



a pshort pstory by Agent 33 (Mike Bozart) of the psecret psociety
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Fred Wozinski had recently moved from Brooklyn to Charlotte. The twenty-five-year-old Caucasian IT tech had scored a plum gig with an uptown data analytics company. He was liking his new town, and had even met a local girl at a bar in the century-old Elizabeth neighborhood, where his apartment was conveniently located.

One quiet Saturday winter afternoon, while unpacking the remaining boxes in the guest bedroom, he opened the small closet door to check for available storage space. Luckily, it offered up enough room to push those never-seem-to-get-opened boxes inside.

Before closing the closet door, he noticed an odd, slightly raised, rectangular shape under the ancient beige wallpaper, about five feet above the pockmarked hardwood floor. For a moment he wondered why anyone would want to wallpaper a tiny closet. Then he ran his left hand over the offset surface. It felt like metal underneath the wallpaper. He then wondered if the closet had an overhead light at some time in the past, and if this was where the switch once was.

He felt the area of relief closer, detecting what seemed like a keyhole. He ran his left index fingernail vertically over it to confirm his suspicion. Curiosity then got the better of Fred.

He retrieved an Xacto knife from his little gray tool box (that was actually a converted tackle box), and began to neatly cut out the 2" x 4" rectangle of wallpaper over the raised object. After cutting right along the edges of the protrusion, he picked at a corner of the cut piece of yellowing wallpaper, trying to peel it back. The backing adhesive had lost most of its hold over the years; the wallpaper cutout was quickly removed, revealing an inset, black, tin box. There was a door on it, and sure enough, it was locked.

However, Fred wasn't going to stop now. He found a large paper clip on his desk and began to reshape it. Seventy-seven seconds later, his impromptu skeleton key had tripped the little lock's single tumbler. He pulled the door's left edge open with his fingertips. Inside there was a severely-browned-by-age piece of paper with cursive handwriting, folded into sixths.

Fred cautiously retrieved it and brought it into the living room where there was more light. He carefully unfolded the little note. Some small edge pieces of the old paper crumbled off. Fred then flattened the note on the coffee table. He used his granddad's old magnifying glass to read:

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