

Dancing to a different beat

a) "Hey hey were the Monkees and people say we monkey around, but we're too busy singing, to put anybody down..."

"Dad do you really have to sing and dance like that, to that music? You do know that it is so old school and uncool, right?"

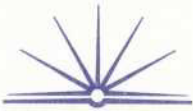
"I can dance to it how I want to thank you. And it was 'cool' back in my day, you're just jealous."

"Yeah, that's right, whatever you reckon" I said in an extremely sarcastic tone. Why is it that Dad's always think they are right. At least I don't have to take him anywhere where he will dance. I glanced back at him & completely embarrassed turned to go to my room where I can dance to a different beat.

With the music blasting, I heard a faint knock on my door, then a bald head poke around the corner. I turned down the music. "How can I help you?" I asked in a pushy way, as Dad & I sometimes do.

"I was just wondering what was 'cool' for today. Music wise. Things have changed so much since I was your age, I've seemed to lost track. So what's the 'in thing?'"

"Do you really want to know?" he slowly nodded his



head with a pensive look on his face. "OK, but I don't think you're going to like it!" I turned to my CD player & swapped CD's to put in Five, SClub 7 and Lifehouse. "Are you ready?" I questioned.

"Bring it on" Dad eagerly replied.

"Don't stop movin' to that SClub beat..." I started to dance and sing; as we the youth of today do. None of these proper dance steps. Just jumping up & down, twirling around, doing whatever I felt like. The look on Dad's face was a ~~classic~~ classic but then to my surprise he started to join in. ~~He~~ He just started dancing to a different beat. I guess, although times and music have changed since Dad was my age, the old are still young at heart.