The Worn Guitar

A loud shriek came from the dusty guitar in the attic. An old man was plucking the untuned guitar with care. It came from the attic. He recalled a fragile memory. His late father told him that this was a guitar from ancestors a hundred ago. Joe carefully picked it up with his dry, wrinkled hands and began tightening the strings. The old guitar was not used for years and sat in the attic, gathering dust. Joe pulled an extremely thin string and it broke with an ear-splitting crack. Dust motes began circling around the guitar like a pride of lions. Joe shook it on the polished table. The guitar exploded with more layers of dust coming out of the huge hole in the guitar.

He began tuning the guitar with his strong fingers. The attic vibrated with the screeches and screams of the guitar. Joe’s hearing aid was whistling from all the noise. He ignored it and started to polish the guitar. He used a wet towel a gently scraped all the muck and grime from the guitar. The old tissue was covered in bits of dust, dirt and somehow bits of metal and plastic. Joe picked up the guitar and strummed the newly tuned strings. It sang like a country singer. Joe beamed with delight. The family heirloom was finally fixed and ready to be played. Joe trotted down the creaky stairs with the guitar. He played a song that he had learnt many years ago. He stared outside of the window. A person was hanging up a poster on the electric line. It said:

For those who are interested in talent or those who are wanting to show themselves to the public, this is your CHANCE! Book for a place in the Hyde City Talent Show. The winner gets $100,000,000! Do it now before all seats are taken! Book seats in TicketUrDay! Mark the date on the 4th of April!

Joe stared at the note with his eyes wide open. He couldn’t believe that his dream had come true. Ever since he was a young boy in the 1900’s he always wanted to show off his talent on the guitar. He spotted a QR code on the poster. Joe ran towards the electric line and scanned it with his cracked phone. He couldn’t wait to participate it in the next week.

For the following days, he began practicing on the guitar for a long as he could every single day. He only had breaks to eat or when he had a cramp in his finger. Finally, the day came and he wobbled on to the stage. He was trembling like a sick dog. He had the urge to go to the backstage but Joe knew that this was his chance to be a billionaire. He started strumming the old guitar and his eyes filled with tears at the memory of his late father. After Joe stopped a large podium came out.

The host came out of the backstage with tears in his eyes.

“3rd place,” he roared. “Is Reggie the Dancing Elephant.”

A baby elephant came wandering on the stage with its bright green eyes glistening at the crowd. It snorted as it received its case of $10,000.

“2nd place goes to The WonderWay Circus!

A clown waddled onto the stage in his too tight jeans and sprayed some water into the crowd with is flower button. He reached for the case of 100,000.

“Finally to 1st place is Joe the Guitarist, making us all Backstage People cry with happiness!”

Joe was overwhelmed when he took the case from the host. He quivered with happiness and was the first one to leave the stage. Joe would never have a happy moment of his life like this one.