

The Unequitable. Unprofessional, Undeniable Life of Under Millman

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Deep within the nether region of the universe lies a small, fairly new planet, of ape descent-like inhabitants. Of those 7.8 billion people we meet one that thinks he is smarter, faster, stronger, and to say the least, he thinks he is the best-looking person. This is Under Millman, a man born of ordinary descent in ordinary times to ordinary people named Bert Millman and Janice Millman. Bert Millman is an average mailman with an average mail route in an average town. Janice Millman is a normal accountant at a normal office job where she does normal business and drives her normal car. Nothing about Under Millman's life was spectacular, but that did not stop him from dreaming of greatness, because today he turns 18 and his ambitions were ready for the world.

Now, with many people turning 18, ready for the world, they would be bright-eyed and bushy-tailed at noon. That is not the story we are telling. Under Millman never went to bed that night, he was ready and waiting for this moment.

By the time it turned 6:37 am, Under Millman was 18 years old, and he felt the power of manhood overtake him. His mediocre physique became so muscular it started to tear his shirt apart. The peach fuzz on his face became a full beard that grew 6 inches in a matter of seconds. Under Millman has become a man right in front of his very own eyes.

Knock! Knock! Knock! "*Happy Birthday To You!*" Janice and Bert Millman came bursting into the door singing at the top of their lungs. Startling Under Millman away from his mirror fantasy, which made him come crash back to this reality.

Under Millman had his birthday breakfast of what he considered an adult meal of plain oatmeal and dry toast with black coffee. Under Millman was very underwhelmed, and needless to say, he was not a fan of his breakfast; but he guessed that's what adult life was now.

The next thing on Under Millman's list of becoming an adult was getting a job. So, he went with his dad, Bert Millman, to the post office for his first day of training. Under Millman saw a shiny new Ferrari in the post office parking lot, and immediately ran to it, checking out the shiny new wheels and looking at his big beard in the mirror-like gloss. Under Millman was ready to feel the wind in his hair. When Bert Millman finally caught up he said, "I know it's not much and needs a fresh coat of paint, but this old Hunk of Junk has delivered mail tirelessly for 20 years."

Taking a step back, Under Millman saw the old beat-up USPS truck instead. With paint missing in a way that the "USPS" lettering only had the "PS" legible, with rust and duct tape holding the bumper together. Bert Millman was standing so proud in uniform by the door asking, "you ready to work son?"

As Bert and Under Millman started their route, Under Millman couldn't help noticing the black Lincoln Continental following them. "Is this the Russian Mob?" Under Millman thought to himself, "I know they are trying to track me down now that I'm an adult and have the mightiest muscles and the best beard in the world."

Under Millman decided it was time to take evasive action. He made his first left, then his second right. They were still hot in pursuit. What to do now? Bert Millman said, "Pull in here son." As he pulled in, the Russian mob drove past in what must have been the disguise of two very senior citizens going about 15 miles below the speed limit, while barely being able to see past the steering wheel, pulling into the diner a block away.

Under Millman looked up at the building that his dad, Bert Millman, brought him to. It was unlike any building he had ever seen. Yes, it was just an ordinary old warehouse, but something felt different about it. Under Millman was drawn to something more powerful than him. A calling, some would say.

As Under Millman walked to the front door, he was greeted by a familiar face. Janice Millman was waiting for him. With a look of confusion on Under Millman's face, he asked his mom "What are you doing here?" Janice Millman replied, "Happy birthday son, now that you are an adult you finally get to see the family business."

The door to this normal old warehouse opened and inside was a secret headquarters to the Universal Guild of Legendary Intelligent Explorers Society or The UGLIES. The UGLIES headquarters has every answer to every question ever asked. They span from El Paso to New Delhi, Johannesburg to Liverpool, with even a member or 20 on Antarctica, no one will ever know.

Under Millman was very curious if he was imagining this or if it was indeed real. Janice and Bert Millman came up with an embrace on his shoulder. Bert commented, "Son, I felt the same way when my parents brought me here at your age." Janice continued "The Universal Guild of Legendary Intelligent Explorers Society has been around since the 16th century. With members like Magellan, Galileo Galilei, Amelia Earhart, and Buzz Aldrin we have all had an intuition to answer to the greatest questions in the universe."

"Welcome to The UGLIES." Bert and Janice Millman said simultaneously. Needless to say, Under Millman was a bit taken aback. Today was supposed to be his training day for the USPS, now he is a member of The UGLIES.

Under Millman thought "What does this mean? Do I get a cool code name? Do I fight crime? Do I get some cool spy gear?" The answer to all his questions was an emphatic yes.

As Under Millman looked around the UGLIES headquarters, he started noticing things that he had only fantasized about or at least thought he was fantasizing about. Photos of the black Lincoln Continental that he just saw were on a bulletin board. “What’s this car doing here?” Under Millman asked. Janice Millman responded, “That’s the Lincoln continental that we have been trying to search for, it’s JFK’s limousine that was stolen from the national archives.” Under Millman responded, “I just saw this car 5 minutes ago.”

Everyone in the room gasped. The car has been missing for 3 days and is believed to have a secret compartment that JFK (a former member) had personally added but was still undiscovered. Under Millman stated, “ It was following me here, but I thought it was one of my daydreams.” Bert Millman told Under Millman to sit down and that they had something to talk about. He found out in that conversation that his father had the same wild imagination that Under Millman had growing up, but it wasn’t till now that he could talk to him about it. Under Millman’s fantasies were premonitions. The first thing Under Millman thought was, “I’m going to have an amazing beard.” The second thing was, “ I know where to find it.”

The next thing you know, Under Millman, was leading the UGLIES to the diner where he saw the Black Lincoln Continental. Inside sat two elderly gentlemen with pants raised so high that you could barely tell they were wearing a shirt, if it wasn’t for the collars showing.

The UGLIES proceeded to question these, not so young, characters about the whereabouts of the JFK limousine. The driver proceeded to say that it was his car and that he finally got it back from the national archives. He then explained that JFK was his friend and gave him clues to find the UGLIES in the case of his demise. However, it took 60 years to figure out where the UGLIES Headquarters were. They knew that Bert Millman would one day lead their son, Under Millman, there so they followed him around off and on for years with a disguise of big burly men, hoping to get a clue to meet with The UGLIES.

Under Millman asked, “Well you found us, now what?”

The passenger replied, “We want to show you the compartment John built himself.”

Under Millman responded, “How do you know of the compartment?”

The driver stated, “We helped build it.”

As the Ugliers and the old men arrived at the car, the old men started twisting knobs and moving things around as if it were one giant puzzle. When they did their last move, they heard what sounded like a click then a small motor raising a cylinder out from the gas tank.

Bert Millman rushed to see what it was. He slowly opened the cylinder and inside was a handwritten note for the UGLIES.

UGLIES,

I'm writing this to tell you that some people at the Pentagon are close to uncovering my secret of being a member of the Universal Guild of Legendary Intelligent Explorers Society. I feel my life is in danger. However, I am going to Dallas to sign a law that will make The UGLIES a full member of NATO and give you all international diplomacy. If I fall short, they will attempt to use my longtime friend and UGLIES partner, Lee Harvey Oswald as a fall guy. If this is my last letter, just know someone at the CIA is trying to find you all.

John Fitzgerald Kennedy

Under Millman saw the two older men peel off their faces to reveal that they were those Burly men after all. “We finally have you UGLIES and we are taking you down.”

Knock! Knock! Knock! “Happy Birthday to you!” Janice and Bert Millman had woken up Under Millman. It was morning. Did Under Millman dream that? Is it a premonition? Was there even The Universal Guild of Legendary Intelligent Explorer Society?

He hugged his parents and said “I love our normal life with our normal antics. I don't think I'm ready to be an UGLIES just yet.”