

Senior Division Short Fiction

Dane Gill, Gander

**Cassette Tape (an excerpt)**

Everybody was talking about the Missiles. I was so naïve I honestly thought it was a Cold War thing until I shamefully realized they were all talking about some local band. Fig Parsons was their leader and he was everything: a tower of bone and sinew, shelled in a worn leather jacket, crowned in slick tendrils of black hair. A cigarette never left his lips. He'd walk the halls of the school, a giant god, rarely speaking, never smiling, adored and worshiped. Though I was entirely devoid of the stuff itself and often had difficulty identifying it, I knew cool when I looked at Fig Parsons.