

The Guitarist

On a lonely Austin night, The Guitarist waited silently backstage. His fingers twitched with excitement beneath his black, crushed velvet sleeves and his eyes shone with nervous excitement in the shadow of his cap.

The house lights dimmed. A small spotlight shone on a black, hollow-bodied guitar. The Guitarist let out a long, slow breath, flexed his wrists, and stepped nervously on to the stage as a hush fell over the expectant crowd. He slung the guitar over his shoulder as he bowed his head low. The crowd buzzed with excitement.

With a single stroke, the guitarist let loose a chord wrought with such emotion and energy that it flowed through the crowd like a sonic wave as they leapt to their feet in a single spontaneous acclamation. Riff after riff, chord after chord, the guitarist let loose a musical fury rarely witnessed. With a voice of the gods and notes from the heavens themselves, The Guitarist bent and shaped the sonic landscape to his will and the crowd followed. The guitarist now owned them. They were his.