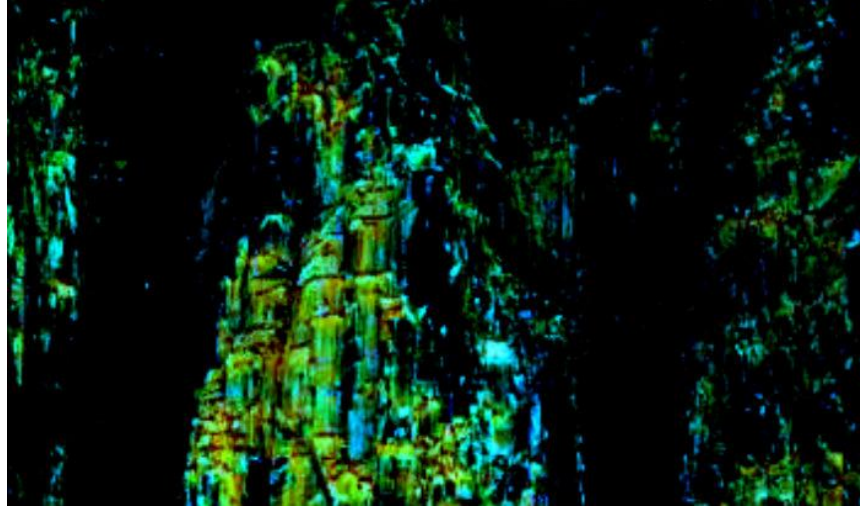


**another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory**



**Two Dreams and One Call** by Mike Bozart (Agent 33) | Jan. 2019

## **Two Dreams and One Call**

by Mike Bozart

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Sunday night, December 30, 2018. I was in a bit of intestinal distress and severe pelvic pain once again, so I started drinking one porter beer after another. (I know, not too bright.) I threw down some antacid tablets in between bottles. When the six pack was extinguished, I popped the cork on a bottle of Merlot that I had received as a Christmas gift. I slugged the first glass down with a lozenge billed 'the killer of all pains' according to my longtime musician-friend Les. [of the band White Elephant] In short order, the distressing sensation had moved onto someone somewhere else. Pity him/her. I mused: *Ah, thank God, I can finally relax on my extended holiday vacation.*

For some strange reason – perhaps my love of irrationally divisible prime numbers, I then started toying with the number 7 on an old, light-powered, scientific calculator at the foot of our queen-size bed. (Monique, Agent 32, my charming Filipina wife, was watching Cebuano videos on her smartphone at the head of the bed.)

I quickly noticed that the same looping string of six repeating digits appeared in all sevenths. One seventh was (and still is) equal to .142857; two sevenths, .285714; three sevenths, .428571; four sevenths, .571428; five sevenths, .714285; and six sevenths, .857142. I was soon conjuring up a 'sevenths clock'. *Maybe in seven dimensions? Or, just six? +3,-2,+6,-3,+2,-6. A natural symmetrical code.*

"I'm tired; I'm going to sleep now," Monique suddenly announced as she hooked up her phone to the charger jack.

I looked at our bedside digital clock. The red numerals blared: 1:42. *And 8.57 seconds?*

"Ok, I'm ready to crash, too, hon. It's way past this 54-year-old's bedtime." *Wow! The time sure flew by after taking that pill. Wonder what the active ingredient is. Must ask Les.*

<click> The lights were out in our east Charlotte [NC, USA] basement bedroom. I think I lost consciousness just before Monique. It was a photo finish. Upon further review ...

After several months of not having any memorable dreams, I would have a vivid duplet in a single night. In the first one, Kurt Harris (agent no. lost to housekeeping), James 'Frank' Rick (Agent 107) and I (Agent 33) were passing around the herbal peace pipe in Kurt's audiophile-outfitted, album-cover-wallpapered, Lake Forest [an older east Charlotte

neighborhood] living room. Then fifty-something, husky, Caucasian, short-blond-haired Kurt left Frank and I to flip over a King Crimson LP on his high-end turntable. Some lucidity crept in. I looked at dark-haired, slim, Caucasian, forty-something Frank and whispered: "But, Kurt is dead." [This major prog-rock – especially Steven Wilson – enthusiast died on March 9, 2018.]

Frank bent his wrists, palms-up, and slowly mouthed: "And so am I." [My best man died on January 6, 2013.]

For a moment I actually thought I was dead, too, and that this was just a gathering of ghosts. Then I abruptly awoke. I had to pee. It was 5:05 AM. *What a dream that was! Don't think that I've ever had a dream that involved two deceased friends. Is it a poignant portent? An auspicious augury augering [sic] my perforated skull? What madness I muse.*

Once back in the bed beside a peacefully slumbering Monique, I was re-asleep in 1.42857 minutes (85.7142 seconds).

The second dream was surprisingly violent. And most startlingly, I was the killer. I think that it was – yes, I am sure – the first time that I ever murdered someone in a dream. I was shocked when I awoke to the sound of a text alert on my semi-smart phone (which rests under my pillow in a void where nothing can depress the main key).

The just-received text was from my Manhattan-penthouse-apartment-residing pal Al Niño; it read:

Yes, it will be a 'marry' New Year for me. Hope you can make it to Hawaii in May for our wedding.

I pondered his text for a few seconds. *Did I wish him a 'merry' New Year last night? Yep, I sure did. Don't remember doing that. Must have been wholly inebriated.*

I re-texted him.

Would love to, but don't think I will have the bucks. On a meager budget these days. All the best to you two lovebirds.

Five minutes later, at a gray-gloom-in-the-side-window 8:57 AM, my small form-factor LG phone rang. It was Al.

"Well, hello there, amazing one," I pompously announced.

Monique just gave me an odd look and shook her head.

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