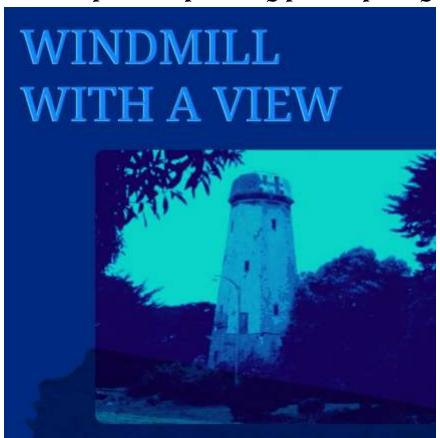
## another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory



Windmill with a View

by Mike Bozart (Agent 33) | June 2014; revised Sept. 2015

Prefaçorial [sic] remarks.

Yes, another short story centered around that knowhere [sic] bar called Sidle on N. I know what you are thinking: Jeez, Mike, another one? Really?

Please bear with me for just a few more. The vault of 2014 is now almost emptied.

These Sidle on N short stories led up to the *Mysterieau of San Francisco* novella. Some of the characters, scenes and plot ideas made it to the novella; others are lying in the fog somewhere in westernmost San Francisco.

Curiously enough, Mr. Malloy was on holiday for this one. Maybe there was a Giants home game.

Any ways and all waves, thanks for your interest, time and mind space.

-CMOB

It was back in the summer of 1992, while in a small studio apartment in downtown San Francisco (the infamous Tenderloin) – way before psecret psociety was created and formally promulgated on facebook (and obviously long before facebook) – that I imagined myself as some kind of meta-real agent. I knew the agency part would fall into place sooner or later (actually, much later).

I found myself having another end-of-day grog at Sidle on N on Judah Street. (The bar, Sidle on N, is featured in the *Mysterieau of San Francisco* novella, as well as in the short stories, *A Search for Sidle on N; Water Hammer, Ok, Roll the Dice*; and *The Right Triangle*.) As usual, and as prescribed, only three people were in the little dive bar in the Outer Sunset district of San Francisco.

There was a 40-something, slightly pudgy, mustachioed, white guy in a cowboy hat, who kept nervously looking out the door at the perennial late-day fog passing by. He seemed paranoid. Who is he looking out for? Is he hallucinating? Is he a marked gaucho from a lost gulch? I need to write that line down on a piece of napkin. Might use it twenty or so years from now.

There was an Asian couple, probably college age, talking softly in a corner. They're probably reviewing notes for an exam.

Behind the bar today was an Amerasian dude named Dash. I was never sure if that was his birth name or just an adopted American nickname. I never asked him. He was about my age at that time: 28.

I got used to seeing him in there on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Today was a Wednesday. A Wednesday near-

evening that seemed to hang by a mid-week tendril on a branch of disbelief. Well, perhaps.

However, no one in this so-easy-to-pass-right-on-by joint was howling for abstract poetry at this moment. And, believe the essence of yew, they weren't aware of the cancer-fighting potential. And, for that matter, neither was I.

I laughed to myself when that last couplet sailed through my cranium, glancing off some remnants of gray matter. Dash caught my nascent chortle.

"Something funny, eh?" Where did he pick up that Canadian accent? Toronto? Montréal? Hamilton? Or, maybe in Yellowknife with a steak knife? Internal laughter.

I recomposed my countenance for anyone counting. But, wasn't sure if Dash was.

"Yeah, just a one-two combination that I might use sometime in the future. That's if I ever start writing."

"Twenty-two years from now?" How odd that he would pick 22 years. It's always odd in here, though. Shouldn't really be surprised anymore.

"Maybe so, Dash."

"You think that you'll still be alive?"

"I don't know. Hard to say. Do you mean exactly 22 years from now, not an even 20?"

"Yeah, I think that I will stick with that number. Repeating digits, you know. Maybe some magic there."

"Dash, you're mad, man. But, you're no madman."

"You funny American guy, Mike."

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