

another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory



Quotidian x 2 by Mike Bozart (Agent 33) | APRIL 2017

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by Mike Bozart

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Amsterdam in late May of 2007, replete with tulips, windmills, canals, coughing, and another perspicacious IT (Information Technology) specialist. Even though he didn't know ten words of Dutch, Dave had gladly accepted the six-month programming assignment for his company's new client in the Netherlands. His small studio apartment, not that far from Centraal Station, was on a nondescript alley named Nieuwe Nieuwstraat. A fellow American ex-pat had told him that it translated to New Newstreet. He thought: *Just as bad as my hometown's [Charlotte, NC, USA] Park Road Park.*

Dave was a 27-year-old, still single, trim, brown-haired Caucasian, who dwelled in his apartment most of the time during the workweek, as his binary tasks were much easier to do there. He had set up his workstation in front of the 3rd-floor sash-style window, which offered an impossible-to-ignore view of El Guapo, a little coffee shop that legally sold marijuana. Dave could quickly tell the cannabis tourists from the local weedheads (marijuana users): The locals didn't stumble, wobble and laugh hysterically when leaving. Moreover, it was a frame of endless entertainment.

Now, Dave wasn't beyond a puff or two himself in times of uncharted leisure. The herbal dispensary's hashish was a cut above the best that he had experienced in the States. He always kept a stash in a small jar, but was disciplined enough to only indulge on weekends.

In his first week in Amsterdam, Dave checked out several must-see sites: The Vincent van Gogh Museum, The Anne Frank House, and yes, the infamous Red Light District, where he had one too many Grolsch beers on his first Saturday night. Alcohol-emboldened Dave couldn't resist; he paid for sex with a dark-haired, ebony-eyed, smiling-inside-a-window-box prostitute whom he later found out was from Syria. He then fretted over having a sexually transmitted disease. There would be no return engagement; he was a one-and-doner. [*sic*] Dave wouldn't visit De Wallen again.

By the third week, Dave's new life had fallen into a pattern. He would awake at 7:47 AM and make some strong black coffee. Then he would drink it while alternating his gaze between his window with the curious street scene and the morning news on an English language cable TV station.

And, there he was below again at 8:08 AM: a 50-something, slightly limping, Caucasian man of slight build in a gray

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