

BOTTLED



a psecret psociety
pshort pstory by
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BOTTLED by Mike Bozart (Agent 33 of Psecret Psociety) | Aug 2015

The prevailing topic of discussion the other day in our near-uptown, closer to midtown, heavily air-conditioned office (why, it's hot as hell in Charlotte in early August) was the old message-in-a-bottle bobbing literary motif. The other two agents with me pleaded to have their numbers changed to random symbols, and not have their names mentioned to protect their identities (for what reason beats me). Yet, supreme ringleader Ernie (the electronic earwig) relented. Well, without further ado and undo, here's a transcript of our heady, steady conversation.

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[the sound of some papers being shuffled on a desk, followed by the faint sound of the *Message in a Bottle* song by the English rock band The Police]

^|^: "Ah, Message in a Bottle. Haven't heard that one in a while."

~(~: [begins singing] "Sending out an S.O.S. Sending out an S.O.S. I'm sending out an S.O.S."

^|^: "Ok, enough. You're slaughtering that tune."

33 (me): "You have an S.O.S. situation – in distress with immediate danger to life and vessel – and you are going to launch a message in a bottle? That's bonkers! Completely nutzoid [*sic*] in a nutshell."

~(~: "Well, it's just a pop song. And, he's not on a sinking ship; he's stranded on a deserted island. The guy is ready to immediately die from loneliness. It's probably about Sting [lead singer for The Police] dying to be with a hot woman – a sexy lady like me. Yes, just some very excusable poetic license exercised, if you ask me."

^|^: "Speaking of messages in bottles, did you hear about the one that turned up after Hurricane Sandy?"

[the sounds of coughing, throat-clearing and sneezing]

~(~: "The guy in coastal New Jersey who got back the note that he tossed in the drink when he was 12, back in 1963? [starts singing] Late December, back in '63 ..."

33: "Hey, hey, hey; you're no epik [sic] all-leaguer singer." *Epic all-leaguer singer? What does that mean?*

~(~: "And you're not, either, 33." *She's completely right.*

^|^: "Will you two please stop it?! You are acting like coarse schoolkids in a fine trapezoidal sandbox." *He must have read that line somewhere. / He stole that.*

33: "Trapezoidal? Never saw a trapezoid-shaped sandbox on any playground. Not once. Nowhere."

~(~: "Stop playing for the recorder, dudes."

^|^: "Can we please get back on topic? Hurricane Sandy. Message in a bottle. Remember that?"

33: "Ok, ok, ok. Sure. Well, yeah; I forgot about that one: Dennis Komsa's message in a bottle. I believe that his was an ocean-current experiment that he did with his dad. I think that it washed up less than a quarter-mile from where he threw it in fifty years prior. Just tidal action, I would guess."

^|^: "Correct-a-mundo. [sic] That's true, 33. But, actually, I was thinking of the one that a 10-year-old girl threw in, back

in the fall of 2001, right after the 9-11 terrorist attack on the World Trade Center.”

~(~: “I remember her. I saw her story on the national news a few years ago. Sidonie Fery. She tossed her bottle into Great South Bay, off of Long Island, New York. And Hurricane Sandy washed it up in Patchogue.”

^|^: “You must have the fastest Google link in the world.”

[laughter]

33: “There is something exhilarating and fascinating about launching a message in a bottle. Will it be fate or chance if/when the note is found and read?”

^|^: “Unfortunately in this case, it was the intersection where fate and chance cross with tragedy.”

33: “Oh, did something happen to her?”

^|^: “She died in 2010 in Switzerland, two and a half years before Sandy hit.”

~(~: “Yeah, she was only eighteen years old.”

33: “In Switzerland? Was she on vacation?”

^|^: “No, she was attending an American college over there. She fell off a cliff over 200 feet high after drinking some beer with a fellow student. He fell to his death, too.”

33: “They both died together, at the same time?”

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