

**another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory**



## **BOONE THERE ~ FUN THAT**

*... and the search for Jim continued in the NC mountains ...*

**by Mike Bozart (Agent 33)**

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Jim. Jim, Jim, Jim, ever heard of him? No, not your best friend, lover, husband, brother, nephew or uncle (or self?) – that Jim. The other one. The odd duck. The uniquely weird one. Unintentionally strange, but not harmful. A minimal art-form in himself, and a resounding arthouse flop.

Yeah, the surreal gem. The meta-real mistake. The one who stopped time with Jill. You know, that less-than-comical series on facebook. (Relax, 99.999% of the planet has no idea, either.)

Jim and Jill. The timeless sequence that Jill wants out of, but Jim is content with. (Frames can be seen on the psecret psociety facebook page.) The one where the characters never move. Yeah, that one, where they only read each other's thoughts. Why, I know, it seems like an excruciating exercise in ennui. And it was/is. Trust me. You may need another mug of coffee (or beer) just to survive this preface.

Jim, the quasi-scientific mind experiment that went awry. They scrambled his bean pretty good. Really overdid it. The Caucasian middle-aged lad isn't sure if he is – or was – even alive. Poor guy. I'm not a litigious type, but someone deserves to be sued for that.

Ah, here she comes. Agent 32 is now in the house, or hotel room. "Thanks for the extra-spatial tea, Monique."

Ok, some more background on Jim and Jill. Well, to make a short story slightly longer, Jill said that Jim escaped from some meta-space. Yes, a space beyond a space. (I was lost, as well.) And then she got herself sucked into it, too. This was stated in her last e-mail.

But, maybe you've seen Jim wafting up and down the Boone-area ski slopes. Not sure? No, he doesn't look like Frankenstein. He's not a mu-mu (Tagalog for monster, Agent 32 tells me). You can check the psecret psociety page on facebook. Ok, I'll save you a trip to the internet: Just jump to the end of this story (but, please do come back).

-----{early intermission}-----

Ok, I assume that you came back. Thanks. A lot. And a future house. Ok, let's get this tale moving again. Moving along with cilia action (or, maybe not).

We arrived at the old Greene's Motel on US 321 in Boone (NC) on a cold, cloudy, gray December afternoon. Castle weather, we would often call it. I think it was the Thursday between Christmas and New Year's. Yeah, that sounds about right. Let's go with that.

[The clink of glasses.]

Well, we got one of the upper level rooms with a nice view of a mountain ridge ... and of a tarpaulin-covered pool.

"No swimming tonight, Agent 32."

"Probably not, Parkaar, [my ailing alias] unless you packed our wetsuits."

Monique (aka Agent 32, now my wife) got the luggage unpacked. She checked the drawers for notes and other less obvious clues.

My son, Agent-to-be 666 (yes, he demanded that number), began to play on the dresser with one of his Hot Wheels cars, a white '68 Shelby Mustang with a blue duo-stripe.

I checked the closet for any notes or curios, as you never know who plays the hotel games. And Jim would participate in them. All waves.

Oh, speaking of hotel games, did you know that Marty Balin of Jefferson Airplane/Starship used to carefully remove hotel room artwork from the frame and draw miniature fornicating stick figures on it? Yes, really. Then he would carefully replace the print in the frame and hang it back on the wall. Apparently he did it so discreetly that you would only notice it if you were zoning in on a detail of the art from, say, four inches away. Sways, eh? Give that man a game ball.

Relax, we didn't deface any art at the Greene's. The velvet Elvis still had the added Camel cigarette. We didn't do it; it was already there. Hipsters these days.

We got settled in as darkness fell on the valley of Winkler Creek. Old Ripped van Winkler. Where is he now?

Well, everyone was hungry. I asked 32 to watch 666, as I was going out to procure some food for dinner.

I walked over to the nearby Pizza Hut and brought back a couple of thin crusters. I thought about writing *Fold Online* on the pizza box, and leaving it for the maid to consider. But, I decided it was way too obscure. Maybe just scrap it. We did.

After we finished eating, a snow-sleet shower started to sprinkle and tinkle. Then, within 13 minutes, it was all white snow, and coming down at a jolly good clip.

We walked out on the balcony to take it in: a splendid winter night in Appalachia. The onset of snow is always a magic time. Unless, you've got 110 miles to drive.

Then I asked my wife and son if they had any ideas for my next short story – the one you are reading now – and they pondered my question for a few moments.

My son fired back first. “Dad, how about staging a car accident scene using my Hot Wheels car? You could zoom in on the scene so close that the car would look like a full-size '68 Shelby Mustang.”

His idea intrigued me. “Agent 666, that is a grand idea. But, are you sure that you don't want a different agent number?”

“I want to keep triple-six for life!” He demanded vociferously.

“Ok, ok.” I relented.

My son continued with his idea for a Boone-based short story. He told me that we could say that we were on Jim's trail, closing in on him, when we got into a car chase with him. He said that Jim would lose us temporarily on a Blue Ridge Parkway curve. But after passing through a tunnel, we would find his car stuck in a tall wall of snow.

“I love this idea, son. So, Jim crashes into a snowbank. Let's go with it.”

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