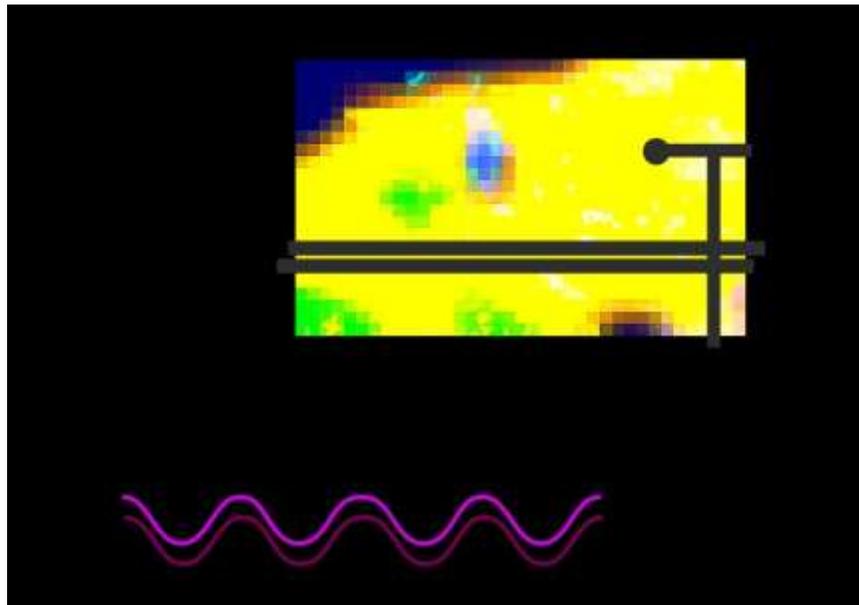


**another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory**



**TEWAHEDO WOMAN** by Mike Bozart (Agent 33) | OCT 2016

It was a splendid 54° (Fahrenheit; 12° Celsius) mid-October, Sunday morning, leisurely bike ride in east Charlotte. After making a right turn onto Wilora Lake Road (from southbound North Sharon Amity Road) on my single-speed, steel-frame Thruster, I heard a woman screaming. *What now? Is this a setup for a robbery? Better stay wary.*

“Can you please help me, sir?” the slight, elderly, gray-skinned woman in an ornate, full-length, red dress with a burnt orange shawl and a white, head-wrapped, linen scarf shouted. She was standing beside a 15-year-old maroon sedan that was parked on the curb, 100 feet (30.5 meters) away. *Oh my, what has happened to her? Is she injured? Is this some kind of health emergency? Or, is there a burly guy lying in wait, ready to jump out of the back seat with a machete?*

I rode up to her, peered into the car, dismounted my bike, and pushed down the kickstand. I quickly noticed that she was very distressed and very much alone. However, she seemed to have no health issues. She immediately trusted me enough to push her cell phone towards me, imploring me to look at it. *Ah, a Samsung Galaxy Note 7. Hope it doesn't explode in my hand.*

“I no speak English,” [sic] she said. “I'm lost. The map is walking.” [sic] *The map is walking? Must remember that one – a gold-medal winner.*

“Your English is fine,” I said, trying to calm and reassure her. “I understand you. Where do you want to go?”

“Church. I Ethiopian Orthodox Christian.” [sic] She was frightened and thoroughly flustered. “Please help me.”

“I will. Don’t worry; it’s going to be ok.” I then looked at the screen of her thin silver phone in my left hand. *Ah, there’s her church: Ankise Miheret Batalemariam Ethiopian Orthodox Tewahedo Church. What a mouthful.* “So, that’s where you need to go?” I asked very slowly and deliberately, while pointing at the little icon.

“Yes, but the map is walking.” [sic] *She said it again. What does she mean? Oh, wait; I see what she’s trying to say: Her Google map is set for walking and not for driving. That’s why it has the route in dots. Even though her church is nearly within eyesight, she can’t get there as easily by car. She’s going to have to make a U-turn on [North] Sharon Amity. [Road] This may be a challenge communicating this to her. Oh, why not just set the map mode to automobile? Wake up! Don’t make this into a Cecil B. DeMille production.*

“I’ll change the map for car,” I placidly and slowly stated.

“Yes! Please do that!” She was very excited about me fixing this issue. *Does she really not know how to change modes of travel on Google Maps?*

I then tapped on her phone. But, nothing happened. I tapped the glass screen again. Nothing. None of the touch options were working. *It’s frozen. Actually, it feels a little hot.* “Listen, we better turn your phone off. It has locked up and is getting hot. I can show you how to get there.”

The poor lady looked very confused, and said nothing. *Ok, none of that registered. Let’s just use hand signals.*

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