It was Halloween, devils night. My friends Lelin, Oscar, Robert, Matthew, Johnny and myself were all heading to the concert. We had tickets to see three gnarly bands: Trivium, Children of Bodem and Inflames. I went dressed in black, wearing black steel boots, white colored contacts, vampire fangs, a leather trench coat and red hair. We waited outside the CBGB’s, bearing the cold weather, blowing into our faces, and the stench of garbage, which filled the air. We were excited, knowing that we were about to see three awesome bands. Finally, the security guards allowed people inside the club. It was dark and foggy along with lots of lighting effects. Huge stereos and hundreds of security guards filled the room. Trivium was the first band to play. When I heard the vocalist scream his lungs to “We Are Fire,” I went crazy. My heart pumped faster and my adrenaline increased with every loud scream. The vocalist started twirling his finger and my friend Robert screamed: “Mosh!”

A large circle formed and people ran and jumped into each other. Some people began punching and kicking back and forth in the air. Girls even jumped into the mosh pit, doing the same things that the guys were doing. I was worried that I would knock a girl out. I wasn’t ready to be anyone’s cellmate. But I jumped in and started knocking into people with my shoulders. When I saw people fall down on their knees, I laughed so hard that I started hitting people as hard as I could.

When Children of Bodem started to play, the mosh pit got extremely dangerous. Guys were being tossed around, getting punched in the face, probably breaking their noses. Blood splattered everywhere. I wanted to break someone’s nose or even make someone bleed. As soon as I entered the mosh pit, I smelled sweat and blood roaming the air. I started kicking and throwing my body into others until this six foot four guy picked me up and threw me a couple of feet into the crowd. My body knocked down a few people. The guy must have been on steroids or something. He flung me like I was nothing.

The last band, Inflames, started to play. They were like heavy metal Gods. The music ran into my veins and my adrenaline started to kick in again, but this time it was different. I immediately started moshing. My body was in so much pain and bruised up. I was extremely tired and I wanted to pass out and sleep. But no. Not for Inflames. I gave it my all and I started to mosh as hard as I could, suffering more pain. I got punched in the face, hard enough that blood rushed down my face. My eyebrow split open and I was blind for a couple of seconds. I walked out of the pit, getting kicked and punched in the back before leaving the circle and I started to clean myself.

I went right back into the pit and my punch landed in the braces of a guy’s mouth, peeling my dead skin between his braces and leaving my knuckles all cut up. A few minutes into the song I got a boot into my face, opening my cut and making the pain much worse. Finally, the song was
over. I felt like fighting with the guy but I knew that a mosh pit was not a place to fight other people. The mosh was like a dance, but not a normal dance that I’ve seen people perform. For example, an ordinary dance involves body movement and rhythm and doesn’t involve any type of violent actions such as punching or kicking anyone. However, for heavy metal music, anything goes, from breaking someone’s nose or smashing your fist into someone’s face.

After the concert, we walked through Manhattan, trying to make it to the train station to go home. It was cold and windy which made the blood on my face fly into the air. People looked at us in the train station like we were vampires. We all laughed and started talking about the kicks and punches that we had landed on other people’s faces.

I felt free from everything. All of my problems that I always wanted to handle with my fists, I had released in the pit. So much hate and anger had filled my heart every day, making me heartless. I was tired of being the loser, getting bad grades in school, when I had to pull ten hours flipping burgers at Burger King because I needed to put food on the table so my family could eat a decent meal. My family never saw the pain in my eyes, or the violent intention I felt to solve my issues. I needed to breathe. I needed to live my life. When I start moshing, all of my worries disappeared. Enduring physical pain made me forget everything in my life. People believed I moshed because I worshiped the devil or because I was a maniac with white contacts, vampire fangs, and wore black clothing. But I served my own will. Live or die, it was my destiny. When I listened to loud heavy metal music, I felt free. I was able to forget my problems and release everything inside of my black heart. In the mosh pit, I left everything: hate, anger and my negative thoughts.

An hour later, I made it home and slept. I didn’t bother to clean my open wound. The next morning I woke up with a huge headache. I told my mom that I got into a fight with a guy in the train station, who tried to steal my cell phone. She believed me. I went to the hospital and got thirteen stitches. Now, every time I see my scar I always smile and laugh.

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