Musical Meltdown

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Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"Hey, could you turn that down?"

Cover Page Footnote

This prose is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2005/iss2/15
“Hey, could you turn that down?”

“Umm... no.” Why should I turn my music down when she is always blasting that crappy music? I’m giving my ears a pleasant break by... what’s she doing? You’re kidding; she just turned her stereo on. For once I wish she would just follow her own blippin’ rule and save the world from the torture caused by listening to her music and just put her headphones on.

“Can you put you headphones on please? I can’t hear my music over yours.”

I think I just died and went to hell. She seriously did not just ask me to put my headphones on.

“Uh, no I can’t, but you can.” Uh-oh, that pissed her off and... yup... yes... she’s turning her sound up even higher. Is my stereo even on anymore? It is? Better turn it up a tad so I can at least feel an undertone of what I’m playing, or what I am trying to play anyway. Crap, she’s talking again.

“... because I can’t hear mine.”

“What?”

“Can you turn your music down, because I can barely hear mine.”

You’ve got to be flippin’ kidding me.

“No, I can barely hear mine.”

“Hey, I’m asking you nicely if you can turn your music down, you don’t have to be all mean about it.”

O great! Now she’s all flustered and entering self-righteous bitch mode. Ugh, better say something nice before she flies off the handle. “I’ll turn mine down if,” and only if, “you turn your music down.” There, now any headache she gets from the noise is entirely her own fault.

“No, we should both put our headphones on.” Her cheeks are flustered now. I knew this would happen.

“After you.”

“What?”

“I’ll put my headphones on after you put yours on.” I think I made enough gestures for her to make enough sense of what I was saying. Not that she did, just turned her head away, shook it and went back to her desk to sit down.

I need to get away from this. Good, Derrick’s back from his game, maybe he’ll let me chill there for a bit until I cool off.