

Drummers

by Doug Paul Case

My mother loves Phil Collins. When my brother and I were young, she told us she was his back-up drummer, that he'd send a private helicopter to pick her up whenever he needed an extra hand.

Though we never saw her leave, we decided drumming was in our blood, and started practicing with toothpicks against moon pies. It didn't make much noise, so we tried spatulas against overturned pots. With greater results, we started our experimentation with branches against tree stumps.

One day my brother tried a pool cue against my skull. I needed four stitches and my mother quit the band.

