

another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory



Xinguara by Mike Bozart (Agent 33) | APRIL 2017

Xinguara

by Mike Bozart

© 2017 Mike Bozart

Xinguara, a remote interior village in northern Brazil, sited where the Amazon rainforest yields to the savanna, some 350 miles (563 km) from the equatorial Atlantic Ocean. It's a steamy mid-August morning in 2016. Hugo, a lanky, 19-year-old, black-haired, brown-skinned fisherman is buying some tackle at a small general store. As he studies the new spool of monofilament line and brass hooks on the checkout counter, he thinks about the day ahead. *I bet that I catch over ten kilograms [22 pounds] of fish today in that shady spot. Hope no one else decides to set up there. Hope that I can forget about Lara. [an attractive, svelte, flirtatious, 20-year-old female with long raven hair and light skin]*

The prior night at Aldeia's Beer Rest Pizzaria Choperia, a restaurant and bar on route BR-155 on the east side of town. Hugo and Lara are seated at a small outdoor table. They have just finished a pizza and are sipping on their beers.

Hugo: "Lara, do you have any plans for this Saturday? It's our big rematch with Germany, [the Olympics men's football/soccer final] you know. Want to watch it together? Your favorite player, Neymar, will be playing."

Lara: "Oh, I'd love to, Hugo, but Eduardo has already invited me to go with him to São Paulo. It's some kind of investment opportunity. We'll be back Sunday night." *Lovely.*

Hugo: "Oh, ok. Are you guys getting romantic?"

Lara: "No, nothing like that, silly." *I bet.*

Hugo: "What will be the sleeping arrangements?"

Lara: "Separate hotel rooms. Purely platonic." *Yeah, right.*

They hugged for a few seconds, but didn't kiss. Lara then asked Hugo if he wanted a ride home. He declined. They politely said their goodbyes. Lara then drove off in her 2005 red Honda Accord as darkness settled on the now-noisy crop fields: The cicada cacophony was at full volume.

Hugo walked the three blocks back to his family's modest dwelling. His mind was as heavy as the humid air. *I know that she is already screwing Eduardo. The rich boy always gets the pretty girl. I was never going to win her. Just a ridiculous fantasy. A waste of time.*

Back to the present. He paid the elderly female cashier. Then Hugo caught a ride with a male friend to Rio (River)

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

