

Sounding off.

Donny the Deadly took that fatal one more shot. He knew better, he knew he shouldn't drink because it would make him ignore that he knew better and now he knew nothing else than that he wanted to drink more. Tessa came in.

Are you drinking?

Just to put the nerves to rest.

We've talked about this. So many times.

Don't worry I can still perform.

Can you?

Tessa left.

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The roar from the audience was thunderous. The other musicians were going on stage. Donny tried to get up, but found it immensely hard. Why had all the others just left him? They couldn't begin without him, he was the voice of the band. He slumped out of the couch to land on all fours. He grabbed the table, almost making it tip, but using it as leverage he managed to push himself up to a swaying upright position. A roadie came in.

You're here?! - the roadie said. Donny thought it was a rather dumb question.

Damn, where's the coffee? - the roadie said. Donny didn't feel like having coffee. The roadie left.

Donny could hear the audience clapping and stomping. Then the music started. How could they do that? Then he recalled the instrumental one they'd made, while he was away. A new style they'd said. If nothing else it bought him some time. The roadie came in with the coffee. It made Donny puke, but now he could almost walk straight. The music was coming to a crescendo ending. Another roadie guided him through the narrow pass-way to the stage. As he walked on stage, the crowd went mad.

He waved and walked on rubber legs to grab the mike and moreover the mike stand. What was the set list? Donny couldn't remember, but then John the base player did the intro to Raw Baby. Donny let out a yell, but at the same time Willie the lead guitarist struck a chord so loud Donny could hardly hear himself. They got through the first bars and Donny found his cue:

You've been mean to me Baybee – He sang, but again Willie was all over it and Hans the rhythm guitarist was doing something he wasn't supposed to, even Roger on the keys was going berserk, effectually drowning Donny out. He looked around and saw the faces of the rest of the band all looking as one: Angry, closed and determined. He did the next lines:

You kn-WRAIING, HOOOOY – u so mu – TWAIING.

I'm a – WHOUI, WHEEE, OIII - ing

So this was what was going down. Donny's grip on the mike stand tightened as he roared into the mike:

YOU'RE RA - BOOM, BOOM ROOING – BYY. Tess on the drums was banging louder than she'd ever done, making it sound like a bloody war.

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So Donny battled. He yelled, he screamed, he howled, he bellowed, he brayed. They went through the whole 2 albums they'd done and the crowd wet mad. For a little more than 2 hours he screamed his lungs out, until his voice gave in. He looked out over the audience. He couldn't see a lot from all the lights bathing the stage in all the colours under the sun, but those he could make out, were either stoned, drunk, drugged or in some weird ecstasy. The band had sound-whipped them into a frenzy. And Donny had no more voice left. He waved at the audience, looked around at the rest of the band, took a bow and walked off the stage.

The end.