

I'm going to be dead by twenty-seven. I've known it for years. It's the ultimate goal as a musician, only the greats die at twenty-seven: Hendrix, Morrison, Winehouse... The list goes on and on. To die at twenty-seven means that you made it. You'll be remembered forever in music history. You were able to join the 27 Club.

Cobain did it. The god of music, Kurt Cobain, died at twenty-seven. I would do anything to be just like him. Well, not just like him. He was a guitarist. I'm a drummer. They call me Sloth or The Sloth or Slothy McSlothface. I prefer Sloth though. And if I'm going to be just like Cobain I need to have three record setting albums, get hooked on heroin, and die by twenty-seven. It's a lot to do but I still have fourteen years to do it in.

My band is called The Spaztiks. There are three of us: the lead singer/guitarist Spaz, the bassist Claire, and Me on drums. Spam is my best friend and I love him like a brother but he has no idea how to play guitar. He joined the band for a laugh and insisted on naming it himself, but he's not really invested in it. He doesn't love music like I do, he prefers sports. But he comes to rehearsals and even though he doesn't know how to play it works with our sound.

It was Spaz who gave me the name Sloth. He said I played to drums so slow that I'd never really make it. But he doesn't know that I do it on purpose. Every drummer needs a thing. There was John Bonham whose solos would often last thirty minutes or more. Ringo Star was a lovable doofus who somehow managed to write songs for the most famous group ever. David Grohl was sort of a drumming traitor. After Cobain died he left drumming. Not completely, he still played sessions for big musicians, but he tried to step into Cobain's shoes. He became a guitarist/frontman. I guess he's become a little famous with it, the Foo Fighters are sort of famous but I'll never forgive him for giving up on drums. My thing was to play drums incredibly slow. Instead of trying to cram as many hits into each second as possible like most drummers, I tried to put only sixty beats in a minute. It was slow but I was perfectly in time with our songs.

The third member of our band, Claire, was the only one of us who actually read music. She played cello in the string orchestra, saxophone in band, and

sang in the choir. As much as Spaz and I teased her about being a girl, she was the one who kept our group together.

Whenever we would try to write songs Spaz would always go off on his own thing, trying to put guitar solos into every song. Claire was the one who would shut him up—not in a mean way, usually she would just tell him to write some lyrics. Then Claire would lay down a bass line and I would fill in with my sixty drum beats. She would often get mad at me too:

“You need to play more,” she would say stopping her guitar. “The music doesn’t work if I’m the only one playing.”

“But it’s my thing,” I would say exasperated. We had this fight a lot.

“It’s a stupid thing. Real musicians actually play their instruments.”

That one hurt, I was a real musician. I was the one who formed this band after all. As I opened my mouth to hit back Spaz chimed in from the corner where he was working on the latest set of lyrics. “She’s right you know, you need to play more.”

I glared at him but he just ignored me. “If we’re going to be a real band you need to actually play your instrument.”

“Speak for yourself,” I said getting angrier. “You don’t even know a single chord.”

Spaz waved me away, “The guitar isn’t my real instrument. I’m the lead singer.”

Claire laughed in a cruel way, “You haven’t written a single song. You just sit over there and doodle.”

“Oh yeah?” Said Spaz, getting to his feet. “For your information I am almost done with the song now. I just need something that rhymes with ‘schizophrenic monkey farts.’”

“I am not playing a song with ‘schizophrenic monkey farts’ in it,” Claire yelled.

“Well I’m the lead singer so I get to make up the lyrics,” Spaz yelled back.

“You don’t know how to sing,” Claire shot back.

“Like you do,” Spaz responded. “You’re just a stupid girl.” They were

practically nose-to-nose at this point and neither of them seemed like they were going to back down. I knew I had to do something, a lot of bands ended this way.

“Guys,” I said. “Guys stop fighting.” They both ignored me. Claire looked like she was going to punch Spaz.

I smashed my drumstick on the cymbal harder than I had ever hit it. It reverberated around the room and all three of us jumped. The other two looked at me and I grinned sheepishly. “Let’s play the song,” I said. As Claire opened her mouth to protest I cut across her. “Let’s just play it and see.” She grimaced and nodded. Spam grinned triumphantly. I started to play the beginning roll.

Before long Claire jumped in with her bass line and we both looked over at Spaz. He had his eyes closed as if actually listening to the music. He brought his free hand up into the air, paused for one second and brought it crashing down on the guitar. The instrument seemed to scream. It sounded like he was torturing a whole bag of cats. Both Claire and I grimaced, it was worse than usual. Then Spaz stopped playing, grabbed the microphone and screamed:

Schizophrenic monkey farts

Nana nana poison darts

Schizophrenic monkey farts

Something Something baby shartz

His lyrics went on like that for the whole song. But at least he wasn’t playing the guitar. When the song came to an end all three of us were covered in sweat. We had been playing for two whole minutes. That was longer than we had every played before. “That was awesome,” I screamed banging on the cymbals in celebration.