

## Events of the Uneventful

Caught up in the slow and uneventful humdrum of life, I found myself pulled into the peaceful realm of daydreaming. Dreaming about times of summer and what all took place during my time off of school. I started replaying the events of last summer and was soon lost in my own self-pity due to the lack of excitement during my time off...

*With no doubt was my four-week travels with a rock band all around the world* my favorite. However, toting around in Europe with a guitar strapped to my back was not too grand. The always-present flock of foreign females waiting on me was all right, I suppose. Amongst the crowds were all sorts of famous politicians and world leaders who came and watched us perform, but that wasn't such a big deal. Everyone gets the *opportunity to travel abroad with a popular rock band.*

After the band tour passed, I was awarded the privilege of going to Hollywood with my famous uncle, Richard Geere. I must admit...Hollywood is whacked up! All those famed stars and rich film producers walk the streets as if they own the asphalt under everyone within a thirty-mile radius. From dropout soap stars trying to hit big time to *crazed model photographers screaming at me for my number; I was busy with laughter and raffling off copies of my seven-digits.* Hollywood was fun for the short week I spent there with Richard, but as we were departing on our private jumbo jet (that competed with the elegance of Air Force One) I was confronted by a Global Blood Donation leader.

Feeling compelled to give my two pints worth, I decided to fly to Africa and give blood. Once I excused myself from my uncle, I accompanied this bloodthirsty leader to his black hawk helicopter where we partook on a two-hour flight to the African paradise. *Once we arrived at the sand covered landing zone, I stepped out of the copter and was bombarded with an overwhelming asthma attack. After fifteen minutes of sucking on my inhaler, I recovered without further delay. There at the base, were thousands of AIDS stricken civilians. All were terminal and were losing hope on life, but after giving a short emotion-stirring speech, all hope and desire for life was restored. The crowd started yelling my name and chanting it as they ran through town. It was no big deal. Anyone can learn to give a moving speech if they'd ever watch the Martin Luther King Jr. Special on the Discovery channel. After concluding my work in Africa I headed for home...*

With nothing to show, and no exciting events to share, I flicked on the tube in hopes to find something remotely interesting in which I could find simple pleasure and excitement. *To my surprise, I was lucky to catch the ending of Sixty Minutes. The show was the most excitement I had all summer. As the program concluded, I slipped back out of my daydreaming to find myself sitting at school in a stifling hot room with my head sitting in a pool of drool that had accumulated during my brief intercession. After looking to the head of the room where the teacher had unknowingly missed my psychological absence and continued to lecture, I thought to myself...here goes another one of those uneventful school years.*

**Due to the missing excitement of this past summer, I was inclined to make up these events in order to make the reader believe that I have a life!**