

another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory



That Rock by Mike Bozart (Agent 33) | March 2020

That Rock

by Mike Bozart

© 2020 Mike Bozart

An early March weekday evening in 1919 near Bear Harbor (current-day Sinkyone Wilderness State Park) in northern California. A young Irish American lady in a long-but-simple beige dress is running through the taller-than-discernible redwoods as the gray sky darkens a shade or three with every foggy minute. It seems that someone is chasing her. She is afraid. Her mind is in a state of full-on panic. She stops, gasps, and looks back. *Good, I don't see him. Hope he didn't see me. Sure hope he can't see me right now. Gosh, I can hear my heart beating in my ears. Need to try to calm down. Take some deep breaths. Need to keep moving, though. He will soon be here. I know that he will kill me. After he rapes me. I am so sure that he will. Oh, the horror. He knows that I saw what he did to mom. Where can I hide from the bastard? Somewhere further ahead. Need to keep going. Why did mom have to settle for a vicious lout like him? Bill the boor. What a terrible pick – a horrible choice. Sure wish dad didn't have to die [in the Battle of Belleau Wood in June of 1918] in the Great War. If he could have just survived for five more months. The Great War? The Great Tragedy for mom and I. Why couldn't dad have come back like Mary's [her best friend] father? Why? My life is a living hell. Time to run again. Can ponder this later.*

Sylvia finally catches her breath and restarts her escape towards the sea on a fern-lined footpath. Soon she is descending through a mossy glade. The sounds and smells of the Pacific Ocean grow stronger. Sylvia is soon at the mouth of a shallow creek. She dashes across the moist, ash-colored delta sand to a point. A slew of tall sea stacks (now known as Cluster Cone Rocks) dominates her field of view.

The strangely somnolent, solely-surf soundtrack is suddenly shattered. Sylvia hears dog barks, faint at first but growing louder. She is very distressed again, fearing the worst. *He must have gone back to the house to get his hounds to track my scent. Evil bastard! Now, what to do? Where do I go? Where?! Think girl, think! I know what I'll do. It's my only chance. Hope this works.*

She then begins running towards the nearest and tallest rock, bounding over fallen trees. The front (northeastern side) of the massive monolith is not underwater, but the backside is. Right where the sand, the northwestern edge of the rock and the ocean come together, she turns northeastward and sprints into the woods for about 50 paces, drops back down to the area of fallen redwoods, and then quickly retreats back down to the towering rock.

<woof-woof> *Oh my, they are so close now. Well, it's now or never. Go!*

Sylvia then climbs onto the dark rock that, fortunately for her, has a plethora of mini-ledge-like cavities, which conveniently make for good footholds and handholds. *Hope I don't get my feet wet. This water is freezing cold. When did dad let me touch this chilly ocean for the first time? Think I was six. Was it the summer of 1909? That sounds about right. What a nice day that was. A golden day. The weather was perfect. Mom and dad were so in love. We were a happy family of four. It was like a fairy tale back then. David [Sylvia's two-years-younger brother] was still alive. [David would die in the house from diphtheria in 1911.]*

<woof-woof> *Well, Bill and his canine posse are almost upon me. It's in the hands of God now. Should I pray? Guess it wouldn't hurt. 'Please dear God, spare me. I promise to live a virtuous, sin-free life from this moment on.' Not sure if I can fulfill such a promise. I really hope there is a god. Surely there is. There has to be a god. A good god. Could there not be a god? Anatoly [a same-grade schoolmate] said there wasn't one, but he is kind of different, as is his Russian father. Will have to contemplate this later. If I live.*

Step by cautious step, Sylvia slithers her svelte body to the ocean-side of the greywacke sea stack, staying just above the spray of the crashing waves. *Must not slip. Right here seems ok. Just hold on and hope for the best. The dogs sure are quiet. Wonder ...*

"Where, where, where are you, Sylvia?" Bill startlingly shouts from the other side of the imposing rock, 40 feet (12 meters) away. "Come out, come out, come out wherever you are. Ok, you won this game of hide-and-seek. I'll give you a prize. Now, let's go back to the house. It's getting chilly out here. And rain is coming. Soon, very soon. Let's just all go back together before it gets wet and cold out here. Don't worry; everything is going to be alright. Me and your mom are fine. It was just a little misunderstanding. It's all good now." *Yeah, I am so sure of that, Bill. What a lying monster you are. Please go somewhere – somewhere ELSE! Is rain really headed this way? How does Bill know this? What a devious bastard! His mother must have been very disappointed. Does a monster like him even have a mother? Poor woman.*

Sylvia remains fastened to the rock like an octopus to a crab-ensconced section of coral. She is so quiet that she

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

