

## FIRESTONE - In the Siempre club at Ibiza

After waiting thirty minutes in line, we were frisked quickly by the bouncers and allowed to pass. Now, we stood on the other side of the security barrier at Siempre and waited for Kasper. He was taken aside for a more intensive search. His shoes and socks were off and his pockets emptied onto a table. One bouncer patted him down thoroughly, pinching at the creases of his shorts and shirt and shining a torch into his mouth. Another bouncer inspected his wallet and shoes. Five minutes later, satisfied, they let Kasper join us at the ticket booth. He smiled a wicked grin, like a kid who stole the cookies and got away with it.

We paid our entry and entered the club. The music pumped. I felt the bass vibrate my insides. Conversation was only possible by yelling directly into another ear. We moved deeper into the club, divided into many rooms with different music in each. The place was enormous. We settled in a quieter room full of couches and sat down.

It had been an hour since I took the pill and I felt anxious for the feeling to begin. I crossed to Kasper. He danced on the spot and held Lena's hand. "How did they not find the bag in your pants?" I said.

"WHAT?"

I repeated myself close to his ear and he yelled back into my ear. "I have a little cloth bag tied to my balls. They don't usually feel your balls!"

I laughed and sat down next Jess. We locked our fingers and I closed my eyes and let the music take me away. My breathing quickened, I felt my heart pound. I opened my eyes and looked at Jess, her eyes were closed and she breathed deep. I was coming up on the pill; all I could hear was the music, my mind played tricks on my eyes, colours merged together and images trailed into one another. The music became intense. I looked around. Hunter caught my eye, his mouth was a wide smile, one eye was closed, he danced on the spot, shaking his hands beside his hips, fingers twinkling. I smiled back and turned to Jess. I tried to focus on her face but my vision was blurry. Her eyes were open now and she has a huge smile, her teeth glowed green in the artificial light, her face looked strange, like it was made of putty, or clay.

I feet bounced up and down from where I sat, the urge to dance, to move overcame all else. I leaned in to Jess to see if she wanted to go to the dance floor. She nodded. Her feet bopped along the same as mine. I looked around at our friends. We all looked like Kasper had an hour ago, letting the feeling sink in and Kasper looked completely sober. He came over

and sat next to me. He passed me eight pills and said to share them around when no one was looking and said he would see me on the dance floor. I opened my wallet, discretely slipped the pills inside and put my wallet back into my pocket.

“Let’s go,” I said to Jess and pulled her up. We pushed through the crowd to a clearing on the dance floor and danced. I couldn’t hold a thought. I just let myself move

Sometime later my head began to clear, thoughts stayed with me and my vision was less erratic and the urge to move lessened, enough for me to realise that I should have a drink of water. I glanced at my watch and I was surprised to see it was past midnight. We’d been here for over three hours and despite the air-conditioned room, my shirt was wet and stuck to my chest. I bought a bottle of water from the bar and Jess and I looked around for our friends. In another room we saw Hunter, Jimmy and Tash sitting in a circle on beanbags and Jess and I sank into one of the spare beanbags. No one was watching so I had another pill and gave one to Jess. She wanted a half so I bit one in half and put the other half in my pocket. I gave Hunter and Tash another pill each and gave jimmy two, one for Pietta and one for him.

After a while, Jess said she wanted to dance again and went off Tash and Jimmy left to find Pietta. Hunter and I sat in silence for a while, bopping our heads and smiling.

“How many of those things have you got left?” Hunter said.

I looked in my wallet. “Two.”

“Let’s have them. That other one must have been a dud, I can’t feel anything.”

I agreed. I felt straight now so we had another one each. I watched Hunter. His jaw moved constantly, like he was sucking on a lollypop or chewing gum.

“What are you eating?”

“Nothing. Why?”

“You’re chewing like crazy.”

He looked at me and chuckled. “So are you! You look like a cow munching on grass.”

I paid attention to it and realized I was sucking my tongue and grinding my teeth. I forced myself to stop, but soon after, I started doing it again. Then I felt the second pill coming on, the wave of euphoria returned, the music grew louder and the urge to dance was overpowering. I looked at my watch. 12.30am. Hunter and I headed back to the dancefloor. The music grabbed me and I jumped around to it.

I had been dancing by myself for a long time when I realised I could start holding a thought for more than a second, and remembering things again. I dripped with sweat. I couldn’t feel the impact of my feet hitting the ground, like I was just a head floating around the club. I prodded a finger into my cheek but I couldn’t feel that either.

A big black guy danced his way over to me, grinning at me and stomping his feet in time with the music. "STOMP IT!" he said and patted me on the back. I grinned back at him and copied his stomping. "STOMP IT! YEAH!" he repeated and bopped away.

I looked around for one of our group but I couldn't see anyone I knew. That's when I saw the clown. Right in the middle of the dancefloor was a giant clown. He towered a full head above everyone else and surrounded by hundreds of young ravers going wild. His head moved to the music, the spotlight followed his every move. I moved closer to clown, his painted face changed colours with every flash of the strobe light. I was intrigued and kept moving closer to him. Not until I was a few metres away did I realise that he wasn't a clown. His face wasn't painted, he was just a tall guy, the spotlight on his face made my fucked up brain see a clown. I laughed and left the dance floor. I turned back for another look and there he was again, a giant clown surrounded my people. I tried to focus but could not see anything but the clown. I blew air out of my nostrils in a forced laugh, fucking hell, I thought, I'm pretty fucked!

I found Hunter in the chill out room. He was on one of the couches, not in the seat but he sat on the backrest with his feet resting on the seat cushion. Three girls sat on the couch properly and did not seem to mind Hunter sitting between them. He smoked a cigarette and nodded to me when he saw me.

I walked to the couch and stepped between the girls to sit next to Hunter. The girls were talking amongst themselves and either didn't mind me stepping through or didn't notice. Hunter offered me a cigarette. I took one and lit it. We sat in silence and watched the people sprawled about in the couches and on the floor.

It felt like my cigarette was finished almost instantly and I looked around for an ashtray. There was a big round one right in front of me and I leant forward to butt it out. As my hand got close to ashtray, wisps of hair tickled my hand and I realised that it was not an ashtray at all. The girl in front of me had her hair tied in a big circular bun on top of her head and I almost butted my cigarette out on her head. I recoiled and sat up straight, the cigarette still in my hand. She looked around and I smiled at her, she smiled back and continued her conversation with her friends. Hunter leaned into me and said, "That was close." I nodded back at him, startled and bug eyed. "Have you seen the clown?" he said.

"Yes."

"We should probably go."

"Good idea."