars, flashing lights, racing on by, and the last pulling in, shaking his head, noticing, clowns, it's just a game.

I could craft the conversation, the blow by. But it wouldn't make sense. Does any of this make sense?

You see, Jim, Big Jim, back from the war, there's always a war, on leave, signed out, bike out of storage, guess it got away from him,

and they, the girl, his cousin, niece, but she'll have none of that, there's the girl, wild one, that, and one thing led to another, her screaming, ecstasy, thrill of the chase.

Still not quite right, so the cop, fellow aficionado, like the bike, motorcycle cop, joint history in the forces, can Jim lie, can I, some story, recently back, and not really wanted to talk about it, and then, what were we fighting for.

And then, Wynn, Mac Beth, or just plain old Beth, arriving on the scene, another bike, not quite as nice, how could it be as nice, not pixie powered, look at those pipes, with the paper Jim will need, his release from the forces, convincing story, drivers license...

And all the cops are there now, drinking coffee, admiring the bike, what to do, he's a war hero you know, or more importantly, it's a story, a book, and it's not come from above which way to go, waiting for the radio, the call from HQ.

Can we redo all of it, Djinn riding through the forest, talking to Aerowyn, discussing the plot, or absence therein, I'm glad to be working with you, should be fun, I always have fun, trying to get into the roles, and the first stop, first break, coffee break, catered lunch, set scene shoot by the side of the road, policemen extra, milling about, deciding, does it set the pace, the tone, give a good feel, bring it all back to my, myself, and I.

I still don't know who I am.

In the end, it's all about discovering the self.

And then, the call does come in.

"We're going to let you off with a warning."

"But you can't do that," not here.

And as they drive away, Aerowyn asks, “What was that all about?” even though she knows the story from beginning to end as if she read the plot in advance, cast her own spell, and at this line in the book, she’s supposed to set it in motion, give it a good spin, and say, “So, what was that all about?”

Or Pandora just spits, “Coppers!” as she roots through her purse, for something more, always something more, more drugs, more sex, more wine.

There’s a picture in there, in her purse, a picture of her family, held close. No, that’s not it, so why do I lie. Pixies don’t take family portraits, live for the day, but she has the letter, two of them, three of them, four. There were four before he stopped writing, not to her, but to him, to Jim, Big Jim, but the name was Jim, Jim McFakeName, what does it matter. Everyone called him Big Jim, he was popular, football star, not really a star, but on the team, wide end, wide receiver, that guy who goes long, makes the catch or doesn’t, never stops running, disappears into the stands, the future, the distance, the one you write to once, to twice, maybe three times or four, until you realize he’s never going to write back, ten years, twenty, he’s never coming back, to what, it’s never the same. It’s never the same.

###

The gang, the three of them, they are going somewhere, I have an agenda in mind.

A day later, maybe two, sleeping under the stars, under bridges, camping in National Parks, sweet dreams, bathing in waterfalls, the two, the three, good times, rough times, some like it hot, and after a last shower, a shave, best to make a good first impression, Jim in Jeans, sounds like a movie, not quite ripped, not quite new, leather jacket, leather vest, not something that would incriminate, no

colors, no signs, but a bit rough, some like it rough, and Pandora, I'm not changing my fucking name again, I'm not Dora the Explorer, I'm not fucking Peter Pan, slutty outfit, slutty dress, biker wet dream, I've got that fetish for boots, and Wynn, Lynn, maybe Mac, maybe Beth, not too far, let's stick with Lynn, dressed to impress, dressed for success, dressed like her man, leathers and jeans, it's almost a uniform, to go without, one would be a traitorous spy.

And these three, this trio, they stop in front of a house, pull into the driveway, park on the walk, Pandora the first to hop off, "This place is a dump!"

But it's not.

It's my house.
Only it's not.

What can one say, to write it to lie, but which lie to write. It is Raj's house. They called him Raj Mahal, what a great nickname. Do you have any idea how many restaurants have chosen that name. I've tried to eat in them all. So not Raj, not Mahal. Or maybe just Rajah and call it a day, the first name the compiler lands on.

It is Rajah's house. Don't ask me why we called him Raj Mahal, well, it's easy, we were kids, it was the first thing we thought, or the second, or third, but it stuck, through first grade and second, third grade and fourth, in fifth we weren't as close, can't remember the sixth, but homeroom in seventh, and pretty much straight through high school from there, with Raj the Mahal, best friends, well, good friends.

He wrote once or twice, I never wrote back. I mean, how could I. But I guess there was something there. I liked him, Djinn did, Big

Jim, I guess I am neither, still trying to find myself, perhaps that is the plot, a author in search of himself, isn't that always the way, and Raj was perhaps looking for friendship, to fit in. He was Indian, his parents first generation, something like that, won't say he never fit in, but he felt apart, lily white neighborhood, out of the crowd, never played sports, threw like a girl, fat, out of shape, but smart, loyal, perhaps kind, how does one measure these things.

And the letters, I got letters -- more than a few, but only a few really mattered. I went away, but he wrote, left messages at home, for others to put in the post, what's up, how are you, first day of college, he graduated, mathematics, logic, I guess a big deal, with computers and all, but he never struck it rich, kind of assume he'd have written about that, but he found a girl, that trip to Hawaii, pic on the beach, wedding reception, white dress, sharing the cake, I even got the photo of their first kid, makes it seem like they're two, but only the one... and then, none, if you follow my drift.

But where is the happiness in that?

And I like Raj, I mean, Rajah. And there must be some way to pay back his kindness, cheating on tests. I guess we were friends, he had my back, I had his. Well, I had his.

No, it's all a big lie.

Big Jim had (as in had) Rajah's back, protecting him, fights, nobody messes with you when you're standing next to someone that tall. And there was respect and admiration and letters throughout the years... one way.

It's safe to say, rather than seeking, they came from a void.

###

Reika, would be a good name, but we've talked of compilers and the nuisance they make. So, obviously it's an anagram.

Rajah married Erica.

They had a kid.

The kid died.

And at that moment, a little of both died inside.

I think it was the part that loved each other.

And perhaps I have written enough for one week, come back to this next, when I know who I am. But in the meantime, I will leave you with Erika opening the door.

A conversation?

A play by?

"The reunion was last week?"

"Had a run in with the coppers," Pandora helpfully explains.

Or maybe they were never expected, Jim ringing the door, Erika answer, and Pandora jumping in, helping out, holding a photograph, of a young girl, tight dress, string bikini, that wedding cake number, "We're looking for this girl? Seen her?"

Yes, that will do.

Erika collapsing against the door, she'd forgotten herself, or her daughter, no, only for now, just herself.

She doesn't like the joke. Doesn't really like Jim, the stories Rajah tells, it's clear he still loves him, idolizes him, after all of these years. She's jealous.

The reunion was last week.

No, let me say that again, the voice in her head, "The reunions was two fucking months ago! What the fuck!"

But Jim doesn't care. He just doesn't care.

And um, have I mentioned Pandora, pixie gone bad. Just doesn't fucking well care doesn't really begin to cover it, pushing on past, in through the door, "We sent a letter, didn't you get it?"

And Erika, still in a state of disbelief, "That was two months ago," and gathering speed, priming the head.

But have I mentioned how Jim doesn't care? Well, perhaps, I should. Perhaps I should mention that after high school, Jim took the road less traveled, oil field worker, pipelines, *Five Easy Pieces*, working here, working there, and when the borders fell, he was all over that, on the other side, pixie loving freedom, elvin babes, maybe you've seen the movie, read the book, or tagged your favorite pictures on the Internet.

So, borders fell, Jim became Djinn...

And then, the borders that fell un-fell as borders that fall are wont to do. I mean, they're called fucking borders for a reason and good fences make for great neighbors, or at least, keep the lesser men out, only Jim, sounds like Djinn, was on the other side and nobody ever bothered to tell him that the way back there -- and thence -- was closed off for good.

Seriously, this makes perfect sense.

Can't you just hear the last latch of the portal clicking back into place like some sort of cosmic Tupperware seal burping shut?

Anyhow, the point is, Jim is back on this side, he's like some bad ass warrior king on the other, rapes women, enslaves their children, and drinks the blood of the vanquished for breakfast if you know

what I mean; so like, the bitchy complaint of some middle aged women isn't really meaningful to him.

Or if that makes absolutely no sense to you, and quite frankly why should it, just like some lead character in a book who knows he is golden, he simply flicks at the photo the girl is now holding and advises Pandora, "No, this is the one we're looking for. I take it Raj isn't home. Probably working, huh. Anyhow, I'm Jim, this is Pandora, and my betrothed, Aerowyn Mac Beth Schnell Shnauchen," and I could go into how that's a lot easier to spell than say or decipher by ear, but Jim isn't really done yet, and so he says, grasping Erika's arm in his own, like some sore of *Band of Brothers* handshake, "I'm out of touch, so maybe we should, like, hug or kiss, so tell me now, if I'm doing this wrong, but after everything Rajah has said about you, it's a pleasure to finally meet you in person."

And having said his line, Jim walks inside, followed by Pandora, "Any friend of Djinn's is a friend of mine," and Aerowyn, "I am Aerowyn Von..." blah, blah, blah, the important part being about halfway through when she says, "betrothed of Djinn," blah, blah, blah, "heir of the..." yada, yada, I'd just have to make it up anyhow, so who really cares, the important thing being it's long on ceremony, short on courtesy, all of which is pretty much lost on a bewilders and at this point very overwhelmed Erika, who merely says, "Um, I'm Erika, won't you come in," which is sort of a technicality at this point as Jim and Pan already are, rooting around in the refrigeration, because I don't know about you, but after reading/writing all that, I could use a beer.

#

So things were never meant to be finished.

Some, not started at all.

Whether the former is better than the latter, who can say?

Either way, that is all...