

Colonized Mike, Ch. 10: CRYING AND SUICIDAL

by Crabby McGrouchpants

Colonized Mike didn't know how he had got himself into this.

Yeah, he had base-hit sacrificed a buddy of his from the band Colonized Mike'd gotten kicked out of for ineptness (“You need to keep the beat . . . *going?*”) to absorb The Pathogen's 2nd-gen. self-loathing and fear of living, one summer, when The Pathogen really needed someone outside of school structures (HS: *Failure!* College: *Repels* people!) so he could pass for normal — or, uh, *not* “maladjusted” — which, when it's at all costs, all the time, as a constant, every-space-thing like a problem set in math, put it in brackets, you're not dealing with a finite set of *anything* else well, people tend to get driven away, in ways they intuit but don't fully understand — nor *have* to.

Blah-blah-blah.

“But it was like in . . . *Annie Hall!* We had a *lobster!*”

Colonized Mike rolled his eyes, then pinched the bridge of his nose with his fingers. (He was a whole, significant, single step up from this guy — cues from sitcoms, and people responding to this societal conditioning in your immediate vicinity. Even *The Far Side's* confusing to these people.) *It's a movie*, he knew he couldn't tell The Pathogen aloud — it would shatter him, obvious as it was. Another *I-hate-my-race-but-can't-get-any-without-them-being-Indian* relationship had hit the rocks — or, from her point of view, “didn't get past the third date” — so Colonized Mike had to keep The Pathogen from committing Hari-Kari.

Good thing he wasn't Japanese.

Or something.

