

another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory



Poodle Park by Mike Bozart (Agent 33) | July 2018

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by Mike Bozart

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My naturally tan, cute, headphone-wearing, beats-to-her-own-drums, laughter-loving, looking-more-like-30-than-40, brown-eyed Filipina wife, Monique (Agent 32), and I (casket-ready, 50-ish, freckle-forearmed Agent 33), somehow found ourselves in a trendy eatery (must have received some coupons in the mail) in a posh, old-money pocket of south Charlotte (NC, USA) on a hot Friday afternoon in late June (2018). The place was hyper-chatty. Once we were seated, I immediately switched on my ultra-sensitive, directional DAR (digital audio recorder), and discreetly aimed the pencil-like condenser microphone at the table directly behind me.

Middle-aged, newly coiffed, bulimia-thin, white female #1: "Oh yes, Pierpont just got accepted to Davidson. [College] We are all so excited for him; we may even throw a party next weekend. The college-admission consultant helped immensely. He guided us through the maze of forms, pointed out advantageous intangibles, and shared invaluable submission strategies. The thirteen-hundred-dollar fee was worth every single penny." *\$1,300?! Wow! That was enough for a whole year's tuition – books included – at UNCC [University of North Carolina at Charlotte] back in 1982.*

Middle-aged, newly coiffed, bulimia-thin, white female #2: "Davidson ... That's where Steph Curry went, right, Marcy?" *She knew that; every Charlottean knows that. She's just feigning ignorance – administering a nice dose of downplay.*

Marcy: "It most certainly is, Judy. Maybe he will become a [Charlotte] Hornet soon. Oh – ." *Fat chance. Not happening.*

Marcy suddenly starts to choke on a piece of pork for a few scary seconds. Then stops. *'Twas almost time to employ the old Heimlich maneuver over there. I bet that I would have accidentally broken a lower rib. And then been sued.*

Judy: "Are you ok, dear?" *Another six seconds and it would have got really interesting. Just like Lobster X's ex. [She choked to death in a Blowing Rock (NC) restaurant in 1998.]*

Marcy: "I'm fine. I just forgot to chew before swallowing. Oh, has Oliver been accepted anywhere yet?" *Drumroll, please. I sense a massive rejoinder in the offing. Spotlight to Judy.*

Judy: "Oliver was accepted by Duke [University] last week." *Well, well, well; I bet that Marcy didn't see that deftly delivered torpedo coming. Pow! Right in the old midsection. I'm sure that one cleared her esophagus. <burp>*

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