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Descriptive

"Worn Body"

The man's callused fingers plucked the heavy strings one at a time, in perfect rhythm. The wooden body of his instrument was full of memories over his lifetime. You could see the long scratch marks from his teenage years when he would bash on the strings with a pick on stage. There was a circular dent above the strings from when his irresponsible little brother shot it with an arrow. One of the strings wasn't as aged and brown-colored as the rest; it had been replaced recently, because he tuned it too high. Finally, his guitar strap had a dark, maroon stain on the end from when his girlfriend (now wife) drunkenly spilled wine on him.

Now he sits at the bar where he sings every Tuesday night, and still plays on the same old guitar his dad bought him when he was eight. The sounds emitted from his fingers grazing the strings make the audience's arm hair stand straight up. He takes them on the journey of his life with the melodic, pitch perfect notes of his guitar, and the soothing, raspy tones of his voice. Tears roll down the women's cheeks and the men's faces have looks of jealousy and memory. When he finishes a song the audience hoots and hollers so loud, everyone in a five-mile radius can hear them.

The man glances around the bar while playing and singing his next tune. He notices everyone's faces gazing at him and he still gets that butterfly feeling in his stomach. He evades looking at the audience for too long, and looks down at his cracked fingers, playing the ancient guitar. The man is overcome with feelings of pure satisfaction. This was his dream all along. He wanted to play guitar, share his story, and send people emotions, all at the same time. Thoughts

filled the man's head with a new song to write. *There's something special about feeling so accomplished with life, that you are suddenly O.K. with death's unforeseen arrival.*