



A Real Firecracker

Mild-mannered tech magnate Mike Workman has an explosive habit.

Enjoying fireworks calls for anticipation, a quick inhale of breath, the acknowledgment that “pyrotechnics” is just a fancy word for bombs that explode beautifully. First—*boom*—a lit fuse ignites black powder, which sends a shell shooting into the air. Then—*boom!* again, this time louder as the balls of chemicals explode from the shell, streaking the sky with light as they burn...hopefully not too close...to...my...HEAD! “Oh, relaaaaax.”

The man sitting next to me in the white, sun-beaten patio chair mocks my crash position as the streaks of light fade out far above us. He’s smoking a Montecristo Pyramid and lightly swirling a glass of Cabernet. On his lap is a remote control that looks like an overgrown handheld game player. Bending over it, the cigar between his lips, he lets his glasses fall to his nose and gingerly presses a button on the screen with his pinky finger.

Boom...*BOOM!* The sky erupts again in a shock of red,

