

your shoulders to be lower and your back to be straighter, only to still be a cheap imitation of his natural state. One gaze into his blue eyes made you see that he was looking elsewhere. Somewhere higher, brighter, and better than anything you could see or imagine. His voice naturally echoed without having to yell, and with it carried such confidence that no matter how ridiculous the words he spoke were, anyone who heard them would be memorized. Only one man in the room saw him differently.

“So, that’s the guy whose job I’m going to take? Should take about a year. When I take it, I’ll be sure to actually help the world, and achieve the true peak. One his shortsightedness could never fathom.”

“Shh don’t talk like that Lane! I had to pull a lot of strings to get a jobless bum into one of these, if you keep talking like that then it’s my ass on the line!” His older brother Winston scolds while elbowing his side.

Lane Looker saw Lothsman as the disappointing peak of Mount Everest.

“How about we make a deal...” Winston taps Lane’s side with his elbow and begins to offer after seeing Lane’s fire filled eyes, “I’ll let you go off on your own, you can say or do whatever you want, as long as you don’t say your last name or that I brought you. Deal?”. Before Winston even finished saying “deal” Lane blurted out, “yes. Deal.” Lane covers his mouth and wonders why he spoke so quickly. “Excellent. We have a deal.” Winston says with a chuckle as he stands up from his seat and makes his way into the crowd of suits.

Lane stands up and scans the room. He has to find someone who is by themselves, and unassuming. A gazelle lost from the pack, ripe for the picking. He soon sees his prey. A medium height man, with short blonde hair, getting a shot poured for him at the bar. He reaches down his suit shirt and grasps his golden cross necklace and whispers a quick prayer to himself, “God let me stay true to you”. He releases the cross and starts walked towards his prey. Lane pulls out his phone and calls his own phone number and holds his phone up to his ear opposite the side the man is on. “Sorry I can’t talk for long, I’m at an event...” Lane says to the phone as it replies, “sorry this phone number is currently busy. Call back later to leave a voicemail.” Lane continues, “I understand Board of Directors is a serious position, and I take my approval for it seriously, but this event is pretty important for our company, I will call you back after.” Lane hangs up and sighs with a head shake. He looks over at the man next to him, “can’t even get a drink without being bothered.”

The man chuckles, “I know what that’s like believe me.” Lane smiles, “maybe someday you and me will be lucky enough to not be bothered long enough to have an uninterrupted lunch break” The man laughs, “now I know you’re dreaming. My name is Steve by the way, I am a regional manager and representative of Mayhew and Mayhew. My favorite color is green, I’m already a little bit drunk, and I’m wearing my favorite red tie.” Steve reaches out for a handshake which Lane reciprocates, “Oh wow, very descriptive. My name is Micah, Micah Amos.” Steve’s head turns, “that’s a very cultural name”. Lane smiles, “I know, it really gets people’s attention, trust me after awhile you get tired of it and wish you had a more normal name.” Steve takes a drink of his shot, “so Micah, what company are you on the board of?”.

“Westland Inc. Holding company that mainly invests in start ups. What does Mayhew and Mayhew do exactly?”

“We’re mainly marketing, advertising, graphic design, with a focus less on increasing sales, but increasing image. You could hire any sort of marketing company to increase profit, but at what cost? You know people laugh at common companies for pushing themselves too much. You know those commercials that you could almost recite off by heart, how many of those actually made you use the