

another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory



The Bump by Mike Bozart (Agent 33) | October 2019

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by Mike Bozart

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Sturgeon, Missouri. Thursday, October 11, 2018. It is a sunny 61 degrees Fahrenheit (16° Celsius) with a light northerly breeze: a prairie-perfect autumn afternoon. Mark MacAdamson, a 47-year-old, short-blond-haired Kansan is screeding a freshly poured concrete patio behind an older residence. His mind drifts to the NFL (National Football League) as the reciprocating motion of the hand-held aluminum straightedge flattens out the semisolid sand clumps. *The [Kansas City] Chiefs are off to a great start this season. 5-0. Mahomes looks like the real deal – the one who can finally get us another Lombardi [Super Bowl] trophy. This half-century drought is insane; we're due. Beating the [New England] Patriots in Foxboro [Massachusetts] on Sunday will be tough. Hard to best Brady and Belichick on their home turf. Jack [his 11-year-old son] really loves that red jersey. Just hope Lynn [Jack's mom; Mark's ex-wife] doesn't put it in her scorching-hot dryer and ruin it, like she did with the last one. Really can't afford to shell out another \$85 right now. 'Mark, you couldn't encumber a cucumber.'* Steve [a longtime friend] is right; I let everyone get away with murder. No wonder the company is losing money. Even with me working jobs again. Well, can't watch them all. Steve says that I'm too trusting. Probably true. And I'm probably not going to change. Fate. Need to finish this project today. Rain tomorrow. Why did George [an employee] say 'monkey's half-uncle' to Ken [another employee] yesterday? What does that mean? George is weird. Not sure about him. Wonder if he's skimming money. Need to check the books this weekend. Audit all accounts.

"Hey, Dustu," Mark summoned.

"Yeah, boss," Dustu, a mid-30-something, dark-haired Choctaw Native American replied from the driveway.

"Can you float this slab? I think I got a text message."

"Sure, boss. Go text your new squaw-eze." [sic] Dustu grinned.

Blue-jeans-and-white-T-shirt-clad Mark laughed as he walked over to the spigot to rinse off his hands. When he extracted his cheapo cell phone from his right-front pocket, he saw that he had indeed received a text, which he quietly read to himself and two looping gnats.

"Got your truck fixed. It's all good to go. The total came to \$880. You can pick it up anytime tomorrow, Mark. Thanks."

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