



## *e Music Festival*

'Oh my God what have I done. All I wanted was a little fun. Got a brain like bubble gum. Blowing up my cranium. Do it again.'

We stumble, acoustic bus bomb survivors, strung out and heart broken. The breeze tosses streamers of fast food into the faces of the fallen, sweeps away the peptide bond, scatters us, colliding, smiling, throwaway freaky conversations and dusty explanations, Chemical Brothers. Back at the campervan, we jitter, flayed and burning for the night to swing the way it always promises but never quite delivers, and pour again into the dark and mount the whisky dreidel ferris wheel, to standing yell into the dying night. Hippies gather by their firesides, artists putt the cooling fields in steampunk batman cars and post apocalyptic costume, skangers climb the fences back the way they came; and somewhere, infinitely far away, eurotrash DJ's with shmigs and titled daddies, retire to Bedouin tents and slipstream trailers, to tap A grade totty and hoof from endless crystal mounds. We sit around the campsite, our tents hemming the van, overhearing Towns Van Sant, choking Jameson from pikied clay cups and Picnic branded plastic mugs. Next year, next year, we say, we'll do it right, we'll do it again.

**Gareth Stack**