

**another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory**



*Air Shafted* by Mike Bozart (Agent 33) | JUNE 2016

Note: The idea for this little tale was a tragic real-life event that occurred in uptown Charlotte (NC, USA).

John Wizemann, a 29-year-old, somewhat husky, brown-haired, Caucasian photojournalist from a Raleigh (NC) TV station, arrived at the uptown Charlotte Nestin Hotel at 5:05 PM on Wednesday, March 12, 2008. He was sent to the Queen City to get some outside-the-arena photos of the ACC Basketball Tournament, which would start the next day.

Once inside his 18<sup>th</sup> floor room, John crashed on the fluffy queen-size bed and took a 98-minute nap. He was beat-tired. The usual three-hour drive from Raleigh to Charlotte had taken four, thanks to a truck-car collision south of Lexington on Interstate 85, just before the bridge over the Yadkin River.

He awoke feeling refreshed. At 7:17 he called up an old buddy from his college days, who just so happened to live in a condo nearby.

“Hello, this is George.”

“George, it’s me, John. I’m in town for the basketball tournament. Want to meet for dinner and a drink?”

“Uh, I’ve already eaten. But, I can meet you for a beer. Where are you staying, John?”

“I’m at the Nestin.”

“Is that hotel on College near I-277?”

“Yes, that’s the one. I thought you knew this town by now. How long have you lived here?”

George chuckled. “Almost four years. I guess I need to get out more.” He laughed again.

“Hey, I’ll just do room service for dinner. Want to meet me here at nine in the first-floor lobby bar?”

“Sure, John. That sounds great. I’ll put on my velvet lounge-lizard outfit.”

“Oh, please spare me.”

“Ok, I will.”

“Well, I will see you there and then, George.”

“Cool deal, John. Oh, can I bring along my new girlfriend?”

“Why, certainly. Where did you meet this one, George? At the Greyhound bus station?” *What did he just say?!*

“Oh, go fuck a duck, John.” George laughed.

John then laughed, too. “Ok, I’ll see you two later.” Then he terminated the call. *I bet that she’s another Latina caliente. [‘sexy Hispanic lady’ in Spanish]*

The chicken teriyaki dinner that John ordered at 7:24 arrived at 7:42. He devoured it while watching the last segment of the PBS News Hour. *This recession may become a depression. It sure looks mighty grim.*

He then took a shower and got dressed for the bar. While electric-shaving, he slid his expensive camera under the bed to reduce the chances of it being stolen. Then John walked over to the northeast-facing window. He parted the thick curtains and saw a myriad of rectangular lights: the offices and hotel rooms in the nearby towers. *This sure would make a great shot just before sunrise. I wonder if there is any way to get on the roof. Would love to get a shot without any glass panes in the way.*

John was down at the bar in the lobby at 8:57. It was moderately populated. At 9:03 George was tapping on his right shoulder.

“Ah, great to see you again, George.”

“Let me guess ... you have been down here since 8:30, studying the drink menu,” George, a thin, dark-haired, 28-year-old Amerasian, submitted.

“No, just a few minutes in front of nine. And, thanks for not being as late as you usually were, George. Say, are you going to introduce me to your new girlfriend?”

“John, this is Lisa. Lisa, this is John, an old friend from college.”

“Pleased to meet you, John,” Lisa, a cute, curvaceous, 5’-2”, raven-haired, sensuous Costa Rican in her mid-20s, softly said with a Central American accent.

“Likewise, Lisa,” John said. *I wonder how a dork like George met such a hottie. I’ll get the details later.*

George and Lisa then sat on barstools on John's left (with Lisa betwixt). John then slyly noticed Lisa's perfectly bronzed legs dangling from her blue miniskirt. *I bet she's wearing his rod out.*

"John, what are we drinking tonight?" George then asked.

"A round on me," John replied. "Just tell the bartender what you want."

"Why, thanks, my collegiate colleague," George said. Then he looked at Lisa. "John is now making the big bucks at a Raleigh TV station."

"Big bucks?!" John exclaimed. "Oh, please! Far from it. I'm just a peon with a camera." *Pee on?*

"You really work for a TV station?" Lisa asked, seemingly amazed.

"Yes," John answered. "But, I'm just a guy taking pictures. I'm near the bottom of the totem pole."

"It sounds like a cool job, though," Lisa continued.

"There certainly are worse jobs. I am always looking for unusual vantage points for my pics. I would love to take a photo just before sunrise from the roof of this building."

"Sorry, but stairway access to the roof is locked," Lisa then stated in a matter-of-fact manner. *Huh?*

"How do you know this, Lisa?" John asked.

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