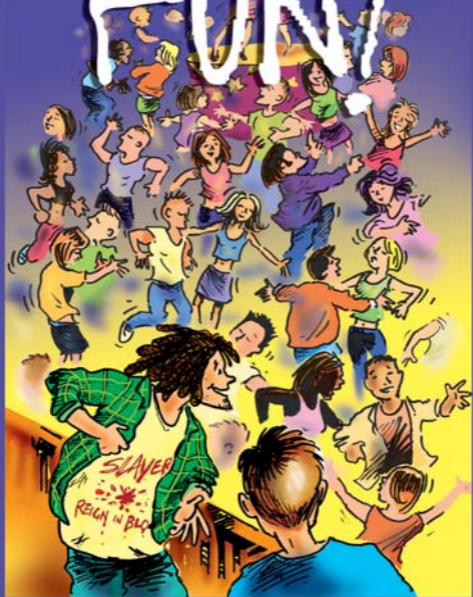


CLUBBING IS FUN!



BY
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Published by



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ISBN: 1 876768 61 4

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Some friends invited me clubbing. So I thought, 'Why not?' Could be a bit of a laugh. It'll make a change from the **hardcore** places that I usually frequent. Gotta see how the other half lives!

So I put on my best **flanny**. Polish up the **Blundstones**. Run a comb through those **dreads** and off we go.



So we get to the Party Palace. Queuing, Queuing... short skirts, slick hair, muscle shirts. It's pissing down — bloody freezing cold. A sickening smell of **Impulse** mixed with Fudge hair gel drifts through the line. This place'd better be good.

Finally we've made it to the front of the line.

The bouncer takes one look at me and throws his head back in a patronising cackle. 'Sorry, this is a classy establishment. You can't go in looking like that,' he says, and I'm not going to argue with the bloke considering he's at least two feet bigger and wider than me. But luckily we're saved when a glamorous six-foot blonde in a low-cut dress pushes in front of me. Before the bouncer can say 'How YOU doin'?', I slip past into the club.



Doof! Doof! The bass is pumping. We go out to the balcony and check out what's happening on the dance floor. It's pretty packed. Girls are groovin' away, and guys with no sense of rhythm are busy trying not to look ridiculous. 'I can do better than that,' I yell to my friends. So I go to the cloakroom to shed my flanny, and head down to the dance floor.

But first to the bar for a quick booster. For some reason, as I stroll up to the bar, I receive several distasteful glances. I smell my armpits. I'm sure I had a shower the day before yesterday. Or maybe it's that Slayer t-shirt I've got on? Well, *Reign in Blood* is a really great album. Anyway, five bourbon and Cokes and three **CS Cowboys** later, I'm ready to tackle the dance floor.



So there I am in the middle of the dance floor boogying on down. For some reason my friends have edged away from me to the other side of the club. But I don't care, I'm enjoying myself too much — a bit of a head-bang here, a twirl there, touch the floor, handstand, and spin around. Now's the perfect time to execute my famous trademark helicopter whirl move, but I'm feeling so confident I decide this move can only reach its full potential on the podium. Some scantily clad women are up there shakin' their hips to the beat, and I climb up beside them. OK. Now it's time for the world to see my brilliance.

The world is a blur as I wind myself up for this difficult but dazzling dance move. Unfortunately, one of the women on the podium gets in my way and my wrist connects with her neck in a coat hanger-like action. This sends me into an out-of-control spin, and I take out two other podium dancers.

The next thing I know, I'm lying flat on my back on the dance floor alongside several others who are screaming obscenities in my direction. Suddenly my friends appear and help me up as they point out an enormous security guard barging through the crowd, headed in our direction. We cross the outer side of the dance floor and make a swift move for the exit.

We make it outside and leave the area in a hurry. When we're at a safe distance, I say to my friends, 'Wow! Clubbing is fun!'



VOCAB

hardcore (places) — where they play hardcore music.

flanny — flannelette shirt, usually check, worn untucked, seldom washed, and often has holes.

Blundstones — true Aussie work boots.

dreads — dreadlocks: long, matted locks of hair, sometimes with unidentified organisms living in them. Seldom washed, they often give off a strong odour.

Impulse — a brand of perfumed deodorant that will block out any smell around.

Doof Doof — thumping bass sound of music.

CS Cowboys — a sweet alcoholic drink made from Bailey's Irish Crème and schnapps.

QUESTIONS

- 1 How did the character manage to get into the nightclub?
- 2 Why do you think people gave the character distasteful glances?
- 3 What was the character's special dance move?
- 4 What went wrong?
- 5 From the story could the character have been female? Why?
- 6 Did you enjoy the story? Why/Why not?
- 7 Would you go to a place like the 'Party Palace'? Why?
- 8 What is your most embarrassing 'Going out' story?

Clubbing is Fun is one of a series of youth focus reading materials written with wry humour and a keen eye for observation.

These readers provide easy and engaging reading on youth related topics. Each of the books in the series can stimulate discussion and broader investigation of topics from the reader's perspective as well as through a series of questions listed at the end.

The book also includes amusing illustrations that support the text and a glossary of terms (essential for the older reader!).

The other two books in the series are *Memoirs of a Job Seeker* and *Moving up Front!*

Produced and published by



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