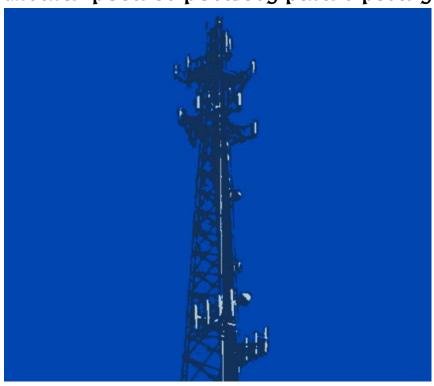
## another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory



The Cell Tower by Mike Bozart (Agent 33) | March 2018

**The Cell Tower** 

by Mike Bozart © 2018 Mike Bozart Monday morning, October 21<sup>st</sup>, 2013. It is a crisp 39° Fahrenheit (4° Celsius) under a cobalt-blue-sky dawn in midtown Charlotte (NC, USA). Mateo Lopez, a 45-year-old cell-phone tower technician from Nicaragua, has just backed his work van up to an abandoned, small, brick, one-story building off South Kings Drive. He thinks: *Won't be long before this little rathole gets bulldozed. Wonder how much the new apartments will rent for? Ah, mucho dinero, estoy seguro. ['much money, I am sure' in Spanish]* 

He checks his task-assignment printout for the day, gets his tools and climbing gear, and then begins walking on the crumbling, weeds-growing-in-the-cracks asphalt parking lot behind the now-broken-windowed-with-vertical-bars-bent-out-of-parallel-for-crackhead-entry/egress, onetime, low-end saloon (which was previously a tax accountant's office, and before that a lax acupuncturist's malpractice).

Once on the other side of the little, dilapidated edifice, Mateo unlocks the padlock on the chain-link-fence gate. He looks upwards, and sees all the way to the top of the 138-foot-tall (42-meter-high), tri-pole, gray cell-phone tower. Well, at least I don't have to go all the way to the top. Got dizzy last time.

Mateo closes the gate back and relocks it. Soon he has started his ascent. He pauses to notice the inbound commuter traffic stacking up on East 4<sup>th</sup> Street at 7:43 AM. There is already a wreck on Interstate 277. All of the cars look like crazy, scurrying, multicolored cockroaches from up here. Yep, un mundo tan loco. ['such a mad world' in Spanish]

Four minutes and four seconds later, short-black-haired Mateo is passing around a large, bowl-shaped, white-cowling-covered microwave antenna. Just above it is the lower cell-phone antennae array – the one which needs to be removed and raised due to the forthcoming, adjacent, six-story, upscale apartment complex.

Mateo begins to make notes on the bolt types and nut sizes on his smartphone. His safety lanyard is securely attached to a galvanized cross brace. He looks at the Charlotte skyline. O Charlota, [sic] you have been good to me and my family. María, [his Belizean American wife] Juan [his 7-year-old autism-spectrum-disorder son] and I could have picked a worse American city. Yes, I am going to miss you. Well, maybe so. Ah, who knows?

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