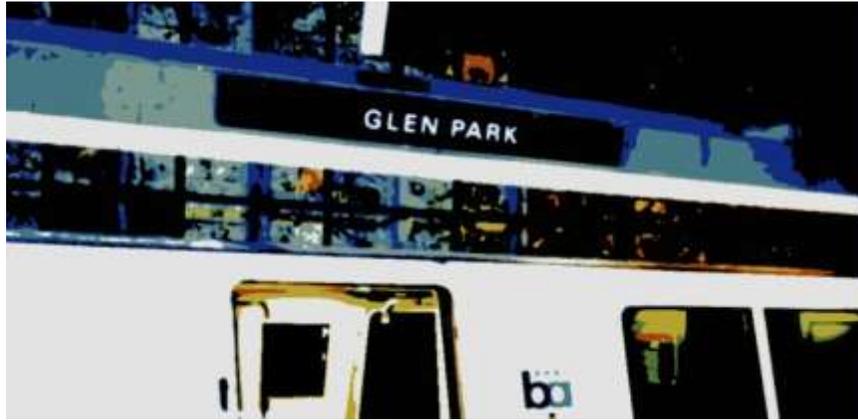


**another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory**



**GLEN PARK GIRL** by Mike Bozart (Agent 33) | SEP 2016

It was a sunny Monday afternoon in June of 1992 at the Glen Park BART (Bay Area Rapid Transit) station. The time was around four o'clock. I had just returned to the station via San Francisco Muni bus route 36 (Teresita), having done some hiking and scouting up on Mount Davidson. I was thinking of having a small 28<sup>th</sup> birthday party up there in a few weeks.

As soon as I cleared the turnstile to enter the fare area of the platform, a Japanese-appearing female with purple-highlighted hair, probably 21 to 24 years old, accosted me.

"Hey, you like get high?" [sic] she brazenly asked in chopped English. *What the hell? Is this a setup by BART police? Or, is she a prostitute? Better answer carefully.*

"Uh, maybe," I mumbled, even though no one was in earshot. *Hope this isn't a sting. Was that recorded? Is she wearing a wire?*

"If you help me to boyfriend, we get high," [sic] she clarified. *So, she has a stoner boyfriend, and is too stoned to figure out how to get to him.*

"Ok, I'll help you," I stated. "Where does your boyfriend live?"

"We live in the Oakland," [sic] she said while twirling her hair.

"What part of Oakland?" I asked, doubting a workable reply.

"In west of that Oakland," [sic] she answered with a smile. *She's really cute. Lucky dude. I wonder how they met.*

"Ok, you need to take a train to the West Oakland station."

“Yes. Thank you, sir.”

Just then an eight-car Richmond-bound train slid into the station. A pressure wave of air from the tunnel blew her hair across her face. *Such a cutie. A baked cutie.*

“We can take this train,” I said.

She followed me and we boarded the seventh car. We sat down together in the third seat on the right. The car was only 25% full.

“Oh, by the way, my name is Mike,” I announced from the window seat. “What’s yours?”

“I’m Sayuri. My name means lily. I am from Okinawa. My boyfriend was in United States Navy. We marry very soon.”  
[sic] *Oh, I get it now. She was probably a ‘base girl’.*

“I see. Very nice. Congratulations in advance.”

“Thank you.”

“You’re most welcome, Sayuri.”

“Mike, is your red hair natural?” she then asked, seeming genuinely unsure.

“Yes, it’s natural. Irish genes. Is your purple shade natural?”

She laughed. “Of course not! You silly boy, Mike.” [sic]

“Many say that.”

Sayuri giggled. "I like a guy with sense of humor. Serious type no fun. [sic] My boyfriend is a joker like you." *Maybe he laughs as he shoots people. Why'd I think that?*

The train slithered into the 24<sup>th</sup> Street Mission station. More people got on than got off. The train was now 32% full. Maybe 33%.

"Tell me, what does your boyfriend do in Oakland?" I asked as a Latino dude sat behind us.

"He grow weed." [sic] *Wow! She sure is loose with her tongue. Boyfriend needs to have a talk with her.*

"Oh, I see. Green for green." *Huh?*

"Green for green? What does that mean, Mike?"

"Oh, I don't know, Sayuri. I just like playing with words."

"You write book, Mike?" [sic]

"Maybe someday. Just phrases for now." *What?!*

"Just phrases for now? Mike, you sound mental!" She then had another laugh as the train screeched into 16<sup>th</sup> Street Mission.

Once again, it was a net increase of passengers. Our car was now 42% full.

As the train rolled out, I suddenly thought about seismic activity. "It would suck if an earthquake happened right now, as we are underground," I said.

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