

Mike

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A brief review of my best friend Mike and I growing up. All the times we spent together; our victories and losses. His memory still burns in my mind even after so long. (Rated PG)

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Chapter 1 - Untitled

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Written: July 2005

Author's NOte: This story I just wrote to jot down an idea I had so it may be sort of confusing or sound a bit odd. I would have left it as an idea but I let a few people read it and they told me it was worthy of sharing so I decided to take their advice. Thank you.

Mike

When I was young, many years ago, I had a friend named Mike. Since the first time we met in school we instantly clicked, niether of us really ever knew why. His family had moved in from Texas and he had a rather thick southern accent. Why someone would ever want to Montana baffled me. The town we lived in was so small it would matter not if I gave th e name of it. Everyone knew everyone and everyone knew when they didn't. It was easy to tell when someone was new there, maybey that's why he got so much abraision from the locals, or maybey not.

Mike had alot of trouble adjusting to school in our town, he was often riddiculed and harassed.

"Just stay out of it, it's my business!" He would shout at me angrily on numerous occasions. Maybey he was right, but I refuse to believe that. He was only pretending to be angry, I could always tell. Most of the time we both just ended up hurt and embarassed, but sometimes we would come out on top. In those glorious victories our friendship slowly grew taking on a new form, one on which we both depended on for our very lives. We would walk home together after class, sometimes limping and laughing about how screwed up things were. For some reason when we were together nothing could knock us down no matter how hard it hit, we just needed it to be that way to get by I suppose. It was like we had our own secret club that only we understood.

When you come in contact with conflict so often it is impossible to remain uneducated on the subject. By the time we were seniors in high-school we were considered a team by most everyone in the school. We were still looked down upon, him more than I, but I never saw us any different. We were hardley ever attacked physically by many people but we still were taunted. It hardley bothered us for some reason, almost like we expected it and cared not. We took everyone's power away over us, they were just wasting their time. Even though we had been friends for years mike still always tried to get me to leave him alone and persue the popularity I could have at my fingertips should I want.

"That's not something a friend would do." I would reply sounding rather rehearsed.

"Then what would a friend do?" He would ask sarcastically.

"A friend would walk a hundred miles barefoot for someone just to be strucken down." I would say every time. It didn't sound too flashy but for some reason that's always what came to mind, so I said it. I guess I talked alot more how I though back then instead of letting other people get in the way of my voice.

When we graduated high-school we both went our separate ways. I went on to become an English teacher and Mike went on to become a defence attorney. Soon after that we slowly lost contact and with it our bond diminished. I hadn't heard a word from Mike in years, although he was always lurking in the back of my mind. It's strange how someone so important can just fade leaving behind only their memory in your imagination, almost as if we served together in a war long ago and had long since forgotten the strong tie that held us together.

One day leafing through my mail a small, ordinary looking letter caught my eye. My hands began to shake for a reason I cannot explain as I opened to eerie looking letter. As I scanned the contents my jaw dropped and the letter slipped out of my hands and fell to the floor in slow motion. It read:

Dear Friend,

You do not know me, nor I you. My father, Mike Phillips, has left in his will your name along with a request for you to read his eulogy. He always spoke very highly of you and I would love to meet you before the funeral, I've always wanted to put a face to your name. Please consider my request and call me to tell me your decision. I look forward to our meeting.

With Sincerity,
Emily Phillips

I choked up inside as I read the letter again. I called Emily soon afterwards and scheduled to have dinner with her. I could see Mike in her eyes and feel his personality radiating from her. Like him, she had a way with words like none other, well none other than Mike. As we ate she told me about her father as she knew him, the great father he was to her. She spoke of the way he taught her of tolerance and acceptance of others. The way he spoke of his best and only friend growing up. I told her of the man I knew growing up. The man I fought battles with and took pain for many times. The only man I've ever felt who was a good person. By the end of dinner we were both in tears talking like we were old friends. Something I had never done before and have not done since.

After we finished eating and chatting it was rather late. I agreed to read his eulogy at his funeral and we made arrangements to meet up again later and chat more. It felt so strange to talk with someone the way we did.

"He left this for you in his will." She said handing me a letter as we got up to leave. I opened it up and read the contents.

"A lump of coal like me is so unfathomably blessed to find a snowball like you. If you outlive me my only dying wish is for you to live a life full of blessings and happiness. All the pain I put you through growing up is something I could never thank you enough for. You are truly the best man who ever lived, black or white."

It was dated the day of our graduation. A lump formed in my throat and tears streamed from my eyes. Emily hugged me.

"You're the only man I have ever met who has ever felt like me Mike. You'll always be there." I whispered softly as tears soaked the shoulder of Emily's shirt. The bonds born of pain and fear are the strongest

bonds any of us will ever know. The most gratifying thing anyone can ever do is help someone when no one else will, the rewards reaped from that single act will shape your life forever and touch the very inside of your soul.

Authors second note: This story was intended to shape two characters who by inference would be the same race but in the end you find out the character Mike is black. This is no way intended to be racist or anything of the sort I merely wanted to try developing characters that are still not fully described till the end. I also wanted to try and figure out how people feel when no one accepts them, anyone can be someones only hope. Don't do something just because everyone else does.