
May Day

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M a r t i n C u s a c k

'MAYDAY! MAYDAY! MAYDAY! WE'RE SINKING FAST!' Screamed Crazy Dave, and by now his hair had flopped down over his sweat soaked face. It was the last song of the evening and the band performed like it was their last day on earth. Two hours earlier they had started the set with their new song, My Baby Ran Off With A Fender Strat, which left the audience staring in open mouthed disbelief. But now, silhouetted against the lights of the stage the crowd of bouncing heads surged forward cheering. The night had been a roaring success, and Dave and his band; THE HEADBANGERS thought were on their way. But they were wrong. Because after the concert, one of the amps caught fire and burnt the old Roxy to the ground. The newspaper said it all with the headline, 'HEADBANGERS BRING THE HOUSE DOWN!' and the BANGERS weren't insured.

One thing that was certain about Crazy Dave was that he was a head banger. In his flat he used to have a forty inch screen

television in the days before everyone else did. He had ten thousand pounds worth of electric guitars and amplifiers. In the bedroom there was a statue of Winston Churchill wearing a world war two German uniform. In his kitchen the cupboards were empty, and so was the fridge except for teabags. No milk either: and there wasn't even a kettle in the place. I had met him five years earlier when I started working for the same company. Even then he was a star, and used to pretend that his shovel was a guitar. He was crazy alright, because he was the only man I knew who got busted for taking marijuana into Holland! Even the customs men were bemused. Eventually he lost his job because of having too many days off, but he didn't take the boss seriously. So the day after he was sacked his manager looked on in amazement at Dave still working away with the rest of the gang. Yes, his lunacy was legendary. But looking back he wasn't as crazy as I thought, because when his big chance came he took it; and that night at the Roxy he and his band really did bring the house down. Sadly after the disaster the band split. But for one night he was the star that he had always wanted to be. Nowadays I hear Crazy Dave is back on the shovel, but you can be sure of one thing: he plays it like a Pro!

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