

Up Front

by Marin Langenbach

People everywhere!

He tries to get through, but it literally feels like everyone has the same intentions: to get through.

If somebody told him this is what Hell would feel like, he wouldn't be too surprised: hot, unpleasant and crowded. There's little time left, he really has to hurry up now. He has to be up front in less than two minutes, or he would prefer to be in real Hell instead of this one. Then it would be all for nothing. All for nothing. He pushes harder and harder, using his arms too now. This is far too important. Too important.

Get out the way! Out the way! Temperature is rising, thirst too. But he doesn't care.

Finally, he has made it. Exhausted. He almost died, but hasn't been this much alive ever. Ever.

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"Ladies and gentleman, here they are: the band you were all waiting for. A big applause for ... Iron Maiden!!"

