

Colonized Mike, Ch. 6: 'NOT SMART ENOUGH'

by Smiley McGrouphants

Colonized Mike was getting a little jumpy. He kicked at stones — with dignity — he tugged at his trouser pockets with his balled-up fists in there — with *savoir faire* — he scratched at his nose, but didn't cross the line into picking it — with *élan*.

They were still flying the thingee around — Colonized Mike still thought of it as a “thingee”; terminally unimpressed by absolutely anything that didn't make him feel better about himself, he still couldn't shake the model-airplane comparison for these “drones” — and one of the few remaining friends of Donald Rumsfeld after his last run in public service burned what scant amount of benefit-of-doubt left in his Reputational Gas Tank flipped his goggles up after bringing the thing in for a landing and the buzzing stopped.

(Or was the buzzing in Colonized Mike's *memories*, in his *head* . . . ?)

He shuddered at the thought. He shook his head as though to free it of a bug that had climbed in through his ear, but then this attracted some little attention from the assembled crowd watching Rummy's buddy yap about his model airplane, “. . . not smart enough . . .” so Colonized Mike had to settle down and act like it was some reasonable thing, of course it was, he'd stare guys down if he had to.

“But *this* model outsmarts even a human pilot *and* a GPS location system in *anticipating* — ”

Colonized Mike got bored. He drifted off. He watched the clouds — ochre. Is that a color? Ochre. They were turning ochre, with the sunset.

He thought.

(Maybe?)

He shrugged to himself. Those guys seemed to be having so much fun! He wished he had studied so much more in college.

But.

No.

