

My night with Max

I remember it like yesterday. A cozy cantina, and actually clean with respectable clientele, unlike most others that are riddled with criminals and smells that could haunt you forever. Fortunately I was a bit early and the band had only just began setting up. I'll finally meet Max Reebo.....I was giddy! I of course needed a little liquid courage so I ordered a pitcher of Jawa beer to get the party started.

It looked like the band was almost done setting up, and now with a few beers in me, I decided it was time I took a chance. What would he think of me, I wondered. Casually making my way, and still drinking a beer of course, I get up to the stage and basically forgot who I was or even where I was. "uh.....uh...." I muttered. One of the bandmates yelled over "Where's my ale?!". He thought I was the waiter! I didn't want to disappoint so I quickly grabbed the closest full drink and handed it over. So nice of that table to order drinks and then go to the restroom.

Without even a thank you or a nod, he downs the drink. It had to be some sort of record, but not even sure what species he (or she?!) was, so I didn't let it bother me. A voice behind me bellows out "Aren't you Chrome?". I turn, and just as I'm saying "yes".....it's Max Reebo! He knows me?! This time I remembered who I was and promptly shook his hand. "I saw you play in Eisley last year – love your latest album" Max says. "Thank you Mr. Reebo, that means a lot" I slightly stutter out. "No no, call me Max", he says.

I didn't want to bother him, so after exchanging a few more pleasantries, I go back to my seat. A couple hours into the show, Reebo gets on the mic and says "We have a special guest musician for you tonight.....please welcome Chrome!". Yep.....I forgot my name again. I just sat there clapping for this Chrome, and waited for him to get on stage. A light quickly flashes right in my eyes. It's a spot light, pointing right at me.....now it's coming back – oh wait, he means me!

Quickly I raise out of my chair, and get on stage. One of Reebo's band members handed me a mandoviol, and I look over to Max – he says "Lets go!" and hopped right into one of his tunes. Being the super fan that I am, I of course knew it and proceed to rock the stage like none of them have seen. A glorious end to the best music night of my life.