

Pit Rocker
By
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The stage lights reflected off the metal casing of his harmonica. He stared at the millions surrounding the stage, mike in hand.

This was it, his big break, his shot at fame, at forever.

He put the harp to his lips and drew a fiery breath. The crowd went wild, screaming and chanting his name. He rocked that stage.

His would be the first soul sent above when the next sucker used their own blood to sign on the dotted line. He wondered what he would look like. He wasn't worried, though.

Even the ugly rock gods got the chicks.