

In the Garage by Tom Moran

MAX, late teens

Stop it! Just put that thing down already! And give me back my Metallica shirt.

I get it, all right? You can still play. You've got the progressions and the arpeggios and the fingerpicking, while I can barely fake three chords.

But remember you've had twenty-five more years than me to work on it.

And I'm sure it feels great, to stand up in front of the drummer and tear into some riff, and hear the crowd scream again, as though they never stopped.

But that's my drummer and my guitar and those are my amps, too. And that is my spotlight you're hogging, out there, stuck in the wayback machine.

Let it go, Dad. Just because this is your garage doesn't mean this gets to be your garage band.