

By: Leif

“Who am I?”

I feel a stern, rough hand sweep across my face. Pain... a feeling that I have become accustomed to throughout my years of life in this world.

I wipe back my tears with the brown of my hand, and begin to walk on stage into the bright lights. The crowd cheers, unknowing of the fear instilled in my soul. All they can see is my smile, swaying them away from the truth. Yet, reality tells a different story, a story of pain and sorrow.

I clear my head for a moment to realize what my goal is. Music, my only love and passion in life. I step up to the microphone, which seems to feel like a part of me. This is one thing I can finally control... my voice. The beat drops, the bass begins to strum, and my brothers begin their routine. I open my mouth, and it seems as if all of my emotions and problems begin to flow out, in the form of notes and rhythms.

The crowd stands and cheers at the end of the song, affirming that I have done a superb job. Although after the show, I know that those compliments will fade away. I will just be thrown back into my hectic home life, which I hate with a burning passion, and the pain will come back once again to haunt me.

My life is filled with rehearsals, practice, and dance. I don't know anything else but to perform for the public. My father says that I'm going to be a huge icon in the music industry, but he still continues to abuse me. Whatever I do, it is just not good enough. One missed step, one missed note, anything... I feel that familiar hand smash against my face. My mother screams at him to stop, but it does no good. He seems to be possessed by some evil demon that only wishes to inflict pain onto others.

Yet, I know only one thing... I am who I am, people's opinions of me are useless and I find peace through music. Who am I you ask? I am, The King Of Pop.