Trash cult

By Eads

The aromas of barbecue chips fill my nose. I can feel my crinkly packet rubbing against my hand as I pick up another chip, I hear dad say that we will have some bands on soon. I reply with an okay and start watching Harry Potter. Beers scent starts to consume the BBQs aroma. The bands start to play, Harry Potter starts to fade. I turn it up, and go get some stationary to draw with. Hutch starts saying I look like him. WHAT AN INSULT!!! I drink some oolong tea and I calm down. My ears block out the background noise and now it’s just me, Harry Potter and drawing.

