

**another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory**



The PKG by Mike Bozart (Agent 33) | JULY 2016

Miles M<sup>c</sup>Macken, a 57-year-old Caucasian accountant, had taken Friday, July 1<sup>st</sup> (2016) off to give himself a four-day 4<sup>th</sup> of July weekend. He wasn't planning on doing anything outdoors, as it was typical Charlotte summer weather: a sauna. Miles wanted to use the time to repair an N-scale Santa Fe locomotive that he ran across in the attic while looking for a box of old coins.

After eating a slice of yesterday's Portofino (an Italian restaurant on Eastway Drive) takeout, he got back to work on his project. Various parts of model trains were laid out all over the dining table. He began testing the locomotive's motor with a voltmeter. *Maybe one of these hair-thin red wires has become disconnected. But, which one? This may take all weekend.*

Suddenly Miles hears a knock on the front door. *Is June [his wife] coming home for lunch? That's odd. Why didn't she tell me that last night? Maybe she wants to surprise me.*

He gets up and walks to the foyer. Miles looks through the peephole and sees an African American UPS (United Parcel Service) driver walking back down the asphalt driveway to his brown van. *Oh, he must have left a package. Has my Z-scale boxcar set already arrived? That was fast. I thought that the arrival date was Tuesday, July 5<sup>th</sup>. Maybe the seller shipped it immediately.*

He opens the door as the UPS van pulls away. Miles grabs the craft-paper-wrapped package and brings it inside. He places it on the table and carefully cuts the packing tape with an X-acto knife.

To Miles' supreme surprise, the cardboard box's contents are several zip-lock plastic bags inside shrink wrap. He looks closer. *Oh, my eyes! This is a package of pot! [marijuana] It's probably a kilo. [kilogram; 2.2 pounds] of weed. Who would send me such contraband? Dave knows that North Carolina is not Colorado. This stuff is still illegal here. And he knows that I don't smoke anymore. Wait, maybe it was mis-delivered.*

Miles then looked at the eBay shipping label. It was addressed to NXT WRLD Concepts, 1668 Carolyn Drive. (Miles and June's address was 1686 Carolyn Drive.) *Ah, the UPS guy transposed the last two digits. 1668 is three houses down. Ah, that's the new couple from California. [He had seen their cars' front plates.] NXT WRLD Concepts? What a cover name. Do vowel-less company names really look less suspicious? Ah, weedheads these days.*

Miles then opened one of the zip-locked bags. The marijuana odor was pungent. He felt one of the buds and gave it a pinch. Oil was secreted onto his right thumb and index finger. He licked it off. *Wow! I bet this stuff is primo. When was the last time I smoked any herb? Eight, nine years ago? Can't remember. A few puffs wouldn't hurt. Might even be fun. June won't be home until 5:30. That's five hours of high time. But, I can't smoke it in here. And, what am I going to smoke it with? I gave all my pipes away. Wait! In the shed, there's a vaporizer. Yes, that's the ticket! I'll smoke a gram [.035 oz.] in the shed with the vaporizer. That solves the lingering odor issue. June never goes in that old shed because of the spiders.*

And with that line of thinking, Miles clipped off a piece of a bud and put it in his shirt pocket. He then resealed the opened zip-lock bag, and then rewrapped all of them in the shrink wrap. Next, he hid the package of pot in the basement behind the water heater.

Miles then marched out the back door to their metal storage shed. He unlocked the padlock, slithered inside, and slid the doors shut. *Hope the neighbors didn't see me. But, if they did, so what?*

He found the vaporizer right where he had put it a decade ago: behind a large can of bolts. *I remember ordering this from Australia. Hope the plug adapter [for American receptacles] is still in the box. Yep, here it is. We're good to go.*

He placed the budlet [*sic*] on the little tray and set the clear, glass globe over it. Then he plugged the vaporizer's cord in. Six minutes later, the little circular plate had reached its maximum temperature. A light gray mist soon filled the globe. *Well, it's toke time.*

Miles took a deep draw from the flexible hose that was connected to the base. He coughed. *Woah, that was too much. Need to go a little lighter. We're not 22 anymore.*

He inhaled seven more times over the next 13 minutes, until there was just an ash corpse on the round tray. *Well, I am definitely high. No doubt about it. Time to get back in the house. It's hot as hell in this shed.*

Miles packed away the vaporizer. He then locked the shed and started walking back to the house. *I sure hope that no one came to the front door while I was in there. Did UPS tell the California couple that the package was inadvertently left on our porch? Oh, crap! Oh, no. Calm down. That's most unlikely.*

A neighbor, a recently unemployed 40-something Caucasian man named Mark, saw him just as he reached the back door. "Take the day off, Miles?" he asked.

Miles was startled to hear a human voice. He turned towards the sound and saw Mark at the edge of the four-foot-high chain-link fence. "Uh, yeah, Mark. Decided to extend the holiday weekend." *He sure had an extended stay in that shed. Why would he close the door on such a hot-ass day?*

"Did you hide the gold?" Mark asked with a silly grin. *So, Mark saw me go in the shed. Damn!*

"I wish," Miles replied. "Well, I've got to get back inside the house. The stove is on."

"Baking green brownies again, Miles?" *Why did he say that?*

"No, just some white chocolate cookies. Have a good one, Mark."

"You, too, Miles."

Miles then entered the house, closed and locked the door, and sighed. *Such bad timing. / Old man Miles is up to something.*

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