

JULIAN ROSSO

VOLUME 1



VOLUME 1

DRIFT

JULIAN ROSSO

Singer/Storyteller

DRIFT

A short story

www.julianrosso.com

Listen to "Drift" here:

<https://distrokid.com/hyperfollow/julianrosso/volume-1-drift>

ALL PROCEEDS GO TO SHARKLIFE

<https://www.sharklife.co.za>

PROLOGUE

A series of short stories following the releases of Volumes 1, 2 and 3 from Julian Rosso. Each story/song following from the previous. Each story comes with a Spotify playlist, designed to be listened to whilst reading the story, and preparing you for what the single will sound like.

Volume 1

Release: 7th June 2020

Spotify Playlist:

https://open.spotify.com/playlist/5kL4PIECcgZJfkjaWpqj9d?si=FoiNuc-SRE2Lu4Plz_jlYw

CHAPTER 1

YOU CAN'T GO HOME

I touch the old wood of my sailboat with coarse hands. The smell of sea lingers on my clothes like wood fire and the ocean is as still as far as I can see. I bought this sailboat to travel, to see what was out there, and now, without any wind, the idea of a sail boat seems... pointless.

I've been dead in the water for three days. At first, it was relaxing. The churning depths finally seemed to settle, releasing a warmth of calm that cradled me and gave a much needed rest. I laid down and closed my eyes, letting the nothing get louder and louder, until it was all I heard. But after the second day, the restlessness came back. The same restlessness I am on this boat to escape, the same restlessness waiting for me on the shore when I return someday - if I return. I spend less time sleeping, the lack of wind that was so calming starts to feel cold and empty.

Standing up, I stretch my sore joints and gaze out at the sea. Subtle cracks and pops pierce the nothing and I look around, hoping to catch a glimpse of something. On day three, a deep mist has entered the seas. Despite it being warm, the mist seems to bring the atmosphere down and

slowly lower the temperature. I have enough food, I have enough clothing, I have enough thoughts to keep myself occupied. But isolation is only enjoyed when you decide to experience it, and now with the lack of winds, my isolation has been forced upon me.

Wrapping my jacket closer, I take another step towards the bow of the ship and look out. The grey mist stretches the length of my eyesight and no one has passed me since I've been forcefully immobilised. At this point, I wonder if I'll ever get out. I talk to myself sometimes, just to break the silence and remind myself that I still exist - and that this isn't purgatory. Am I being punished? Was this selfish act of disappearance, of leaving everything behind to travel alone, coming back to me? Is this vengeance, or have I just been alone for too long? I can't remember.

I take another step towards the edge and look over the side, the once deep Atlantic looks so shallow. The lack of sunshine and movement makes it look like I'm floating in a shallow children's swimming pool. Maybe if I jump overboard, I'll land on my feet and be able to walk back home. Slowly, I lie down again, close my eyes and listen to the mist. I have made the right choice. And the wind will pick up again. It has to, it was born to.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Photo by Anthony Bellon

Julian Rosso is a South African and Italian musician currently living in London. Having always loved books and music, Julian wanted to find a way to meld the two together, hoping to create a richer experience in creating a world through music and text. "Volume 1" is the first instalment of three. With "Volume 2 - Tidal Wave" and "Volume 3 - Lighthouse" following in succession.

Lyrics

Let's just lay here and drift
Like a ship on the sea in the mist
Your voice cuts through the cold
And sings a song reminding me of home

I might be a sailor
But everyone needs an anchor

I said ooh
Don't wake me up
I said ooh
Is love not enough?
She said ooh
I know it hurts everyday
She said ooh
Don't drift away
Drift away

Let's just hurt until we love
Because there's nothing left worth fighting for in this world

I might be a sailor
But everyone needs an anchor

I said ooh
Don't wake me up
I said ooh
Is love not enough?
She said ooh
I know it hurts everyday
She said ooh
Don't drift away
Drift away

(Waves will crash on a thousand shores
But I hope one of them ends up on yours)