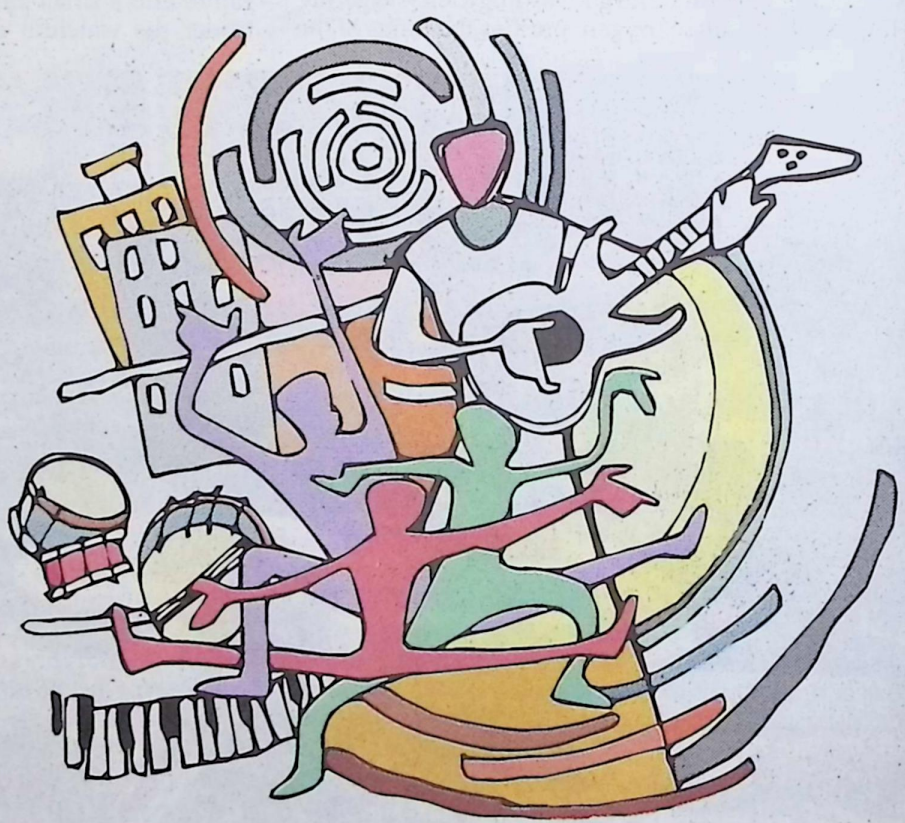
A day in the Life of a Professional Concert-goer

SAAD ADNAN

Now and then, bright red, blue and yellow lights crisscrossed the darkness. The people were jumping as high as they could, shouting with their might. After every few minutes, a sweet, unpleasant white smoke crawled from one corner of the stage, and suffused a considerable amount of area. Along with these, the brain vibrating drumbeats, the electricity of the guitar, and roaring of the singers buzzed up the air.

Far in front, stood the raised platform, which had a vibrantly coloured *shamiana* stretched over it, was ablaze with crisp spot light. All the band members on stage were men, and all were in black. The vocalist was almost tearing up the wire from the microphone, as he swayed violently up and down, side-to-side, shouting, and sometimes singing. His wet straggly hair flopped over his forehead, covering half of his face. The lead guitarist had another mike in front him, but his hands were busy playing the bright glossy red electric guitar. He was even singing, but for the power of the vocalists'



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