

WORST GIG

Words: Ian Music: Nathan

I won't name the pub because they might come and get me, but I'll tell you this: they were expecting heavy metal. Not two lads with beards and poems and stories. I should have known when the landlord said: 'Evening petal back your van up to the door' and I said we had no van, and he said 'Where's your equipment then sonny?' And I had to confess our equipment was two watering cans. Plastic ones. He was fat and he wobbled: 'Are you being funny?'

We weren't. And it wasn't. Row after row in black leather, staring and staring. The juke box switched off for the night. Us standing there, with watering cans. You know how a feather feels before it's plucked from the bird? No? It feels like shite.

And that's how it felt. The landlord from behind the bar stared. The watering cans were for 'Stranger on the Shore', the old Acker Bilk hit. It was a bit surreal. It could be compared to Dadaism or anti-art. Or having your balls nailed to the floor. Bilk's finest hour drifted slowly across the smoky lounge. As we blew the cans and the fans of heavy metal boomed. I looked up from blowing and I saw the landlord cringe, and our goose was cooked. Our goose was fried, and stewed.

We stopped and the boeing reached a deep bass peak. We left the stage. The landlord sneaked us out through a side room. I was almost crying. My legs felt weak and I was sweating like a sprinter and gasping like a trout.

And the final insult as the landlord pushed us through the door: 'I loved that tune, you know. I've always been a fan of Acker Bilk, but you lads killed it. I'll never listen to it any more'.

And we fell into the lonely night.
The Moon as pale as milk.