

**another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory**



**Taken Away** by **Mike Bozart** (Agent 33) | October 2018

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by Mike Bozart

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It's 5:35 EDT on Thursday, September 27, 2018 in Munising, a small town on the southern shore of Lake Superior on the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. Perched upon a wooded hillside some 100 meters (328 feet) past the old Rear Range Lighthouse at the end of Hemlock Street, in a secluded restaurant named St. Martin's Cloak, sits a late-60-something Caucasian American couple at a window table facing slate-gray South Bay. The bespectacled, thin, gray-haired, hazel-eyed lady is reading a newspaper.

"Oh dear, another fatality on the [Pictured Rocks] cliffs," she informs her presumed spouse.

"Another leap for Pegasus?" the nearly bald, paunchy, blue-eyed man asks while eyeing Grand Island through the low clouds and sporadic mist. *Wonder how cold this winter will be. / He must be off his meds.*

"What in the world?!" she exclaims.

"Where exactly?" he asks, oblivious to her skeptical remark.

"Just a half-mile east of Grand Portal Point. [along the Lakeshore - North Country Trail] It says here that she was hiking alone. She was from Sunnyvale, California, and only 32. And going by her name, [Tu Thanh Nguyen] it appears that she was of Vietnamese ancestry." *Such a heartbreaking world this surely is.*

"Those sheer cliffs are mortally unforgiving. Once you fall, you're a goner. There are no tree limbs to grab on the way down. It's over."

"It says that she was taking a selfie when she slipped off."

“A selfie?” *Huh?*

“You know, Harry – taking a photo of oneself.”

“Oh, yeah. So many new words to remember. These millennials have almost created a whole new language.”

Their drinks arrive. They both thank the mid-20-something, brown-haired, petite, smiling waitress. *She sure seems happy about something – something other than work I bet. Perhaps she likes the cook. And vice versa.*

The lady continues relaying the article to her man. “Her fall was witnessed by a pair of kayakers.” *What bad luck.*

“Jesus, what a horrific sight: a woman falling two hundred feet [61 meters] to her death. Bet they won’t ever forget that ghastly sequence.”

“Yes, they may be haunted for a long time,” she adds.

“Did she die upon impact with the water?” he asks. *I bet so. Don’t know of anyone surviving.*

“It says that the kayakers recovered her unconscious body and brought her ashore. The paramedics pronounced her dead at the scene.” *What a tragedy.*

“Such a shame. When did that autistic boy run off the bluff by Miners Castle Rock?” *Huh?*

“Don’t think that I ever heard about that, Harry.”

“Maybe it was before you moved here, Anne.”

“Over twenty-eight years ago?” *Pre-1990?*

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