

another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory



One October Day by Mike Bozart (Agent 33) | OCT 2014 |

One windswept October day in 2014 found me at the corner of Elizabeth Avenue and North Kings Drive, the corner where the old Central High Building (which was once Charlotte College and Garinger High School) rests atop Little Sugar Creek in an often flooded depression in near-uptown Charlotte (just outside the inner loop). *I wonder if anything valuable is down in that creek tunnel at this very moment. Maybe some hidden gold? Why would anyone hide anything valuable down there? Why do I think such nonsense?*

I was waiting to cross Kings, while watching the cars and trucks zoom by on I-277, which was about a football field or so in front of me. *Liverpool played in this city a little over two months ago. I think they looked better back then. They had better win the next three games. Chelsea is running away with it. [Chelsea would win the 2014-15 English Premier League season going away.] Still can't believe Gerrard slipped. The soccer gods must despise LFC (Liverpool Football Club) now. Some cruel payback for the glory years in the '70s and '80s.*

I turned my gaze back to the pedestrian signal that still had a red hand up. I waited, though no traffic was coming, as I didn't want to set a bad example for the students nearby. *Ah, just wait it out. No rush.*

I glanced over at the streetcar rail construction across the street. Most of the trackway had been poured and the rails inset; that segment was almost done. *Looks like the project is back on schedule now. Can't believe that the contractor set the tracks down at the wrong gauge. Maybe the foreman was from Russia. [Russian rail gauge is 5'-0", not the*

*standard gauge of 4'-8.5" that is used throughout America.]
One costly screw-up. I bet he got fired.*

Then suddenly, a middle-age, white guy with semi-long blonde-to-gray hair was next to me. *Where did he come from?*

"Hey man, which way to the South Boulevard?" he asked. *'The' South Boulevard? He's from out of town.*

I noticed his untied, tan, oil-stained, ran-through-the-last-mill hiking boots. "On foot?" I asked to prequalify my answer.

"Hey now, does it look like I have a car?" *I wonder if this guy has been drinking all night.*

A Google Maps image of central Charlotte appeared on my mind's front screen, flickering at first before gaining a clean horizontal hold.

"Ok, listen, just cross this street and go about four or five blocks to Caldwell, and turn left. Caldwell will become South Boulevard after four blocks as you go over I-277. That's the shortest route."

"No, I don't want the 277. I'm going to the 77." *What is it with his exaggerated use of 'the' definite article?*

The Elizabeth Avenue pedestrian signal was now in red-numeral countdown mode: 9 – 8 – 7 – 6 ...

"So, let me get this straight ... you want to walk down South Boulevard to get to I-77. I'm sorry, but South Boulevard doesn't cross or connect with I-77."

“I know. I know that, man. I just need to take the South Boulevard to the Tyvola to the 77.” *The, the, the ... it sounds so insane.*

“So, cutting across on Tyvola. Ok.”

“I mapped it out before I left. It’s only 4.5 miles. I can walk ten miles. This is nothing. I walk everywhere. I’m a bigtime walker, man.”

“I hear ya. I’m a walker, too. Actually, more of a bicycler.”

“Dude, I walked a marathon route one day. Twenty-six point two freaking miles!”

The Kings Drive pedestrian signal cycled again. I was now staring at a white walk sign.

“Ok, I hear ya. Just follow me.”

“Ab-sooooo-lutely.” *He’s polluted drunk, or inebriated on something.*

We walked across Kings Drive and stopped on the northwest corner.

“Ok, which way on the 77?” I asked. *Wow, I’m now overusing the definite article, too. His the-the madness is infecting my mind.*

“South, man, south. When I get to the shoulder of the 77, this right thumb is going out and I’ll be off to the Columbia, South Carolina – my next stop.”

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

