

The Violinist

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It was a warm July day. On this particular day, there were no clouds in the sky. A little ways out of the city limits, a homeless man gets off of a train, moving quickly so as not to be seen train hopping. He carries a violin case with him, and as he walks into the city, he stops to take it all in, the tons of people, the cars, and the gigantic buildings. The man had never been in a big city like this one before. He walks through admiring the beauty. He quite likes the hustle and bustle of the city, not as much as the tranquility he can find in the country, but he still enjoys it all the same, for it doesn't take much to please him.

As he walks further into the city, he sees what he can only assume to be fairgrounds. He sees the Ferris wheel and the tilt-a-whirl, and he smells the various deep-fried foods. He hears fairgoers screaming on the different rides. He sees a man with his wife and children walking to the gates, and he sees the smiles on their faces. For a second he wishes that his life was like that man's, he doesn't dwell on these thoughts too long though, for he knows he already left that kind of life before. He takes a seat just outside the gates and opens his violin case. He places the case next to him, rolls his sleeves up, and puts the bow to the strings of his violin.

He plays sweet songs, he plays sad songs, he plays new songs, and he plays old songs. Some of the fairgoers compliment him saying things like, "That's beautiful," or "You're amazing at this!" Some drop some coins into his case, some give him dirty looks, and some just stand and stare, mesmerized by his masterful playing. He hardly notices them.

He plays for hours and hours, only stopping to wipe the sweat from his brow. He is so lost in his playing that he barely notices the day turn into night, he barely noticed the lights at the fairgrounds being turned off. He almost didn't even notice the fair's security tapping him on the shoulder. He turns to the security guard and is asked to leave, he replies, "C'mon man, let me just play one more song." The security guard starts to lock the gate to the fairgrounds and lets the violinist play his song.

When he's done, he looks into his violin case and sees all the money the fairgoers gave him, and he smiles. He has enough money now to make it another day in this cruel world. He puts his violin into its case and latches the case shut.

The man picks up his violin case and heads to the train station, waving goodbye to the security guard. The security guard, still struggling with the old rusted lock on the gate, doesn't notice him wave. The homeless man continues on his way to the train station, only a little saddened that the security guard didn't notice him wave.

He sneaks onto a departing train not knowing where it will take him next, and he sets his violin down next to him in the car. He pulls his hat down over his eyes, hoping to catch some sleep on the way to his new destination.