Another morning at Agrabah, the morning sun was illuminating the city and its palace. Warming the sands and making the jewels glitters, like those of the prince Achmed. The purple clothed royalty, who came from far away to curtsies the unmarried princess of the kingdom, soon discovered why she was still unpromised or married to anyone. As her pet tiger attacked his butt, the vexed prince left in a fury as everyone could see his pink underpants with the heart pattern. The sultan tried to retain him and then lectured his daughter but finally just left in anger like the prince. Unbeknown to them, they were observed from one of the towers above them. Jafar the vizier and his parrot henchman Iago didn’t lost a single piece of the scene as they were hilarious at the prince’s demise and humiliation.  
  
Iago was even laughing on his back, having difficulty to breath. “That never gets old, I’ll really miss this if we succeed.” He said between laughs.  
  
Jafar was laughing too, not as much as his bird accomplice but he too was really amused. “I guess this is only thing this princess is good at. Rejecting prince and entertain us.” The dark clothed man took a breath before he restored his calm and ordered to Iago. “Now let’s get back to work.”  
The pair left the window of Jafar’s lab and returned to their studying of books and scrolls. The room was filled with a mountain of it, and the pair could barely move across the room.  
  
The red feathered bird was trying to take a scroll when a pile of old books felled on him. Angry at his bad luck he asks, more like nags. “Remind me why I must bath my feathers in dust and old papers?”  
  
Jafar didn’t even lift his head from the book he was reading. “Because we cannot find “the diamond in the rough” the cave of wonder is asking for, so we need to changer our plans. Now get back to work, Iago!” He finally ordered.  
  
The bird growled in annoyance and kicked another pile of books, only to receive an old scroll on the head. “Ouch!” he whimpered before he looked at the scroll who hit his head and opened by rolling on the ground.  
  
Iago noticed some words who matched what they were looking for as he took the scroll and went to his boss. “Jafar! Hey Jafar! I think I’ve just found the right thing!”  
  
The vizier took the scroll and read the content out loud. “ For the protection of the kingdom and the throne. If the sultan is unable to exerce his power and fulfill his duty for a temporary period due to unforeseen conditions, he would be replaced by his next heir. But!  
If there’s no heir or the heir is too young to be named sultan, a council of the most important citizens of the kingdom will be formed and approve the naming of an intendant for the throne until the sultan or an heir is able to fulfill the function of sultan.” Jafar smirked but didn’t stay happy as he read the other part. “Only the personal doctor of the sultan along with the citizen council can pronounce the inability of the sultan. The heir must be at least 12 years old to be able to replace the sultan, married or not for the female heir.” The vizier angrily threw the scroll aside after this sentence.  
Then he went to his window again, Iago perching on his right shoulder.  
“Useless….” He said with annoyance. “I cant hypnotize him long enough and the sultan’s doctor can cure any non lethal poison I would give to this fat idiot. The only thing that could make him sick would be something happening to his precious kingdom we're longing for.”  
  
Iago added. “Yeah, we kinda need it. Considering if we do, his lovely daughter will take the power.”  
  
The black clothed man scratched his goatee trying to think about a plan. “It would be easy to make her disappear but then we’ll still need to neutralize the sultan and the only way would be to make him mentally sick. What does he love more than his precious kingdom and its people?” A light bulb went on inside Jafar and Iago minds as they were smirking darkly at each other.

The sky turned dark blue and the cool breeze of the night howled in the sleeping streets of Agrabah. Princess Jasmine was in her room with all of her servant preparing her for diner and talking about the main event of the day.  
  
“Prince Achmed was really angry, but who wouldn’t after being bitten by Rajah.” Said a skinny servant.  
  
The head servant who was a fat lady answered. “Still it’s another rejection and our princess need to be married before her 16th birthday, it’s the law.”  
  
The second servant who seemed to be quite young added “I’m happy he’s gone. Do you know what he have done at the palace’s gate? He hit 2 poor kids with his whip. I wouldn’t have liked to serve such a cruel man.” As she finished to put the blue attire on the princess.  
  
The servants kept talking about it until Jasmine broke out of her silence, ordering. “Enough!!!”  
  
All the servants went mute, looking at the princess. It was pretty rare seeing their mistress angry at them. The head servant apologised. “We’re sorry, your majesty.”  
  
The princess recovered some of her calm and ordered. “I won’t be taking diner with father today so you can all leave, I need to be alone for the moment.” The three servants bowed and left, apologizing all the way until they closed the door behind them.  
Jasmine broke out and started to cry. She couldn’t stand it any more. She never possessed her life, the law, the custom, her father.   
All her need was covered but she couldn’t do anything, it was a gilded cage.  
After a few moments of sobbing, she went to one of her wardrobe and opened a secret compartment. She took the brown ragged clothes inside, she secretly made them for this day when she’ll finally decide to escape from the palace. But she quickly putted them back in the hide when she heard a knock on her door.   
She opened, the head servant announced. “Your majesty, the vizier Jafar ask you to have diner with him.”  
  
Jasmine answered. “I don’t want to have diner with anyone. I would like to be served in my room.” The last thing she wanted would be to eat with this shady man. She'll never understood why her father took him as his advisor.  
  
The head servant insisted. “I know your majesty, but he told me to insist, he wants to talk you about this wedding problem, saying it was really important.”  
  
The princess exhaled in annoyance. “Fine, I’m coming in a moment.” If she refuse to eat with Jafar it would raise suspicion. She needs some time to escape and disappear within the city, and it would be impossible if the vizier alerts the guards about her absence. So she went to Jafar's quarters, she would quickly eat and heard what he wanted to say before fleeing from this place.   
  
“Princess, I’m glad you accepted my invitation.” The vizier welcomed the princess in his dining room.  
  
“ARK!!! Welcome!” added Iago, the red parrot perched on the shoulder of his owner.  
  
Jasmine stayed silent as Jafar leaded her to the table where a fine diner was waiting for them. They both sited on the ground and start to eat. The princess began as she wanted to rush the thing. “What exactly you want to talk with me?”  
  
The dark clothed man cleared his throat before he started. “About the current situation, I heard what happened earlier with prince Achmed.”  
  
Jasmine swallowed a fruit and said. “I already got lectured by father for this. I’ll never be able to love someone like the prince Achmed or any other selfish and arrogant royalty that came to me.”  
  
“RAAK, I don’t know what to do.” said the bird, Jasmine rolled here eyes at this useless intervention.  
  
Jafar resumed his explanation. “Normally, I won’t meddle in those kind of affair, but it’s becoming an urgent matter. I know it can be hard to find someone fitting to your taste. But the number of rejections and the image of our kingdom it gives.“ Jasmine stopped paying attention to Jafar’s word as he went into a monologue. He basically encouraged her to be less expecting from the suitors, to open up and try to know which would fit her and even offered his help. But the princess didn’t cared, she just said short answer when he asked her, but that’s all.  
She was relieved when the dessert as it was indicating the end of this everlasting and boring diner.  
  
When she opened the tray, she discovered a simple blue bottle with a tag. “What is this?” the princess asked.  
  
The vizier who already opened his little blue bottle, answered. “It’s a special little drink coming from the big island of the northwest. The locals like it for its sugar taste. The custom is to drinks it bottom up.”   
  
Jasmine read the tag. “drink me.” And complied to the order it gave. She drank the whole content before putting the bottle back on the table. “Strange, it tastes like… Cherry tart… Custard… Pineapple… Roast turkey...” She slowly enounced the taste from the drink but also wondering why the table feel like it was becoming taller, like she was sinking in the ground.  
Speaking about it, the ground seemed to get closer.   
When Jafar stood up and approached her, she finally realized what was happening. She was becoming smaller.  
“What’s happening, Help me Jafar!” she called to the vizier who was like a giant to her.  
  
“I’m afraid I can’t help you princess, It’s not in my interest.” He calmly said before he went elsewhere to fetch something.  
  
“What does that mean? You’re a traitor!” She said as her head couldn’t reach the table now.  
  
Iago got down from the vizier’s shoulder to mock the princess. “About time you notice it! And I’m the one who’s called bird brain here!” the parrot just landed aside the diminutive princess like nothing. But to her it was like the fabled Roc, the giant bird was joining her on the ground.   
The red feathered birds add. “Your ego should shrink down too cause at this size you’ll only be able to marry a rat prince.”  
  
Insulted, jasmine tried to land a punch on the bird yellow beak but she couldn’t. Her shrinking slowed down but Iago was now towering over her. When it finally stopped, she was barely half the size of the parrot. She tumbled in terror, scared by the much bigger world around her.   
When a hand with fingers as wide as the palace pillars, took her up in the sky to meet Jafar’s giant face. “Oh princess, I found just the perfect home for you.”  
When the finger released her, She fell into a green colored circular room with a round opening up above. When the shrunken girl looked around her, she noticed the wall were transparent and made of glass. It struck her. She was in a bottle and Jafar smile could be seen through the walls.  
“You may not be a genie in the bottle, but you could make a formidable toy for me. Too bad we have to get ride of you.” Jasmine screamed as the vizier putted the stopper on the bottle.  
Without wasting anytime, the dark clothed man sneaked out of the palace and rode on his horse to a certain location in the middle of the desert. The location where two golden halves of a scarab were making a giant tiger head made of sand emerge from beneath.   
“Who dare disturb my slumber?” Asked the blue tiger head, his voice breaking the silence of the night.  
  
“It is I, Jafar” The vizier announced.  
  
The entrance of the cave of wonder made his usual reply. “Only the diamond in the rough can enter…”   
  
“I know that.” quickly replied Jafar. “But I’m not here to enter. I’m here to make an offering.”  
  
“Bribery isn’t going to get you anywhere but farther from entering…” The tiger head replied, not showing any emotion or gratitude for the offering.  
  
“Doesn’t matter, I’m making the offering anyway.” He took the green bottle under his robe. He looked at it and was surprised when he noticed the princess was even smaller. He mutters. “I must have made this wonderland potion a little bit too strong but now I’m more than sure that you’ll never escape.” He then threw the green bottle in the giant tiger head’s mouth.  
  
“Goodbye now!” The entrance of the cave of wonder closed, going into the sands where nobody could find her and Iago retrieved the two half of the scarab before the two left the place. But something was bothering them, when the bottle entered the mouth, the tiger seemed to smile. They brushed as they went back to Agrabah through the night, happy of the result of their plan. When the princess disappearance will be noticed, the guards will be searching everywhere. His secret may be discovered, but nothing in it could compromise him. The only proof of his treason was now in a place only him and his bird knew about. “So long princess.” Jafar concluded as he looked back.

Jasmine couldn’t believe what was happening to her. It was like a nightmare and would like to wake up from it but it was the reality. She was literally got bottled and carried by Jafar, the trusted advisor of her father. She felled him walk as her glass prison was going up and down in rhythm, then it changed, she couldn’t see anything but the black tissue of Jafar’s clothes. She tried to tap on the glass and call Jafar, trying to reason him but it was useless. When she got tired she just sit on the wall trying to think about a way out here. But she noticed something when looked at the bottle walls and opening, something awful happening to her. Her prison seemed to have grown larger, bigger and opening where she came from, higher and farther from her.   
She screamed again as she was still shrinking. When the giant face of Jafar appeared again after she heard voices talking about understandable things. She was only half the size she was when she entered the bottle. When he muttered some word about her never going to escape she felled the gravity violently shift. The princess was feeling bouncing on the walls of her prison. She couldn’t make the detail of the outside due to the movement but she guessed her bottle has been throwed. She was bracing for an imminent impact with the ground, praying it would be sands to cushion. But instead the movement slow calm down and she slowly got back at the bottom. After she recovered the dizziness, jasmine looked through the glass wall to observe what was happening. She noticed the bottle was in some kind of cave but also it was moving but nobody was carrying the bottle.  
“How could it be?” she thought. When the light changed from dark blue to a shiny yellow one, her eyes were having hard time to adjust. The bottle then made an abrupt stop and tilted as she found herself right at the bottle’s stopper. The princess stood up with difficulty as the ground was descending but she noticed she was just the right side for the funnel of glass. Meaning she still shrinking.  
“How small I’m going to be? I must get out of here before getting too small to be seen.” She thought before she tried to push the stopper away. Which she manage to do after a minute where she used all her strength. The stopper opened with “Pop!” and Jasmine found herself falling on the golden surface that seemed to slide off from a hill. When everything stopped, she was finally able to observe her surrounding in detail.

The princess was in awe. She surrounded by mountains of gold and treasures. The room was big and wide and those mountains seemed so high. And it’s not because she was really small, even for someone normal sized it would be a treasure of a titanic proportion.   
“There must be 10 times maybe 100 times the amount of the kingdom actual treasure!” She thought looking in every direction. She spotted the green bottle on a modest pile of gold and deducted she fell on a gold piece that slided down of it until they reached the ground.   
But she didn’t wasted anymore time at admiring the treasures as she walk in a random direction, thinking she would find the exit or something that would help her. If she was still shrinking, in a short time she would be the size of an ant and furthermore the size of a grain of sand. She walked faster as the room seemed to be endless from her perspective. She looked up to see the sign of an opening as she kept walking or more like running. When she suddenly bumped upon a yellow obstacle made of yellow ropes. The impact made the princess stumble as she made the detail of it. It was a tassel, a yellow tassel who was moving. “Wait! It’s moving!” Thought Jasmine. Not only the yellow thing but the thing that were holding it was moving. To the shrunken girl, it was like a giant creature moving the sand and creates winds by his movement. The creature looked flat and blue as loomed over Jasmine and shadowed.   
“Don’t hurt me!!!” She screamed, not sure the giant moving thing was understanding common language.

The flat thing froze before he replied on itself and made a sort of strange gesture. He pointed his own tassels at itself and shook his body left and right.  
  
Jasmine, trying to figure out what it means, tried. “Are you telling me that you won’t hurt me?”  
she realize the giant flat creatures was made of fine blue tissues with a beautiful yellow pattern.  
It looked like an expensive carpet, moving in front of her.  
  
The carpet nodded at the princess’s question. It was clear the rug understood everything but it was also friendly. He made a looping and extended all of his body in showing manner.  
  
“A flying carpet!”Jasmine couldn’t believe it. Those things only appeared in legends and rumors. She then asked. “I need help! Do you know the exit or something that could fix me?”  
  
The carpet nodded before he lowered his front to allow the princess on top of him. When she climbed on it, and it was a big step at her size, she noticed the blue fibers were reaching her ankle.  
  
“Hurry please! I’m getting too small.” She just had the time to say that before the carpet took off and made his way through the cave of wonder.

It took some times but the flying carpet reached his destination. Jasmine was terrorized, the fiber were now reaching her neck. Meaning she was now ant sized and still no idea when it was going to stop. Carpet moved and rolled his front a little to let the princess see where he brought here. But Jasmine as only seeing a metallic hole with gold colored wall. “What do you…” She didn’t had the chance to finish her question. The flying rug made a little movement to launch the princess into the hole.   
Jasmine landed without hurt on her back but began to slide into the hole and was going down in a sort of yellow metallic tube. She tried to stop or slow her sliding but she only managed to rub the wall going at the bottom of whatever this thing leads.  
Just a minute later, Jasmine entered in a wide and big circular room. The ground was flat as her sliding naturally stopped, lacking of slope for the speed. The surrounding was dark but she could see that walls were gold colored too and the ceiling was pretty high. It reminded her of the bottle that held her prisoner.   
She was thinking. “Why did the carpet send me here?” But she got interrupted when she heard a voice who came from outside.  
  
“Strange… I clearly felt my lamp getting rubbed but no master in view.” Jasmine was a little reassured, it wasn’t the voice of Jafar, still she didn’t understood what this voice was meaning.  
“Hey, isn’t that the flying carpet, Been so long, gimme a tassel bump bro…What do you mean my lamp? Inside of it?”   
The ant sized princess shielded her eyes with her hand as light suddenly entered in the room. The roof was literally being taken off.  
“Oh, I see now.” The voice declared as a sudden shadow felled over Jasmine and scared her. It was a hand the size of her palace, falling on her with two titan finger going to pinch her. The shrunken felled herself between two surface but was gently lifted up in the sky and dropped on a vast skin colored surface. When the finger moved elsewhere she could see the face of the owner who was facing her.   
A beautiful young man with red hair who said. “Greetings, my new master!”