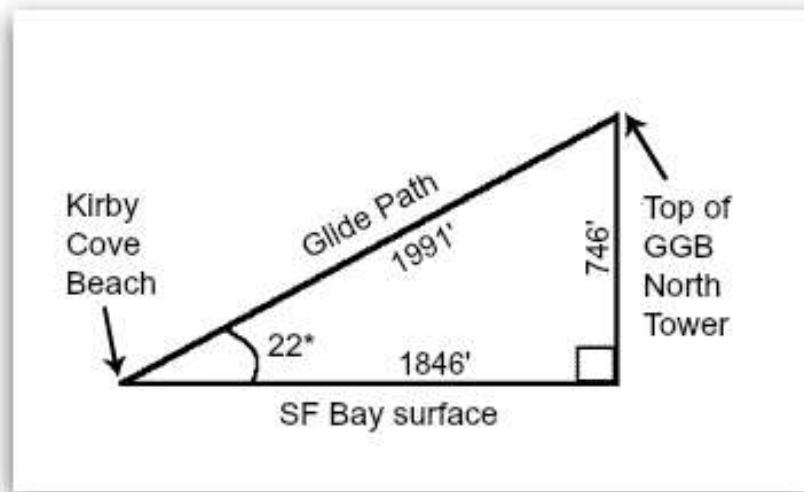


another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory



The Right Triangle by Mike Bozart (Agent 33) | June 2014

26. **The Right Triangle** (June 2014)

Got time for one more tale from Sidle on N (a perpetually fogged-in, tiny, dive-to-the-depths-of-knowhere [*sic*] bar in the Outer Sunset district of San Francisco)? It's just a short one. I sure-really hope that when/if you whisper 'Oui' (Yes in French) that no eavesdropper assumes that you are now referring to yourself in the 1st person plural, as they say that it is much worse than referring to oneself in the 3rd person singular. And that Mike guy, well, he should know us. *I can sense that one falling flatter than last year's cooler-compacted pancake.*

Ok, enough with the preliminary noodling. I'll behave from here on out. Well, maybe.

It was a late Friday afternoon in mid-September of '92. No, not 1892 at a Haverlys minor league baseball game – a century of change and re-arrange later than that in the city by the bay.

Dash, the ever-hip, late-20-something, Amerasian M-W-F bartender at Sidle on N, was chatting on his clunky early-1990s bag-phone with his girlfriend Dish. (You know, you can't make these nicknames up – well, maybe you can. A couple named Dash and Dish, eyes will kid yew in knots.)

I had just third-sipped my off-brand dark beer (today's \$2 impromptu, unadvertised, unannounced special), when Dash hung up his two-pound, scraped-up, bandage-taped, cellular phone by attaching it to a side of the large, dusty, black battery bag. <clunk>

Dash was excited and all a-smile. He quickly and proudly made an announcement: "Dak is going to do it! Yes, Dak is

really going to do it!" *Dak? Never heard him mention a Dak before.*

"Do what?" I asked. "And, who in the whole wide bay area is Dak?"

"He's going to soar, man. Dak is my computer-whiz friend. He aced the SAT. Well, at least the math and logic parts." *Wow, a little bit better than my 960.*

"Very impressive, Dash. So, you've got a compu-genius [*sic*] friend. I would think that is very beneficial to have in this new digital age."

"I think so, too, Mike. He will be getting his master's degree from UC Berkeley in only five years." *Not too shabby. A bright diode there.*

"Ok, and what will he be doing with all that brain power, Dash?" *Binary fusion?*

"Dak is going to jump off the Golden Gate Bridge and soar away!" *So, the ultra-smart one has an exotic death wish. Howsublime.*

"Lovely. Just lovely, Dash. Tell him to wait a few years, and then he can be suicide number 1,000. That way his name will be on a bronze plaque at Fort Point. Oh yeah, and then his name will also be the winning answer to trivial bar bets."

"No, he's not planning on committing suicide, Mike."

"Well, that's what just about always happens when you jump off that bridge. Less than one in a hundred survive the fall. The bridge's road deck is 245 feet above the bay's surface. Mean sea-level, of course." *Mean sea-level. Too much.*

“Yeah, I know, I know. But, really, Dak has it all figured out. He’s mega-smart. Top of the league.” *Too smart for this life?*

“Dash, the bridge leapers reach speeds approaching 80 miles per hour. At those speeds, the water’s surface is like concrete. Dried, cured, hard concrete.”

“He knows that. Dak told me that he’s going to take off from the top of the North Tower. He’s done the calculations and has come up with the right triangle.” *The right triangle?*

“Well, Dash, his chances of surviving just went from 1% to zilch. Those towers are over 700 feet tall. Seven hundred and forty-six feet to be exact.”

“How do you know the exact height of the towers and all these other bridge specs?”

“I took a free brochure from the bridge’s gift shop yesterday. My memory chip has a soft spot for random facts.”

Dash then handed me a white business card with a right triangle on it in black ink. (Click [here](#) to see graphic.)

> [return mark] Thanks for coming back. You know, I was beginning to wonder.

I noted the numerical amounts and terms like *Glide Path*, *Top of GGB North Tower*, *SF Bay surface* and *Kirby Cove Beach*.

“Wait, did you say take off?” *What kind of stunt is this?*

“I sure did. He’s going to have wings, Mike.”

“His arms will be torn off, Dash. Has your genius-pal not done his homework properly? The human body can’t take those kinds of stresses. We’re not birds.”

“He’s done all the math, even triple-checked it. Almost all of the stress is taken by an ultra-lightweight, carbon-fiber, slightly curved, 18-foot beam that will go across his back, behind his shoulder blades. The wing material is some new synthetic, composite material. It all weighs less than nine pounds.”

“You’re kidding me.” *This is nutzoid. [sic]*

“Man, I have seen his contraption. It’s real, dude. And, it’s really very light, yet super-strong. He’s already done some testing in the Marin Headlands at night. But please, don’t tell anyone.”

“Don’t worry; I won’t. I wouldn’t want to short-circuit the upcoming spectacle.”

“Mike, he can fly with these wings, I tell ya. It’s no joke. It really works. Well, fly is not exactly correct; glide is a better word. He told me that he glided for over 500 feet off a 200-foot-high knoll just a few nights ago.”

“Ok, Dash, let’s just say that I believe that his math is right and his glide-wings will work. That still leaves a big problem: How does he transport an 18-foot-long apparatus to the top of the North Tower without being seen?”

“Inside help, dude. He has a cousin who works in the bridge maintenance division. He will have a key.”

“But, he can’t just walk down the bridge’s sidewalk with that 18-foot wingspan. Hundreds of passing motorists and pedestrians will see him and report him to the police as a suspected terrorist.”

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