

I went to a heavy metal concert once. I don't remember the name of the band, but it was definitely heavy metal. Anyhow, the folks in the mosh pit were COMPLETE GENTLEMEN. Honestly, I couldn't believe how civil they were. One of them in particular comes to mind – an accountant named Adam. He told me he had a wife, three kids, and a dog named Spot. This is the story of how Adam saved my life.

I had never been to a concert before. For those of you who don't know, they are LOUD. Like, more loud than Bernie Sanders is good. THAT LOUD.

Anyhow, when the lights started flashing and the drums started kicking real fast, I got scared. Not knowing what to do, I walked up to Adam. I then whispered in his ear, "I want to pee and throw up." He responded with an understanding glance. Then, without hesitation, this KIND GENTLEMAN raised his voice. "This man needs help!" His was a BOOMING and COMPLETE voice, bathed in TESTOSTERONE. How did the mosh pit respond? REBELLING against fluid dynamics and asserting their WILLPOWER, they parted LIKE THE RED SEA.

Anyhow, when I was walking out, some of the girls (19F) in the crowd even started to throw flowers at me. You know, like when Faramir was going off to Osgiliath. By the time I got to the bathroom, I was bathed in white petals, and born anew. GOOD GOD the people who attend heavy metal concerts are WHOLESOME. I think I'm going to cry.