

# Colonized Mike, Ch. 9: SPECIAL FORCES, SPECIAL NEEDS, SPECIAL FEELINGS

*by* Smiley McGrouphants

*Blah-blah-blah.*

Colonized Mike started playing “pocket pool” in his slacks. He hated briefings. Much as he'd loathed President George W. Bush — apart from admiring his vice-president's entrepreneurial business acumen (buy low; sell high; and go military, whenever possible!) — he couldn't help but empathize with the “read to me, Daddy!” preference he had had for his Presidential Briefings. Even *listening* to this stuff was boring him to tears . . . what was this company called? Black— . . . no, not *Blackwater* any *more* . . .

“Colonized Mike?”

Colonized Mike looked up. He had to. Someone'd called his name. It's what he'd always liked about dogs, and what he'd strived to emulate. People always like to point to Colonized Mike as a sort of model world citizen — though “tamed coolie” was long out of fashion, something of the sort was implied — and thus, his name came up more than Clarence Thomas or Condoleezza Rice in finance circles that had an, um, *global* scope. (Colonized Mike's head got dizzy just thinking about it, but he tried not to let it show, tried to focus on the tune from the “Bumble Bee Tuna” commercial.) So he got a lot of attention, a lot of contacts, a lot of name-dropping without his input that had spread and spread, beyond his ability to direct or care to. Life had been good to Colonized Mike.

“Yes?” he said, arching one eyebrow (he'd read about that move in either a motivational speaker's handbook, Tom Peters's

*Thriving on Chaos* perhaps, or on a bathroom stall when he was sitting on the toilet pinching an earthen loaf, written right above the toilet paper and *The only job this nigger wants is a blow job!*).

That did it.

