



The Magical Guitarist

By Zeth Everingham, 9 years old, Tuart Hill Primary School

In an ordinary family house, in an ordinary town, something unusual was about to happen. The shed door was opening and shutting, and making a loud sound. Peter went to see what was happening. He walked into the shed, which was dark. Peter was too lazy to switch on the light. He looked around and saw that something was glowing, it was a guitar case. Peter was surprised, so he took it inside and showed it to his family. They asked him what it was. "Well it is a guitar case. That's all I know!" he snapped at them. Peter then snatched the guitar case and raced to his room, slammed the door shut and locked it. He didn't want to share the secret. The guitar case was black with spider webs all over it, when he looked closer he saw a bright green light shining out of the cracks. Peter was amazed and confused. This didn't happen in real life. He quickly opened it with no care whatsoever, not worrying about what might be inside. As he lifted the lid his eyes sparkled, and a massive smile covered his face. Inside the guitar case was a beautiful, shining Mexican guitar. The body of the guitar was milk white, with a blood red border. There was a strange symbol carved into it, two circles with a thunderbolt attached. The light was fading away, and slowly disappearing into the unusual symbol. Peter felt surprised, shocked, but excited. He nervously reached out to touch the guitar, and as he was doing this he noticed that his body was shaking. When he took the guitar out of the case, it stopped glowing. He held his left hand on the neck, and his right hand held the base. This was how his teacher had showed him to hold a guitar. Peter felt embarrassed as he remembered how useless he was at guitar lessons. He started to strum and was amazed that it sounded like professional playing. A strange sensation slowly crept over his body, it seemed like it was coming through the strings. He strummed again, and once more, with every strum, it felt like he was being reborn. It felt incredible, because before this he was a useless player, now he felt legendary. As he played, he thought of which notes to play, but soon realised, he didn't have to think because his fingers moved confidently to the notes. It sounded breathtaking.

Peter was so impressed he stopped playing, and thought of how he was going to be rich. Greedy with excitement, he clapped his hands with so many pleasure that he went red in the face. He could travel overseas, buy lots of stuff, like a cool car and a mansion. His life was going to change forever. In one short year his life did change. He recorded his music onto CDs, and they became number one hits, and he made a lot of money. He played beautifully without even trying or having to practise. People looked up to him and were inspired by his fantastic finger movement. He loved being adored by people. In his old life, he hadn't been noticed, because he was a nasty person. Now that he was famous, he enjoyed being respected and appreciated for his talent, and liked it that people treated him really well. But as time went by Peter felt more and more guilty. He was a fake who lied every day to his fans. It was the feeling of worry in his stomach that made him feel dreadful. So one night when he went on stage, he nervously picked up the microphone and, looking at the thousands of excited faces, he knew he had to tell the truth. A year later, Peter sat on his bed looking down at the worn out guitar in his hands. He still felt ashamed when he thought about playing the magical guitar. So much had changed since that last night on stage. The crowd had shouted out with anger, he had lost all his money, and many friends, but at least his family still loved him. Peter strummed his old guitar, it didn't sound like the magical one, but not too bad. He was going to lessons once a week, he had decided to learn to play a real guitar. He was going to try and be even better than before, it was the only way to say sorry to his fans. Peter locked the magical guitar away in his closet, and threw the key in the ocean. No one would find the key ever again, and neither would he. He had learnt a lesson. You must be true about yourself.