

# Voltron

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*Voltron was the man of the moment. Things were a bit too weighty around town those days, and he was about to return just in time to turn it all around. Joe would nod to Sally on the street, or Bill would wave to Terry in the park, and it wouldn't be rare to hear one say to the other, "Voltron – he knows the score."*

*Where was Voltron for all those months? How did he spend his days in exile? He was studying methodology. Board was provided at a notable clinic tucked among the verdant shrubs of a prominent mountain range. He rented rooms at a nearby inn. Colleagues in his field suggested he was wasting his time, but only in cafeteria whispers and under the cover of drunken nights. Voltron maintained that his projects were misunderstood, that the whole was greater than the parts. Whether the specifics of his self-evaluation were accurate, his product was wondrous. At program's end, a sheaf of paper was dropped on the scarred teak tabletop before the Board of Regents. It was titled "The Krantz-Haberlich Method" and it was signed Voltron.*

*Speculations back home, as to his whereabouts? It was a total consensus: he was training. Preparing for the big event. Come autumn and the work crews would begin construction on the winners' podium. Come summer and Voltron would be standing on the block reserved for first place, representing the hometown crowd. Top Banana, The Bear would say. There would be no match for Voltron, his lungs trained and accustomed to the rarified air from abroad.*

*Discrepancies between expectation and reality created a less than prodigal praise upon Voltron's return. He was accomplished in his field and, rightfully, wanted everybody to know. But they had had other plans for Voltron; they expected him to represent them at the games. As an act of goodwill, Optimus Prime invited Voltron to speak about the work he completed up in the mountains. His address was positively leaden. The Gathers nodded and hummed assent, but each one decided then and there – perhaps out of spite – that the Krantz-Haberlich Method was something they would never use. Walking from the stage to the back rows, Voltron felt their staccato claps move down his spine.*

*When the long days came, and the town took to the streets to celebrate its victory, Voltron stayed inside. His mind was parsed and admire in journals – journals hot off the presses – that piled up high on his coffee table. The absence of his athletic talents were forgotten among the fireworks and hollers outside. He shut tight his windows and boiled water for fat, yellow noodles. He coated them in butter – exactly the right amount – the best meal he could make.*

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