Artifact: Drum stick from The Revivalists concert.

We began our set strong with our latest hit, *Wish I Knew You.* The crowd went crazy, they love our pop-y songs it kind of hurts my soul, but this song is catchy, and I imagine it is fun to dance to. As the drummer of our band, I feel the vibrations from their dancing and trying to sing along with David, our lead singer. With each song we play, the humidity in the air thickens from the collective sweat and heat every person is exuding.

After an hour and a half of us playing the fan's favorite songs and a few new ones to introduce them to, we finally ended. It was a small venue. We only played there because some radio show gave out too many tickets to our real show. I like small venues, though, it makes everything more intimate, and at the end, I give my drumsticks away to two pretty girls in the front. One of the girls wasn’t even expecting to receive the drumstick, but she lit up like a Fourth of July firework show.

“Wow! Tonight was amazing, I can’t believe I got the drumstick from Andrew Campanelli!” I said to Phoenix on our way back home in San Jose.

“It was an amazing show, so fucking cool that we were in the front row,” She replied while rolling down the window of my car.

I feel slightly drunk, but I only had two beers over a three-hour period. Must be the adrenaline, I always get like this after seeing artists that I love, and The Revivalists are definitely one of my favorite bands.

On our way back, we listen to our favorite songs from high school and reminisce on the past. We have been best friends since our freshmen year, and it's been five years since we graduated. They say that the friends who you stay close with for seven years are most likely going to be in your life forever. The seven-year itch. I guess but in a good way. You want this itch when it comes to your best friend.

After our hour's drive from San Francisco back home to San Jose, I drop Phoenix off at her house. If we were back in high school, we would have had a sleepover, but she lives with her boyfriend now and would rather sleep in their bed. I don’t understand that feeling, never had a boyfriend long enough to experience the safety of them sleeping next to you.

Thinking about this makes me want another beer. So I go to the closest liquor store and pick up a six-pack and a pack of light blue American Spirits. When I get home, I go straight to the backyard and crack open one of the IPAs I just bought, and light up a cigarette. After some time, I finish all six of the beers and stumble my way into bed. The safety of booze when sleeping is the only thing close I have to sharing my bed with another.

I don’t know how to end this