

Timothy Johns

Professor Wood

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My First, Hopefully My Last, My Everything

From someone unfamiliar in a loud thunderous voice all I could hear was, “Wake up, get dress, and get downstairs time now.” In the back of my mind I thought, why, it’s only Saturday. It wasn’t until I opened my eyes and looked at my watch and saw the date and what time it actually was—suddenly it all clicked. I quickly jumped out of my bunk and did what I was instructed to do. When I got downstairs and walked outside all I could feel was the hot muggy air. Everyone was beginning to form up like it was any old work day, but we all knew it was a special day. “Why is it so humid in this place they call San Antonio” I said just venting to the people that were around me.

“Company, attention!” There went that loud thunderous voice again, making us all snap to the position of attention. “I am the NCOIC, aka the head honcho in charge of you soldier medics today. I hear this is y’all’s first weekend of freedom. So, this is my safety brief to y’all. Don’t do anything stupid, if you get caught doing something stupid you will pay. With that being said y’all have fun, you deserve it. Just remember to be by your bunks by midnight so I can have accountability of you soldier medics. Dismiss.”

Freedom at last! My mind was racing thinking of all the possibilities. This had been my first free weekend in months since joining the military. As I was standing outside thinking of what I could do for the day, a gust of hot muggy San Antonio air hit me in the face. If it wasn’t for that humid air I never would have decided to seek out a cool refreshing place to hang out. I

overheard a few people talking about going to the store and spending money. It didn't sound like a bad idea to be in a cool refreshing store and looking around to see if I could find something worth investing my money in.

As soon as I got into the store, I took a long pause just to enjoy that sweet fresh cool air conditioning. Feeling rejuvenated, I ventured to my favorite part of the store—the electronic section. I was full of excitement to see all new technology that came out while I was away at basic training. I looked at TVs, computers, cameras, video games and some movies. Then I went and peered at the display cases to see what was inside. I saw Zunes and iPods of all different colors and styles. It would be nice to have something to listen to music from time to time, I thought to myself. I asked the associate for help in getting a brand new black and chrome one hundred and twenty gigabyte iPod. I liked to collect technology and treated them as if they were my soldiers. This iPod became a new addition to my legion of technology. Like any great leader would do for his subordinates, I had to make sure my iPod was well taken care of so I had to purchase accessories for it.

First on that list of accessories was to be my soldier's battle armor to protect it from the harsh cruel environment. I sought out a silicone base protective case. I wanted to keep the main color scheme of my iPod black, so I was determined to get a case to match my taste. There it was on the shelf by itself: a black case with red swirl made by Belkin. Next on the list was a real easy find: it was my iPod's face screen to protect it from any possible scratches that it could receive. The very last item to make my purchase complete was a very difficult decision. I wanted to find the perfect headphones to complete the equation to give my iPod the look, the feel, and the sound I so desired. I looked at the many different brands of headphones and none of them were filling that void of satisfaction I so yearned for. I then looked Bose ones and instantly had a flashback

of when I went to a Bose store and heard “Careless Whisper” playing on one of the sound systems. The saxophone sounded so crispy and clear it felt like I was actually at the recording studio listening to this song being played. If I planned to spoil myself, I was going to spoil myself right and have what is regarded as the pinnacle of sound system technology. I just had to have a pair of Bose headphones—I just needed to find the exact pair I wanted. The very first pair I tried on felt as if heaven made two pillows and placed them on Earth, Bose found these pillows and built speakers into them, and then the pillows with built in speakers somehow managed to find a way onto my ears. I was absolutely blown away by this unearthly creation, and this was only the display model. I could only begin to imagine how a fresh-out-of-the-package pair of over the ear Bose headphones would feel. I absolutely had to have them. The equation was finally complete. My iPod plus its accessories was the first major purchase I made since enlisting into the United States Army.

My iPod is more than meets the eye it is a symbol--a representation of me and my twenty-six years of living on this earth. It shows my likes and willingness to keep an open mind about the world around me while being able to appreciate the history of music. The black case with its red swirl represents all the good that is mixed with bad in my life. The musical content that I have gathered over the years from family and friends has a big place in my heart. The thousands upon thousands of songs I have are from many different genres and artists ranging from all over the world and even through time. Each song has its own story and memory associated with it. My iPod, I believe represents music’s history well.

For the six long years that I have owned my iPod it has treated me well. It still works like the very first day I bought it. Time has taken a toll on its body, from down in the jungles of Korea to the harsh El Paso desert. It has survived it all, and it will continue to survive so long as

I treasure and take care of it. We sweat, bled, had many great times, and we still will continue to have many more adventures. It was my first big purchase since I joined the military; hopefully it is my last and only iPod I will ever have to buy, and it's simply my everything. It is my internal soundtrack—us against the world, and it is equipped with theme songs for all occasions.