

**another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory**

# WINDMILL WITH A VIEW



## **Windmill with a View**

by **Mike Bozart** (Agent 33) | June 2014; revised Sept. 2015

Prefaçoial [sic] remarks.

Yes, another short story centered around that knowhere [sic] bar called Sidle on N. I know what you are thinking: *Jeez, Mike, another one? Really?*

Please bear with me for just a few more. The vault of 2014 is now almost emptied.

These Sidle on N short stories led up to the *Mysterieau of San Francisco* novella. Some of the characters, scenes and plot ideas made it to the novella; others are lying in the fog somewhere in westernmost San Francisco.

Curiously enough, Mr. Malloy was on holiday for this one. Maybe there was a Giants home game.

Any ways and all waves, thanks for your interest, time and mind space.

-MCS

It was back in the summer of 1992, while in a small studio apartment in downtown San Francisco (the infamous Tenderloin) – way before psecret psociety was created and formally promulgated on facebook (and obviously long before facebook) – that I imagined myself as some kind of meta-real agent. I knew the agency part would fall into place sooner or later (actually, much later).

I found myself having another end-of-day grog at Sidle on N on Judah Street. (The bar, Sidle on N, is featured in the *Mysterieau of San Francisco* novella, as well as in the short stories, *A Search for Sidle on N*; *Water Hammer*, *Ok, Roll the Dice*; and *The Right Triangle*.) As usual, and as prescribed, only three people were in the little dive bar in the Outer Sunset district of San Francisco.

There was a 40-something, slightly pudgy, mustachioed, white guy in a cowboy hat, who kept nervously looking out the door at the perennial late-day fog passing by. He seemed paranoid. *Who is he looking out for? Is he hallucinating? Is he a marked gaucho from a lost gulch? I need to write that line down on a piece of napkin. Might use it twenty or so years from now.*

There was an Asian couple, probably college age, talking softly in a corner. *They're probably reviewing notes for an exam.*

Behind the bar today was an Amerasian dude named Dash. I was never sure if that was his birth name or just an adopted American nickname. I never asked him. He was about my age at that time: 28.

I got used to seeing him in there on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Today was a Wednesday. A Wednesday near-

evening that seemed to hang by a mid-week tendril on a branch of disbelief. Well, perhaps.

However, no one in this so-easy-to-pass-right-on-by joint was howling for abstract poetry at this moment. And, believe the essence of yew, they weren't aware of the cancer-fighting potential. And, for that matter, neither was I.

I laughed to myself when that last couplet sailed through my cranium, glancing off some remnants of gray matter. Dash caught my nascent chortle.

"Something funny, eh?" *Where did he pick up that Canadian accent? Toronto? Montréal? Hamilton? Or, maybe in Yellowknife with a steak knife?* Internal laughter.

I recomposed my countenance for anyone counting. But, wasn't sure if Dash was.

"Yeah, just a one-two combination that I might use sometime in the future. That's if I ever start writing."

"Twenty-two years from now?" *How odd that he would pick 22 years. It's always odd in here, though. Shouldn't really be surprised anymore.*

"Maybe so, Dash."

"You think that you'll still be alive?"

"I don't know. Hard to say. Do you mean exactly 22 years from now, not an even 20?"

"Yeah, I think that I will stick with that number. Repeating digits, you know. Maybe some magic there."

"Dash, you're mad, man. But, you're no madman."

"You funny American guy, Mike."

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