

another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory



Ok, Roll the Dice by Mike Bozart | June 2014

Staying in the summer of '92 in San Francisco, and staying planted in that how-did-I-ever-stumble-into-and-root-myself-into-such-a-displacement-in-knowhere [*sic*], the mind-sink called Sidle on N; well, this me wondered, as yet another MUNI train clanged its way on by, parting the fog with well-learned pry-cision. *Molecular memory?*

It was another mild, overcast, foggy-in-spots, August Thursday. Another one that I had grown to love.

Dash wasn't working today, as he only worked on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Ok, I think we covered that in a previous installment (but, just in case you are reading this first, Dash was a bartender at a fabulously forlorn joint in the Outer Sunset district of San Francisco that went under the pun-ishing [*sic*] moniker of Sidle on N.)

Yeah, I can remember the little, silhouette-style, rusty metal sign. *Or, was it made out of wood and painted to look like metal? I should've taken it as a souvenir. Darn it!*

Often times the trio of Shoulda, Coulda, and Woulda would be spreading Gouda cheese on some thin windmilled crackers. Ok, ok, enough nonsense. Message received, loud and clear. Let's get this tale moving nose-ward.

Maria was behind the cherry wood bar today. She was originally from Honduras, in her late 40s, and worked as you might have surmised, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. (The 333-square-foot demi-lounge was closed on Sundays; at least, I tend to think it was.)

It was now about 3:30. They usually opened the door at three. And once it was open, no one seemed to close it.

We were the only two people in the place. I never said much to Maria. I just figured – ignorantly – that she took the part-time gig to pay bills, and had no creative interests or inclinations, or any attention to be paid outside of the day-to-day mundanities [*sic*] of life.

Boy was I wrong, as I shelled out my sails to sea. I mean, as I shall set out to see. Or, wri-type. I think you get the jist of my drift.

Anyway, I was doodling mindlessly on a copy of *SF Weekly* when Maria walked by the little table where I was sitting. She glanced at my little cartoonish rendering.

“Are you an artist?” she asked with just a slight Hispanic accent.

I looked up at her. “I think the jury is still out on that, Maria,” I replied.

“What do you mean by that? Does someone have to certify that you are an artist now? What is this silly city coming to?”

“I mean that I’ve been shopping my art to dozens of galleries in the Bay Area [chronicled in the novella *Mysterieau of San Francisco*] over the past five months, and I all have is two walls in a South-of-Market coffeehouse and a handful of low-dollar sales. I’m not exactly the next Andy Warhol. I’m just another forever unknown, it would seem.”

“Oh, I see; you think that only if you become famous can your art be deemed good, worthy or valuable. And, until such time, it must be caca. [Spanish for crap] That’s such Americano loco [crazy American in Spanish] nonsense. Just keep doing your art and let the chippies [*sic*] fall where they may, amigo. [friend in Spanish] You understand me?”

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