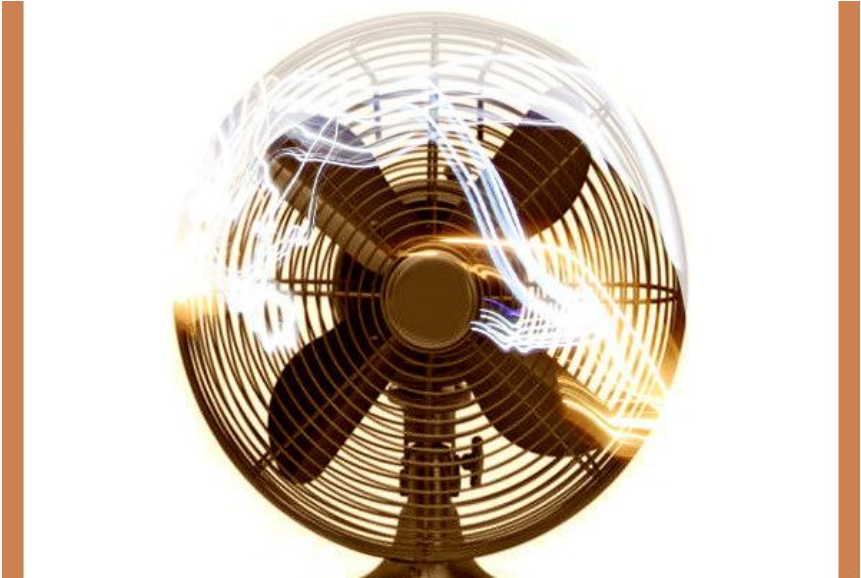


another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory



THE FAN by Mike Bozart (Agent 33) | April 2019

The Fan
by Mike Bozart
© 2019 Mike Bozart

A garment factory just outside of Vientiane, the capital of landlocked Laos in Southeast Asia. That's where 39-year-old Aelan now worked 72 hours a week. She had lost count of the Nike® swooshes that she had machine-sewed in her first two weeks of employment, but her fingers unmistakably – and often painfully – knew that the number was already in the thousands.

Forty-one-year-old Analu worked 66 hours a week at the local brewery. He felt lucky to have the job, though the case-carting-and-stacking days were long and fatiguing. His lower back had now begun to bother him once again. However, the six-pack of lager that he was allowed to take home on Saturday evening helped, temporarily at least.

Aelan and Analu had two kids, a super-contemplative son named Kapona, who had just turned fourteen, and a lovely, focusing-on-drama daughter, Kamea, who was sixteen. Both had transitioned relatively well to the new high school in the city. Though, they sorely missed their own space that was afforded to them at their rustic, rural residence next to the rice paddies outside of Nang Ha.

Both parents had the same single day off each week: Sunday. It was their family-together day. The four of them would go into the town center to have lunch and later stroll along the banks of the Mekong River. Kamea would catch the stares of young, and not so young, men. Kapona would wonder about the depth of the lazy, olive green, national-boundary watercourse. *How many meters deep is it in the middle?*

One hot, humid, hazy summer Monday evening, Analu brought home an old, four-blade fan that looked like an antique. It provided a little bit of relief from the oppressively steamy air in their un-air-conditioned, beige-painted, bare-walled, twelve-square-meter (10 x 13 feet) rented room – the room where they all ate, drank, conversed, and slept. The tenant-shared bathroom was down the hall.

The following sauna-esque Wednesday, Kapona was alone in the room in the late afternoon. His sister was participating in an after-school activity – rehearsal for a Lao folklore play – and his parents were still at work. He quietly did some homework and then drifted into reverie as he gazed at the oscillating vintage fan on the open, screen-less, oh-so-slightly-slanted window ledge.

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

