In a abandoned house, in the silent and pitch black attic, there lay a once-beautiful guitar, now in ruins. Its bronze coating was fading away while the string began to resemble cobwebs recklessly straightened. Timeworn it was, it looked as if it would be left undiscovered from the rest of humanity. Left in a ever-lasting slumber, it finally woke up to the sound of a door creaking in the distance.

There, entering the house is Leonardo Colombo, a beginner musician graduating with the highest distinction in his report cards in college. Now he was looking for a job to earn enough money for a guitar. Unfortunately, nobody trusts young adults that just can out of school. So his Leonardo’s best chance to scrape a living was to search for scraps in ancient ramshackle buildings. That’s how he came across what would lead him to destiny.

Creeping into the lonely two-storied house, Leonardo tip-toed through the sinister hallway, paintings stripped with old age along with piles of desks upturned, looking as if on touch of it would disintegrate the wooden object into fine powdered dust. Broken vases littered the fragile floor, placing a hazard of creating a cut on the heel of the foot. Leonardo sneaked his way around the inside of the house, every step vibrating across the rooms and bringing suspense

He finally reached the attic, carefully sliding the dilapidated hatch onto a lone box seated right next to the entrance. As Leonardo climbed out of the trapdoor opening, his eyes scanned the garret and eventually landed onto the splintered instrument. To a professional musician, this was to be considered garbage. But for him, this was a spark of hope. Leonardo slithered towards the guitar, his pupils filled with obsession, as the path to destiny came closer until it was in his arms, like a caring mother holding a newborn child. A grin appeared on his face after years of despair. That was going to be the best day he ever experienced.

Leonardo finally rushed out of the hut, the instrument in his arms and determination in his brain. Greatness was up ahead. But there needed to be some tweaks before it was time to shine. With the extra wooden remains from other items, Leonardo repaired the shattered guitar with expert refinement. It no longer resembled a heap of wood recklessly glued together. The instrument looked more professional, with its fresh streaks of bronze paint and new replaced sliver strings. Now the only problem was to attract an audience.

Leonardo had learned in his years in a high school for music that copyrighting a song was found illegal if unregistered. There wound be a heavy fine and many other things that will damage your reputation. To avoid this sort of conflict, Leonardo Colombo decided to create a new song himself. Songwriting was extremely difficult and exhausting, especially without accidentally acquiring a idea that has been used. But with the help of ten years of college experience, he was able to compose a set of lyrics for his new piece.

Now he needed a publisher, but who would produce a song from a person almost consider a beggar. Months passed by and soon his rejections by judges skyrocketed to over 400. The same feeling of hopelessness overwhelmed Leonardo as his total continue to rise. It was getting too stressing to try again. And just at the moment he was going to give up on himself, his luck changed. Fortunately, as he made his way out of the studio, Leonardo bumped into a person who turned out to be a publisher herself. She was much more considerate that the other deciders, who valued wealth and profit over quality. Leonardo then got his song officially published, after a whopping 600 fails. And before, he knew it, it was show time.

Years pass and Leonardo became a worldwide hero, performing songs so incredibly, he was known as Mahmood’s ‘son’. His story was shared across the planet, from the icy tips of Greenland to the scorching Southern shores of Australia. Many of Leonardo’s pieces were often described as ‘lilting music wafting through the air like a friendly ghost filled to the brim with enlightenment’. The bond between him and his first faithful guitar on a news report on his life was known as ‘intertwined together like a flower to the rich soil’, which gave the air of resonance very common.

Leonardo is still alive today, joyfully strumming through the night on his guitar that had change his life.