

another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory



That Day in '73 by Mike Bozart (Agent 33) | May 2020

That Day in '73

by Mike Bozart

© 2020 Mike Bozart

“Hard to believe that it has been forty years, Achara. Four whole decades have come and gone. Well, actually, one day short of four hundred eighty months. You know, when measured in months, I’m not sure if it seems longer or shorter.” The 60-year-old, spindly, hazel-eyed Dutch-Irish American scratches his rusty beard. *He looks about the same – about what I expected. I guess. Wonder how he has maintained his weight. Hiking?*

“It was certainly a long time ago, Marvin,” the somewhat curvy, 59-year-old, jet-black-haired-save-a-few-gray-streaks, dark-brown-eyed Thai American female remarks. “So, you remembered the exact date. That’s impressive. Good memory. I only remember that it was a Saturday in July.” *The years have treated her well. Such a casual elegance.*

“Sure did; it was July 14th, Achara. I found it marked on an old Crescent [City] Harbor wall calendar. Now it’s just a filed-away Saturday from way back in 1973. But, what a sublime day that was. We’re such a long way out from that picnic under the shelter near the mouth of Oat Creek. Yes, what a splendid summer day by the sea. Remember those crisscrossing sailboats; that narrow, unusually turquoise, almost-tropical-looking band of water; that light southerly breeze; the cawing birds; the sunlight glistening on the undulating swells; that primo leaf [high-grade marijuana] from George?” Marvin chuckles.

“I do, indeed. It was a nice day, though I was stoned out of my mind.” Achara pauses and smiles. “So, do you still smoke it, Marvin?”

“No, not anymore,” Marvin answers. “Though, I do eat it once in a while. THC-infused gummies for back-aching dummies.” He chortles freely.

Achara’s left eyebrow raises noticeably higher than the right. “So, did you pop down a few before coming here?” *Gosh, he seems so high ... and so silly. Just like on that day.*

“Uh, I can’t remember.” Marvin chuckles again.

Achara shakes her head. “Marvin, you are still as silly as ever. You seem quite happy, though. Most men that I meet your age are grumpy and bitter.”

“Just happy to see you. Just glad to know that you’re alive and well. Oh, how the time has flown by in retrospect. It

hasn't been all joy, though. Some long, chilly, rain-to-mist-to-rain winter nights in Honeydew. [a very small community in northern California] Just one dank, dark, doused day could feel like a week. Ah, but here we are. How have the intervening years treated you?" *Quite well it appears.*

Achara studies him. "Pretty good, Marvin. No real complaints. Got married to a smart Caucasian guy two years after finishing college. He went on to become the vice president of a major apparel company. We have a nice house and a great life in North Carolina. Very fortunate. Anthony's a really great guy – a driven-yet-kind, respectful, caring husband. I got lucky." *Sounds like it.*

"Any kids?" Marvin asks as he sips from the maroon-tinted, plastic, iced-tea tumbler. *Bet they have two – a boy and girl – both with tier-one postgraduate degrees and plum office gigs.*

"No, but I'm still a kindergarten teacher in Raleigh. Well, part-time now. It kind of fills that offspring void. To be honest, after five days with the hyperactive tykes, I'm glad to be child-free on the weekend. I guess it would have been nice to have had at least one. One of us was infertile. I suspect that it was me. My husband never seemed bothered by it. He even joked once: 'Lucky is us, [sic] honey; we don't need to spend money on birth control pills or condoms.' I laughed, too. But, still a sense of 'what if?' never totally fades. But you know, Marvin, that's life; it's not perfect. For anyone. And we have so much to be thankful for. I could have married a deadbeat, disrespectful, pill-popping loser – like my older sister did. So, what about you? Did you find your forever soulmate on a trail somewhere in northern California?" Achara grins. *Bet he married some hippie chick and had nine kids. Oh, why did I think that?*

"I found all three of them, nine years apart." Marvin chuckles. *Bet they were all flower childs.*

"You still [sic] a bad boy, Marvin. So, for you, nine years is when you get bored with the lady? Or, is that when she has had enough of your nonsense?" *Good guess.*

"A little of both, I'd wager."

"So, single once again?" Achara enquires as she takes a sip from the white porcelain cup.

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

