

another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory



SLURPEE MAN by Mike Bozart (Agent 33) | OCTOBER 2016

Slurpee Man

By Mike Bozart

Smashwords Edition

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I, Agent 33, was walking up Elizabeth Avenue towards Charlottetowne Avenue (in Charlotte, NC, USA) on a splendid October late morning, when a black-haired, full-bearded, late-20-something, grinning, Latino-appearing dude began shouting at me. *Oh, no.*

“Hey, hey, hey!” he kept chanting until I locked my gaze in on him. He had this beaming, though somewhat crazed, smile that stretched across his face. *He seems a bit off. Make that way off. This city sure has the loonies now.*

“You need some help?” I politely asked as I rubbed my sleep-encrusted left eye. *I sure seem to attract the crazies and the inebriated. And to think, just a couple of hours ago, I had no ideas for my next short story. Sometimes they just walk into you.*

“Hey man, do you know where a 7-Eleven [an American chain convenience store] is?” *A coherent question. Maybe he’s not ‘that’ wasted.*

“There’s a Circle K [another American chain convenience store] two blocks that way,” I answered as I pointed to the southwest with my right hand.

“Yeah, I know that Circle K, man. I’ve been there before. But, I want a real Slurpee, man.” *This guy is high on something. Maybe primo weed. [strong marijuana]*

“I hear ya, pal.”

“I gotta-gotta-gotta [*sic*] have that Slurpee, man. No substitute. Only a real Slurpee will do. I’m going to mix all the flavors together. I saw a 7-Eleven next to a park the other day. There were tall buildings around. Do you know where it is? Do you know, man? I want that Slurpee. I must have that Slurpee.” *He’s baked and going into a hypoglycemic crash.*

“A 7-Eleven somewhere in uptown, next to a park?” I asked as I studied him. *What style is his dementia?*

“Yes, where is it? I’m dying for that Slurpee, man.” *‘That’ Slurpee again. He kind of reminds me of the guy who was going to ‘the’ Florida two years ago. [in the short story ‘One October Day] Wonder if he made it. These two would surely have a most amusing conversation while having ‘that’ Slurpee in ‘the’ Florida.*

“Let me think for a second. Is there one in Epicentre?”

“No, man; there’s no 7-Eleven there.” *He’s right. But, I’ve been in a 7-Eleven somewhere in uptown. Darn! Where was it? My memory chip is shorting out. Oh, yes! Near BB&T Ballpark.*

“I just remembered where it is. It’s across from Romare Bearden Park in 3rd Ward.”

“Yes, that’s it, man! Does the trolley [Gold Line streetcar] go there?”

“No, the trolley only goes to Epicentre. But from there, it is only a six-block walk.”

“Ok, what street is it on?”

“It’s on West MLK, [Jr. Boulevard] just down from Church Street. Just walk south on College [Street] from Epicentre.”

“Thanks, man. Are you going to get a Slurpee today, too? You know, there’s nothing like a real Slurpee.” *He’s like a living advertisement for that famous frozen beverage. Was he dropped off here by a Southland Corporation nontraditional advertising manager? Does Southland Corporation still own 7-Eleven? [not since 1999] Is 7-Eleven paying him to ply the city sidewalks? No, he’s way too kooky*

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