

# Colonized Mike, Ch. 5: LIKELIHOODS DIMINISH

*by* Smiley McGrouchpants

Colonized Mike let his mind wander. He went back to his childhood . . . to when he was “Baby Mike” . . . and his girlfriend blew him every day on the drive to high school.

What a life!

Being Indian, he could order beer in Indian restaurants no problem . . . top of the world! *Makes it worth going to Boston*, he thought, his head lolling, lost in a reverie, back in The Moment. *The rest of the city was just a blur.*

“Colonized Mike?” He looked up. All the people were looking at him, and in some state of agitation. He was at the head of the table.

He frowned, lifted a glass of water from the table, took a sip, smoothed his tie. *This was very, very serious* was what he was putting across. “Well . . .” (*God, he loved being Daddy!* “A little too much,” as one of the Tufts-educated bright young things whose career was soon after to meet with calamity and unfortunate inextricable stagnation after said utterance was duly reported back to Colonized Mike during a *smashing* game of tennis!)

He looked down the table to Sean Van Der Beek, an upstart not much heeded or thought of by the fuddy-duddy's amongst his group but whom, perversely, Colonized Mike had always admired for his petulant spunk. *Not much upstairs, but . . . plenty of velocity!* he thought somebody somewhere must've said sometime, like it was sewn into one of those homemade samplers you hang on the wall, or something.

He decided to go with it.

He arched his head, nodding in Sean's direction, realizing he'd have to interject *something* at some point, but figuring the

room already had shifts aplenty in it, discursively, and just needed a shift *back* . . .

Sean smiled, and relaxed into his chair. “See . . . ?” He lifted his right hand upward, like a dope. The ball was in his court.

He proceeded to yammer on for about half an hour.

Colonized Mike looked at his watch. He'd been hoping he could cut out early for a back massage, but likelihoods were diminishing, the more opportunities for closure were circumscribed by frowns, barked-back hostilities, and the closest thing to open revolt Colonized Mike had ever seen since he first took the “step up” eight years ago.

Oh well.

