



Trapped in a bottle

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“Oh, why me?” Flutter sighed.

The sun always looked orange green from inside her bottle. She sat on a large pink satin cushion, and stared at the sea. For 500 years she had been trapped. Pursing her pink lips, Flutter blew a black strand of hair out of her green eyes.

“Mt. Flitaria! Erupt and let me out already!”

White sand surrounded her green bottle that rested against a black rock. The waves rushed up the beach, sending a splash of seawater outside onto her dirty bottle where it would drip and run off back into the ocean. Flutter’s eyes flashed as she paced back and forth in her cramped space.

She took a deep breath of stale air, and snapped her fingers. A cup of green tea, and an apple fritter on a saucer appeared on a brown wooden coffee table with a poof of clouds. Flutter plunked down on a large cushion, and watched the steam rising off the hot tea.

A small tremor jiggled the tea and table. She reached out and grabbed the tea cup to keep it from spilling. Her bottle clinked against the black rock outside.

Flutter shook her fist at the mountain.

“Rumble! Rumble!”

She lowered her fist, gripped the blue china teacup in her green hands, and took a sip.

“Mmm, drinking green tea is so soothing.”

She finished the apple fritter, and snapped her fingers. A bright poof of clouds covered the table and the dishes before they disappeared.

She giggled. “Cleaning up is such a snap.”

Flutter flopped back upon the cushions, and looked up at the brown cork sealing her bottle.

“What spell should I try today?”

“Hmm...”

“Oh, I know one!”

Flutter snapped her fingers. “Plop... a... pop... it.”

A large jar of peanuts appeared. The lid on the jar popped off, and rained peanuts down on her head. She jumped up, and stamped her foot. In the space of a heartbeat, Flutter picked up a peanut, and threw it across the room.

“So much for that idea...”

“Wait.”

Flutter got up, pressed her face to the glass, and peered out.

“Something is happening.”

She jumped up and down, and clapped her hands.

Dark clouds covered the sun, and drops of rain tinkled off her bottle. Palm trees bent in the wind, and coconuts flew through the air. Thunder shook the ground as blue lightning streaked across the sky. A big wave smashed into the sand, and picked up her bottle.

Flutter screamed.

Water choked with sand beat against the glass. The current jostled her bottle about before a wave picked it up, and heaved it onto the beach with a thump. The cork on her bottle popped open as soon as it landed on the beach, ejecting its contents all over the place.

Flutter tumbled end over end before landing in a heap of pillows, peanuts, and seaweed. Cold seawater soaked her pink top and pants. She pulled a piece of seaweed out of her hair before she sat up with a beaming grin.

“Oh, goodie gumbdrop.”

She vanished in a puff of white smoke.

