

The Ultimate



Party

by
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**WARNING
ADULT
CONTENT**

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The no BS approach to create the life you want

C.R.U.I.S.E (Can't Rest Until I've Sailed Everywhere)

WHERE IT ALL BEGAN

As a youngster, I was exposed to such an eclectic mix of music from as a very young age. My mother loved artists such as John Denver, Glen Campbell, Barry Manilow and Peter Allen along with classical music by Beethoven, Bach and Mozart. One of my favourite pieces of music that my mother introduced to me as a child, was the classical soundtrack to Peter Rabbit.

I also had two much older brothers who had a broad mix of records ranging from Led Zeppelin, Pink Floyd and Jefferson's Airplane to U2, Huey Lewis and the news and Electric Light Orchestra, so as you can imagine, I had a broad appreciation for all kinds of music, from a very young age. Having said that, my very first cassette tape was The Beach Boys greatest hits, so there were always different types of music playing throughout the house at all times and in many cases, at the same time.

With this being the case, I found myself fascinated by the weird and wonderful names that bands and artists called themselves. So much so, that when we were asked to write a creative writing piece for English in grade nine, I thought I would explore the idea of telling a story using predominately band names. The original version of the story was hand written in blue pen on foolscap paper, but when I read it back to myself, I wondered if my teacher had the same extensive music knowledge that I had. I didn't want my creativeness of using so many unknown band names to be lost in the story, so I decided to rewrite it, with the band names in **RED** and the rest of the words in **BLACK** to ensure that my teacher completely understood the concept.

I submitted the story to my teacher and whilst I thought I did a good job, I was still surprised when I saw the big **"A+"** on the top right-hand side of the page as my mark. I don't think in all of my schooling, had I achieved an A+, except maybe in some sports subjects, so I was very pleased. The following year in grade 10, we were once again asked to write a creative writing piece of our own choosing, so I thought I would add a few band names and resubmit pretty much the same story. To my surprise, I once again scored an A+ for the second year in a row. It was a good thing that teachers didn't compare submissions, so I was once again proud of my story but even more proud, for getting away with submitting the same story, in consecutive years for the same result. (If it ain't broke, don't fix it hey!!)

After moving out of home at the age of seventeen, I was going through my old boxes of stuff when I found the story folded up tightly, in one of my boxes. As I re-read the story, I wondered if I could yet again re-write it and add more band names. I kept it in a box for many

years, until in my mid-twenties, I decided to type the story up and save it onto a computer. It was only earlier this year when I was doing some marketing for my first book "C.R.U.I.S.E – Can't Rest Until I've Sailed Everywhere" that I remembered that I had this story and I thought I'd like to share it with others.

I once again sat down and found another 400 band names of which I added to the original story. The thing about this story is that I did not dictate how the story turned out, but rather, I let the band names lead the way and guide which direction the story went. I do giggle when I read certain parts of the story and wonder how a thirteen-year-old could conceive such things. I guess my reason for sharing this story, is because music has been such a huge part of my life. As a professional singer, I have been influenced both personally and professionally by so many artists, so this is my tribute to some of the greatest acts of all time.

The story below is in the same format as originally written, with all band names in **RED**. Now, I've not done this to insult you, but rather to ensure that no matter your level of musical knowledge, everyone can appreciate the concept fully, regardless of how many band names you may know. The story itself is only a few pages long, but I hope that you enjoy reading it, as much as I enjoyed creating it over thirty years ago.

So, let's get this party started.

We all hear of wild music parties, but can you imagine what it would be like, if all of the bad boys (and girls) of the music industry, got together in one place? Well, imagine no more, as the artists themselves, guide you through "The Ultimate Muso's Party".

LET THE PARTY BEGIN

The year was 1927 when the party boys threw a bass element party in their crowded house. The Chicago home of the killers, usher'd in panic at the disco in a disturbed way, but despite the tears for fears, there would be no mercy as the outcast braved the traffic to get there.

The party was 98 degrees west of Alabama, on a big mountain, on a black street in an icehouse held together with nine inch nails and a slipknot. "If you're a radiohead, then it's the real thing" announced the radio birdman on the ABC. "Imagine dragons as you take that inner city B-52 to the Manhattan transfer, turn left on the 10CC then xscape with a foreigner on the starship past the men at work before you journey to the oasis" he said.

This was the one direction that all of the village people were headed, to find their five seconds of summer. "Right", said Fred, "We are kings so let's challenge the status quo and go west to Kansas toto". "We'll get some korn, some meatloaf, some bread and cream along the way to make humble pie". "Don't forget the corona, the brandy and the cranberries" said Cheryl crow to the pointer sisters. "After all, you are the romantics". "Don't forget the cardigans, it could be a coldplay" said madonna.

They arrived at 4pm where the jungle brothers began the intro-ductions to their offspring. The beach boys, petshop boys and their bros came to meet the new kids on the block; the chantoozies. After a while the queen and prince arrived as the midnight oil set over the guns and roses in the savage garden. Meanwhile Johnny Diesel and the injectors had a simple plan. They would drink poison, smoke supergrass and take LRB (or was it LSD) with bob marley until they had black eyed peas. Either way, it was complete madness of their simple minds coz they were going simply red and mental as anything even though the spice girls said it had no FX on them.

It was human nature that the others felt like garbage though and everything was an extreme blur as their greenday turned into nirvana with the cure being the bran flakes that destiny's child brought. "Try smashing pumpkins and mixing them with this limp bizkit I found" said Willie Nelson. "That will make them too wet willie", said Peter Allen. Lynyrd Skynyrd looked over to see Will Smith and another Mr mister walk in. "Who's that"? Asked Bob Segar. "That's the DJ, Jazzy Jeff and the fresh prince. Haven't you seen them on Television" replied Kenny. "G,

you need to get some more R.E.M. You're looking like the Elephant Man", remarked Justin Timberlake.

After 7 the door bell biv devoe rang and it was a culture shock to see that slayer of angels, public enemy no 1 and supertramp; Lady GaGa who had arrived on the train with a bottle of the verve champagne she stole from Tony Bennett. Yes, she was a thirsty merc but there was no doubt that even though she was bad company on skid row, she had the knack of a survivor and was headed with her bangles to join the flock of seagulls and the intruders in the back yard.

"Let's smoke the chemical brothers", she said to the Everly brothers. "Yello"! said bob Dylan. "That's Heavy D, but first we need to clean the muddy waters in the bong, otherwise I'll snap and have a massive attack" he said. Soon after, Dr Dre arrived with his snoop dogg. "Is that your cat Stevens"? Said Cliff Richards. "Nah man, it's his pitbull" said Bill Joel. Aretha Franklin then rocked in and began putting her cold chisel through all of the radiators and doors of all of the cars.

Three doors down, Rob Thomas had formed his own cult and had decided that the new order of the day was cash money. "Marvelous", said Max Q. It may be a cheap trick throwing pebbles and brown stones at the portrait of Whitney Houston, but how else can we stop this inxs of fine young cannibals causing dire straits with the other two in a room, who were Bobby Brown and Luther Vandross.

Boom crash opera was the sound as the kids in the kitchen tried making ice-t from an ice cube, some tupac lacquer and a three day old bananarama, blended with red hot chilli peppers, some salt and pepper and a cup of sherbet. It looked worse than custard mixed with rockmelons and the clash of flavour flav was enough to make all of America, The Middle East and Europe, chuck berry. "Pass me some sugar ray. That should fix it", said Neil Sedaka. Ray Charles accidentally handed him the salt in a rush. Yes, they may have been bowling for soup but at least they weren't having to eat an angry salad with hot tuna, that the twisted sister, Cyndi Lauper had brought in a sublime cake tin.

Diana Ross and Michael Jackson meanwhile were watching the monkeys, counting crows as it was everclear that they had faith no more as Frankie Valli arrived with George Michael. "Hey, where does Frankie Avalon go for holidays"? Asked Alice Cooper. "Frankie goes to Hollywood. He stays for all four seasons". replied Dione Warwick. "What a hole". "That would make me feel like Alice in chains", said Alice Cooper.

Mike and the mechanics who were here to fix the cars, suddenly had an indecent obsession with Mariah Carey. Meanwhile a few of the hunters and collectors sat down and watched Huey Lewis and the news while the others prepared to firm the wax to fix the damage

caused from the ultimate chaos. Five minutes later, Joe Jackson arrived with his def leppard and said hi to eminem. "That's one ugly kid joe" said Susan Boyle. "Aha" said Britney Spears. "But you can hardly talk talk with a head like a dragon and a busted chocolate starfish". "Walk the moon blondie before I call 911 for your bad English", said Susan.

Next minute a daddy cool dude walked in with Miley Cyrus. "Is he lil dickie", asked Ronan Keating. "No, he's actually Robin Thicke" said Katy Perry with a smile. "How do you know" asked Marvyn Gaye. "Heavy D and the boys told me. Apparently, they all took his shaft full of pearl jam," she said. "That would sting with that big sex pistol. I'm not going to kiss that", laughed Kylie Minogue.

"Run DMC it's the police" cried Terrence Trent Darby. "I've los lobos" screamed Chris Rea. Everyone ran like a pack of beatles, performing spandau ballet in a divinyl supergroove. "Quick, grand master - flash", screamed Eric Clapton. "That will scare them off", he said.

"Ezy-E. Just give them their nickelback that you stole in Chicago and the longest jail term you will do will be four - tops", said Kenny Loggins. Meanwhile those new age hippies (Justin Bieber and Iggy Azalea) began rolling stones over James Reyne. "UB40 tomorrow", cried Kelly Clarkson. "You must give me livin joy with your king missile and make me all wet wet wet with your talking heads. Your cut and move-ment is the corrs of my wa wa nee and the badloves I have".

She said. "Please take my collective soul puff daddy or P-Diddy, Puffy Coombs or whatever the hell you call yourself this week". "You're such a pretender", she said. "I want you to kriss kross my simple minds on the silver chair over there". "Treat me like a fugee and give me TLC". "I want the real McCoy" she cried.

He mumbled as he split ends. "You must take the east 17 and then the K7 and go see Dr Alban to get you fix of moni love juice". His will to power was not enough to stop the time lords and their hoodoogurus from cutting off the AC/DC.

We must be positive k, louie louie. Why are you repeating yourself duran duran? You're all radioheads, tony toni tone. This kulcha of arrested development went on well into the greenday. The models were eating seal while the cutting crew with their powder finger had gone from boys ll men and began their own new edition of a b logic. The police all began getting hardons when they realized it was an easybeat to be the slayer. They killed everyone except the brother beyond the kitchen door because he was a good charlotte with no air supply after being kicked in his remaining family jewel.

They thought he was the last proclaimer but then saw roxette. "Not U2", said the screaming tribesman. They killed her too and all that was left were the animals known as the arctic monkeys and the eagles who claimed that they were the heartbreakers.

But they weren't and even though the place had been trashed when **Ozzy Osbourne** threw his **hall and oats** while **screaming jets** at the **stone temple pilots** and the **shai girlfriend** of **Jimmy Barnes**, the **fallout boy** was **naughty by nature**. "**Coolio** down ya **baby face da brat** and **colour me badd silk** scarf in a **jade blur** of **sade** while your **eternal organs** N-trance the **eclipse** of your **sisters with voices**", yelled **Kenny Rogers**. "And while you're at it, can you stop your **snoop doggy dogg** from trying to **MN8** your **rage against the machine** by making the **american giggelo** kiss his **blessed union of souls** on his **genesis**....sorry **genitals**".

During all of this **euphoria**, **Jim Morrison** told his **southern sons** to take the **niggaz wit attitudes** with their **brand Nubian clock** to **jefferson's airplane** and **Frank Sinatra's B52's**. **Barry Manilow** and the **passenger** went to **Jimmy Hendrix's Texas** house which they had nicknamed **the church** even though **the carpenters** were still fixing the walls. They were drinking **vanilla ice** while painting the walls a **metalica** brown colour.

Meanwhile **Tone Loc** and his brother **Young MC** had gotten themselves into a **deadlock** near the **pink floyd** staircase with **Elvis** over which one of the **motels** in **Berlin** they were going **wham adeva's black box** at. At the same time **John Bon Jovi** had thrown his **girl overboard**, **Daryl Braithwaite** had decided to make **noiseworks** by hitting the **black sorrows** who belonged to the **Thompson twins** with a stick to the **bronski beat** of **Margaret Urlich's** single on the **hi-tech 3** grass as the **snow patrol** arrived. He thought that it would be a **deeee-lite**-full experience to smash the **big pig** from **heart** into a **technotronic** orbit over **Boston** while he listened to many **deltones** from his new **Abba** album while drinking **hot chocolate**.

Dead or alive, **Johnny Cash** and his **white snake** would always be the **kings of the sun** while the rest of the **stray cats** and **bare naked ladies** were just **dead kennedy's** but this **wolf mother** of a party was a **mega death** defying party and one that even **Bob Geldoff** couldn't beat.