

another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory



POWERBALLED

by **Mike Bozart** (Agent 33)

Feb. 2016

The alarm clock went off at 6:00 AM sharp on a cold Valentine's Day in east Charlotte. Monique (Agent 32, my jet-black-haired wife) rolled to her left and turned it off.

"We don't have to get up this early," I told her. "As long as we're out the door by 8:25, we should be ok to make kickoff." *Yeah, 8:25 is early enough to allow for a stopover at QuikTrip for coffee. I know she'll want that.*

"It takes longer for me to get ready. Have you not noticed that yet, Parkaar? [my ailing alias] Girls can't just jump out of bed and be out the door in five minutes."

She quickly marched her pinay [a lady from the Philippines] body to the shower, giving me a flirtatious wink.

I then examined the EPL (English Premier League) table on the tablet computer. *Wow, [Manchester] United is still on 41 points. They must have lost to Sunderland yesterday. Maybe Liverpool can make a late charge. Leicester [City] is in uncharted territory; their wheels could come off. Probably Arsenal or [Manchester] City ends up winning it, I would gladly bet. Though, Tottenham is right there, lying in wait.*

Monique was back in the bedroom twenty-six minutes later. She dried her hair and did her makeup in the near-full-length mirror. *I guess I should get up before I get a headache.*

We were out the back door at 8:23 AM. And, at 8:33 we were in the QuikTrip convenience store on Eastway Drive.

The friendly raven-haired Latina cashier remembered us.

“Is that all, guys? Just two small coffees and these tiny chocolate doughnuts?”

“Yeah, that will do it this time,” I replied.

“No lottery ticket today?” she asked. *Hmmm ... The drawing was last night. We haven't checked our ticket yet. Who has the ticket? Me or Monique?*

“No, we're all good for now,” Monique stated.

We paid up and began to leave the counter.

“Have a great day, guys!” *She sure has an upbeat attitude on a frigid Sunday morning. Maybe her boyfriend is taking her out to dinner later. Valentine's chocolates and something extra.* Internal chuckle.

We got back in the gray Kia Rio hatchback and headed for Monroe Road. As we passed over the Independence Expressway (US 74), I remembered the Powerball ticket. *Maybe she has it.*

“Monique, do you have the Powerball ticket?”

“Yes, it's in my purse,” she replied.

“Excellent. Oh, can you also check the numbers on your smartphone?”

“Sure, Parkaar.” [my ailing alias] *Ah, she knows that the DAR [digital audio recorder] is rolling.*

“Thanks, Agent 32.” *He's recording. I knew it.*

Monique got the Powerball website up on her screen and viewed the winning numbers from last night. She sighed when she compared them with yesterday's ticket.

"We didn't win; we didn't match a single one, 33." *Wonder when 33 was last drawn. [December 5, 2015]*

"That's ok, 32. Another couple of bucks for the public schools. Chipping in for a good cause. Doing our part."

She kept looking at her cell phone. "Darn! My numbers were the winning series for the drawing last Wednesday night. Even the Powerball number of five was correct."

"What?! You are kidding me!" *Surely she must be mistaken.*

As we came to a stop at Monroe Road, Monique passed her Samsung phone to me. On her just-cleaned screen, my sleep-encrusted eyes shockingly saw:

FEB10_16: **(2) (3) (40) (50) (62) (5) | Power Play: 2x**

It was the supreme horror that I always feared: Our numbers win on a day that we fail to buy a ticket. *Well, that's it: I'm cursed. I'm going nowhere. The gods hate me. I'll be haunted by this blunder for the rest of my unlucky life. Why did we stop buying tickets for the Wednesday drawings? Probably because I was too damn lazy to get them after coming home from work. Boy, am I incredibly stupid, or what? Malloy said that once you decide to play the lottery, you must play every drawing. You can't skip any. He stated that very clearly. I didn't stick to the plan, and this is the result. Where is my brain? It's cooked, and has been for a long time now. Man, this is unbelievable. Gaspingly*

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

