

another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory



The Mound by Mike Bozart (Agent 33) | MARCH
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And then his lanky, now a bit of a wiseacre, dark-haired, thirteen-year-old son kicked the new size 4 ball over his head – and over the goal – into Dutch Buffalo Creek, which formed the farthest property line of their Mount Pleasant (NC) back yard. The father had been practicing soccer/football with his son for about twenty minutes on a mild March Saturday morning before the ball went splash in the sediment-laden, slow-flowing drink.

“You toed it again, Billy,” John told his son. “You’ve got to strike the ball higher – and without your big toe – to keep it down, son. Even a regulation soccer goal’s crossbar is only eight feet high.”

“Yeah, yeah, I know, dad.”

John, a 47-year-old Caucasian father of one with a brown-to-gray Van Dyke beard, was soon parting the brush on the creek’s western bank. He then stepped down to a flat rock and turned to his right to look downstream for the ball. And there it was, merrily floating away at a knot per hour (1.15 MPH), already about twenty feet from him.

Dad quickly began to rock-hop down the wide, yet mostly shallow, piedmont creek. He caught up with their red-and-white soccer ball in sixteen seconds. As he plucked it from the ruddy stream, he noticed a mound next to the eastern bank with a yellow arrow stuck in it. *Was someone hunting deer around here? Maybe that crazy dude in the blue shack.*

He had a flash of déjà vu. He stood transfixed as a thought parade commenced. *I’ve seen this very mound before. I know I have. But, where, though? Wait, it was in my dream*

last night! Yes, that's it. And, it looked exactly like this. Wow! This is eerie. Is this some kind of augury? Is there something special about that mound? An auspicious omen? Well, there are white quartz rocks on the creek-side of the mound. Might there be a nice gold nugget somewhere in that mound? Ha. Maybe just wishful thinking. I've been thinking about gold ever since Scott panned out a half-ounce of fines a mile upstream from here. Jeez, what am I thinking? It's probably just a pile of rocks and sand. There aren't any creek-embedded gold nuggets left in North Carolina. Or, are there?

Suddenly his reverie was broken by a very familiar voice. "Dad, what are you looking at?"

He was startled, as he didn't even hear his son following him downstream. "Oh, nothing, son. Just admiring the scenery."

"Dad, you have been staring at that mound for the last thirty seconds!"

"Really? I guess I got lost in a daydream. Just getting old. Sorry about that, son."

"Well, what were you thinking about? Is there a body buried under that mound?" *He must have recently watched some crime show on TV.*

"No, I don't think anything sinister like that, son."

"Hidden treasure?" *Getting warmer.*

"Close. I had a dream last night, son, and this very mound was in it." *He saw this mound in his dream?*

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