

Symphonic Dream

The stadium fills with people. Thousands of fans from all over the world are here for this one night. One by one, the symphony members fill the stage and begin tuning their instruments. Time goes by; my father and I are seated in the nosebleeds far above everyone, packed tightly in the corner like sardines in a can. The lights eventually dim, and the symphony plays their first song – the calling card of the Four Horsemen. And sure enough, the Horsemen enter the stage and the crowd goes insane. The halos above the stage glow to life with a murky aquatic theme; a perfect match for the “The Call of Ktulu” song. And at that point, all I felt was the feeling sinking in that I was attending my pie in the sky concert; my dream had become a reality.

For almost as far back as I can remember, I have always loved the musical stylings of Metallica; sometimes more than others, but I wear this fact on my sleeve. However, it wasn't until middle school that I discovered my love for their live recorded albums like the “Binge and Purge” album or “Through the Never”. But my favorite of these albums is the “Symphony & Metallica” album, the first of the live recordings I ever listened to. I had such a fondness for the

album that I even crafted a bootleg copy of the album for my phone from videos I found on YouTube. And for a while, it had been my dream to attend another “Metallica Night with the San Francisco Symphony.” And I always thought it would stay a dream... That is until Metallica announced a second S&M show to commemorate the twentieth anniversary of the original S&M. Needless to say I was incredibly excited... at least until the scalpers got to the tickets. They raked up the prices and that appeared to be it; my one shot to live out my dream show down the toilet.

But if there’s one thing I can count on the Metallica fanbase for, it’s making a lot of noise. And make noise they did, so much so that Metallica announced a second show, exclusive for the Metallica 5th members (those who are actually a part of the Metallica fan club). I got my hopes up only for them to fall again, as the way they were handing out ticket opportunities was through lottery. A lottery which neither me nor my father won. At this point I began accepting the reality that I probably wouldn’t be making the show, and that my dream would just remain that; a pipe dream. I gave up for a time, assuming that nothing more would come from trying to keep up with either of the shows. I was wrong. I somehow caught wind of yet another lottery for tickets, this time I won. Given, it

was merely a shot to get tickets, but it was a glimmer of hope nonetheless. It wasn't until late April that the code I won from the lottery would be useable.

April 24th, 2019 is the day where a lot of things went down; the day the code went into effect, the day I got my state ID, and it was just a fun day off from school. It was a day my mom and I had to do a lot of running around. We started the day by going to get my state ID, which took a lot longer than I had anticipated. We also went galivanting for some papers that I needed to get in order to get the job I currently have. We eventually made it to the mall where we stopped for lunch. I got a few texts from my father inquiring about the code I got from Metallica and, after a scare ala forwarding the wrong email, my father was locked in the waiting line; a line that was over a thousand people long, according to him. He somehow got the tickets, and I still remember how I felt when he told me; it was as if I was going to grow wings and fly to the heavens. I didn't have a mirror on me, but I swear there was an honest to God smile on my face. My mom and I met up with him and my sister later for a doctor's appointment where I expressed my joy for my upcoming trip to San Francisco. There were only two cynical thoughts that I remember bringing me down a bit: the hellish almost half year wait for the show and the idea of something going wrong on either my end or Metallica's that would possibly ruin the show. Oh, and there was my dumb idea of

trying to not listen to Metallica for a solid five and a half months. Yeah, good job me,

Cut to after those five and a half months, because nothing much happened during that time, and my father and I made it to San Francisco after being trapped in the tin can that was our airplane over. We made it to our hotel and... to be quite honest, it was less than stellar; we had to wait to check in and our room lacked things like toilet paper, towels and even shower curtains. It also didn't help that it was practically shuddering in anticipation of the show. Aside from going to the show, my father and I also caught up with his old violin instructor. We spent our first day in San Francisco with them, driving around and talking with them. My dad and I also tried some In-N-Out Burger too; pretty good if I do say so myself. We were able to clock into our hotel once we got back and, aside from my dad bringing up the missing items from our room to the front desk, we just crashed. The following day was just spent lazing about and stocking up on drinks and snacks. The day of the show was spent hyping up the concert... well, that and getting to the Chase Center.

Once we got there ala train ride and a lot of walking, it was nothing but lines everywhere. Lines for food, lines for merch, you name it. My father and I

eventually got seated and we waited for the show to start. Once the show began... I can hardly put in words. It was such an experience that I wouldn't trade anything for. My dream became a reality through some random stroke of luck. I suppose the only negative thing about it, aside from the lack of "Battery" as the finale, is that now I need to find a new dream concert. Oh! And the wait for the CD of the show to come out. The wait for that is awful.