



8th Grade Best of the Best, Round 1

Noise Pollution

*by Luke Brett
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It's Friday night and I have nothing to do. Absolutely nothing. Then one of my friends perks up and says, "I know! We'll go to the school dance!"

Before I continue, let me ask you a question. Do you listen to oldies rock, classic rock, heavy metal, or death metal? If you answered yes to any of those, never go to a dance. Seriously, never. In this day and age of politics and a nation divided, many people have developed a liking for country music. That's fine, I've got no problem with people knowing what they like. But when I request Metallica nineteen times and get Save a Horse, Ride a Cowboy, it's kind of a downer. So throughout the night, I sat through such musical atrocities as the chicken dance and the notorious Macarena. No rock at all. Not even ACDC. I mean, if Lamb of God or the Red Hot Chili Peppers is too real for you, I guess that's understandable. Show me a man who hates ACDC and I'll show you a man with lobotomy scars. Of course, all the girls are out there dancing the night away. Chicks will dance to anything. It's just like guys and food.

Then it happened. The DJ grabbed the microphone and said, "Okay, last song of the night!" I closed my eyes and thought "Guns and Roses. Disturbed. Aerosmith. Black Sabbath. Zeppelin. Please, anything!"

The DJ continued to banter on as I was praying. "We've had a boatload of requests for this one!" he exclaimed. My eyes opened. Metallica. It has to be Metallica. "So here it is..." he said, acting like he was an actual musician playing a concert. Stacy's Mom! he bellowed, and girls squealed with joy all over the dance floor as the blasphemy poured through the speakers. That was it. I like to think of myself as a patient guy, but I have my limits.

With a hissing "Bzzzzt!" everything went quiet. There was a murmur of confusion, ending with a crowd of fingers pointing my way. I don't know what felt better: me holding the unplugged stereo cord, or the sound of my friends cheering me on.