

Give Me Back My Albert Hall

by Chad Smith

Martin checked the batteries and screwed the flashlight back together. He shook it and turned it on.

"It's always on those best of the eighties compilations," Seth said. "We grew up in the eighties and I don't remember hearing that song once."

"It's a pretty lame song," Martin agreed. "I don't think it was a hit. Maybe with the club kids?"

"Now, "Pour Some Sugar on Me" is a hit of the eighties."

Martin headed down. At the bottom of the stairs he pulled a string and the light bulb overhead popped on.

"Tell me again why you were digging in the basement?"

"I was cleaning up down here and I suddenly got the idea that it would be awesome if I found some buried treasure." Martin chuckled.

They walked to the back of the basement. The smell of mildew mixed with the fragrance of the oil furnace.

"I listened to "Bleach" by Nirvana the other day," Continued Seth as he followed Martin. "On that one song I had always thought he was saying, "Give me back my Albert Hall". What he's actually saying is, "Give me back my alcohol". That makes more sense I guess."

"It was always hard figuring out what that dude was saying." Martin shined the flashlight on the back wall, grabbed a shovel leaning on a post and crouched down. He scraped some dirt back and the light stopped on a white skinny object in the ground.

"Oh my gosh," whispered Seth. "Those are bones."

