

another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory



One Day in November by Mike Bozart (Agent 33) | NOV 2014

One day in November of 2014 found me at a window seat in the Starbucks inside the Metropolitan Target in midtown Charlotte. It was about noon, I guess. I was on my lunch break.

The weather was sunny yet windy: a refreshing autumn day. I was consuming a cheap lunch of miscellaneous grocery items that I had just purchased, as I watched the construction of another mid-rise apartment building inside the I-277 bend at Stonewall Street. *Well, the cranes are certainly going again in this burg. I wonder how much those units will rent for. Over \$1000 a month for just a studio, I'm sure. A two-bedroom unit would be out of the question. Ah, just stay focused on the complex at 3rd and Kings. Easy walk to work from there. Would be perfect. Monique would certainly like it. But, with my credit score ... maybe, no way. Enough fantasy.*

I then began to overhear a conversation behind me, about twelve feet away, at a table next to the wall. Two middle-age white guys in gray blazers were talking very excitedly. I quickly activated my DAR (Digital Audio Recorder). One guy seemed to be an author and the other guy ... well, I couldn't quite figure out if he was a prospective literary agent or client of some sort or a potential customer. Without further ado, here's a veritable transcription of their conversation with the apparent author, Dave, leading off.

"And that's what I've been doing."

"No, wait, tell me that again."

“Damn it, George! You are much more focused on that frilly coffee than what I’m saying.”

“Ok, Dave, this time you will have my complete attention. I promise.”

“Listen, I’m only going to repeat this one more time, and that’s it.”

“Ok, ok. Go. I’m all ears.”

“You do have some big, hairy-ass ears, George.”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah. And fock [*sic*] you, too, Dave.”

They both had a hearty chuckle. Then the George guy continued the conversation.

“Now, what did you say that you were doing with the chapters of your new book?”

“I’m doing what I did to get the last book moving along. I’m posting whole chapters on different sites, on different platforms, in different media.”

“What the hell do you mean, Dave?”

“I mean, for instance, with my last book, I put all of chapter one on my personal blogsite.”

“Ok, did you charge a subscription fee to read it?”

“No, it was – and still is – up for anyone to read.”

“You’re kidding?”

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