

Brooklynite ©

A flash short story derived from my novel, Somewhere In Brooklyn

Entering the 1950s abandoned after hours club on First Street that would soon become my coffee house, September's Child, I stopped dead in my tracks and asked myself, "How the hell did all of this happen? I was on top of the world in my executive career, and I walked away from a shit load of money and perks for this?" Gazing at the furniture and décor that I had created from broken up packing crates, cable reels and other industrial scrap, I asked myself, "Since I'm not totally nuts, maybe there's some kind of supernatural element within the bedrock of Brooklyn that compels those who stumble upon this boro to do things they never dared to dream of doing? Okay, I realize that New York City water is the best water ever but when it hits Brooklyn, did it somehow become a magical elixir that unleashes an inner take charge force that we never knew was there, even in our wildest dreams?"

As a cloud in the shape of a smile passed over me, I wondered, "If this mystical element does exist, and one could give it a name, might this enigmatic power become known as Brooklynite? Hell, yeah! Brooklynite's a fitting name for a magical force that takes total charge of things! Even Brooklyn people have a certain swagger that says, *"Hell yeah, I totally got it! You got a problem with that?"* I thought, Hell no! The power of this Brooklynite thing should not be taken lightly! I mean, once it got into my head, I began doing things I could otherwise only dream of. Hearing the soothing though commanding call of the Brooklynite, it was only a matter of time before it awakened my inner genie that was sealed in conventional wisdom's bottle of mindlessness.

When I landed in this mystical boro, I would feel the force of the Brooklynite compelling me to do things I never imagined I could do: That whisper became a voice that grew louder and louder as my evening commute brought me closer to Park Slope. I often thought of walking away from being the corporate hack I'd become, then realized how I'd been drawn by the Brooklynite ever since a yellow cab driver suddenly hung a sharp right, then on to the Brooklyn Bridge while saying, *"I gotta tell you kiddo, Manhattan ain't the place for you! Let me take you to where the real magic happens! Hey, bro, I gotta earn my tip, right?"*

When I get there, what the hell would I do to live? I asked myself, and then felt a force coming from a place deep within me, that I so recently met, saying, *"Hey, kiddo, you friggin' got this!"*