

Choose Your Words
By
Jake Bible

“I want so much money that I’m drowning in it!” Billy yelled. “Yeah, make that happen!”

His friends stood there, mouths agape, astounded by the incredibly stupid mistake he’d made.

“What?” Billy asked. “That’s a lot of money.”

“You’re a fucking moron,” Anita frowned as she walked away. “I’m not watching this.”

“Your funeral, dude,” Tom said, shaking his head.

“What?” Billy asked again. Just before he started coughing up gold coins. “Oh, crap...”

“It’s a genie wish, dumbass,” Marcus grimaced. “They’re literal.”

Billy fell to his knees as the weight of the gold in his lungs pulled him down.