

[[[]]] ... **from the inside flap** ...

Two young dudes from east Charlotte, the author and his mythical best friend, a character named Frank, take a psychedelic half-hollow-day excursion to Morrow Mountain State Park, just east of Albemarle, North Carolina (USA).

While hiking under the influence of a mysterious psychoactive elixir, they begin 'searching for tomorrow' along the leaf-covered trails on a majestic March day. Out in the woods, they observe many thought-inducing scenes, leading to creative concepts about life on Earth.

Spoken words soon become jumping-off-on-a-tangent points. The English language gets fluffed and skewered; the verbal tomfoolery is nonstop. Their linguistic madness then begins to affect everyone they encounter, from a veteran policeman to a cute young waitress.

Finally, some three decades later, the magical day's path is carefully retraced and keenly investigated with the author's wife and son.

# **To Morrow Tomorrow**

a novella by Mike Bozart

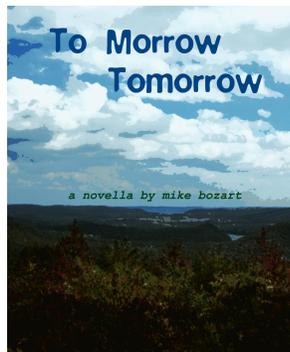
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And now for some somber legalese ...

First and foremost, this is a work of fiction. *To Morrow Tomorrow* is not a factual account of any slice of the space-time continuum on Earth or anywhere else. Names, characters, places, events, incidents, and situations are either the product of the author's warped imagination or are used in a fictitious fashion. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or their otherworldly spirits, or any locales or known objects, is entirely, and without exception, coincidental.

Whew! Glad that's over.



cover art by Mike Bozart

*... for all  
who knew  
him, or  
someone  
like him.*

*~|~*

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## *Foreword*

First off, let me state that I often hung out with the author from the late '70s through the early '90s on the eastside of Charlotte. Back then I lived in Easthaven, the neighborhood across the creek from his. It was just a ten-minute walk or a three-minute car drive to his house in Idlewild Farms. I still remember the route: Dawnwood – Helmdale – Idlebrook – Hillborn – Powder Horn. Yes, Powder Horn Road – what a name. I guess the developer's street-namer must have been a fan of cowboys-and-Indians movies. Well, who knows?

I am also fairly certain that I hung out on several occasions with the Frank character prominently featured in this tale. I'm sure that one of those times was at Morrow Mountain.

Well, obviously, I wasn't fortunate enough to make the excursion chronicled in this novella, as neither of these slackers called me the night before the adventure took place. However, I could picture each of the scenes very well; I felt like I was there with them. It was certainly an escapade in which I could imagine Mike and this Frank guy partaking.

Upon my first reading of this novella, I assumed that the Frank character was one common friend or acquaintance. However, on second read, he seems to be a composite of two guys from that late 1970s / early 1980s era, who both have sadly left this mortal coil.

Well, whatever the case, may their souls or his soul rest in eternal peace. That Frank character was certainly a one-of-a-kind guy. Someone who you just can't forget.

- Herman S. Goetze, [Taos, New Mexico]

## *Preface*

I first met the guy who would (largely) become the Frank character in the fall of 1979 in east Charlotte. He showed up in front of our house on Powder Horn Road in the Idlewild Farms subdivision. He was jumping off a plywood ramp on his bicycle with wild abandon and popping long wheelies.

He was fourteen and I was fifteen. He was cool but not arrogant – a most amicable guy. It wasn't long before he, my brother Joe, new friends, John and Tom (brothers), and I were exploring the densely and deeply wooded areas surrounding the newly completed neighborhood. It was a great place in which to be a teenager back then. Today most of the then-forested areas are apartment complexes.

This Frank guy loved adventure. High adventure was to become character Frank's forte. His breakfast bowl was green. Boy, he sure loved his weed (as it stopped his epileptic seizures). But unlike so many teenage stoners, he was never listless or lazy; in fact, he seemed to have a higher energy level than any of us. He was the first to climb a young pine tree (until it bent over). The first to drop his bike into a deep-bowl clearing. The first to make an amazing discovery.

Once we had wheels and drivers licenses, we ventured out farther. Crowders Mountain. Kings Mountain. Pisgah National Forest. The Uwharrie Mountains. But our favorite was always Morrow Mountain State Park, only an hour east.

When he called during a college break and asked if I wanted to go 'to Morrow tomorrow' ... well, I was in. All in. In for it.

### *Acknowledgments*

The author would like to thank all who shared their own Frankesque anecdotes, recollections, tidbits, and insights.

Look deep into nature, and  
then you will understand  
everything better.

- Albert Einstein

At 6:31 PM on Tuesday, March 8, 1983, my mom knocked on my east Charlotte bedroom door to tell me that I had a phone call. It was from my hip neighborhood friend Frank.

I walked down the long hall, through the den, into the kitchen to find the yellow handset resting astride the cradle clasps. I grabbed it.

“Hello, this is Mike.”

“Hey, what are you doing tomorrow, man?” Frank asked. *Oh, dear, I wonder what he has in mind.*

“Nothing special, but I’m off from UNCC (University of North Carolina at Charlotte) for spring break this week. Why, what’s up?” *He has some type of mischief in store. I can already sense it.*

“Want to go to Morrow tomorrow?” *To Morrow tomorrow. Hmm, I should use that little phrase in a piece of writing someday.*

“You mean Morrow Mountain State Park?”

“Yes, sir-ree. Are you up for a magical hike?” *Magical? Oh my ... me thinks I know where this is going.*

“A magical hike? Frank, I don’t have the time or the mind for another 14-hour acid trip.”

“No, it’s not LSD. [Lysergic acid diethylamide] And, it’s not mescaline, DMT or psilocybin, either.” *Ok, then, what could it be? I bet he got some of those emetic seeds.*

“Morning glory seeds again? Do you really want to have another puke-a-thon?”

“No, it’s not morning glory seeds. I couldn’t stomach those nasty things again.” *Thank God.*

“Is it Marezines? That’s just too much unreality for me, Frank. I don’t want to be picked up by my dad again under the Eastway Drive overpass.”

“Nope, you’re wrong again.” *What in the world is it?*

“Well, I give up, Frank. You’ve stumped me.” *It’s probably something toxic. Amanita muscaria mushrooms, I bet. A slow agonizing trip to La Ville de la Mort [the City of Death] via the white-gilled destroying angels.*

“I got this extra-spatial, psychoactive, super-smooth, elixir-concoction from that George guy, the weird chemist dude I met last week. He said that you can get glimpses of the future after drinking this stuff. It’s a real time-shifter. You can move into tomorrow.” *What did he just say?*

“Move into tomorrow? Did I hear you correctly?”

“Yeah, and, get this ... it’s totally legal!” *Oh, great ... another nasty legal high.*

“Ok, what are the side-effects? How long does it last? How long does it take to recover some semblance of sanity? Do I end up repeating the same word over and over for thirty-seven weeks?”

“Try thirty-seven years.”

“Very funny. Maybe comedy is your calling, Frank.”

“Just relax, dude; there are no bad side-effects. And it only lasts about four hours. Five, tops. C’mon, a cool walk in the woods. It will be an adventure. A high adventure.” *Probably too high.*

“I don’t doubt that it will be an adventure, Frank. I’m just kind of concerned about where I am when the adventure ends.”

“Oh, don’t worry; you won’t end up on westbound East Independence Boulevard with your right thumb out.”

“Then, maybe my left one?”

“Oh, c’mon; don’t be a wimpleburger. I bought a two-liter bottle with you in mind.” *Two liters? Wow! I sure hope that it’s a weak, ultra-diluted concentration.*

“Two liters! So, you bought a lifetime supply. You garage-qualified! You’re already moving up the pyramid, Frank.”

“Moving up the pyramid? What in the hell are you talking about? Just settle down. It has a Gatorade-like base. It’s a perfect drink for a hike. It replenishes the body as it refinishes the mind. Those were George’s exact words.” *Refinishes the mind? I can’t believe that I heard that. It’s so hysterical. And yet, Frank seems to have bought it hook, line and sinker.*

“Wow. So, he’s already got a catchy jingle for his meta-temporal beverage. He must have a day job in advertising.”

“Meta-temporal? Ok, so I guess that means I can count you in, meta-tampon?” *Meta-tampon?*

“Did you just call me a tampon?”

“No, something beyond a stopper.” *Beyond a stopper?*

“I’m not going to be a stopper.”

“Good. I’ll pick you up at eight tomorrow morning. Be ready to roll when I toot my horn twice. If I toot my horn once, just go back to sleep. If I toot my horn thrice, start running out the back.” *He’s high right now.*

“Ok, whatever, I’ll play; I’m in. But if we end up in the city jail in Albemarle or in a Stanly County hospital, it was all your idea, all your fault, and I knew nothing about the drink’s ingredients. Basically, you will have poisoned me. That’s what I will tell them. I swear; I’ll pin it all on you.” I chuckled.

“Calm the frick down. Trust me; it’s not poison. And, sure, I’ll take the rap if you stumble off a lakeside cliff and drown. Well, second thought, probably not.” He let out a laugh.

I thought about what I might be signing up for, for about three seconds. “Ok, see you tomorrow morning.”

“Over, under and all about.” <click>

I hung up the phone. *What in the world am I in for tomorrow? Jeez, I hope it’s not something immediately dangerous to life and health, or something that causes dementia ten or twenty years after ingestion. Well, I am pretty bored just sitting around here. Weather-wise, it looks perfect for a hike tomorrow. Oh, why not. I’m young. You are supposed to do these kinds of things when you are a young man. It will make for quite a story when I’m old ... if I ever reach ‘old.’*

<>

<beep-beep> Frank arrived at 8:02 AM, signaled by a rapid double-toot of his loud horn. *So, the clipper ship is now at the dock.*

I gathered my knapsack and left the house for his red F-100 pickup truck, which was parked along the front-yard curb, just past the ivy-covered black mailbox. It was a cool 48°F with patchy fog, but it was expected to warm up to the lower 70s. I opened the passenger-side cab door and jumped in. It reeked of stale smoke.

“Did you eat your Wheaties?” Frank asked with a wry grin. He already had his mirror shades on. His shower-wet dark brown hair was parted in the middle. His expression seemed to say, ‘Let’s get the show on the road, dude; time’s a-wasting.’ *Well, I guess I’m onboard now for this ‘let’s find tomorrow’ odyssey.*

“No, I actually didn’t eat anything.”

“Well, I got a breakfast bowl just for you, cosmonaut.” *Oh, boy; here we go ... wake-n-bake.*

Frank passed his preloaded silver metal pipe to me. I grabbed it and took a puff as we drove off. The smoke sure was silky smooth. *This is some good shite!*

“Wow, what is this stuff, Frank?”

“Blonde Lebanese hash. It’s the premium hors d’oeuvre. Inhale all the smoke. Hold it in; let it melt into your lungs and

seep into your mind. This stuff is way too expensive to waste." *I bet it is.*

A nice THC buzzeroni soon took hold. Frank inserted a Peter Gabriel cassette tape into the horizontal dashboard slot. The music sounded like it was from a strange play in a castle theater.

We didn't say much as we left the Charlotte city limits. The small townships and towns to the east began to pass by one after another: Allen, Midland, Locust, Red Cross, Frog Pond, Endy.

Our minds focused on the music. ... *No one will tell what this is all about / But I will find out / I will find out / I will find out ...*

Thirty-nine minutes after leaving my parents' house, we were rolling past the western town limits of Albemarle. We continued east on NC 24/27, passing south of the downtown area. At the intersection with NC 740, Frank pulled his truck into a convenience store for some gasoline, snacks and drinks. A Highway Patrol car caught my eye as it sped past. *Well, let's not get paranoid ... at least not yet.*

Loaded up with mission-critical supplies, we continued on our journey. Soon we passed the wooden Morrow Mountain State Park sign. We had made it to the park safely. *Ah, we're already here. We're inside our sylvan sanctuary. How will this day go? How will it play out?*

Frank veered left at the triangle intersection. We descended towards Lake Tillery. But then he suddenly turned left at the road that went to the swimming pool. *What in the world is he thinking? It's way too chilly for a swim.*

“I think it’s a wee too cold to be in that pool, Frank. Hell, it’s not even open.” *I wonder what his plan is.*

Frank kept driving past the pool’s stone bathhouse, while turning his head towards me. “Listen, I know it’s not open. And that is why this will make a perfect point A.” *Point A?*

He drove all the way to the far end of the vacant parking lot, stopped and cut the engine off. *What does he have in mind?*

My brain was already in tape-delay mode. “Ok, and where is point B?” I asked like a TV crime show detective.

“That is what we are now going to find out,” Frank said while giving me a gigantic, hugely mischievous grin as he pulled a plastic, two-liter bottle from behind his seat. *So, that’s it. The hemlock extract. I wonder if it is the Socrates brand.*

The liquid inside was a translucent red color. It looked like weak cherry soda. *What in the world did that George dude mix in this bottle? Will it be the last thing we ever drink? Will we end up permanently deranged? Chemically induced psychosis? Another pair of acid casualties?*

“Let me guess ... that’s what we’re going to drink,” I coyly ventured.

“You know, you’re pretty smart for a goofy, red-haired guy.”

I laughed and watched Frank uncap the clear vessel of the mysterious strawberry-colored solution. He slugged down a few ounces of the strange libation. Then he passed it to me.

“Don’t I get a cup? I don’t know where your mouth has been.” I tried to look serious.

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