

another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory



MEMORIES OF MALLOY by Mike Bozart (Agent 33) | SEP 2016

This mild Saturday morning – September 24, 2016 – found Monique (Agent 32) and me (Agent 33) at a front-window table in the Starbucks on East 7th Street (Charlotte, NC, USA). We were drinking some cold bottled coffee and watching the joggers and cyclists pass by. *Just another summerish [sic] morning in Elizabeth. When does the fall weather ever get here? I'm so sick of scummer. [sic] / I can't wait to ride our bikes again in October. It's still way too warm for me – way too sweaty.*

Monique then began to study the bay window our table was inset within. “Was this always a Starbucks, Parkaar?” [my ailing alias]

“No, Agent 32, this building has been many things over the decades. In the late '80s it was a bar called Ty's, which had live music in the window.”

“They had their backs to the street?” Monique asked.

“Yes,” I replied as I started to devour the moist slice of pumpkin loaf. “Correction: It was Crisp next door.”

“Did Mr. Malloy [appears in numerous short stories and the novella *Mysterieu of San Francisco*] ever come here, Agent 33?” *I am sure that he's recording by now.*

“I'm not sure, Agent 32.” *This agent-number stuff has piqued the interest of the table next to us. Most excellent.*

“What were Malloy's religious beliefs, 33?” *Wow! Where did that come from? The female brain is like a quantum chip.*

“Well, that very issue came up one foggy June afternoon in 1992 at Sidle on N. [in the Outer Sunset of San Francisco, CA, USA] Malloy told me, as he scratched his white beard stubble, how he went from being Lutheran to Pentecostal to atheist. Then he said that he settled at being a blissful agnostic.” *Huh? A what?*

“A blissful agnostic? He was happy being unsure?”

“He was quite joyful after winning the lottery, as you might expect. He would say things like ‘God wasn’t for or against me, and the omnipresent non-god was equally indifferent.’” *What in the world? How ludicrous! What a nalisoan og utok! [lunatic in Cebuano]*

“That sounds completely loko, [insane in Cebuano] Parkaar. What were his politics?”

“He never made any overt political-leaning statements to me, Monique. However, there was one evening in mid-October of ’92, when the national news was replaying snippets from the first Bush-Clinton debate on the small Sidle on N above-bar TV. Of course the old TV was muted for Tsula’s [a female bartender at Sidle on N] low-volume, haunting, ambient music. Well, Malloy just looked up and said, “Their body language is too loud.”

“Oh, my ... that’s funny, 33!”

“Yeah, Malloy would spout off some real gems, Monique. Unfortunately, many weren’t recorded or written down.”

“Lost to the fog?”

“Yeah, I’m afraid so.”

“Where is he now, Agent 33?”

“I have no idea, Agent 32. For all I know he could be hiking the northern section of the Appalachian Trail, heading south, and leaving \$100 bills in the shelters. He planned to give away all of his millions before he died, one hundred dollars at a time.”

“Oh, yes, I remember you telling me that he liked giving away C-notes.” [\$100 bills]

“Tsula collected quite a few in her time,” I added.

“Did Malloy have an ongoing sexual relationship with her, Agent 33?” *That got some genteel ears up in here.*

“He never told me as much, but they seemed to have some kind of agreement.” *Agreement?*

“Well, I’m sure that they did,” Monique said with sexy raised pinay (Filipina) eyebrows.

Some more neighborhood customers shuffled up to the counter to place their orders. People at the other five occupied tables all seemed to survey the scene at the same time. *That was almost Zen-like. The oddness of the collective human mind.*

I then looked at Monique’s neatly folded, craft-paper pastry bag. “Are you going to eat your pumpkin cream muffin, Agent 32?”

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