

another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory



The Vault by Mike Bozart (Agent 33) | MARCH 2016

Note: The following tale is based on a true story. Names have been changed. Also, the dates and places are not exactly correct.

A few days ago, the name of his dad came up in an informal office hallway discussion. John Lowenstein, indeed, was no longer at the college; he had retired over the Christmas break I was told. "But, did they ever find his missing 30-something son?" I asked.

Heads shook. No one had an answer, or even a mild idea.

Thus, when I returned to my desktop computer, I did some searching online. John Lowenstein's lone son, Rupert, a 33-year-old, brown-haired Caucasian, went missing on March 7, 2008 from his house on Wyanoke Avenue in east Charlotte. Several news articles confirmed this on the first page of the Google search results. However, none of them had anything about him – or his body – being found.

When I changed the keyword phrase to 'Rupert Lowenstein found dead', the fourth hit had the bizarre answer to this man's mysterious disappearance.

Apparently, Rupert Lowenstein, a fluvial engineer with Mecklenburg County, had been fired on a Friday afternoon, some eight years ago. The reason for his summary dismissal was not disclosed in any of the online articles. *Did he cuss out his boss? Was it due to an altercation with another employee? Did he say the wrong thing to an irate homeowner after his crew had dug up the guy's back yard for a new storm drain line?*

However, after rummaging around on the internet a little bit more, I found out that Rupert and his live-in girlfriend got into a heated argument after he returned to their residence on that fateful date. A neighbor had even called the police to report a 'domestic situation' that evening. However, Rupert stomped out the front door before the Charlotte cops pulled up.

His girlfriend, a pretty, 32-year-old, blonde-haired Caucasian named Doris Milwald, was not assaulted in any way by Rupert that evening. She stated that they were both just screaming at each other. It was just a heated verbal spat, nothing more.

Doris went on to tell the two CMPD (Charlotte-Mecklenburg Police Department) officers that she was mad at him for losing his job and just venting her supreme disappointment, and that her anger just elevated his anger, causing him to go out for a walk to cool off. In fact, Rupert had walked off after arguments on numerous occasions, and usually returned within an hour or two.

CMPD seemed to believe her explanation. Thus, no canine unit or helicopter was dispatched that night. The police left twenty minutes after arriving. However, Rupert Lowenstein never returned.

Where did Rupert go? Well, Doris last saw him walking down Wyanoke Avenue towards Chantilly Park, which was only 500 feet away. Another neighbor corroborated this.

Somewhere in the ether-o-sphere, [*sic*] Frank von Peck (the late, great Agent 107) just nodded. Well, maybe sew. [*sic*]

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