

## Prologue

All in all, I had been in Louise's drawing room for a decade or more, having watched Nancy and Johnny, the two spoiled hellions, offspring of Louise and Fritz, grow up playing war games with the furniture—a matter that rankled me something fierce.

I had become addicted to Louise's parties, and, looking back on my time in that mansion, I found them and her socialite guests hugely entertaining—until the voluptuous Estelle got up in her grill, and all hell broke loose.

—Hold on, I'm jumping ahead of myself.

In a world full of contradictions, at an unknown time between the changing of the centuries, two characters emerged, both handsome and creative. I am one—a ten on a scale that tops at ten, and that I am the most beautiful and charming, goes without saying. The other, a djinn. But you haven't met him yet.

The circumstances that brought the two of us together are not one single magical event, at least not the kind of mythical Merlin fame. You might say, Fate entered and dealt his card. So, it didn't happen quite by accident that Djinn became one who I adored and called my friend, and who had a powerful impact on my psyche. A brilliant fellow, he was, in his way, the *crème de la crème* of genies. Over time, we became two bodies of the same cloth, though I'm the one with a gemstone named after me—Ruby, if you can believe that, or better: Ruby Red Chair. Yes, you heard right...a chair...in the flesh, if you can call my fabric *flesh*.

How hard is it to imagine me, a chair, a teller of remarkable tales, talking to someone who appears out of a trunk, whispers spells, and vanishes into the shadows just as quietly as he enters?

—Right now, you're thinking I'm crazy as a soup sandwich.

When I considered the arduous work of writing my memoirs, I thought back on all the antics I'd enjoyed with Djinn, and I became excited all over again. The veritable kaleidoscope of capers with which we had been regaled and derived harmless fun, were enough to raise a swell of pride. He'd helped me out of awkward situations, and filled my head with stories of his romantic longings, too fantastic and impossible even for the most ardent believer. I asked myself, was Djinn just a figment of my extraordinary dreams? Who's to say a chair does not have the right to its own adventures.

Aaah, the adventures! Say goodbye to stuffy story plots. Within these chapters are stories you won't believe, some hard to swallow, and other juicy stories of magic that make no sense to most. There are so many stories I want to tell you, it's hard to know where to begin. I'd be willing to bet, though, you went to a good school and have a superior education, so the very idea that you might want to put the pages down, and do something not connected with my stories should never cross your mind. An outrageous notion, but you wouldn't be the first to try.

Tell you what. Why don't you read, without prejudice or presupposition, that which is at times inexplicable, and draw your own conclusions.

The possibilities are endless.

I remain,  
Sincerely,  
RRC