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Queen Anne Hill - Seattle, Washington

Wednesday, the 25th day of July 2012

Clear, warm - 80 degrees at 6:00 p.m.

*This is the Big Week - the Seafair Parade - and my marching band debut.*

*The preparations have been intense.*

*Watched YouTube videos of cymbal players and instructors.*

*Listened carefully to the four tunes to be played in the parade, while marching around the house doing the CLANG CLANG CLASH thing.*

*Walked the full two mile parade route from Seattle Center to the Seahawks football stadium. (issues no water and a place to pee.)*

*And the background music of my life all week has been great marching band music on Pandora - plus endless YouTube videos of famous marching bands.*

*I'm deep into Band Mind.*

*This morning I assembled the full uniform and wore it around the house.*

*All-white sports shoes. (Haven't worn white shoes since high school when the fashion was white suede shoes with red soles - worn as dirty as possible - so cool then - not sure about the white shoes now - cruise passenger?)*

*White socks. (Haven't worn white socks since high school either.)*

*Knee-length khaki shorts - plain, no cargo stuff. (Never worn a pair before.)*

*The official The Beat Goes On summer uniform T-Shirt - purple with logo.*

*The official band baseball cap - with logo. (My first baseball-style hat.)*

*Plus bronze cymbals (polished) and black leather padded cymbal gloves.*

*And sunglasses to improve the cool and hide the dismay.*

*Considered myself in the mirror.*

*A little strange.*

*I'm not really a uniform guy.*

*Haven't worn a uniform since the one summer I was a chaplain in the navy and wore the uniform so badly I was regularly reprimanded.*

*But, all things considered, I do look like I'll fit in with the band.*

*When I wore the outfit to the grocery store I was asked where the rest of my band was, so I guess I look bandy to other people, as well.*

*The only drawback are the exposed parts of my legs - so white it's hard to tell where the socks leave off and the legs start.*

*But it's a torchlight parade - a nighttime event - so the legs won't attract attention or else people will think I'm just wearing white tights.*

*Still, if you overlook the legs, I do look rather fine in the mirror.  
In part that's because the mirror I use is the big one in the entrance hallway - it's a carnival mirror rigged to always make me look taller and thinner and younger than I appear in reality.*

*So there I am.  
Captain Kindergarten, Rooky Cymbal Man.  
CLANG, CLANG, CLASH!  
Ready or not, here I come.*

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