



Agent 107: A Final Report

a pspecial psecret psociety pshort pstory

by Mike Bozart (agent 33) | Feb. 2013 (rev. July 2015)

Agent 107, who went under the alias of Frank von Peck (also Frank N. Peck), escaped from the clutches of this mortal realm on January 6, 2013. He was aged 47 sun orbits. Please allow me some words of obituarial hagiography. A big 'Thank You' in advance.

Mr. Peck always wanted the most physically and psychically daring assignments. Throw in some feminine intrigue, and he was there, first in line, looking fine, and now where do I sign?

High adventure was his forte. And he cleaned it off his plate in short order with an artful swoop. Always prepared, heck, always prepping for the next great adventure, often on a motorized two-wheeler.

He could keep things under his vest, unlike yours truly. Thus, the ringleader, Ernie Earwig, allowed him to join Psecret Psociety under the radar without being on facebook. (The only variance ever granted, I do believe.) When asked, he would deny being an agent. He was that secretive. And smartly so.

In the early years ('79 - '82), he roamed around east Charlotte in a self-customized brown 1975 Comet that had about 20 plastic green army men glued to the hood. It was a hit at stoplights on Albemarle Road. He later turned the wiper's nozzles outward and put red dye in the wiper washer fluid's reservoir. You can imagine what he then did when in the center lane.

But, these were just a couple of the teenage pranks that would presage other matters of real heft and import down the road. And his road had plenty of jumps on it. Ups and downs. Many miraculous recoveries and ingenious evasions.

His off-road phase on the old mining and logging roads of southern West Virginia were where he left us some clues on how to ride in high style. How to nimbly cross a swollen creek without becoming a nimrod. How to get the adrenaline flowing without blowing a gasket. How to beat that train through the tunnel ... or over that trestle!

All of the thousands of miles of his travels. The tales from the trails. Well, it's still back there ... invisibly somewhere. Like your life, too, the past, the memories ... a story now in the clouds, passing by ... forever it would seem. *Yeah, let's get lost!*

And our Frank could read the clouds. He said that you could see the history of the world in them. One day you might see the history of the Roman Empire pass by. Such graphic scenes.

And graveyards. Wow! He could tell which deceased persons were at peace, and which were tormented restive spirits. He really didn't want me to document any of this. Whatever you do, don't publish any of this. He said that to me. Many times. But I think he would be ok with it now in his tranquil innumment.

There was a time in a van – maybe it was mine or my brother's – when he told us about things that were happening several miles away from where we were parked. Astounding prescience. Always a step ahead.

And then a night in some frozen red-clay ditch. Oh, yeah, we had run off the road somehow. An unknown person in a nondescript car drives by.

"We've got to get out of here now!" I yelled on that cold January night in eastern Mecklenburg County.

"Why?" Frank asked rhetorically. "That wasn't a cop."

"Are you sure, man?" I asked with some trepidation.

"I'm always sure, dude," Frank announced most assuredly.

I then rocked the van back and forth, shifting the transmission lever from D to R and back again. Suddenly, the van's rear wheels grabbed the pavement and we were free from the mud trap. Freed from a low spot, physically and psychologically. Another sigh of relief.

But, that damn car made a U-turn. He or she followed us. *Crap! Futher-mucker! This aint gonna end good.*

Frank barked out the driving orders. "Don't look back; don't turn your head around; just look straight ahead."

I did as he advised. The trailing car turned left onto a side street and disappeared.

"Ah, they missed their turn, that's all," I said. "Whew!"

"Where are they going?" Frank asked with a curious look.

"Home, I suppose."

"That wasn't a driveway."

I thought about that for a second. He was right. It just led to a party spot in a clearing (an illegal dumping area).

"Well, let's not follow them."

"You know, we were all doing this under different faces and names centuries ago. The appearances change, but it all gets recycled. Over and over."

"You're sure about that, sport?"

"Yes, in so many words. In so many worlds."

"You're a real sayer of sooths, Frank."

"Would you rather I be a slayer of sleuths?"

Sometimes, I would just say something like ... "Well, you know ..." and he would quickly pounce and close the open sentence.

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