

Uncle Squeaky spent most of his adult life being remarkable in only four ways. First, he was remarkable for his unusual name. But somehow since his name suited him, anyone who knew him never questioned it. Second, Uncle Squeaky was passionate about one particular thing. But since almost no one spent a lot of time thinking about Uncle Squeaky, or trying to figure out what made him tick, that passion lay quietly burning in his heart, locked away, a fettered dream, unspoken and unrealized. The third remarkable, but unrecognized thing about Uncle Squeaky was that he was a genius. No one except his mother had any reason to believe this was the case. And, since many mothers are mistaken in this regard about their only sons, it wasn't any wonder that Uncle Squeaky wasn't recognized for his intellectual prowess. The last of the four remarkable things about this man was that he excelled at apparently being completely unremarkable. There was nothing about Squeaky that stood out too much.

A good dentist would have noted that his teeth needed straightening and whitening, a good optometrist would have noted that he needed a slight adjustment to his glasses prescription to alleviate his perpetual slightly myopic, absent expression, and would certainly have updated his glasses to a more fashionable style.

A good barber would have suggested a different hairstyle, some good green hair goo to cement it down with, and would have made sure that Uncle Squeaky didn't leave the premises without a bottle of Mother Brielle's Moisturizing Shampoo, a different razor and shaving cream, as well as an understated smell good shaving lotion.

A good doctor would have taken precautions against the slight asthmatic wheeze that Squeaky gave off whenever he was agitated or excited. They would have noted that he sneezed whenever he ate ice cream or bananas, and would have provided him with a rescue inhaler for just such events.

A good boss would have noticed that coinciding with Squeaky's arrival, the petty cash drawer, far from standing empty, seemed to almost be accruing interest. With the exception of Cut-Throat Jim, insubordinate subordinates had flocked to the door, looking for new jobs, the copier never seemed to jam or run out of toner anymore, and all of the pesky computer glitches were absent. A good boss would have investigated, why, after all these years, that Nellie, of Nellie's delicatessen down the street, suddenly delivered in person, offering her deluxe roast beef sandwich or her world famous Reuben, to now include two sides, and a pickle, and a choice of a complimentary cheese danish or strudel, at a price that hadn't been seen since 1977. And he assuredly would have tracked the rise in sales and the slash in costs associated with running Argyle Unlimited, and rewarded it accordingly. But McKilheny attributed all of these phenomenon to his own good luck and excellent management skills.

A good girlfriend would have steered Uncle Squeaky towards a trendy suit shop and helped him pick out a tie that matched an understated grey pinstripe suit, and snazzy button down oxford cloth shirt. She would have made sure that he had a pair of dark dress socks underneath a pair of well buffed black dress shoes. Of course, a good tailor might have done as much, but he certainly wouldn't have been as charitable in his appraisal.

And last of all, a good friend would have jostled his elbow in a kindly manner, to help him see the world that was going on around him, so that things didn't always pass him by.

But for most of his adult life, Uncle Squeaky had had none of those things.

And then one day, things began to look up for him.