

The Wrong Stripes

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Tuesday, November 2nd, 1993. The very first concert Mikhail undertakes with Severed Head gets off to a good start, but he's about to run into a less than welcome surprise.

Nerves clouded my senses when I first entered North Triston
Unknowing of where I would be able to fit.
A fragment of a family hoping to find their place
In a world so tumultuous, each piece and bit.

Having escaped from a country in chaos
My family wanted to make a brand new start.
Having spent many years under repression
Under the thrall of communism to the heart.
Though its reign over Latvia was over
This quelled not their hope to abandon this part.

I tried to settle in, and much to my surprise
I found it easy to find acceptance among my peers.
Having been used to ridicule of my species
Particularly due to the potent spray I packed
Hostility's presence, it was so minimal
It was like nobody knew I'm a skunk or of my fears.
High school proved rewarding and I made some good friends
Though I was shy at first, a helping hand wasn't lacked.

But inside of me was a love for music
That manifested itself through my guitar's notes.
Wanting to turn my dream into something real
I formed a band with three of my classmates in rote.

A year after making my advent in a country spoken of
As a paradise on Earth with many ways to dance
I was about to see the chance I had dreamed about
When I was approached by a former drummer by chance.

He had been the drummer of Severed Head
And he was considering getting back into the band.
We got chatting and soon we became friends
And he started to get me connected with the scene's land.
Then my chance came when their guitarist left
It was at that point we made the move to enter in hand.

The chance to live out a beautiful dream arrives
Upon my introduction to the group.
Having rehearsed some of the band's songs
I approached the auditions with strong drive.
Throughout I was shaking like a leaf in the wind
Though I managed to play it through the loop.
They were impressed, and before I knew
Vic made me his new guitarist to strive.

Manic with joy, I couldn't thank him more
Now I can take the next steps of my quest.
The rehearsals soon got me up to speed
My claws were now ready for the next test.

That awaiting November would be the time when
I would take on my first live concert with the group.



Sweat dampened my fur at the mere thought of it
But I was determined not to bow out from this hoop.

But when we at last arrived at the bustling night club
I made my first embarrassing mistake.
I'd left my guitar on-stage when I'd gone to the restrooms
Now it had gone like the elusive snake.
Panic rushed through me as I searched around
Then a voice called for me, making me shake.

"In here, Mikhail," purred a high, feminine voice
Immediately I started to get suspicious.
My fears were confirmed and my heartbeat raced
There clutching my guitar was another skunk abound.
Coiled in her tail with a barrier of musk
Looking at me like I was a snack so delicious.
This skunk was not just any hardcore fan
I sensed this wouldn't go well and I can't go around.

"Miss, I really need my guitar," I insisted
But she still remained defiant with an icy smile.
"Come and get it, boy." she replied wolfishly
"You gave me an inch, my skunk hunk, but I'll take a mile."

"Look, lady," I persisted, "I've got to get on stage right now."
This accelerated her lust, unnerved me even more.
"Show to me the rockstar you really are," she smiled,
"you get your guitar when you kiss me, like no man has before."

Unsure whether she was serious or just very drunk
She looked about my age, but all I felt was fear.
I knew that I had to get out but she grabbed hold of me
A split second before the security guards came here.
My one prayer had been answered, they told her to release me
She did so with a sour look and with no words to hear.

As I grab my guitar, I graciously thank the guards
Who tell me to thank Vic through my great relief.
Returning to the stage, I wring sweat out of my fur
Seeing my tormentor nowhere in sight.
"Hey, what happened to you?" Vic asks me when I return
I don't answer and tuned my guitar in sheath.
My mind's field focuses, now on our performance so
Now I'll show our crowd I can win my fights.

My relief and my delight, they overwhelm me
Nervous through my first song but it goes without a hitch.
My bandmates show me smiles, our audience cheers
We'll show them what we can do and drive the fever pitch.