

another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory



Failed to Ignite by Mike Bozart (Agent 33) | DEC 2016

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by Mike Bozart

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It was a sunny yet cool December 1st, a calm day after a harrowing night of tornadoes in metro Charlotte (NC, USA). I had just finished an exhilarating <cough> online test on DOT (Department of Transportation) HazMat (Hazardous Materials) Shipping Requirements. I passed it in flying colors with a little help from Mr. and Mrs. Google. To the common office microwave I then went to heat up a mug of water for some Taster's Choice hazelnut instant coffee: my victory cup. Yes, living large at the community college.

When the microwave's green LED (light-emitting diode) countdown display was at 0:04, I received a text alert on my LG semi-smart cell phone. The sentence read:

Hope you and your lovely wife had a nice Thanksgiving, too, Maikus van Trykus. [*sic*]

My mind's rusty gears started clanking away. *Why did I just get this text now? He [Al Niño, Agent A~O, a black-haired, suave, sly Caucasian fellow in his mid-40s] sent it a week ago. Maybe a cellular transmission tower in Manhattan [New York, NY, USA] got a week off for exemplary performance. There's a thought to write up later. Hope I don't forget it.*

I promptly texted him back.

Al, guess what? Ah, you're too late. Buzzard makes a buzzer sound. Hey, I just found out that I'm part Jewish, too. Just a slither. Maybe a sixteenth or one thirty-second. Apparently there was some philandering in Flanders back in the mid-1800s. Yep, I'm a fellow partial schmuck running amok.

He texted back just 35 seconds later.

How did you find out? Did you do an ancestry[.com] search?

I re-texted Al two minutes later.

Yes. Also did DNA. A birth defect that only runs in Hebrew clans was the clincher. What are you up to?

Six minutes went by. No reply from Al. *Maybe he's busy with his lady. Or, maybe he's trying to promote his goStrap®. [an easily attachable security band for cell phones and tablets]*

Then, thirteen minutes later, he replied while I was gazing out my window at a bus stop on East 3rd Street. *I remember riding the Route 20 bus. Was it 2008?*

Michael, I'm up to nine inches. How about you? Keep it pumping! And remind Agent 32 [Monique, my wife] that's she's now Jewish by injection.

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